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Vol. 23, No. 4

Pastoral Pursuits in Pakistan's Punjab

by Nicholas Coghlan

2008 PAFSO Awards
Les prix de l'APASE 2008

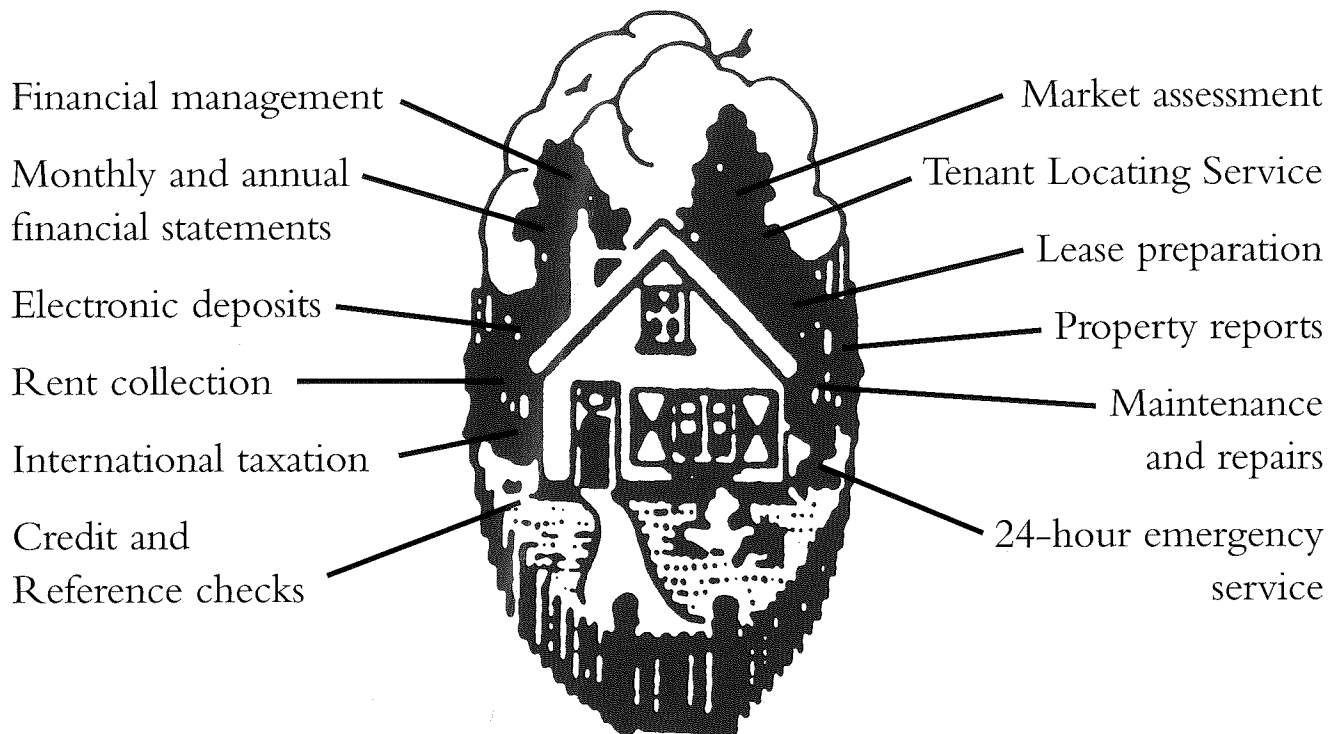


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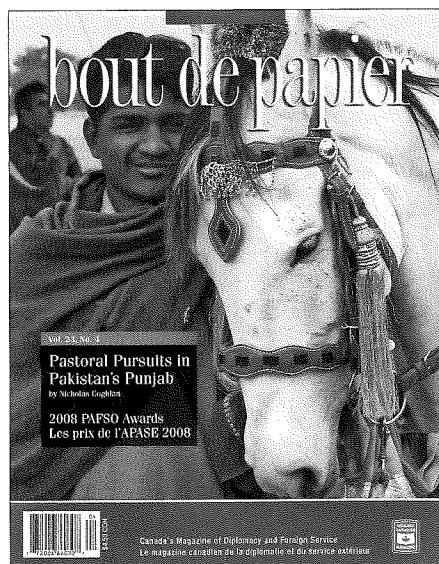
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SUMMER 2008
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Vol. 23, No. 4

Features / Reportages

- 5 Peter and the Goths
BY ROGER LUCY
- 9 Pastoral Pursuits in Pakistan's Punjab
BY NICHOLAS COGHLAN
- 27 Stamp of Approval: The Liberation of
St. Pierre et Miquelon in 1941
BY ALFRED PICK
- 30 In Celebration of Excellence/
Dans une célébration de l'excellence
2008 PAFSO Awards/Les prix de l'APASE 2008



COVER PHOTO: NICHOLAS COGHLAN

Departments / Chroniques

- Editorial..... 3
- Books in Review / Critiques de livres 17
Portrait in Light and Shadow: The Life of Yousuf Karsh
- In Memoriam / En mémoire de..... 19
Geoffrey Pearson, Paul Whalen, Jake Warren
- From the Archives / Extrait des archives..... 23
Social Purgatory in the Socialist Paradise
- Entertainment / Divertissement..... 36
Let's Glue the Time Warp Again —
Shamus Dikk goes forward to the past with A Aalto

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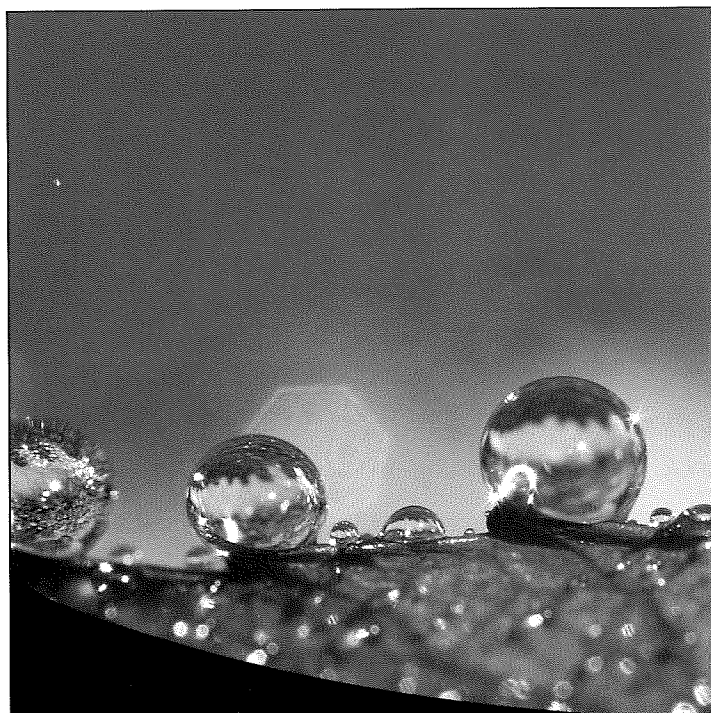


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Dans le présent numéro de **bout**, nous célébrons l'excellence dans le service extérieur et la remise annuelle des prix de l'APASE à des agents qui sont de véritables modèles pour la profession. Au fil du temps, j'ai lu les descriptions de ce que les lauréats et lauréates de prix de l'APASE ont accompli et je suis fier que l'Association compte sur de telles personnes dans ses rangs et que nous, comme groupe, soulignons et célébrions les réalisations de ces collègues.

For the past 7 months I have been working in another government department, but through my new work, I have maintained frequent contact with the foreign service departments and many Canadian missions abroad. The excellence of many officers and entire organizations, both in headquarters and across the missions, becomes clearly obvious to an outside observer when traveling to missions, working with them and their officers and dealing with a cross section of headquarters staff. Unfortunately the picture is not uniform. As obvious as the examples of excellence are, they are counterbalanced by equally obvious examples of officers, across all levels, whose actions, attitudes and lack of expertise and interpersonal skills sadly contribute to the impression that the foreign service is not full of professionals.

John Kneale, in an article in **bout** several issues ago, argued for PAFSO to take on a stronger role in maintaining the professional standards of the membership of PAFSO. The employer of the foreign service seems to have abandoned the idea of using demonstrated merit through actual work experience as a critical part of the promotion and assignment processes and this has contributed to the weakening of professionalism in the Foreign Service. The employer also seems unable to effectively deal with officers who do not meet the high minimum standards of a foreign service officer.

Perhaps it is time for PAFSO to establish standards for our profession. Perhaps it is time for PAFSO, as a group, to set out the expectation of what we, as professional foreign service officers, expect of ourselves and other officers. This would help ensure that all PAFSO

members would contribute to maintaining a reputation of broad based excellence throughout the foreign service. It has been sad, and difficult, to have to defend the quality of the foreign service to my new colleagues, when they are all too frequently confronted with clear examples of unprofessional work practices and standards demonstrated by a few foreign service officers. A recourse is needed, other than the "old boys and girls networks," to deal with bad attitudes and incompetence.

Mais, fort heureusement, le présent numéro de **bout** célèbre l'excellence. Outre l'article sur les prix de l'APASE, notre article vedette est l'œuvre de Nick Coghlan qui nous parle de ses voyages au cœur du Pakistan. Ses photos saisissantes et l'article qui les accompagne sauront fasciner les lecteurs. Roger Lucy nous raconte l'histoire de Pierre le Patricien, la personne la plus âgée de la fonction publique romaine, et son recours à l'art de la diplomatie, allant peut-être même jusqu'au meurtre, au cours des années 530 dans les vestiges de l'Empire romain.

Pour nous ramener au 20^e siècle, Alfred Pick nous présente un article sur la libération de Saint-Pierre et Miquelon en 1941, un chapitre peu connu de l'histoire de la Seconde Guerre mondiale. Toujours dans l'histoire du 20^e siècle, la rubrique *Extrait des archives* se penche sur le purgatoire social dans le paradis socialiste, soit les aventures d'un agent du service extérieur dans des circonstances plutôt difficiles.

In this issue we say good-bye to Paul Whalen, who sadly passed away in the midst of his time in the foreign service, and to two of the great legends of the old Department of External Affairs, Geoffrey Pearson and Jake Warren. All three made great contributions to the foreign service and will be missed.

To round out this issue we have a review of a book on a great Canadian photographer, Yousuf Karsh, and a funny puzzle from A Aalto.



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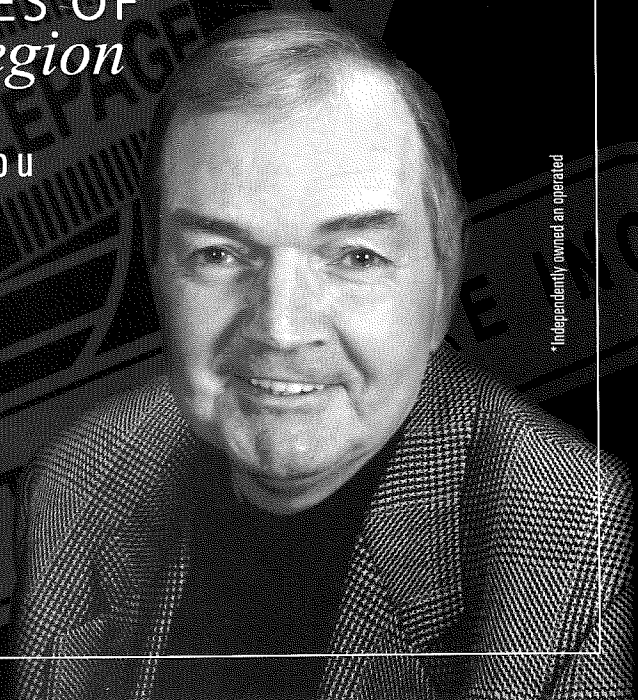
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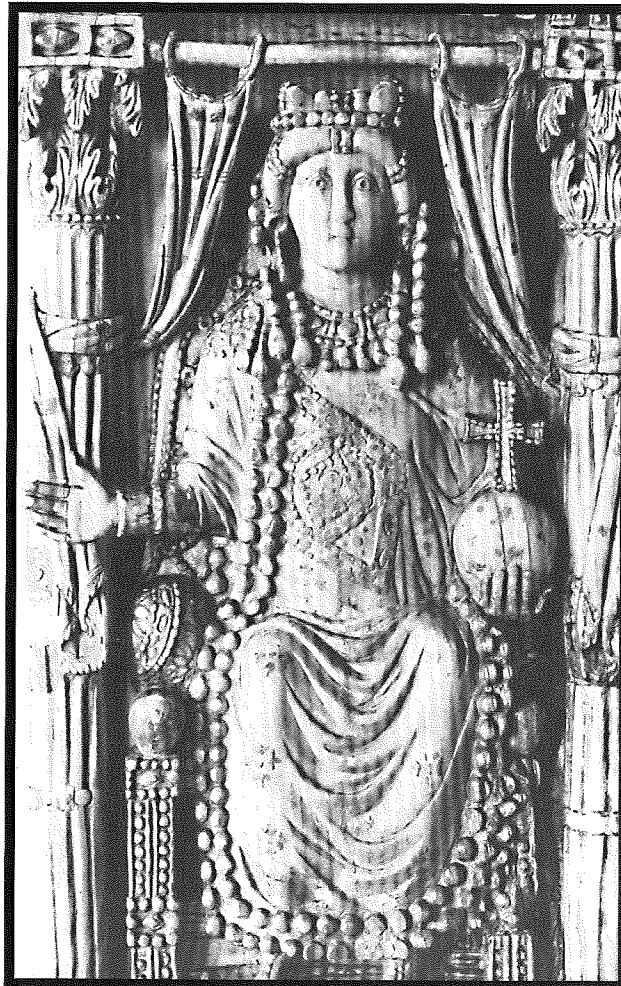
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Peter and the Goths

by Roger Lucy

Justinian I (527–65) was arguably the last great emperor of the period we now call “late Antiquity” (the period between Constantine and Charlemagne, formerly known as the “dark ages”). His enduring monuments include architecturally innovative churches — in particular Hagia Sophia in Constantinople and his great legal code, the *Corpus Iuris Civilis*, still the basis of many of the world’s civil law systems, including Quebec’s. Glorious, but less enduring — and over-taxing the Empire’s resources — were his efforts to retake the Empire’s western provinces, lost in the 5th century. While he was an insomniac (some say demon-driven) workaholic, Justinian was skilled, nonetheless, in selecting effective (if often unlikable) subordinates, and delegating difficult tasks to them. If they got the job done, and did not ruffle too many feathers, many were left in office for extended periods (normally, senior Roman officials were shuffled after a year or two).

One example of these was Justinian’s premier diplomat, Peter of Thessalonica — more usually known, after receiving the Empire’s highest honour, as Peter the Patrician. For over 25 years, Peter served as *Magister Officorum* (Master of Offices), the most senior position in the Roman Civil Service, with particular responsibility for diplomatic affairs. Peter’s diplomatic reports, his revisions to the Protocol Manual, and his history of Rome were still being cited as examples of best practices 400 years later. The mission which gained him this post, and his elevation to the Patriciate, is an interesting case study of late Roman diplomacy in action. Peter is described by Procopius, official historian of Justinian’s wars, “as one of the most highly trained rhetoricians in Constantinople ... discreet and gentle and fitted by nature to persuade men.” While Procopius elsewhere accuses Peter, in later life, of abusing his power, and lining his own pockets at state expense, these are frequent accusations against senior



officials of the time. Justinian valued effectiveness over ethics. Peter’s powers of persuasion were first put to the test in a diplomatic (and military) offensive aimed at reintegrating Italy into the Roman Empire.

On or about 4 September 476, unnoticed at the time and almost by accident, Italy had passed out of direct Imperial control. The western Emperor had become a figure-head, to be set up or deposed at the whim of the *Magister Militum* (Master of Soldiers) who controlled what was left of the western Roman Army. The *Magister Militum* in 476 was Orestes, who placed his young son Romulus on the throne. His troops, a motley band of various barbarian tribes, elected one of their officers, Odovacar, to make representations about pay arrears. Odovacar suggested that Orestes settle these arrears by allotting lands to the troops in lieu of pay. When Orestes unwisely rejected this idea, Odovacar

and his men marched on Ravenna, the western capital, and overthrew him. Romulus was invited to write a letter of abdication to Zeno, the eastern Emperor, and then was pensioned off, to live out his days in a villa in Campania. At the time, few took much notice. Ephemeral western Emperors had come and gone, often punctuated by interregna. Romulus was not even recognized in Constantinople, and besides, Zeno was preoccupied with fending off his mother-in-law Verina's efforts to overthrow him.

Zeno finally sorted out Verina, but had another problem. Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, was ensconced in the Balkans with 30,000 warriors, seeking an official position in the imperial military hierarchy. In 488 Theodoric and Zeno came to an agreement. Theodoric would take his people to Italy, displace Odovacar (who had backed the wrong side in Zeno's struggle with Verina) and rule Italy until the Emperor could "come in person." Zeno never came, and Theodoric, having disposed of Odovacar, ruled Italy until 526, delivering peace, order and good government. While king of the Ostrogoths, and not above murdering opponents such as Odovacar with his own hand, Theodoric was no illiterate barbarian war-lord. While a political hostage in Constantinople in his youth, he had benefitted from a classical education, which he passed on to his off-spring. Theodoric saw himself as the preserver and restorer of the Roman world and took pride in restoring installations and institutions that the last western Emperors had let fall into decay. Theodoric scrupulously observed the fiction that Italy was still part of the Empire. But while the coinage might still display the Emperor's portrait, Constantinople's writ ran as far in 6th century Ravenna as Whitehall's does in today's Ottawa.

