

bout de papier

Vol. 24, No. 1

Under the Volcano — and Anatolian Skies

by Stuart Hughes

Pakistan's Jingle Trucks

by Nicholas Coghlan



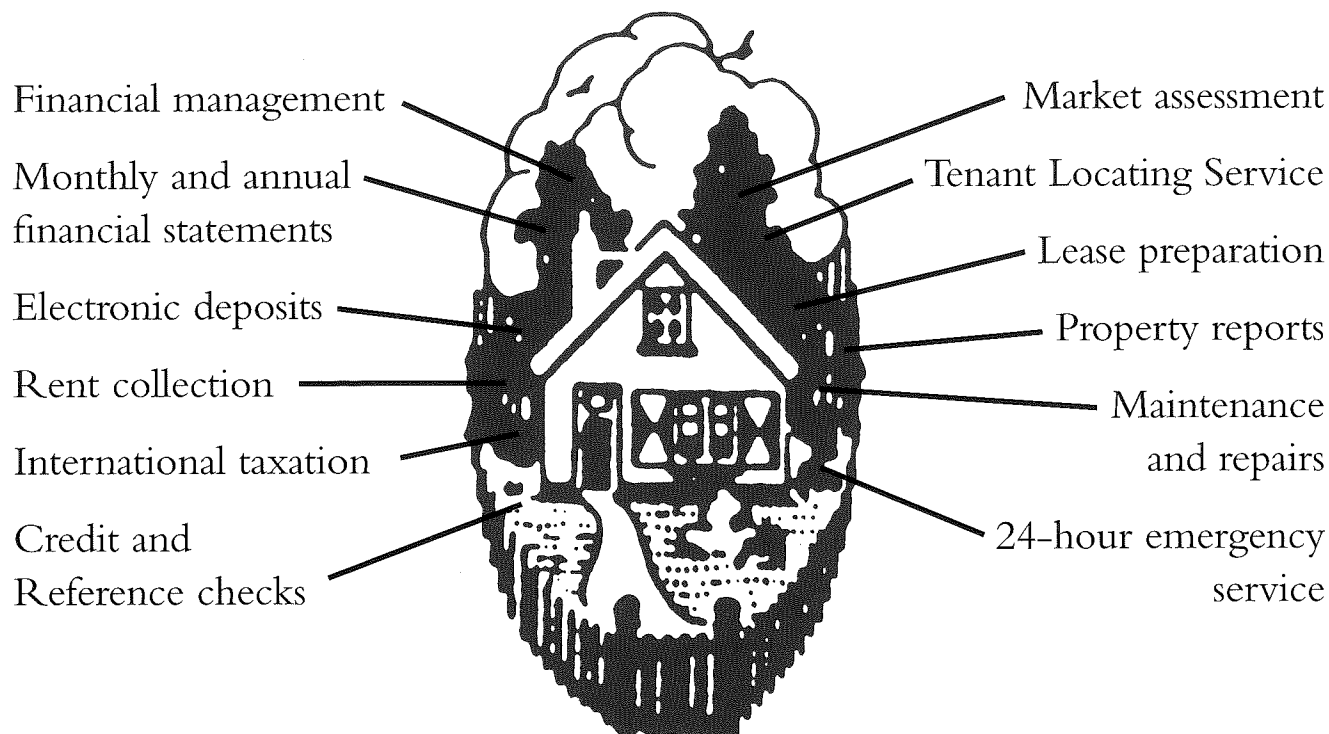
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Vol. 24, No. 1

Features / Reportages

4 Peter and the Persians

BY ROGER LUCY

9 Pakistan's Jingle Trucks