Theodoric's death in 526 challenged this cosy *modus vivendi*. Theodoric left no male heirs. His successor, Athalaric, was a child, and a rather unhealthy child at that. The young king's mother, Theodoric's daughter Amalasuintha, acted as regent. By all accounts she did so more than competently, but some Gothic nobles thought they could do a better job. In late 532 a group of them demanded custody of Athalaric. They insisted he should receive a proper "Gothic" education (which placed a heavy emphasis on martial arts — coupled, it seems, with liberal exposure to wine, women and song). Amalasuintha had been giving the young king a Roman education (centred on

rhetoric, philosophy and the classics — topics proper Goths deemed unmanly). Amalasuintha took the precaution of putting the state's gold reserves (20 tonnes worth) on a ship which she sent to Dyrrhachium (Durrës in modern Albania), and requesting political asylum from Justinian. He obliged, inviting her to come to Constantinople. In the end, Amalasuintha did not need to avail herself of his offer, turning the tables on her opponents who were despatched on one-way military adventures. Young Athalaric however continued to pursue his "Gothic" education, further undermining his delicate health. Amalasuintha summoned home her treasure ship and showed her gratitude to Justinian by allowing his invasion fleet — en route to retake North Africa from the Vandals — to reprovision in Sicily. She did however reward herself by occupying Lilybaeum, a Vandal outpost in Sicily.

Amalasuintha was soon to learn that when dealing with a super-power, no good deed goes unpunished. The Vandal mission seemingly accomplished (against all expectations), Justinian began to consider the possibility of regaining Italy. While Theodoric and his successors had generally got on well with the Italian

nobility, Constantinople harboured a colony of vocal Italian exiles clamouring for the restoration of "liberty." They included the losers in various turf wars, as well as those who disliked the Arian version of Christianity that the Goths practised. Theodoric had encouraged religious tolerance, Justinian did not. Justinian began a diplomatic offensive with the aim of either extracting major concessions from the Goths or creating a plausible *casus belli*.

The opening *démarche* was delivered in late 533 by Alexander, a member of the Constantinople Senate. It demanded the return of Lilybaeum in Sicily; the hand-over of some deserters from the African expedition who were

hiding in Naples; and a complaint that Gothic troops, campaigning in what is now Serbia, had committed hostile acts against a Roman border town. Publicly Amalasuintha offered a vigorous rebuttal to the Roman complaints: Lilybaeum had long been in Gothic hands, and besides she deserved a reward for the help she had given the Roman expedition against the Vandals. However, under the cover of this formal *démarche*, Alexander held back-channel discussions with Amalasuintha concerning the price of Justinian's help to keep her in power, as well as possible contingency measures should she be overthrown. We do not



know the exact terms initially offered to Amalasuintha as the price for shoring up her regency. The package which eventually emerged included the cessation of Sicily; payment of an annual tribute of 300 lbs. of gold; the provision — free of charge — of 3,000 Ostrogothic troops; the requirement to seek Justinian's permission before making any senior appointments or executing or seizing the property of any Italian senator or priest; and giving Justinian's name precedence in public proclamations and his statue precedence in public displays. In essence Justinian sought to reassert Constantinople's sovereignty over Italy. Amalasuintha considered this price too high.

Members of Alexander's delegation were also in touch with Amalasuintha's cousin Theodahad. As nephew to the great Theodoric, Theodahad was — after the sickly Athalaric — the senior male scion of the ruling Amal clan. Living proof of Gothic concerns about the debilitating effects of a classical education, Theodahad's main interests were poetry, Plato, and acquiring, by fair means or foul, as much of Tuscany as possible. He was prepared, however, to cede all his Tuscan holdings to Justinian, in exchange for a life of comfort in Constantinople.

Alexander's mission returned to Constantinople in March 534, reporting on their discussions with Amalasuintha and Theodahad. Justinian charged Peter with returning to Italy to follow up. His official mission was to discuss Amalasuintha's response on the question of Lilybaeum; in fact, his main task was to determine what concessions he could extract from her and follow up on

Theodahad's offer to surrender Tuscany. Unbeknownst to Constantinople, however, Amalasuintha had, after Alexander's departure, forced Theodahad to disgorge his ill-gotten real estate. In late antiquity there were no permanent diplomatic missions to advise HQ of unexpected events. Instead, diplomacy revolved around the constant exchange of envoys and letters, ranging from the routine conveyance of messages announcing births, deaths, accessions and victories to the conduct of major negotiations.

More unexpected developments were to follow. In October 534, when Peter had hardly set forth, the young king Athalaric died. To retain her position, Amalasuintha made a deal with Theodahad whereby he would assume the crown but she would remain in control and be recognized as Queen. Amalasuintha must have hoped that Theodahad would continue to prefer philosophy over statecraft. Theodahad accepted the deal and an embassy was sent to Constantinople to announce their joint accession; Peter met up with it as he was passing through Thessalonica. Theodahad, however, resented the loss of his estates. Once on the throne, he had Amalasuintha arrested and exiled to an island on a Tuscan lake — entrusted to the care of relatives of the nobles she had eliminated. She was forced to write a letter to Justinian assuring him she was being well treated, while Theodahad wrote with similar assurances. The letters were entrusted to two Roman senators, Opilio and Liberius, who encountered Peter when they landed at Avalona (in modern Albania). Peter sent back to Constantinople for new instructions. Justinian ordered him to proceed to

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Italy with a letter of support for Amalasuintha, making it clear to Theodahad that she should suffer no harm. In his official history, Procopius gives the impression that by the time Peter had crossed over to Italy, it was too late; Amalasuintha's keepers had already ensured that she suffer a fatal accident in the bath.

However, Procopius also wrote a "Secret History" which did not come to light until almost 1,000 years later. According to this version of events, the Empress Theodora had no wish to see Amalasuintha come to Constantinople as she was well-born, very good looking and "... swift as lightning at finding a means to her ends." Fearing that Justinian might be seduced by her charms (one could add that Amalasuintha was highly educated, while Theodora, the former actress, had truly graduated from the school of hard knocks), Theodora "...determined to ensnare the woman and bring her to her death," She gave Peter "... a single secret command: to remove the lady from this world at the earliest possible moment." When Peter reached Italy he assured Theodahad that he could safely do away with Amalasuintha. Theodahad happily obliged.

Relying on the "Secret History" is akin to using *Frank Magazine* as a source for Canadian politics, but in this case there is ample corroborating evidence. Firstly there is good reason to believe that Amalasuintha was not killed until late April 535, well after Peter's arrival. Theodahad was a foolish and vacillating man, but to defy the Emperor's professed wish that she suffer no harm seems almost inconceivable. Peter returned to Constantinople after Amalasuintha's death bearing letters from Theodahad and the Roman Senate imploring Justinian to keep the peace; he also carried two letters for Theodora. One, from Theodahad, acknowledged Theodora's wish that if he had any request to make of the Emperor, it be channeled through her via *her* envoy Peter. The other letter was from Theodahad's wife Gudeleva who wrote, "While it is unseemly that there should be any discord between our Roman realms, an event has occurred whose nature should make us dearer to you." This event, however, did not make them dearer to Justinian. Within a month of learning of Amalasuintha's death, he opened hostilities against Theodahad, sending one army under Mundus into Dalmatia and another under Belisarius to occupy Sicily. He also wrote to the Kings of the Franks, citing their shared Orthodox faith and inviting them to attack the heretic Goths. If it seems strange that the Emperor and the Empress seemed to be pursuing separate foreign policies, it is not uncharacteristic of the way the Imperial couple operated. Theodora functioned, in her fashion, as Justinian's "loyal opposition." For example, in religious affairs, Justinian openly enforced strict Orthodoxy, but quietly tolerated Theodora's allowing dissident clergy to proselytize from a wing of the palace.

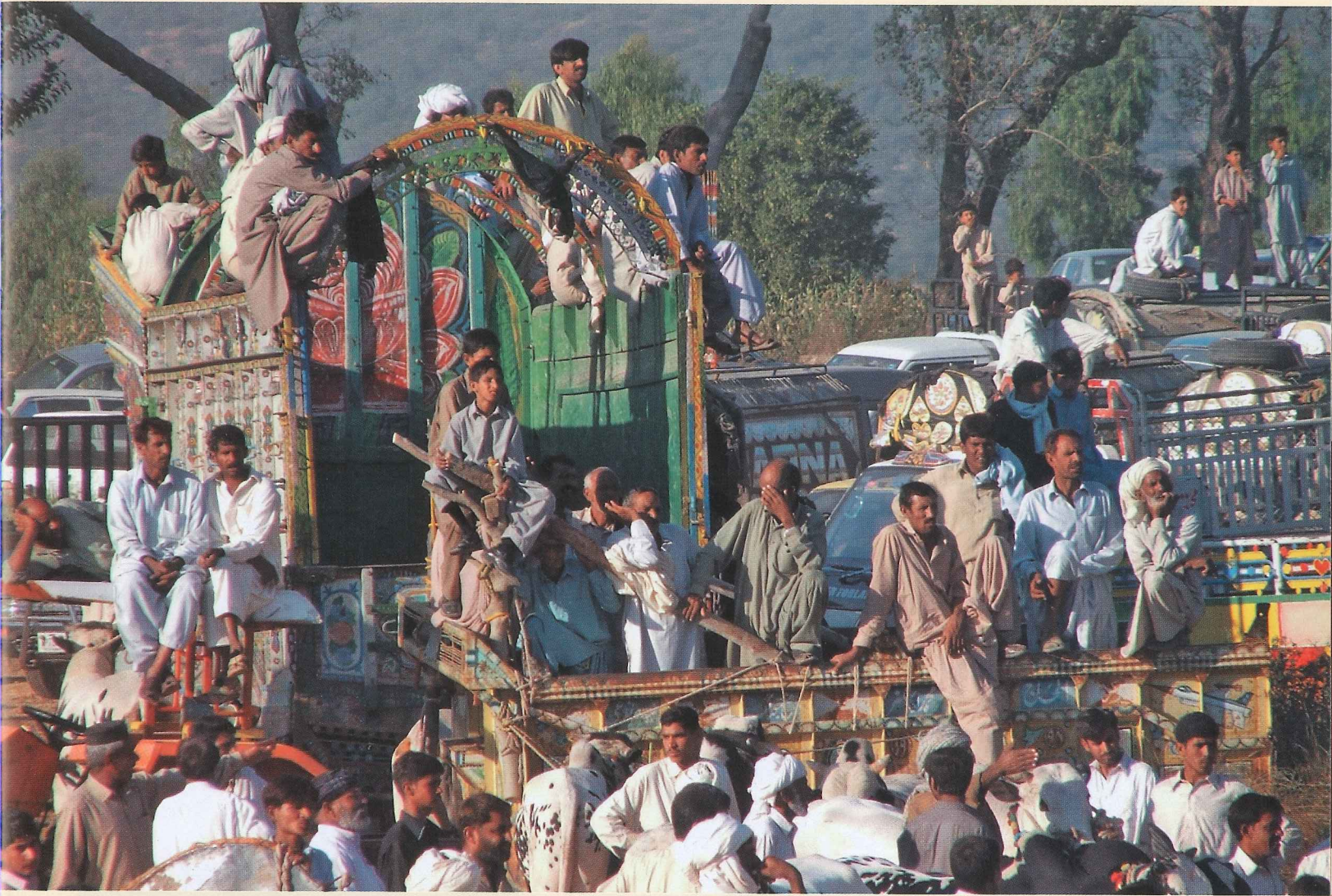
The invasions went according to plan. Mundus occupied the Salona (modern Split), capital of Dalmatia, while Belisarius rapidly overran Sicily and was poised to cross the straits of Messina. These reverses concentrated Theodahad's mind. When Peter returned to Italy to discuss terms, Theodahad was willing to accept a package similar to the one that Amalasuintha had turned down. Peter agreed to take this offer back to Constantinople, but when asked by Theodahad what would happen if Justinian did not accept these terms he replied, "You will have

to wage war." Theodahad asked if this was just. Peter said that it was indeed just. Each man should pursue whatever he was best suited to do. In Theodahad's case, it was to philosophize, in Justinian's case it was to be a strong Roman emperor. While it was unseemly for a philosopher-king to kill people — especially in large numbers; Plato would have deemed it quite appropriate for Justinian to seek to regain lost Roman territories. No Stoic, but a good Platonist, Theodahad accepted Peter's argument and offered to abdicate in favour of Justinian, in exchange a seat in the Senate and lands yielding an annual income of 1,200 lbs. of gold. Theodahad and Gudeleva then swore an oath to observe these terms, but required Peter to swear that he would not divulge this offer unless Justinian rejected the earlier terms. Theodahad sent a priest, Rusticus, back with Peter to represent his interests.

When Peter and Rusticus reached Constantinople, Justinian naturally rejected Theodahad's first offer, but accepted his proffered abdication. Peter and another ambassador, Anastasius, returned to Italy with a letter to Theodahad assuring him of Justinian's friendship, and informing him he would receive his lands and be enrolled in the Senate. Peter and Anastasius would stand surety for this arrangement, pending the arrival of Belisarius who would oversee the handover of Italy from Gothic to Roman control. Unfortunately for Peter and Anastasius, the tide of war had temporarily turned in the Goths' favour. Mundus was killed in battle and his army had retreated from Dalmatia while Belisarius' planned invasion of Italy was delayed by a mutiny of the Roman army who was suppressing a Berber rebellion in North Africa. Theodahad suddenly regained his nerve. When Peter and Anastasius arrived they were placed under house arrest. They were held hostage for the next four years, until exchanged for some Gothic envoys (intercepted returning from a mission which persuaded the Persians to open a second front against Justinian). By then Theodahad had been overthrown and replaced by a more martial king, Witigis. The Gothic war — waged up and down the length of Italy — dragged on for another 25 years until there were no Ostrogoths left to resist and Italy had been ravaged and depopulated. Within five years of Justinian's death, the Lombards — a Germanic tribe from the middle Danube, whom the Romans had recruited to fight the Goths — having liked what they saw of Italy, came back and overran half the peninsula. Italy was not to be reunited for another 1,300 years.

Peter's near diplomatic success in engineering Theodahad's abdication, which could have averted this carnage, was compromised by military failure. But despite the ultimate failure of their mission, Theodora ensured that Anastasius and Peter were well rewarded. Anastasius was made Pretorian Prefect of Italy (in charge of governing the liberated areas) and Peter of Thessalonica became Peter the Patrician, *Magister Officorum*. ☺

*Roger Lucy is a retired Foreign Service Officer (1971 to 2004), who has contributed a number of articles to **bout** on ancient and medieval diplomacy. The inspiration for this article came during a recent trip to Ravenna, Italy. Questions and comments about this article or suggestions for future ones may be addressed to him at galea.hortus@sympatico.ca*



Pastoral Pursuits in Pakistan's Punjab

Story and photos by Nicholas Coghlan

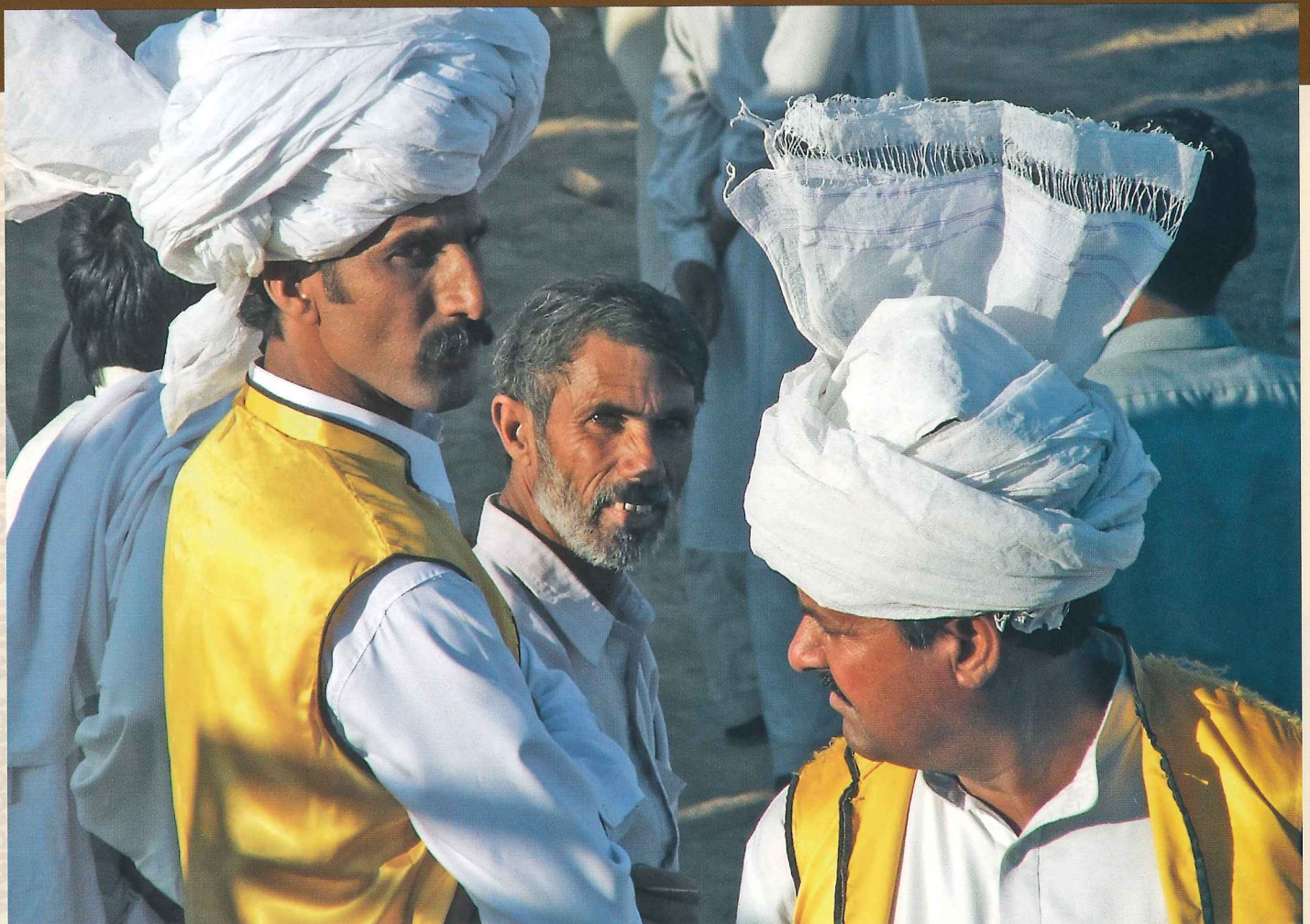
Malik Ata Muhammed Khan, Prince of the Awans, thinks that the running of the bulls in Pamplona, immortalized by Ernest Hemingway, is for pussies ...

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Following the complicated hand-drawn map he's given us, we drive out one hot autumn afternoon into dusty plains west of Islamabad, where Alexander the Great once roamed and where, for at least the last 10 years, they've been planning a new airport. Tall, moustachioed sentinels in yellow silk waistcoats, with enormous white turbans and Kalashnikovs over their shoulders, guide us along a trampled-down track through a maize field to a makeshift grandstand of honour reserved for distinguished visitors: the roof of a bus. Prince Malik greets us solemnly as his guests of honour, clasping our hands in both of his, and directs his praetorian guard to keep us plied with hot milky tea.

"We are honoured by your presence and trust you will enjoy the proceedings," he goes on, and bows.



Tall, moustachioed sentinels in yellow silk waistcoats, with enormous white turbans

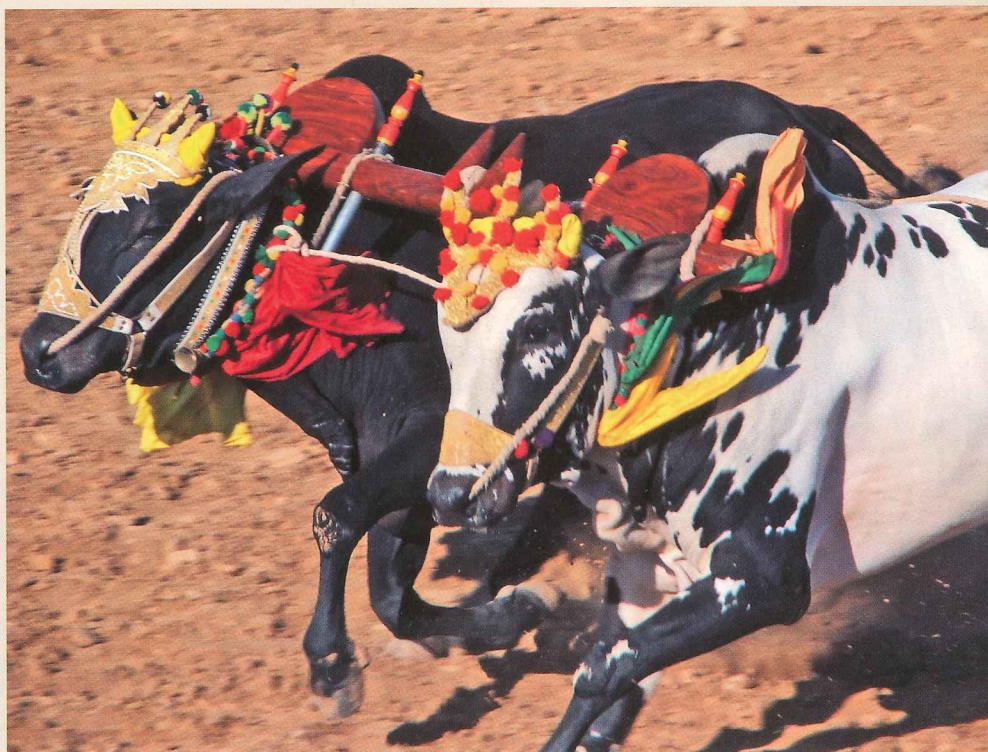
Behind, in a cloud of dust, riding a glorified tin tea-tray that drags on the ground, comes the "jockey," makeshift reins in one hand, a long steel-tipped lance in the other



"We are honoured by your presence and trust you will enjoy the proceedings," he goes on, and bows.

Either side of what could have been mistaken for a dirt landing strip are thousands of white-robed spectators, a few high in tree branches, many perched precariously atop colourful "jingle" trucks. Away to our left, in a milling mob, half a dozen men are attempting to subdue a pair of yoked and frisky Brahmin bulls, pulling at their horns to make them face down-track.

Suddenly a green flag sweeps down. The bulls burst out of the crowd. On each flank a young man is sprinting along, pushing and tugging the bulls' horns to keep them on track. Behind, in a cloud of dust, riding a glorified tin tea-tray that drags on the ground, comes the "jockey," makeshift reins in one hand, a long steel-tipped lance in the other, his robes flying in the air.



Even the solo runs usually end up veering off into the crowd, which scatters in panic.

This is dragster racing, Punjabi style. Those bulls take off like rockets, faster than you would have thought possible until you see the spike that the would-be Ben Hurs are energetically poking into their rumps. Each run of about one kilometre is timed, but occasionally an especially daring pair of jockeys will race side-by-side, usually with disastrous results. Even the solo runs usually end up veering off into the crowd, which scatters in panic. One yoked pair ends up rampaging through the maize fields behind us and goes the sleek Toyota Prado 4X4, complete with red diplomatic plates, of our British friends.

There are generous cash prizes for the fastest times of the day, awarded ceremoniously by Prince Malik from his armchair. No one is concerned that a number of riders and spectators have been seriously injured in spectacular crashes, and the The Prince — quietly satisfied with our evident agreement that Hemingway was a wimp — invites us to his next spectacle.



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This time the venue is the vast, green-turfed expanse of the Rawalpindi Polo Club.

This time the venue is the vast, green-turfed expanse of the Rawalpindi Polo Club. The guards are all here again, but this time they are reinforced by less colourful flak-jacketed troops of the Pakistani army: it's only two months since Benazir Bhutto was assassinated close by, and the city has seen more suicide bombings in the interval.

There are two theories on the origin of the peculiar equestrian pursuit known as tent-pegging. One has it that in Moghul India cavalry riders found that the only effective defence against elephants was to stab the highly sensitive flesh behind their toenails, causing the creatures to rear, unseat their mahouts and run amok. This required pinpoint accuracy with a lance, a lot of nerve from rider and horse, and hours of practice at striking tiny targets. The other, more prosaic, suggestion is that tent-pegging developed as a form of rehearsal for pre-dawn raids on enemy camps, in which the prime objective was to collapse the opposing army's tents before they had time even to wake up.



The thunder of hooves reaches us, four lances dip in unison,
the riders bend low. In a second they're past.



Whatever. Today the track is a one-kilometre stretch of turf, bordered more primly by marquees and deck chairs, with — three-quarters of the way along it — four small white stakes driven into the ground in a row, perpendicular to the track. Down at the start a quartet of magnificently-dressed riders, their waistcoats matching the bridles and finery of their horses, brilliantly-coloured headdresses shifting in the light breeze and lances held aloft, mill in a tight circle. At an invisible signal they form up in line, start to trot, then suddenly are galloping hell-for-leather. The thunder of hooves reaches us, four lances dip in unison, the riders bend low. In a second they're past. There is an appreciative roar from the crowd and, as the horses slow, the lances are held aloft in triumph, a white tent-peg neatly speared on each one. It's been a perfect 24-pointer run. As the team trots back from the finish line a band goes to greet them and young children swarm to pat the necks of the horses.

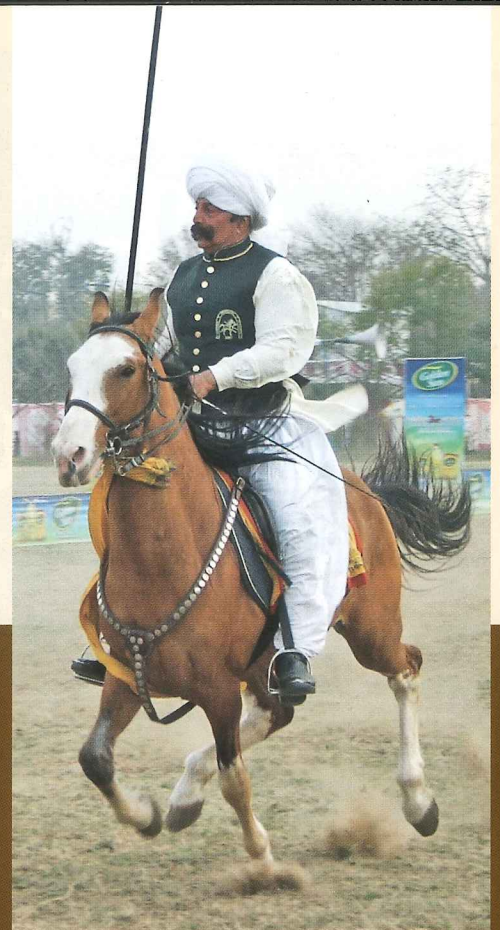
The spectacle is repeated again and again. As the afternoon proceeds the points are added up: six points for a peg perfectly speared, four for a peg knocked from the ground, two for one struck with a glancing blow; the entire team's run is disqualified if the elapsed time of their charge goes over a certain threshold.

Behind the deckchairs young men from the countryside tend to their more gloriously-bedecked masters' mounts, brushing them down, adjusting their bridles, or enjoying a smoke as the horse waits patiently, tethered to a lance planted in the ground. I'm touched as they pose shyly but proudly for photographs.

As we leave, the ever-courteous Prince Malik hurries over to be sure that we have enjoyed ourselves, and presses us not to miss next month's dancing horses. The soldiers eye us impassively, a reminder of that other Pakistan. ☹

Nicholas Coghlan is currently on R&R as Political Counsellor at the Canadian High Commission in Islamabad, Pakistan, taking a break from a sea voyage from Cape Town to Victoria, BC. His 27ft Bosun Bird is patiently awaiting his return, installed on dry land on an island near Bora Bora, in the South Pacific.

As we leave, the ever-courteous Prince Malik hurries over to be sure that we have enjoyed ourselves, and presses us not to miss next month's dancing horses.



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PORTRAIT IN LIGHT AND SHADOW: THE LIFE OF YOUSUF KARSH

Reviewed by Liza Linklater

PORTRAIT IN LIGHT AND SHADOW: THE LIFE OF YOUSUF KARSH by Maria Tippet, House of Anansi Press Inc., Toronto, 2007, 426 pp., \$39.95.

Liza Linklater is a photographer/writer currently on posting in Manila, the Philippines. Her previous postings have been to Bangkok (twice) and New York City.

As one passes through the rooms just off the lobby of Ottawa's Fairmont Château Laurier Hotel one can't help but think of highly acclaimed photographer Yousuf Karsh. Several of his brilliant black-and-white portraits are prominently displayed on its hallowed walls.

Karsh actually moved into a suite of rooms on the third floor of the Château in 1982. He transported his Karsh of Ottawa studio to the 6th floor of the Château in 1972, where it remained until 1992 — when he retired at 83 years of age. He was indeed a celebrity and I always hoped to run into him there, but alas this never happened.

Besides being hailed as the "Rembrandt of Photography," he is the only Canadian — and the only photographer — to be named as one of the 100 most influential people of the 20th century by *International Who's Who*. Many of us would recognize one of his portraits if we saw it, but probably don't know very much about the man. Historian Maria Tippet has brought the "icon-maker" alive in this book. This is the first biography based on the Karsh archive and was written with the full blessing of his family and colleagues.

Yousuf Karsh was a refugee from the 1916 ethnic cleansing of Turkish Armenians; he made his home in Ottawa and then in Boston after retirement. During his 60-year career he travelled the world photographing political leaders, monarchs, film stars, business leaders and artists.

In the preface to her book, cultural historian Tippet writes that "Karsh rose to become court photographer to the powerful and famous. He lived in the spotlight. Countless newspaper articles and magazine profiles told his story over and over again,

and Karsh presented himself for posterity in his own autobiographical writings. But, even at the height of his fame, few people really knew Karsh or fully understood his achievements." In this book, Tippet has helped to shine significant light on this extraordinary man.

Born in 1908, Karsh was from another era, with his old-world and old-fashioned manners. He arrived in Canada when he was 12 from Syria where his family had fled. At 15, in 1923, he was sent to live with his uncle George Nakash, a photographer who lived in Sherbrooke, Quebec. Karsh attended school briefly and then apprenticed in his uncle's studio. Karsh never gave much credit in print to his uncle but he obviously had a major effect on Karsh's career. In 1928, his uncle arranged for him to apprentice with portrait photographer John Garo in Boston, where he stayed for two years.

Then in 1931 during the Depression, he moved to Ottawa. At the time, the local people were xenophobic toward immigrants and especially toward those who looked or sounded different. At first, it was difficult for Karsh to find a place to live.

A year later he met Solange Gauthier, who would become his first wife, at the Ottawa Drama League where he was taking photographs. Solange was originally from France. What she and Karsh wanted was to become accepted by their adopted country — Karsh wanted to become the most famous portrait photographer in the country and they set out to achieve this by associating with the famous. He made many of his first high-profile contacts through the Ottawa Drama League.

In 1933, Karsh took over his former bosses' studio at 130 Sparks Street. He mounted exhibitions which attracted potential clients and his photos were published in magazines such as *Saturday Night*. His photos of the Governor General Lord Bessborough and his wife were published in the international press. He became the official photographer of Canada's governors general and PM Mackenzie King. He presented talks at

camera clubs and conferences and went to meet celebrated photographers such as Edward Steichen in New York.

Yousuf brought his younger brother Malak to Ottawa in 1937 and Malak went on to become one of Canada's leading documentary photographers. Meanwhile, Yousuf eventually became one of the most well-known portrait photographers of the 20th century, always producing photographs that showed his subjects in their best light.

His wife Solange managed the studio and the accounts, smoothed things over when Karsh lost his temper with the staff, and researched every important client so Karsh could ask questions that would impress and flatter his subjects during a sitting. If the person was famous, she later prepared a typed manuscript of the conversation that had taken place. She made sure

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that he photographed any personality who visited Ottawa. Later on, news agencies and magazines also provided him with questions to ask his subjects.

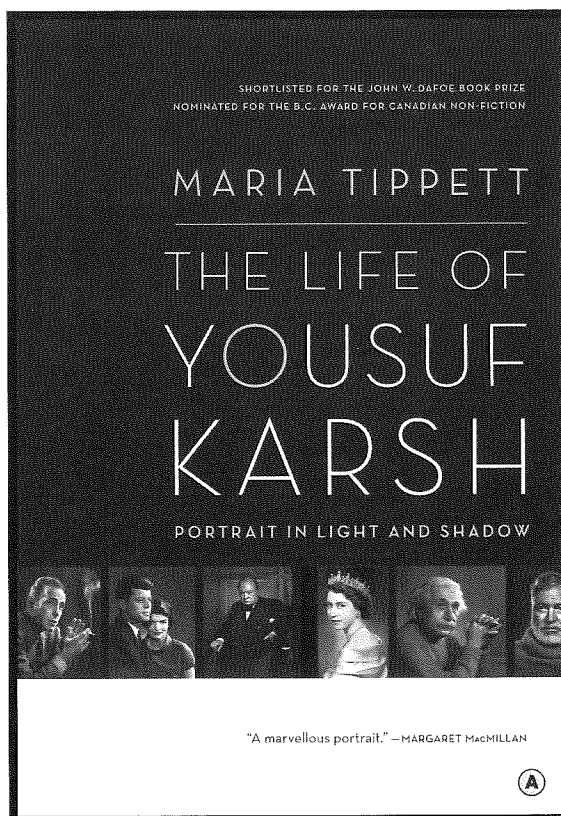
Besides his considerable talent, luck, and success at self-promotion, he was helped along the way “by the entrepreneurial skills of his two wives (and business managers) and the carefully cultivated patronage of the Canadian government.”

Tippett presents a fascinating account of how Karsh came to photograph presidents, prime ministers, kings, queens, princesses, civil servants, diplomats, military officers, businessmen, artists, writers, musicians in the United States and Europe, often with the help of the Department of External Affairs. For example, Norman Robertson helped him get to England in 1943 and Vincent Massey assisted him once he arrived; he then produced 60 portraits which laid the “foundations of his international portfolio.”

If there is one image that brought international fame to then 33-year-old Karsh, it is the one of Winston Churchill — “the Roaring Lion” — taken in 1941. Karsh had had the nerve to remove Churchill’s cigar from his lips just before he clicked the shutter. Tippett has reproduced 60 of Karsh’s 50,000 legendary portraits in the book, including those of Bogart, Hemingway, Churchill, the Kennedys, Castro, Picasso, Einstein, the Clintons, Khrushchev, Trudeau, Queen Elizabeth II, to name a few. These photographs are conveniently placed exactly where they are referred to in the text.

The author recounts how Karsh’s profits grew over the years (she had access to his accounts) and writes about the other companies he and Solange started. Besides the Karsh Studio, there was Little Wings, set up in 1946, which handled advertising and publicity, and Karsh of Ottawa which they established in an apartment in New York City in 1955.

Tippett presents intimate vignettes of Karsh’s romantic and family life and of his relations with his staff. We learn about his two marriages to strong, supportive women — Solange died in 1961 and he subsequently married the American medical writer, editor and researcher Estrellita Nachbar in 1962.



Karsh maintained the copyright to every photograph he took. Sales to publishers of photographs of prominent statesmen, and later celebrities, helped his profits grow. Within 15 years of establishing his studio, Karsh had become internationally acclaimed. The name Karsh was a household name across Canada, even for those who didn’t know much about photography.

Karsh entered the world of photojournalism at the right time. Many magazines were hitting the newsstands in the 1940s. He was also allowed to provide written copy to accompany his photographs. He was commissioned by major publications to travel to photograph dignitaries, celebrities, and business executives. He took on advertising assignments as well. When he photographed in the US and Britain, External Affairs provided transport of his proofs back to Ottawa or anywhere else he wanted to send them via diplomatic bag. The post-war expansion of Canada’s embassies throughout Europe meant that there were more ambassadors to help Karsh make contact with his subjects.

Tippett often details Karsh’s shooting techniques and said that “if there was a ‘Karsh secret’ then it lay in recognizing, and then in showing, that a good portrait was the result of a collaboration between

the subject and the photographer.” In 1946, his first book, *Faces of Destiny, Portraits by Karsh* was published and in 1959, his second book, *Portraits of Greatness*, was released. Thirteen more books of his photographs were to follow over the years.

In his last “sickly” years Karsh proudly wore his Order of Canada pin on his pyjamas while in hospital. He had been made an Officer of the Order of Canada in 1967 and later became a Companion of the Order of Canada in 1990. As an immigrant to Canada, he had often experienced negative stereotyping because he looked and spoke differently than others. For a long time, Armenians were considered to be “non-preferred” immigrants. As Tippett says and cites with examples, “Even after he achieved critical acclaim and financial success, he was subjected to ethnic prejudice in Canada.” But Tippett also emphasized, “If every immigrant’s wish, as Canadian writer Peter C. Newman has observed, is to move from the periphery of society to the centre and to ‘ingratiate themselves into the core of their adopted country’, then Karsh had certainly done this by 1992.”

This publication actually marks his centenary in 2008 (he died in 2002 at the age of 94), and complements retrospective exhibitions in institutions such as the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Art Institute of Chicago, the Boston Public Library and Rhode Island School of Design. Interestingly, as far as I know, no retrospectives will be showing in Canada this year.

Overall, Tippett presents an important, in-depth portrait of a Canadian who achieved international recognition for his profound vision. His portraits of famous men and women were accessible to all who viewed them.

One doesn’t have to be a photographer, nor even knowledgeable about photography, in order to enjoy and appreciate this book. Karsh’s life was long and it covered an incredible period in the world’s history. During his lifetime this talented Canadian was able to capture unforgettable portraits of some of the most notable players on the world stage and for that reason alone he should be remembered and honoured. ☺

Geoffrey Pearson

1927–2008

The following tribute was written by Mr. Basil Robinson and read by his daughter Brigitte Ann at the Memorial Service to celebrate Geoffrey Pearson's life held at St. Bartholomew's Anglican Church on Saturday, April 12, 2008.

We are here today to pay tribute to Geoffrey Pearson — great diplomat, and dear friend.

I first met Geoff in 1955 in Paris when I joined him at the Canadian Embassy there. He had already shown interest in the political life of France. He spoke freely and confidently in French, and this facility with language gave him access to the inner sanctum of the Quai D'Orsay, the French foreign office.

France, in partnership with Britain, was involved in the Suez crisis, and one of Geoff's many responsibilities was to represent Canada in the discussions. I used to see some of his reports to Ottawa, and I was impressed by their range and clarity.

I was 37 years old at the time and it struck me that, at the young age of 28, Geoff was already making his mark in the diplomatic world.

Geoff's first priority as a diplomat — then and for the rest of his career — was to absorb the political culture in which he found himself, and to respect his hosts. Whether he was in Mexico, India, or the Soviet Union, he was a diplomat in the true sense of the word.

As it happened, our wives Elizabeth and Landon were the best of friends. The two young families needed to get away from the Paris heat for the summer and before long Landon had found a small chateau with a walled garden (very much in need of repair) in Nointel — just 30 minutes north of Paris.

It was ideal; far enough away from the heat and noise of the big city, yet close enough for Geoff and me to commute to the office and back. We shared the driving as well as our concerns about Canada's place in the world. A daily commute, if only for a couple of months, is a special thing.

I also remember many Nointel afternoons when Geoff and I tossed a baseball back and forth. The summer progressed; our small children grew, and before long we had in these informal ways come to

understand one another and become good friends.

When I was asked to write something about Geoff it struck me that many of the qualities which made him a valued friend were the same attributes that helped to distinguish him as a colleague worthy of the highest respect.

1. He had a fine analytical mind, balanced by good judgment and a sense of discretion.
2. He was refreshingly direct in his language — for some people, perhaps a little too direct!
3. He had a capacity to see the big picture, while never losing sight of the smaller things.
4. And, perhaps most important, he had a sense of humour. Among friends and colleagues both, the playful side of his personality was legendary.

That is the Geoff I will remember — a great diplomat, a dear friend.

H. Basil Robinson is a former Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs.

A Memory of Geoffrey Pearson

by D. Colin Robertson

"They've forgotten that 'soft power' needs 'hard power' to be effective. This was a lesson that my father never forgot." It was the late 1990s and Geoffrey Pearson had generously invited me to lunch at Wilfred's in the Château Laurier. We were discussing the active, revivalist approach to international relations of Foreign Minister Lloyd Axworthy that was receiving both positive attention and favourable reviews. While complimentary to the renewed emphasis on multilateralism, it was not exempt from that probing contrarianism that was Geoffrey Pearson's trademark. Our luncheon was another in what I considered to be a series of continuing tutorials from Geoffrey in critical thinking: once endured, now enjoyed, and always an education.

Joining the Department of External Affairs in September, 1977, I was assigned to the United Nations Bureau. Canada had a seat on the Security Council and the son of our most famous diplomat was the big boss. Together with our colleagues, working under Bill Barton at the United Nations, we felt that what we did mattered and that

we were making a difference for Canadians. It was heady times.

Jimmy Carter was determined to make human rights integral to foreign policy but the idea had not yet "taken." Assigned to do research on a Canadian approach to human rights for the ubiquitous "Memo to the Minister," I was "invited" with my deputy director, Allan Rowe, to see Pearson. At the appointed moment Allan was diverted; as I would learn later, he would do about anything to avoid an encounter with Pearson. His secretary was a formidable, tidy woman who typed and took dictation with tornado-like speed. One of a now nearly extinct cadre that were effectively married to the "Department," she escorted me into the corner office on the fifth floor of A Tower.

Sitting behind his desk, Pearson was looking out the window with its splendid view of Parliament Hill and Gatineau. I'd recently cycled up to MacLaren Cemetery to see the grave sites of his father, Hume Wrong, and Norman Robertson but I decided that this might not be the ideal conversation opener. After a few moments, he swung about, sucking his pipe, and giving me that quizzical half smile that I would come to know well.

We got through the preliminaries: where was I from, what had I done and finally, why I was in his office? Human rights. Then came the questions: Did I think human rights had a place in foreign policy? What did I think President Carter was trying to do? Should foreign policy have a moral strain? And if so, how would it be expressed? Wasn't it just rhetoric and cant? I reeled, wrote, told all *and* knew and then some. But still the questions came. It was a "sink or swim" introduction to the Pearson method. I don't think I impressed him, but he sent me away with the suggestion that I do more research and, "By the way, had I seen the article by Lloyd Cutler in *Foreign Affairs*?"

I liken the experience to defending my Master's research paper and I understood now what Ian Ferguson meant when he told me Pearson didn't suffer fools. Maybe not, but he did take sympathy on junior officers and, as I would learn, relished the debate when you pushed back.

I learned a lot in that first assignment, not least the importance of critical thinking and looking at issues from every which way. Pearson's thinking and train of thought was not conventional. He may have wound

up in the same place, but the approach would be very different.

While Geoff pretended otherwise, there was heart and sensitivity beneath the brusqueness. As Ian has reminded me, he was generous in allowing junior staff, officers and secretaries, to have access to his cottage and canoe in Burnet; a godsend in the days when junior staff could not afford cottages or air conditioning.

Pearson believed that if you wanted to work at UN issues you had to do "time" in our mission and in committees to understand the rhythm and culture and, thanks to his commitment, I did a stint at the General Assembly working with Dan Livermore on the Third Committee. One Friday in December after I'd returned, I put on a turtleneck. My director, a stylist in both word and dress, invited me into his office and asked, "What would I do if I had to brief the minister that day." "I'd go," I told him. "And did I have a shirt and tie in my office?" I blushed, left and it would take a posting to Los Angeles before I'd wear a turtleneck to the office. Word of my faux pas got about. The following Friday morning, there was a knock at the inside office I shared with Jim Crowe. It was Pearson, walking down the hall to his office, not his usual route. He nodded. I said hello. He stopped to talk to my director. Then it hit me. He was wearing a turtleneck!

Pearson's help came again, a year later, when, posting confirmation in hand, I was off to our Permanent Mission in New York. A fortnight before departure, Pearson asked if I had any other thoughts for a posting. No, I told him, I was delighted with my assignment. The next morning, as part of a series of cuts, the assignment was cancelled. It was December, and the alternates offered were Teheran, Addis Ababa, or the Consulate General in New York. After securing the signature necessary to make a long-distance call (it was different then), I spoke to Chips Filleul in New York and decided that if it couldn't be Turtle Bay, then Broadway was just fine. But Personnel had changed its mind. I shared my disappointment with Pearson. That afternoon, I got a call from Personnel: New York was back on and I was to report immediately after Christmas.

Later, months after I'd settled into the Big Apple, I met my former personnel officer at a cocktail party. Down for a few days of shows he asked me how I was enjoying New York. I loved it. "You're lucky, you

know ... if Pearson hadn't phoned my boss you'd be in Addis Ababa or god knows where today ..."

"Circumstances create opportunities, they do not ensure results," Geoffrey Pearson observed in *Seize the Day*, his elegant appraisal of L.B. Pearson and crisis diplomacy, during the 1950s. But Geoff knew how to manage circumstances, realize opportunity and ensure results.

After leading the UN Bureau, Geoff went on to Moscow as our ambassador, returning to work as our envoy on Prime Minister Trudeau's peace initiative. He would later become head of the Canadian Institute for International Peace and Security. In retirement, he devoted himself to those causes, including the United Nations Association that reflected his commitment to international peace and security. Pearson was genuinely interested in "outside" perspectives from both academe and the NGOs. This meant listening and consulting; not always easy or appreciated but both necessary and essential to developing policy. He would have applauded Bill Barton's recent generosity in establishing a chair at Carleton's Norman Patterson School of International Affairs to enhance understanding of arms control and disarmament.

I last saw Geoff at an event to celebrate youth and service. He appeared with Justin Trudeau. We both witnessed a new generation dazzled by "Trudeaumania." Geoff was bemused by the phenomenon; history may not repeat itself but it does rhyme.

Geoff would have enjoyed his memorial service, filled with the old hands and those "great and good" included Joe Clark and Bob Rae. Those who had come to honor him overflowed into the annex. He would have smiled to see Allan J. MacEachen sitting beside Flora MacDonald. Time, places and memories from his children, a song from two of the grandchildren, and a vignette on his time in Paris from Basil Robinson, read by Basil's daughter Brigitte Ann. Then again, as son Michael observed, he might just have slipped off to watch the Master's tournament.

I reflected on how he had helped me, as he helped others, quietly and effectively, but in a fashion uniquely his own. His was a career that counted, in a time when diplomacy not only mattered, but was seen to matter. As I left St. Bart's, on that wet Saturday afternoon, I thought of Geoff and his generation and how, tempered by war,

they strove to make a better world. I was reminded of the passage from *Ecclesiasticus*: "... all these were honoured in their generations, and were the pride glory of their times."

Colin Robertson, former editor of bout de papier and former president of PAFSO, has served in New York, Hong Kong, Los Angeles and Washington. His current assignment is as Distinguished Senior Fellow at the Norman Paterson School of International Affairs at Carleton University.

Jake Warren 1921-2008

The following tribute was given by Thomas d'Aquino, Chief Executive and President of the Canadian Council of Chief Executives at the Memorial Service for Jake Warren held at St. Bartholomew's Anglican Church on Monday, April 7, 2008.

It has been written that "he is the greatest who is often in men's good thoughts." By this measure, our departed friend, Jake Warren, achieved greatness in life just as today he summons in death our love and a cascade of fond memories.

Joan, Hilary, Jennifer, Martin, Ian, and all members of the Warren family — I am honoured indeed to speak today of what Canada meant to Jake and what Jake meant to Canada; and as well, if I may, of what Jake meant to me and my wife Susan.

Jack Hamilton Warren made his debut in 1921 on a tobacco farm here in Ontario. Raised and educated in Ottawa, he went off to Queen's University, an institution that he spoke of with affection all his life. He was, after all, a "Queen's man" through and through.

As the dark clouds of war and the threat of tyranny descended upon Europe and the world, the restless and adventuresome Warren volunteered to serve his country. After a stint at Royal Roads, the newly-minted naval officer went to sea.

A very young man he was to be sure, but he could never forget — never wanted to forget — the terror of finding himself fighting for survival in the frigid North Atlantic when his ship, *HMCS Valleyfield*, was torpedoed in 1944. He and 35 others survived, 124 did not.

Jake would tell the story of being picked up and being placed among the bodies of the dead. Whether apocryphal or not, he swore it was a whiff of rum which caused him to twitch, and so be reclaimed by the rescuers from among the dead.

I believe that those whom fate chooses to survive such experiences, when all around do not, can form an unshakeable resolve to make their lives worthwhile. I believe that Jake's life is evidence of a man with such resolve.

I first heard of Jake when I was working as a young staffer in the office of Prime Minister Trudeau in 1969. Having started his public service career among the best and the brightest at the Department of External Affairs, Jake was already a star Deputy Minister, skillfully managing the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce.

This seasoned and much respected public servant with strong leadership and negotiating skills was soon to be on the move again. In 1971, the Prime Minister appointed Jake High Commissioner to the United Kingdom. He, Joan and the four children took up residence at the elegant premises on Upper Brook Street. Susan and I were living in London at the time and it was there that our lasting friendship began. We marvelled at the consummate skill, always with a down-to-earth Canadian touch, that Jake and Joan brought to their diplomatic responsibilities.

Let me digress from chronology for a moment to tell you how the British attachment remained intact. It was a quintessential Ottawa summer day many years later and the British Foreign Minister, Douglas Hurd, and his wife were visiting. Lunch was at the cottage at White Pine. A paddle on the pristine lake was in order before lunch — especially as in those low-tech days the only spot from which Mr. Hurd could contact Downing Street was from a rock in the middle of the lake.

At lunch, Jake was finding it difficult to capture the attention of his unruly guests — so in his inimitable style he climbed on one of the tables and from that more commanding position delivered his customary welcome and tributes with great panache! I expect that upon his return to England, Mr. Hurd recounted with gusto his uniquely Canadian experience.

From the Court of Saint James, the Warrens were posted to Washington in

1975. There, in the epicentre of the World's greatest power, Jake won the respect of the leading lights in the Administration and Congress. He was in his element. He could talk with authority about economics and trade. His European experience provided him with a solid grasp of transAtlantic issues. Americans liked his frankness. Upon meeting Jake, a well-placed American remarked to me: "I am impressed by your Ambassador. He says what he means, and he means what he says."

In 1977, Jake took up his final post in Canada's public service as Ambassador and Canadian Coordinator of the Tokyo Round of World Trade Negotiations. He was able at last to concentrate all of his skills and experience on a subject for which he had an enduring passion — international trade. Indeed, the rest of his life he remained a robust defender of open economies and the rule of law in international commerce.

Jake left the public service in 1979 and quickly took on new challenges. The Bank of Montreal successfully wooed him to the post of Vice-Chairman and for a time "Mr. Ambassador" matched wits with the captains of the financial world.

His assignment at the Bank concluded and the North American free trade negotiations underway, Jake was drafted by the Government of Quebec as the province's Free Trade Policy Advisor. Once again, he was immersed in a subject of lifelong interest.

In the past few minutes, I have endeavoured to trace the remarkable journey of our friend Jake Warren through more than a half century of distinguished service to Canada — service that led to his entry into the Order of Canada as long ago as 1982.

But what lies behind the high offices, the many achievements, the many honours? The Warren family has offered us precious insights.

We who are assembled here at historic Saint Bartholomew's in respect of this man, can add our voices. We know a Jake who was deeply dedicated to Joan, his partner of 55 years; Joan, an extraordinary individual in her own right, combining intelligence and grace, a source of inspiration and unshakeable support to her family.

We know a Jake who loved and took great pride in his children: Hilary, Martin, Jennifer, Ian; their partners; and his grandchildren.

We know a Jake who was an outspoken patriot, a man with a burning love of our great country. Over the years, he took a strong interest in virtually every issue that came to define Canada as we passed into the new century: our trading relationships with the world; our fiscal health; our constitutional debates; relations between English and French speaking people (il était un vrai ami du Québec); our partnership with the United States; the integrity and accountability of our political leaders.

Jake's keen interest in the great issues of the day was much in evidence at the weekly meetings over a span of more than 20 years of the Round Table at the Rideau Club. Members of the Round Table, well represented here today, know that we could always count on vivid, pointed, and wise interventions from our friend. Jake attended his last meeting of the Round Table short weeks ago.

Among Jake's endearing qualities, his loyalty to his friends and colleagues stands out. Ever attentive, ever caring, he could be counted on to give support to one in need of help or in failing health. And when an old friend left this world, he was always there to offer a salute and words of comfort to those left behind. Only weeks ago, in a weakened state himself, Jake was present to say a final farewell to his old friend, Simon Reisman.

Jake embraced life's pleasures. He was, as we know, an enthusiastic gardener who together with Joan transformed an unforgiving landscape at Ironwood into a garden most pleasing to the eye.

He loved time spent in pursuit of the trout at White Pine and the noble salmon in Labrador. On one occasion as we prepared to embark on an expedition to the Sandhill River, he invited me to join him at one of the Rideau Club's billiard tables. There, using the table as an imagined salmon pool, he laid out his strategy for enticing the elusive salmon to his fly.

Jake, need I say, was also a bon vivant — one who took immense pleasure in good conversation, in the hunt for mushrooms, in a fine meal and a good wine — often at his beloved Les Fougères. On Remembrance Day last year, he insisted on braving the chilly ceremony at the National Cenotaph before he and Joan joined me and Susan for a lunch which included Simon Reisman, Gordon Robertson and other old friends. A special bottle of wine was uncorked for the

occasion. Jake took an appreciative sip, the colour returned to his cheeks, and quoting John Keats, he remarked, "Wine is only sweet to happy men."

We have all watched Jake struggle in recent weeks and months. Never complaining, he did so in a manner worthy of the observation that "valour is stability, not of legs and arms, but of courage and the soul."

And so, in final farewell to this man today, I choose Tennyson, knowing that former naval officer Jack Hamilton Warren was moved by these lines and would, I believe, regard them as appropriate valediction.

*Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning
of the bar,*

*When I put out to sea.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness
of farewell,
When I embark.*

Thomas d'Aquino is Chief Executive and President of the Canadian Council of Chief Executives.

Paul Whelan 1951–2007

He left us far too soon. After a long battle with pulmonary fibrosis, Paul Whelan died on December 4, 2007. He was 56.

Paul would have been great at any job. Luckily for us, he joined the Foreign Service. A brilliant thinker, a relentless innovator, and a caring friend and colleague, Paul was passionate about his work, and his enthusiasm for bringing about positive change was infectious. Sometimes Paul's ideas weren't readily accepted — he was always slightly ahead of his time — but his contribution to public service over a 32-year career was remarkable.

Paul was also supremely devoted to his family. His wife, Mary Katherine, accompanied him on all eight of his postings. They raised their three sons, Michael, Brendan and Gregory, on four continents. Paul firmly believed in striking a healthy work/home balance (he often turfed his

staff out of the office at 5 p.m.) and he brought to his family life the same mix of fun, creativity and leadership that he unfailingly applied in the workplace.

Born to Canadian parents in Santa Monica, California, Paul grew up mainly in Windsor, Ontario. He studied at the University of Toronto. After one year of Architecture, he majored in Geography at St. Michael's College, where he met Mary Katherine.

From the start, he was an adventurer. He loved hiking, cycling, travelling. During university Paul took a year off to explore South America and learn Spanish. After graduation he ended up in Dublin, where he worked at the Irish post office and a German bicycle shop. It was in Ireland that Paul was recruited for the Foreign Service. He wrote the entrance exam at the High Commission in London and, when called back for an interview, he borrowed a suit from a friend who worked as an apprentice undertaker. He was hired by Manpower and Immigration in 1975.

The Whelans' first two postings were at times harrowing. They arrived in Buenos Aires just after the coup d'état in 1976, and lived through the darkest days of Argentina's military dictatorship. Paul's tasks included visiting detention centres to select refugees from among the Dirty War's political prisoners. Near the end of their next posting in Tel Aviv, Paul accompanied the military attaché to observe Israel's invasion of Lebanon in 1982.

Then came assignments in Vienna, Ottawa and Rome. The Whelans felt particularly at home in Italy (a dangerous country to visit, Paul warned, because you'll never want to leave). They enrolled the three boys at the American school, which at the time was in disarray. Paul chaired the school's board of directors and, together with a group of other concerned parents, raised fresh finances, hired new teachers, and reformed the curriculum. In a few months they turned the school around, saving it from collapse. Paul was a man who looked for solutions, not problems.

At the Canadian Consulate General in Buffalo in the late 1990s, Paul spearheaded a new concept in immigration processing, the Regional Program Centre. The RPC coordinated application intake for visa offices across the United States, at one point handling close to a quarter of CIC's overseas caseload. Paul also became an expert on Canada-US border issues, and

his opinion was often sought by senior decision makers in Ottawa.

As the Immigration Program Manager in Guatemala and later Bogotá, Paul became reimmersed in Latin American culture and Canada's refugee program. In Guatemala, he reported extensively on the Puebla Process and served as an OAS observer during the national elections. In Colombia he oversaw the screening of visa applicants for war crimes in a complex political and military setting.

I had the good fortune to work with Paul during his last posting in Moscow. He arrived in September 2006 and quickly launched a flurry of initiatives, most of them aimed at enhancing client service. But the one dearest to his heart was revamping the Immigration Annex. This allowed 20 of our employees to move out of two cramped prefab offices, one perched atop the other. Paul's architectural training came in handy during the renovations. Buoyant and determined, he ensured that every nook and cranny of our modest building became both functional and (to the extent possible) attractive. The project was typically Paul. He cared deeply about people and did his utmost to make sure his staff was treated decently.

Through it all, family was paramount. An old CV lists Paul's favourite hobby as "three small sons." He was forever trying to add a bit of magic to their lives. Once he whisked them off to Strasbourg so they could parade around town with a baguette under their arms like Charlie Brown in a movie they'd seen. He'd often take the boys on trips one at a time, to make them each feel special. Paul was a wonderful father, and he and Mary Katherine were an amazing team.

Paul was never short of words, and there is no shortage of words to describe Paul. Articulate, funny, innovative, compassionate, generous, supportive, trustworthy, industrious, ethical, optimistic, ebullient, gracious. Paul was bursting with talent and ideas. He had an unquenchable thirst for life, but met death with courage and equanimity. His early passing was an enormous shock and he will be terribly missed by friends, colleagues, and, above all, his adoring family.

Thank you, Paul, for shining so brightly. ☺

Tim Kilbourn is currently Counsellor (Immigration) at the Canadian Embassy in Moscow.

Social Purgatory in the Socialist Paradise

Readers of *bout de papier* will be familiar with John Watkins, whose last letter to John Holmes was reprinted under the title "From one 'fantaisiste' to another" (Volume 23, Number 2). In the aftermath of the revelations by Igor Gouzenko about Soviet espionage in Canada in early 1946, relations with the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics had chilled and diplomatic representation had been downgraded, so that Canada was represented in Moscow for nearly eight years by a series of *chargés d'affaires*, while the nominal Ambassador of Canada to the USSR, Dana Wilgress, stayed away and then was reassigned. Robert Ford acted twice in this capacity, with Holmes and Watkins performing these duties in the interval between Ford's assignments before Watkins returned in early 1954 as the Ambassador. Extracts from some of the official reports by Watkins from this period were published in *Moscow Despatches: Inside Cold War Russia*, edited by Dean Beeby and William Kaplan (published by James Lorimer & Company in 1987), but both he and Holmes corresponded privately with colleagues as well, with some of those missives circulating more widely in Ottawa than the "personal" label suggested.

The letter reprinted below was written 16 months after Watkins had replaced Holmes, so that the personalities and circumstances of the peculiar diplomatic existence in Moscow would be familiar to the latter. In a letter home to his family in February 1948, Holmes had commented about the determination of his cook and maid to stuff him with vast quantities of "marvellous" food and it was obvious that the same zeal was applied to expand the waistline of his successor.

As letters from both correspondents indicated, the diplomatic community in Moscow tended to be

isolated from the local population and participated in frequent rounds of social interaction amongst themselves, with other foreigners more often present than Soviet citizens. While the hospitality functions served to supplement the meagre information available officially from their hosts, the letters and despatches to Canada indicated that familiarity did not always breed respect, particularly where the journalists who were longtime residents of Moscow were concerned. As Holmes commented to his family, an unanticipated benefit of his lowly diplomatic status was that he was spared compulsory attendance for the duration at some of the more tedious affairs and occasional snubs by his hosts likewise eased the strain of operating in an often hostile and frequently absurd context. The positive side of this assignment was that the Canadian diplomats developed close relations with some of their counterparts, notably from Commonwealth and allied governments, among whom were some exceptionally able representatives as well as a few duds. Whatever the pluses or minuses, it was certainly an unusual opportunity for two members of the Canadian foreign service who had been recruited from academe during the Second World War.

This letter comes from the John Holmes Papers at the Trinity College Archives, University of Toronto, with renewed thanks to Henri Pilon, the helpful and knowledgeable archivist there who facilitated access to that collection. Identifications of individuals, where possible, are given in square brackets. With the exception of the brief passages which Watkins wrote in Russian, silent corrections have been made to obvious errors in the original text.

Hector Mackenzie

John Watkins to John Holmes,
16 December 1949.

CANADIAN EMBASSY /
AMBASSADE DU CANADA

Personal

Moscow, December 16, 1949

Dear John:

I was very sorry to learn from Terry [MacDermot, Head, European Division, Department of External Affairs (DEA)] recently that you were ill. From his description it seems clear that it is an occupational disease and I trust that you have managed to get a little rest, for I don't believe there is any other cure. Several of your friends have been asking for you since Terry's letter came and I have not failed, as Marcel [Cadieux, Head of Personnel Division] says, to make your case as interesting as possible. I don't think you'll get any wreaths but you might just possibly get a letter from such conscience-stricken culprits as M[ichael]. Warr and J[ohn]. Waterfield [of the British Embassy, Moscow]. In the meantime both ask me to send their best wishes. Michael left this week on the same train with Mary Ogilvie Forbes (Neil is still waiting for his successor but hoping to get home for Christmas) and the Afghan ambassador and his daughter. Practically the whole C[orps]. D[iplomatique] was at the station. It was nice of them all to take the same train. [Manlio] Brosio [Ambassador of Italy to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (USSR), 1947-51; later Ambassador of Italy consecutively to the United Kingdom, the United States and Paris; Secretary-General of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, 1964-71] is now dean and should be a big improvement on his two predecessors. Michael had no idea where his next post would be when he left. [British diplomat] Gordon Whitteridge's sudden translation to Stuttgart (somebody told me he had got married) made it impossible for M. to take a post that was open earlier and the F[oreign].O[ffice], has been promising to make up its mind ever since. Monstrous, J.W., calls it. John recently became engaged to a very attractive and intelligent American girl and looks positively blissful. He hopes to leave early in the year. Marusia [Mariuska? Maid at the ambassador's residence] was distressed to learn of your illness and suggests that you come back to Moscow immediately, preferably with a wife and several children, so that she can feed you up properly. If you could manage to come while I can still get into some of my clothes, it would save the expense of sending me out in a stretcher. Others who have been enquiring recently are the [Rajeshwar] (Minister in the Indian Embassy, Moscow; later Permanent Representative to the United Nations, Ambassador to

Yugoslavia, High Commissioner to Pakistan, Ambassador to France and Foreign Secretary of India) and Sushila [Dayal and the [Brewster H.] Morris (First Secretary, American Embassy, Moscow)]. I see them oftener than I see John because they have to go to almost everything that I do. It's worse than ever this fall. Sundays are no longer respected and if our profsoyuz doesn't take some action under Brosio, we'll soon all be wrecks. Tomorrow will be the ninth evening for me in a row plus several lunches and cocktail parties. Ellen caved in about a week ago and was ill in bed with grippe until yesterday. She christian-scientifically refused to have a doctor but seemed to be getting along all right when I called in yesterday. The Dayals find it highly amusing to live with the new ambassador and less of a nervous strain, I take it, than when Mrs. [Vijaya Lakshmi] Pandit [Ambassador of India to the USA and former Ambassador of India to the USSR; leader of the Indian delegation to the United Nations General Assembly] was here. Sheila told me that Dr. [Sarvepalli] Radhakrishnan [Indian philosopher and statesman, Ambassador of India to the USSR and later second President of India] came in waving a copy of TIME not long ago and saying: Now she'll go and have it, now she'll go and have it. Good gracious, who's going to have what, Sheila demanded. Have you seen what Time had written: Plump Mrs. Pandit. She'll have a nervous breakdown now, as sure as fate.

Maxim [Constantinovitch, chauffeur for the head of mission at the Canadian Embassy, Moscow] had a chill one night not long ago and I made him come in for some treatment. He poured down two glasses of rum without blinking and took half a dozen aspirins home with him. The next day he rested and went to the baths and is quite sure that the rum, from which he says he could feel the heat as he walked home (I'm sure he couldn't have felt anything else) saved him from being ill. One evening I had an extra ticket for the theater and couldn't find anybody free to go, so I let him have it. They got the whole play in the kitchen the next day at noon and Marusia came in giggling and reported that Maxim said he was sitting there in the front row like a count. His comments on the new station waggon were amusing and characteristic. I asked him how he liked it. Otkrovenno skazat, ne ochen, he said. Boshaya no ne elegantnaya, kak malenkii gruzovik, fine for picnics but not decent (neprilichno) for formal receptions. Nikolai has just finished overhauling the Buick and we think it may run for another four months or so. The Nash is also in bad shape. I don't know whether either M. or N. could be persuaded to drive to a reception in the station waggon. Their prestige among their colleagues depends entirely on their car and not in the least on the mission or rank of the officer. It was too bad Canada was so poor, N. remarked. The Australians had a Humber, the New Zealanders a Packard, the Indians a Cadillac. It was too

bad Canada was so poor. I said we were just thrifty. Thrift, he thought, was a virtue within reason, but to go to priems in a station waggon was not reasonable. It struck me as slightly ridiculous myself at first, especially in the rig prescribed for such occasions, but as long as I don't go without my trousers some day (I went without a vest to the Poles) I think I'll get by all right.

It was nice to get to Paris, Copenhagen, Stockholm, etc., after a year of Moscow but as far as UNESCO was concerned, you might as well have sent the East Block cat. I was afraid I would not be much use at a conference, as you will remember, but I did not expect to be quite so hopeless. Under severe prodding from the other three I managed to get to the platform about three times and read out something for the record. I refused to say anything at all that was not written down, less because I was afraid of saying something screwy, although in the state of my knowledge of UNESCO that could easily have happened, than because I felt sure that if I tried to speak impromptu, I'd get my mouth open but no sound would come. So most of the time I just sat and listened. There was no dearth of oratory, good, bad, and indifferent, and mine was certainly not missed, but since we have to pay our contribution, we might as well have somebody there who can give a little punishment as well as take it. Much of the time I was not quite sure what was going on or even what I was voting for. I don't think I'll ever make fun of the alphabetical misfortune of the Byelo-Russians again. The États-Unis were directly behind us and the Royaume-Uni was well down the hall. As a result I had often to sit at an awkward angle which the Hungarian would certainly have noticed if he hadn't had to keep his eye on the Pole. Documents poured forth from the machines day and night and it was impossible to keep up with them. Harry Jay [Secretary, Canadian Delegation to the Fourth Session of General Council of UNESCO, Paris, September 1949] had absorbed a great deal of information about UNESCO in a short time but of course he couldn't be everywhere at once. Guy Sylvestre [Private Secretary to Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent; later National Librarian of Canada] worked hard and his familiarity with parliamentary procedure was helpful. [Fulgence] Charpentier [Information Officer and Cultural Attaché, Canadian Embassy, Paris] was very hospitable and saw that we met quite a few people. Mr. Dorget [? Perhaps Victor Doré, Chairman, Canadian Delegation to UNESCO, Paris, September 1949] was a little shocked, I think, at our lack of enthusiasm for UNESCO, not to speak of the Canadian Government's, and did his best to convince us that it was doing noble work in many fields. It probably is, and the division chiefs who spoke all seemed to know their jobs. But the Director, who is extremely able, astute, dynamic, and persuasive, had no intention of allowing a small economy-minded minority to cramp his style

and knew that he could get just about what he wanted by perfectly democratic means, since the smallest contributors were often absorbing the largest grants and eager to continue doing so, and a vote is a vote. At the same time he was careful not to offend his larger contributors even when he felt, good Indian that he is, like sticking a knife in their backs. I can't remember when it was that the illiterates started their last war but I predict that we'll have wiped them out before they can start another one. In the meantime let's hope the literates don't get nasty again. Viva UNESCO on the Arno, but may I be on the Congo!

What a painful duty it must have been for [Ralph] Parker [pro-Soviet correspondent for a succession of foreign newspapers, with some articles appearing in The Daily Worker at this time; author of How Do You Do Tovarich? and Moscow Correspondent] to attend cocktail parties at such a barbarous place as the Canadian Embassy. Now that we know how he feels about us, we can spare him in the future. I have said as much to the one or two people who are pretty sure to take it back to him. He and Valentina Mikhailovna were at the Finnish national day reception on December 6. They were also at the Iranian and Indian affairs and the Scandinavians and others still invite them to dinners, etc., so one is bound to meet them. I had decided that his stupid, inaccurate, and mischievous remarks, though not worth even thinking about, would be a good excuse for avoiding him and not being pestered by invitations to lunch as I was for a while, but that out of courtesy for the host I would speak to him if I met him head on. At both the Indian and Finnish receptions (I did not go to the Iranian) I saw him before he saw me and we did not collide. But I ran into her at the Finnish party and was speaking to her for a few minutes. She asked if I was as much of a hermit as ever and I replied that I was still as much of a hermit as I could manage to be. I don't think she's too stupid to take a hint — when she's sober.

Randy and I left the Finns at 2 a.m. but the party went on until after three, and the Minister, who always goes home at midnight, had to stay up until all the foreign guests had left. The attache, Henrik Blomstedt, took a few of the guests over to his apartment for bacon and eggs after that. Henrik is very intelligent and well-read but quite naive about people. His guests included the Parkers, the Hafstads, the de Guinzburgs (Agence France Presse correspondent with an English wife who is not on speaking terms with V.M.) and Major Walters [American Embassy, Moscow]. Parker talked to Walters, not one of the brighter service attaches, who was so much impressed by his knowledge of the Soviet Union that he invited him to dinner. Walters said that he seldom met people whose views of the Soviet Union differed from his own and it interested him very much. I don't suppose he had a ghost of an idea who P. was.

P. said he would telephone, but W. insisted that it be soon and asked what about the day after tomorrow. P. said he was expecting to leave for Italy very soon and would call when he got back. (Harrison Salisbury, N.Y. Times, had some fun with P. over [Andrey] Vishinsky's [Minister of Foreign Affairs of the USSR] remark in N.Y. that he had decided not to return to England. He telephone P. and led up very gradually to an innocent mention of his surprise to learn of this decision. Poor old P. was very much embarrassed and after much hemming and hawing agreed that V. had been misinformed.)

V.M. talked to Sigurdur Hafstad and behaved quite well until she had had a few schnapps. She then got on to the subject of the travel restrictions and proclaimed that there were only two places in the Soviet Union it was necessary for foreigners to visit: Stalingrad, because of its war history, and Gori [in Georgia], because it is Stalin's birthplace. At this point de Guinzburg came along to say good-bye and politely kissed her hand. As soon as he had turned away, she announced twice in a loud voice so that everybody would be sure to hear: "There, you see, that man always turns his back when Stalin's name is mentioned." Other people have thought de G. more pro-Soviet than otherwise, but no doubt Stalin's birthday is making V.M. more orthodox than ever. Later in the evening, about half past four, she got very angry at P., made a scene, and flounced out of the apartment, to the consternation of poor Henrik, who had no idea what was happening. She told Mrs. Hafstad later than when she got downstairs she found a beautiful big car full of charming men and took them all home for coffee and that they were still there at 5:30 when P. got home. This was part of the Finnish trade delegation, which was already disintegrating fast when I left at two. They did not know the next day where they had been or who V.M. was.

The [Rolf] Sohlmans [Ambassador of Sweden to the USSR] had the Parkers to lunch last Saturday. Mrs. S. says that she has lived through so much that she does not judge people. She said that P.'s wife and child had been killed by the Nazis in Czechoslovakia and that when he came here, he had sort of adopted V.M. and her two daughters. They had been seriously compromised by his friendship and no doubt he felt that he should help them as much as he could. When she was looking for a tutor to teach her son English a couple of years ago, Lady Peterson [wife of Sir Maurice Peterson, Ambassador of the United Kingdom to the USSR] had recommended P. He had done an excellent job and the boy, now here for the Christmas vacation, had been very fond of him and was anxious to see him. The most curious story, though, is that the Hafstads were invited to dine at America house tonight by a sergeant who works under Gen.[John W.] O'Daniell [Military Attaché, US Embassy, Moscow] and who said he was having the Parkers. I shall be interested to know whether this party really comes off.

Sophie [presumably Tatiana Sofiane, who had been Moscow correspondent for Time and Life] has now definitely fired Life, she says, and is taking a Soviet job. This will mean that she cuts herself off completely from the C.D. and she is very unhappy to do so, but she felt that for her daughter's sake it was the only thing to do. She is already being looked at askance by her schoolmates, the young pioneers, etc. because her mother associates with foreigners. Similarly, V.M.'s older (17) daughter, the black one, product of an acquaintance with a negro tap dancer, who dances at the filial of the Bolshoi under the name of Scott (a good old negro patronymic) has had to move away from the P. menage to relatives who do not know any foreigners, even such friendly ones as P. I have never seen her dance but apparently she can do only small solo parts, since she is so dark that she cannot be used in a group even with make-up and has negroid features too. Mrs. Sohlman said that they were very hard up last year; V.N. had no job and P. had to sell his books. The Conspiracy Against Peace has been printed in 300,000 copies, Shapiro says, so he should make something out of that.

I go more often to the theater than to the opera or ballet, partly because it interests me more and partly because I would like to learn Russian. But unless I have time to read the play before I go, I don't get any of the fine points. To see how they do foreign things I went to Lope de Vega's The Dancing Master at the Red Army Theater and to Shaw's Pygmalion at the Filial of the Mali. Both were very well produced and acted, and somehow the translator has managed to get an equivalent for Cockney, to judge from the laughter of the crowd. It was done partly by the coarseness of the voice etc. but there were many prosto-narodnie expressions used that were too much for me. I saw [Alexandr] Ostrovsky's [Russian playwright, 1823-1886] Bespridannitza at the Maly [a theatre in the central district of Moscow which recently celebrated its 250th anniversary and where Ostrovsky's work was first performed in the 19th century and is still performed today] last Sunday — superbly acted but not one of his best — an unconvincing tragic ending helps to spoil its effectiveness. Moscow Character, although naively dobrodeatelny and tzelomydronny in the approved Soviet style, is given depth and life by the Maly caste and makes an excellent evening's entertainment. The parson from Helsinki has arrived, so I won't be able to go to next Sunday's matinee — a device I am planning to use to get to more theatres than our busy social life will permit in the evenings.

I hope to hear very soon that you have completely recovered. If not, perhaps you had better come back to Moscow.

With all best wishes,

Sincerely, John ☺

Stamp of Approval:

The Liberation of St. Pierre et Miquelon in 1941

by Alfred Pick

At first light on December 24, 1941, Free French naval ships appeared at the mouth of the port of St. Pierre in the Islands of St. Pierre et Miquelon, off the south coast of Newfoundland. They consisted of the submarine *Surcouf*, the largest in the world, and three frigates under the command of Admiral Muselier. The Vichy governor, Admiral Robert, surrendered immediately. The Vichy authority had continued after the fall of France and there was much concern about the puppet regime under the domination of the conquering Germans. A plebiscite was held the next day, Christmas, and the vote was over 90% in favour of the cause of de Gaulle.

There was general relief and joy at the liberation of St. Pierre et Miquelon. But later on Christmas day there was a statement from the American Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, denouncing the occupation by the "so-called Free French" as an "arbitrary action contrary to the agreement of all parties."

The implication was that Ottawa was involved, but the Canadian Government pleaded innocence and ignorance. The operation had taken place after the ships supplied by the Canadian Navy left Halifax. One supposes some of our naval officers must have had knowledge as to where the ships were going.

There were some odd aspects. Our High Commissioner in London, Vincent Massey, was instructed: "In view of the circumstances of Free French occupation of St. Pierre today do not send Christmas greetings to General de Gaulle." I find this strange and very late London time, for holiday good wishes. (See *Canada's Department of External Affairs*,

Vol I 1909–1946, by John Hilliker). There was a suggestion from Washington that Canada should restore the status quo, but our Prime Minister, Mackenzie King, was much too cautious and crafty for that. Churchill was at least puzzled if not bemused by the position of Cordell Hull. (See his masterly *The Second World War*, Vol III).

The first I heard of the Free French takeover was on the afternoon of December 24 during a little office party in my attic premises. The manager of the Anglo-American Cable Company telephoned to say that something had happened in St. Pierre as he was unable to talk to their relay station there. I lived in former servant quarters above the office, which

After the event the High Commissioner said that no doubt I was glad that I had not gone to St. Pierre. I replied that I would always regret missing out on a bit of history.

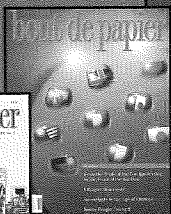
I had some personal, though peripheral connections with the incident. The Canadian Government decided to open the two posts, a High Commissioner's Office in St. John's and a Consulate in St. Pierre. There were good reasons, both political and diplomatic, in each case though they were very different. Christopher Eberts set forth for St. Pierre in September 1941 and I went with the High Commissioner to Newfoundland. This was the first of my many "foreign" assignments. Chris and I had joined the service together in the summer of 1940. I jauntily said I would try and visit him at Christmas. I found out later it was just about impossible to do so in full winter and in wartime.

was convenient for me and helpful to the office and Ottawa as I was in effect on duty nearly 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

The next morning I had a visit from the American vice consul bearing a little gift. He had, it happened, a French name and French background. We heard on the radio of the liberation of St. Pierre and had a special toast for the occasion. Later that day his boss, Cordell Hull, issued his notorious statement, but I never betrayed the vice consul's true feelings.

After the event the High Commissioner said that no doubt I was glad that I had not gone to

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St. Pierre. I replied that I would always regret missing out on a bit of history.

If I had gone to St. Pierre for a private holiday the small gossip community there would have speculated that Ottawa was involved in the liberation. Even the suspicious Americans might have thought it reinforced their view that Canada had colluded in the invasion. I learned later that Eberts had given a party on the evening of December 23 for the Governor, who was kept up late. Local gossip knew of the party.

The above is by way of background to the story of the special St. Pierre postage stamps. Recently Bonhams Auction House of London had an expert come to Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal seeking stamps for an upcoming auction. So I dug my envelopes out of the safety deposit box.

The Free French overprinted a set of 18 stamps with the text: "Noël 1941 France Libre F.N.F.L." — (the letters standing for Forces Navales Françaises Libres). Eberts sent me a business-size envelope with all these stamps on the front. Mine were overprinted in red ink or, as the philatelists seem to prefer "carmine." The huge and authoritative *Scott Stamp Catalogue*, 2008 edition, Vol. 5, says my set is worth about \$800–\$1,000. The same set with black ink is worth more than double this, because of rarity. Scott also has an unusual text explaining some of the story of the St. Pierre stamps, with a warning against counterfeit. Stamp collecting or philately has some aspects that are difficult to appreciate.

In September 1942, St. Pierre issued two new sets marked still France Libre, one with 14 stamps of a fishing schooner and the other with 7 stamps of an aeroplane. Eberts sent me two "first-day covers" with all of these stamps on the fronts. The schooner envelope also had printed on it the Cross of Lorraine, the symbol of de Gaulle. Later in October I was sent on temporary duty in St. Pierre (I went there in a RCAF Catalina flying boat from a "pond" near St. John's. There was no airstrip at St. Pierre). I sent the two new sets to my sister in Montreal.

The Bonhams expert said my two envelopes were worth more as they bore the seal of the Canadian censor and are rarer. The first-day covers were issued in large quantities and were sold by the Free French in Canada. I can believe this as the Free French ran active offices in Montreal and Ottawa, raising money for their social work and promoting the cause.

Bonhams wanted to take the five envelopes and illustrate them in a catalogue; they would be offered as one lot. They were confident there would be interested buyers, especially from France. After rapid consultation we decided to keep them in the family.

There is a sad end-note. The mighty Surcouf was lost, somewhat mysteriously, in the Caribbean on 19 February 1942. The crew had the overprinted Christmas stamps which of course were also lost.

Vive la France Libre. ☺

Alfred Pick is a retired Ambassador and member of the Senior Editorial Board.



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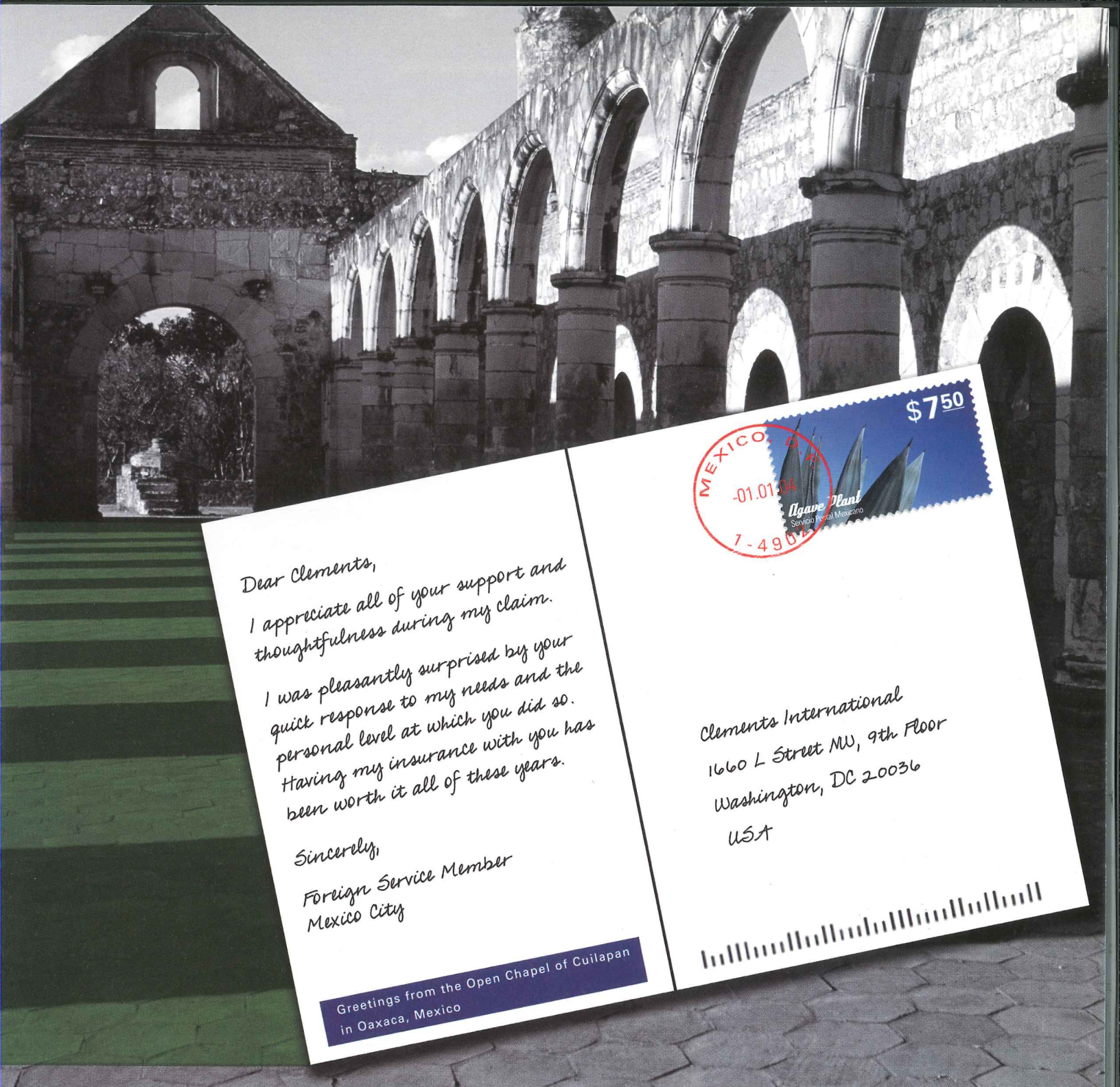
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PAFSO Awards

In Celebration of Excellence

On Thursday, June 12, 2008, 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. The Pipe Major of the Sons of Scotland, Ms Bethany Basillion, piped in our guests signalling the start of another outstanding evening.

Le président de l'APASE, M. Craig Weichel, a souligné que « Une des choses qu'on apprend en travaillant simultanément pour l'État et dans un syndicat de fonctionnaires, c'est de ne jamais s'attendre à la gratification instantanée. Cependant, en s'appliquant à la tâche, en nouant et entretenant de bonnes

relations de travail et en cherchant constamment des solutions novatrices, de bonnes choses peuvent se produire. Et c'est précisément cet amalgame de vertus qu'on retrouve chez les quatre lauréats couronnés ce soir. »

Master of Ceremonies, Norman Baillie-David, the founder and managing partner of The Antima Group, managed the evenings' festivities and read the presentations for each of this year's four Award recipients. Tim Kilbourn, recognized for his extraordinary program work in Moscow under very difficult and emotionally challenging conditions and his dedication to Canada was unable to take time from his posting to attend the event.

Les Prix de l'APASE

Dans une célébration de l'excellence

Left to right: Anne Martel, Michael Watts and Joanne Lemay. Tim Kilbourn was unable to travel from his posting in Moscow.





Tim Kilbourn

"When taking up a posting in a distant country, an immigration officer unwittingly assumes the role of an anthropologist. Pouring over dozens of visa applications, you soon find out what makes the host country tick — the typical family ties, travel patterns, health concerns, job prospects, and other issues that govern your clients' everyday lives. Acquiring this kind of knowledge is not just interesting. It's often crucial to making sound decisions, to striking the precarious balance between enforcement and facilitation — the yin and the yang of visa adjudication. So even if the grass sometimes looks greener in the other Foreign Service streams, the world of Immigration remains endlessly fascinating to me, and I hope to be part of it for many years to come."



Joanne Lemay (à la gauche) et Marie-Lucie Morin, Sous-ministre, Commerce international

"A Career without Borders — our recruitment tagline coined by my colleague Nira Shearer — is about the remarkable diversity of assignments within one career. There are constant opportunities to take on new challenges — whether tackling completely new issues, new areas or ways of working, or representing Canada in foreign lands — while feeling that our contribution makes a difference for Canada. Cela signifie également travailler avec de nouveaux collègues plus extraordinaires les uns que les autres à chaque affectation. C'est ce qui m'a attirée — et continue de me motiver — à faire partie des rangs du Service extérieur du Canada et du Ministère des Affaires étrangères et du Commerce International."

Tim Kilbourn, Counsellor (Immigration), at the Canadian Embassy in Moscow has been selected as a PAFSO Award Winner for his outstanding efforts under very difficult circumstances. He was assigned to Moscow in 2005 in advance of the establishment of a new Area Management model for CIC and the implementation of changes within the Immigration Section. When his Program Manager became ill and later passed away, full responsibility fell on Mr. Kilbourn to implement the changes, provide leadership to his section, and deal with retaliatory actions from the Russians in response to the refusal of a Canadian visa. These actions took the form of denial of Russian visas for other officers going on posting to Moscow and for temporary emergency help from Canada necessary to alleviate the serious staffing shortage in the Immigration Section.

La section a dû fonctionner à 50-60 % de son effectif normal pour une période de plusieurs mois, sans compter les longues heures et le niveau de stress élevé pour le personnel. Tim a offert du soutien de première main à tous ses employés et à prêté par l'exemple, adoptant une approche « qui sait faire » au service à la clientèle, tout en veillant à ce qu'on règle adéquatement les questions d'inadmissibilité. Il s'est révélé particulièrement efficace dans le maintien du moral et du momentum pour ce processus. Tim a aussi dirigé une initiative visant à inciter divers organismes à Ottawa à raccourcir leurs délais de réaction aux demandes de visa clés.

Joanne Lemay is being honoured with a PAFSO Award this year in recognition of her work both abroad, as Consul in Guadalajara, and in headquarters for her work in organizing six of the Deputy Minister for International Trade's regional symposia — "The TCS Global Team: Making it Happen for Canada." While in Mexico, she developed an excellent and effective team of two Canada-based employees and seven locally engaged employees.

Bien qu'il s'agisse d'une micromission, l'équipe commerciale de Guadalajara s'est classée parmi les quatre meilleures missions à cerner les débouchés commerciaux pour les clients canadiens en 2004 et en 2005. Les travaux relatifs aux six symposiums régionaux du sous-ministre du Commerce reflètent un degré élevé de planification stratégique dans les documents d'information, la réflexion approfondie qui a donné lieu à l'harmonisation de contributions variées dans un programme ciblé, instructif et interactif. Les symposiums ont placé le Service des délégués commerciaux dans la position voulue pour réagir avec créativité et efficacité aux nouveaux défis que pose et posera l'aide aux entreprises canadiennes partout dans le monde.

Anne Martel, Commercial Counsellor, the Canadian Embassy, Rome, is being honoured with a PAFSO Award for her work resolving issues threatening access to the key Italian market for the export of Canadian durum wheat. She deployed specific local knowledge and language skills to develop and expand her local network which she mobilized to defend core Canadian interests. Through her hard work and her clear reporting to all interested Canadian actors, she not only helped solve the specific problem facing Canadian durum wheat exports in 2005–06, but helped develop a course of action that diminished the probability of further impediments to Canadian exports.

En décembre 2005, un juge régional du sud-est de l'Italie a ordonné la saisie de deux envois de blé dur canadien, en alléguant qu'ils contenaient des niveaux inacceptables de toxines dangereuses. Cette décision a compromis des exportations canadiennes de plus de 400 000 tonnes de blé dur par année à l'Italie, d'une valeur moyenne de plus de 100 millions de dollars. Elle a aidé à faire prendre conscience au gouvernement de l'Italie de la nécessité d'une approche scientifique. Son approche pragmatique et constructive à la résolution de problèmes sur une période de plusieurs mois a contribué à lui permettre de régler le dossier de manière fructueuse et satisfaisante pour le Canada et les intérêts canadiens qu'elle protégeait et défendait. Voilà un bel exemple du travail classique de l'agent du service extérieur canadien.

Michael Watts has been honoured as a winner of the PAFSO Award for his high level of performance in a variety of assignments including as Immigration Program Manager in Accra, Ghana. He is currently the Director, Geographic Operations, Asia-Pacific/Americas in CIC. While in Ghana he had area responsibility for the immigration movement from Liberia and was required to deal with numerous cases of child adoptions from Liberia by Canadians. There were serious concerns regarding reliability of the adoption process.

Il a établi des sources d'information fiables au Libéria et s'est efforcé de fournir un excellent service à la clientèle aux parents canadiens éventuels, tout en prenant bien soin que l'enfant à adopter ne fasse pas l'objet de trafic de personnes. Il est un joueur d'équipe, ayant assumé des rôles clés au Haut-Commissariat lors de la visite de la gouverneure générale au Ghana et de l'évacuation de Canadiens de la Côte d'Ivoire au Ghana.



Anne Martel (à la gauche) et Leonard Edwards, Sous-ministre des Affaires étrangères

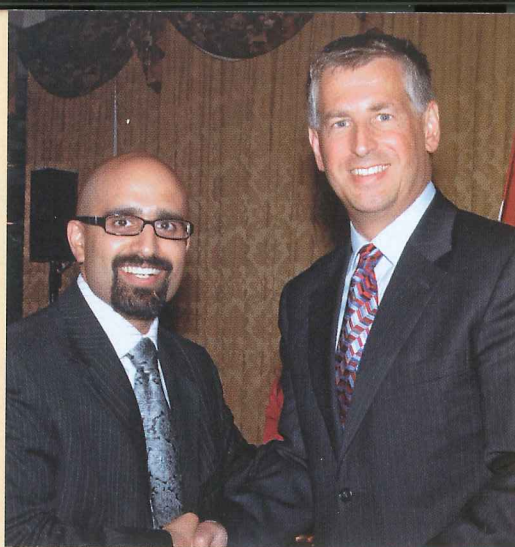
"I've been a Foreign Service Officer for quite a few years now. I've been a trade officer, and a political officer, but this case (Canadian durum wheat) for me encapsulates what we really do. We interpret. We mediate. We bridge the cultural divide. And though we are not specialists, we have a valuable role to play."



Michael Watts (left) and Richard Fadden, Deputy Minister, Citizenship and Immigration Canada

"... It was impossible to imagine that this career would be able to offer so many opportunities to be creative, to learn, and to exemplify the values of the public service, values I hope I inherited in part from my mother who was herself a civil servant with UK's Department of Employment prior to immigrating to Canada. ... A few years ago I listened to my colleague David Manicom who on this same podium poetically described what it means to be a visa officer, and for me, it has been, above all, the experiences in Africa that have confirmed his sentiment that to be a visa officer is truly a wonderful calling."

*Sunny Sekhon and
Norman Baillie-David*



*Photo right: Dominique Levesque (right)
presents her draw prizes to Larissa
Blavatska (left). Photo above: Madame
Nicole Perron with her draw prize.*



*Norman Baillie-David (left) and
Anne Arnott*



*The Honourable Flora MacDonald
presents the VIA Rail draw prize
to Lynn Hartery*

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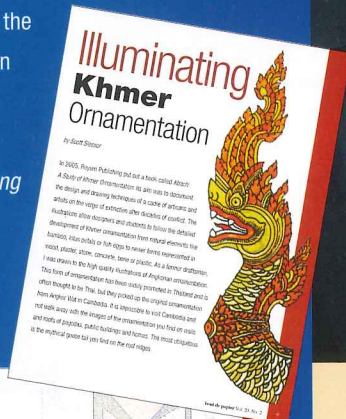
Dominique Levesque Designer-Couturier

VIA Rail Canada

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 12, 2008.

Mr. Scott Slessor was the winner of the Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA) sponsored award for best article in **bout de papier** magazine for Volume 23. His article, *Illuminating Khmer Ornamentation*, appeared in Issue No. 2. He received a framed Award and cheque.



Scott Slessor receives prize and cheque from the President of RHOMA, John Noble.

See the PAFSO website www.pafso.com for text of acceptance speeches. Click on FS Awards.

Des allocutions se trouvent sur le site Web de l'APASE : www.pafso.com. Il suffit de cliquer sur le lien aux prix.

Une mention honorable a également été décernée à M^{me} Élise Racicot pour l'article suivant : « Aventures dans les montagnes de l'Elbourz », paru dans le numéro 3, vol. 23.



CALL FOR NOMINATIONS 2009

Why not start thinking about or preparing now for nominations for the 2009 PAFSO Awards. While the deadline for submissions is April 5, 2009, 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

APPEL DE MISE EN CANDIDATURE 2009

Pourquoi ne pas envisager dès maintenant de présenter une ou des candidatures aux Prix de l'APASE de 2009? La date limite de réception des candidatures est fixée au 5 avril 2009, mais il est possible en tout temps d'envoyer une candidature ou un avis de candidature, soit par courriel à awards@pafso-apase.com, soit par la poste à M. George Grande, secrétaire, Comité des Prix FS 412-47 rue Clarence, Ottawa (Ontario) K1N 9K1



2008 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 Hon. James Bartleman joined the Department of External Affairs in 1966 and retired in 2002. Postings and assignments included ambassador to Cuba, Israel, NATO and the European Union, High Commissioner to South Africa and Australia, and Assistant Secretary to Cabinet and Foreign Policy Adviser to the Prime Minister. Lieutenant Governor of Ontario 2002 to 2007. Member of Mnjikaning First Nation. National Aboriginal Achievement Award 1999. Phi Delta Kappa Educator of the year award. Arthur Kroeger College Award in Ethics in Public Affairs. Nine honorary degrees. Author of four best selling books. Mr. Bartleman is currently Chancellor of College of Arts and Design. He is actively engaged in aboriginal literacy initiatives he has established in recent years: Club Amick reading club for 5,000 native children and 36 summer literacy camps for 2,500 children.

Mr. Brian Davis served as a Foreign Service Officer from 1971 to 2006. His assignments abroad included Lebanon, Kenya, Poland, India, Hong Kong (twice), Paris and Syria. He was the Immigration Program Manager in Poland, Hong Kong and Paris. In his final assignment before leaving the Public Service, he served as Ambassador to the Syrian Arab Republic from 2003 to 2006. Since leaving the federal government in 2006, Mr. Davis has been a freelance policy consultant, with particular emphasis on the Middle East. He has also given lectures on the subject in various fora, such as at McGill University.

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.

Michael Kergin (Chairman) joined the Department of Foreign Affairs in 1967 as a foreign service officer. His postings abroad included the Canadian Mission to the United Nations in New York, Cameroon and Chile. He served as Ambassador to Cuba from 1986 to 1989 and has had three postings to Washington, the last as Ambassador of Canada to the United States (2000 to 2005). Since leaving the federal government in 2005, he has been Special Advisor on Border Management to the premier of Ontario. Mr. Kergin is currently a Senior Fellow at the US Chamber of Commerce. He is also CEO and President of Intermestic Consulting Inc, a firm he founded, specializing in advising clients on Canada-US relations.

Don Newman is Senior Parliamentary Editor for CBC News and the host of CBC Newsworld's daily program *POLITICS*, an intelligent analysis of major political news stories and newsmakers in Ottawa, around the country and abroad. In 1981, Mr. Newman came to work for the public broadcaster's Parliamentary Bureau and since then has hosted his own political affairs program based in Ottawa (*This Week in Parliament*, 1981-93, *Capital Report*, 1989-95 and *Politics*, 1995-present). In 1997, Mr. Newman was the first recipient of the Charles Lynch Award for outstanding coverage of national affairs and in 1999 was named a Member of the Order of Canada for being one of Canada's most respected journalists. Mr. Newman is currently on the boards of Canada's National History Society and the Canadian Journalism Foundation.

M^{me} Louise Terrillon-Mackay est une ancienne agente du service extérieur et ancienne présidente du chapitre de la Capitale nationale de l'Institut canadien des affaires internationales. Elle est Présidente du Conseil d'administration de l'Institut canadien des études méditerranéennes, membre des conseils d'administration de l'Alliance française et de l'Institut Dante Alighieri d'Ottawa. M^{me} Terrillon-Mackay a un Baccalauréat ès Arts, de Marymount et Fordham University, New York, avec spécialisation en sciences économiques, gestion des affaires et espagnol. Elle a étudié l'histoire de l'art et l'archéologie à Rome, Italie et Athènes, Grèce.

Dinner / dîner

Inniskillin 2006 Niagara Series
Riesling VQA Niagara Peninsula

Salad of Tender Greens with Red
Bell Pepper, Jicama, Manila Mango,
Coriander, Mint and Lime Vinaigrette

*Salade de légumes garnie de poivrons
rouges, d'ignames et de mangues,
vinaigrette à la coriandre, à la menthe
et au jus de limette*

Inniskillin 2006 Chardonnay
Montague Vineyard VQA
Niagara Peninsula

Inniskillin 2004 Pinot Noir Reserve
VQA Niagara Peninsula

Sesame Crusted East Coast Salmon
with Orange-Miso Sauce
on a Gingered Rice Cake with
Pan Roasted Baby Bok Choy

*Saumon de la côte est en croûte de
sésame, sauce au miso et à l'orange
sur galette de riz au gingembre avec
jeune pak-choi poêlé*

Inniskillin 2006 Pearl Vidal Icewine
VQA Niagara Peninsula

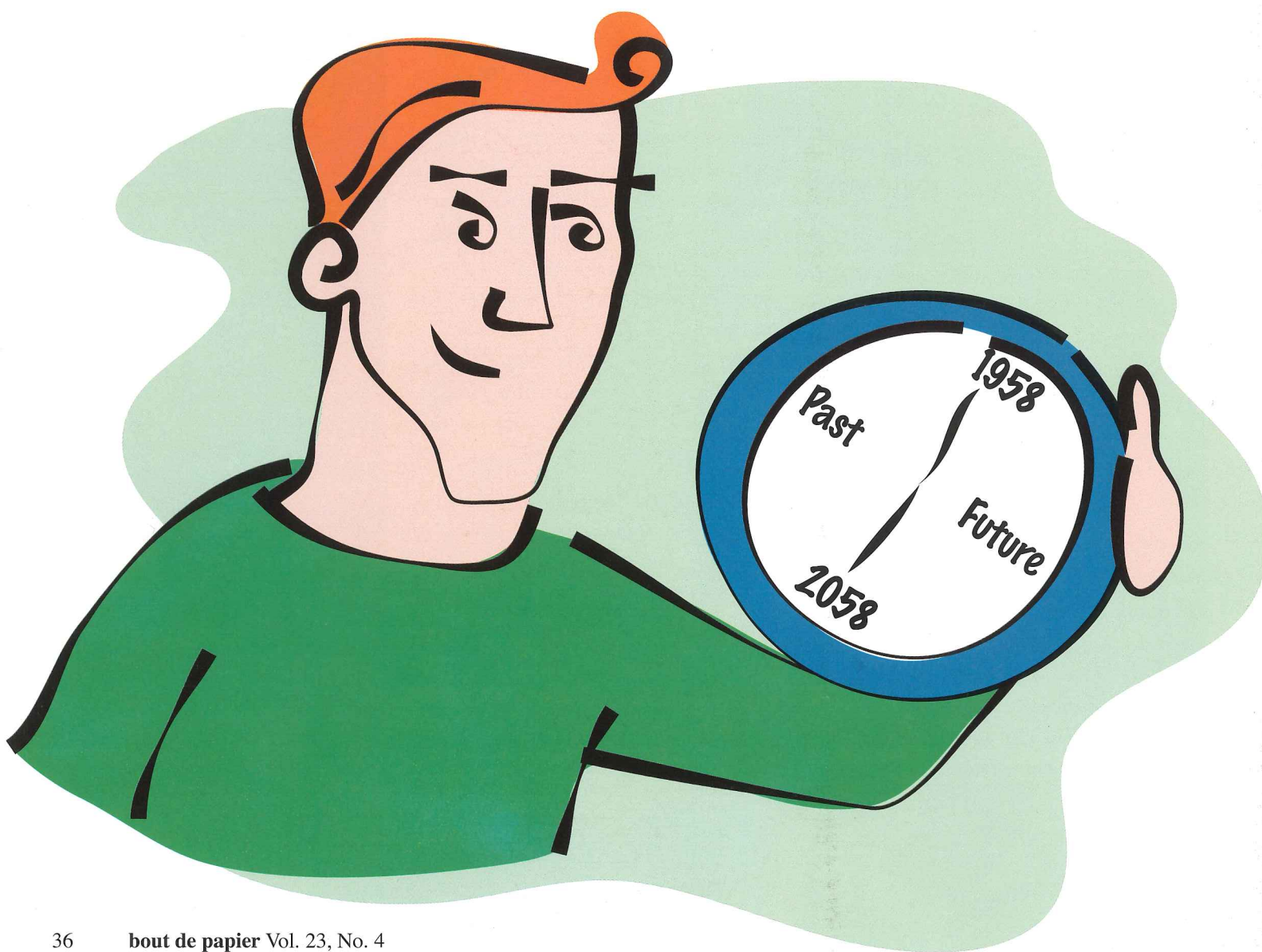
Flourless Hazelnut Mocha Torte,
Chai Tea Ice Cream
with Wild Berry Compote

*Torte au moka et aux noisettes sans
farine et crème glacée au tchai
accompagnées de compote de
petits fruits sauvages*

Inniskillin

Let's Glue the Time Warp Again

Shamus Dikk goes forward to the past with A Aalto



Memphis, 1958. The club was smoky, the liquor strong. The Weavers were butchering *Blame it on the Bossa Nova*, hoping the crowd wouldn't blame it on them. Seeger's tux sported his lucky kumquat and raw oyster boutonniere, but a rabbit's foot the size of Chicago wouldn't have helped them tonight.

Uncle Waxter took a sip of his rye and ginger. "You got that newspaper I sent you Monday, Shamus?" I nodded and unfolded it. The *Globe and Mail* — but for August 11, 2058. "It must have cost a fortune to fake. Although it feels too metallic." He said, "It's the real McCoy. The paper feels wrong because that's the e-print version."

"But Waxter, come on, look at the headlines. *Hilary Clinton Announces 14th Run for the White House, Locks Bill in Closet. Gene Mod Hot Dog Bites Customer, Demands Ketchup. China takes EU to World Court, Claims Back Royalties on Compass, Gunpowder. Sea Level Up Another Metre, Japan, Big Oil Blame Growth in Whale Numbers. Political Crime at SleazeCo HQ, Thief Gets Results of Next Three Elections. Holy See is Surprise Victor over Israel in Olympic Kvetch-Off.* There's nothing here you couldn't make up. And how did it get from the future, anyway?"

Waxter nodded. "I understand your scepticism. Turn to page 17, bottom left corner, the *Tomorrow's News, 50 Years Ago* box. I looked it over. "OK, It talks about the startup of some science experiment in Switzerland and that big explosion in Hawaii. I remember those." He smiled, "I'm sure you do. But they happened on Tuesday the 12th. How could they be reported in a paper I sent you the day before?"

That set me back. "The experiment, Shamus, was the Large Hadron Collider, the biggest atom-smasher to date. So powerful some people worried it would create a black hole that would swallow the Earth. Two guys in Hawaii even filed a lawsuit to stop it, since there was no environmental impact statement filed on the end of the world. On August 12, the LHC was fired up. No black hole appeared, but a double wormhole did, setting up a timelink 50 years in each direction. And wiping out the Honolulu courthouse, which shows someone has a sense of humour."

I said, "Lets assume I buy this. What's the problem?" He replied, "It puts enormous pressure on the stability of time if anyone can just travel back and forth. Just one example, what if you go back and kill your younger self? Then you wouldn't grow up to come back and kill yourself. But if you don't kill yourself, then you do grow up and can come back — you get the picture. The paradox could collapse the entire time stream." Did I mention that Uncle Waxter is a mathematical physicist? "And the bottom line?" I asked, hoping I would understand the answer.

"Some viper named Sleazewagon got access to the timewarp and by 2058 had made himself the most powerful man on earth. He owned 41 countries, half the world's GDP and a controlling interest in the UN. He had cloned Bill

Gates and used him as his janitor. (Well, some of us still haven't forgiven Microsoft.) He got there by going forward to find out next year's hot stocks or tomorrows lottery numbers. He brought hyper-weapons back to eras with no defence and pillaged future patent files for inventions that put him miles ahead of earlier competition. And on top of making him the king of a very slimy hill, this was undermining the integrity of the whole timeline. Time can heal itself up to a point, but Sleazewagon went well over the top."

I sank a slug of rye. "So what can we do?" He looked grim. "I helped some guys at my agency work out what went wrong in the LHC. There's a component called a flux capacitor, used to stabilise magnetic coils. What no one expected was that it also actuates a wormhole if enough power is localised nearby. There are other, safer devices that can stabilise the coils, so we decided to solve the problem by ensuring the flux capacitor was never developed. There were only two problems. First, we had only one keyhole of

access into the past, this day in August 1958 via the back storeroom of this club — the end of the wormhole my friends pushed you through."

"What was the other problem?" "The guy who invented the capacitor was me." I blinked and he went on. "I remember what I was like here in 1958. I was working on the gizmo even then — thought it would make a good turbo-charger for the hot rod I was chopping. There's no way I would have listened to anyone who tried to talk me out of finishing it, even myself. It would have just made me more likely to push on. And the agency doesn't kill people unless there's no other way — it closes off too many options and makes us no better than the crooks and madmen we go after."

I asked, "So how are we going to get to this guy? To you, I mean." He said, "My boss — a guy called Liebnitz — calculated that the only way was to nudge him off science altogether. Only two things besides physics and cars were important to me then. One was music. I had this

hot group called Waxter and the Dikktophones that was on the edge of taking off. And the other was girls, where I struck out with a regularity that would have embarrassed the '63 Mets."

He looked away. "So we came up with Chantilly." I cocked my head. "She's an android, Shamus, but no one would know it. She's a beauty and a real fine girl, one that any man would desire. She's programmed to fall in love with my younger self, steer him into music, stay with him and make him happy. So he never gets around to finishing the flux capacitor."

I asked, "Why don't you bring in a real woman?" He shook his head. "Nothing from another time can stay permanently in the past or future. Bringing additional mass from another time violates the conservation laws. You can get away with it for a while, drawing on vacuum energy fluctuations, but we're talking about a lifetime. The size of the wormhole limits a time traveller's stay — in this case, about a day. That was long

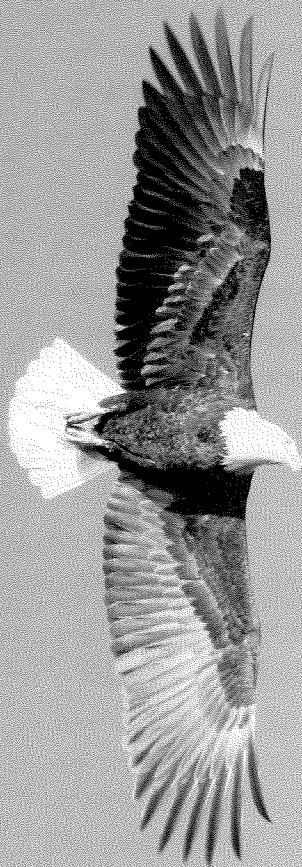
The Birdman of Kaladar

Answers from Vol. 23, No 3

Jack Daniels was the jay in cage #2, Dr. Chaos was the raven in cage #5 and Rialto Sleazewagon was the pigeon in cage #4.

	Cage #1	Cage #2	Cage #3	Cage #4	Cage #5
False first name	William	Charles	Morton	Ruben	Max
False surname	Nuff	Parker	Storkfeather	Maltravers	Beauregard
Real full name	Jack Sparrow	Jack Daniels	Gaston LeLouche	Rialto Sleazewagon	Challenger Chaos
Bird	Loon	Jay	Chicken	Pigeon	Raven
Movie poster	<i>One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest</i>	<i>The Birds</i>	<i>Cage aux Folles</i>	<i>The Maltese Falcon</i>	<i>Swann in Love</i>
Star poster	Jack Nicholson	Humphrey Bogart	Ugo Tognazzi	Rod Taylor	Jeremy Irons

Melanie Daniels was the name of the heroine in Hitchcock's *The Birds* (1963), played by Tippi Hedren. The cut on her forehead was from the first bird attack in that movie, by a seagull. Charles ("Charlie") Parker was a jazz musician, known as "Bird", after whom the original Birdland club was named.



enough for our engineers to bring in the plans for a Genimatrix chamber — something useful the good guys sourced from the future — and build it here from local materials, then use it to create Chantilly. Let's go meet her."

Until we got outside, I hadn't been really sure that we were in 1958. What made it sink in was all the men in narrow-lapel suits and hats, all the women in dresses and furs, children playing with hula-hoops, new-model cars with fins large enough to make you grab the shark repellent, gas at a quarter a gallon. And no one holding a metal box to their ear and shouting — that was the clincher. We walked a few blocks, then down an alley to a metal door. Waxter unlocked it and led me along a corridor into a small laboratory. Along one wall were cages, shrouded but smelling of ape, scientific gear all along other walls and a tall glass and metal cabinet taking up the centre of the room. Through the glass I could see a beautiful girl asleep on a couch.

Waxter pulled up. "That's her. All you have to do is enter the activation code on that key-panel and put her together with young Waxter inside a few minutes, so imprinting can happen."

"But why me, Uncle? You could do all this yourself." He looked down and sighed. "Two reasons. First, the endpoint of this caper is that I disappear. There will still be a Waxter Dikk, and he'll share my history up to 1958, but after that I'll be gone and so will all memory of the last 50 years of what was my life. He and everyone else will live a new future from which the old me has been erased. In these cases, only one person remembers the old timeline — the one that makes the change happen. It's a quantum effect — the change can't take hold without an enduring witness. I wanted that to be you, as my only kin." He looked bleak. "It would be nice not to be forgotten altogether." I put my hand on his shoulder.

He shook off the moment. "The guys who set up the Genimatrix couldn't just leave behind the activation code, or it might fall into Sleazewagon's hands. Similarly, they didn't want to give it to me ahead of time, in case his people got here beforehand and captured me when I arrived. So one of your people and one of mine worked to split the activation code into two puzzles. As far as the boss is concerned, you're here because you're good at solving that kind of thing."

"The first part of the puzzle is this cipher sequence, written in invisible ink on the edge of my tie. It developed automatically when I spilled a martini on it." I made out **SKDDT CKDNXKW JRH IEWQ BAHFBIY KA FKWQ**. "The second part is in this fake issue of Mad magazine. It contains a simple humour puzzle, with two lists of 26 phrases, labelled A to Z and a to z. You link up the lists in pairs, matching two halves of a phrase, or a word and its definition, or something similar. When you've done that, you've also linked pairs of corresponding CAPITAL and small letters. Applying these linkages to the cipher text gives the activation sequence."

I took the magazine and soon had the sequence. Waxter chuckled wryly. "Very appropriate quote. Apt to the moment and won't be published until '69. A duty-dance with death indeed." He looked at me. "Enter it." Nothing more to say, I punched the 32 letters into the pad. In the cabinet, the woman opened her eyes, stood up shaking a long blond pony-tail and looked around. "The glass is one-way mirror, so she can't see out and imprint on the wrong person. I should be coming in the lab door any minute, so let's get out of sight. When it's over, go back to the club and wait for contact. Give the ones who contact you this envelope."

We hid behind a workbench. Soon, a young man I knew right away — did I mention the family ears? — came through the door calling,

"Professor Farbenheimer? Dr Schmaltz? I got your message and came as soon as I could." Catching sight of Chantilly, he stopped as if poleaxed. She began pounding on the inside of the door, shouting. Young Waxter rushed over and pulled the heavy latch. She fell into his arms. He made no move to evade. She started to babble about "those creepy Delta Phi boys" locking her in as a prank. Then she fell silent, gazing up at him with the look of someone who has been lost a week in the desert and just spotted a lake.

Unfortunately, he was so startled by the look that he dropped her. She landed on an empty equipment trolley, which rolled across the room toward a shelf of acid-filled glass bottles. He ran after her but stepped on the teeth of a muck-rake, which whipped up from the floor and slammed into his nose. I nudged a heavy box into the path of her trolley, diverting it from the acid cabinet, but leaving it headed for the open door and stairs beyond. Clambering to his feet, the young Waxter pulled a cage of hysterical chimps down on himself, the door springing open. He lurched cross the room, slowed by having wedged his foot in a janitor's bucket and dancing a particularly intimate tango with the mop. Beside me, Uncle Waxter covered his eyes with one hand, mumbling, "Did I say the '63 Mets? Maybe even '62."

One of the escaping apes swung on the lever that happened to make the lab door roll shut. The front axle of Chantilly's vehicle got entangled in the strings of the mop that young Waxter had finally thrown off. The trolley tipped over just as he slipped on a banana left over from a simian dinner, ricocheted off a potted fig and wound up, gasping, bleeding from the nose and reeking of chimp, on the floor beside Chantilly. She looked over, gave him a smile that made my own toes curl and said, "I know you. You're that cute guy in the Dikktophones. I really love your music."

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There was an ochre twang like the one I heard in the wormhole and the feeling that something large had shifted off-stage. I looked at Uncle Waxter, but he had already faded almost to nothing. "Remember," he whispered.

Later, back in the club, there'd been some changes made. The place was tonier — lots of chrome and all the slumming rich kids wore flowers — flowers for God's sake — in their lapels. Some greasy-haired punk was on stage, singing about *Jailhouse Rock*, with a sneer like he'd been there and hip gyrations that were probably the reason. Behind me, a familiar voice sang, "It's the pelvic thrust that really drives them insane." My assistant Effie appeared in an off-the-shoulder dress, accompanied by his paramour, Bugbyte O'Nanotek, in biker leathers. Behind them was Bugbyte's boss, Ludwig Liebnitz. Last time I'd seen him, we were up to our asses in bodies at the francophone festival. Almost 50 years from now.

It had been a long and twisted evening All I could think to say was "Who is that guy and where did he learn to sing?" Effie struck his forehead, "You don't know Elvis?" Liebnitz interjected, "Of course he doesn't. Closing off the old future has had ripple effects back as well as forward in time. He won't integrate the memories of the revised timeline until he returns to the period he belongs." He turned to me, "Just so you know, your uncle does make it big in pop music, after changing his name from Waxter Dikk to an even less likely Ethelbert Humperdinck. He and Chantilly have been happy together for a long time. Sleazewagon's little empire was stillborn. Oh, and the Weavers are folkies not crooners in this timeline, while *Blame it on the Bossa Nova* doesn't hit the charts until 1963."

So I guess it all worked out. In the revised timeline, Liebnitz said, the flux capacitor had been re-invented much later by a man named Emmett Brown. It never made it into the LHC,

but the agency talked Brown into giving them his device, which it used for its own quiet-time missions. Which included this trip to pick me up, tipped off by the old Uncle Waxter's report. So I handed over that report before paradox set in.

Time to go. Effie took from his purse a plastic sheet with an opalescent sheen and a flickering golden "Y" in flexible LCDs. He smoothed it out on the table and we all put a hand flat on it. Bugbyte and Effie intoned together, "Dual voice activation engage." Bugbyte added "Saddle up the stove, ma" and Effie countered "Cause I'm ridin' the range tonight." As the lights went out, I thought I saw Elvis wink.

Can you duplicate Shamus' feat by deciphering the activation code for Chantilly's Genimatrix? **bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from a box containing all correct entries received by October 31, 2008. The winner will receive a book prize signed by A Aalto. Not necessary to win the contest, but can you also give the 26 pairings? And can you indicate which eleven of the resulting matches come from George Carlin, Winston Churchill, Oscar Wilde, Groucho Marx, Mark Twain, Alice Roosevelt, Dorothy Parker, Maurice Chevalier and Mae West? There's also one by the inimitable Mrs Aalto. By the way, the LHC is a real machine and coming online soon ... ☺

As a historian by training, freelance prestidigitator A Aalto is a long-time fan of time-travel stories. Among his favourites are Robert Heinlein's Door into Summer, Kurt Vonnegut's Slaughterhouse-Five, Kage Baker's Company series, Tim Powers' Three Days to Never and the movie Back to the Future — from all of which (plus the Rocky Horror Picture Show) you will find echoes in this puzzle. He also notes that Chantilly Lace was a hit in 1958, but the man who recorded it (the Big Bopper) died in a mysterious air crash a few months later. Coincidence? We think not.

Cipher			Text
A	Tonight's sermon: what is hell?	disgruntled	a
B	His mother should have thrown him away	considering the alternative	b
C	Run to the roundhouse, mouse	lymph	c
D	If you can't say anything nice about anyone	a parsley farmer?	d
E	Scotland Yard wrestling hold	Karmageddon	e
F	Where Marx is buried	so I am a son of a Bic	f
G	He has no enemies	and she was a pill	g
H	Why the blind don't sky-dive	but this wasn't it	h
I	Walk with a lisp	and often flew off the Handel	i
J	I've had a wonderful evening	it should be thrown with great force	j
K	He painted "The Messiah" on his runway	but I sent a nice letter saying how much I approved of it	k
L	If you try to fail, and do so	come sit next to me	l
M	He has all the virtues I dislike	others whenever they go	m
N	The perfect marriage - he was a hypochondriac	come early and listen to choir practice	n
O	Support your local clown	the bobby pin	o
P	Give up on having a flat stomach	the cat can't corner you there	p
Q	It's like, all these bad vibes and then the Earth explodes... bumper	but is intensely disliked by his friends	q
R	A pig that has lost his voice	déja moo	r
S	Growing old is wonderful	it scares the dog	s
T	Cogito ergo sum	a Communist plot	t
U	Can you garnish the wages of	and kept the stork	u
V	Father was matchless	have you not succeeded?	v
W	Some cause happiness wherever they go	and none of the vices I admire	w
X	You've heard this bull before	pro bozo publico	x
Y	I didn't attend the funeral	I think, therefore I waffle	y
Z	This is not a novel to be tossed aside lightly	abdicate	z

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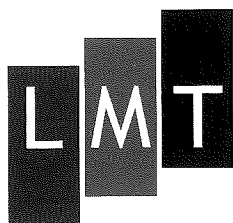
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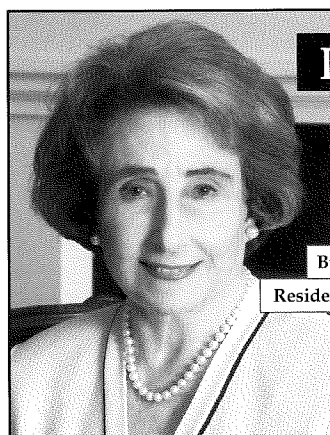
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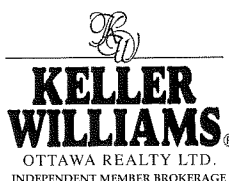
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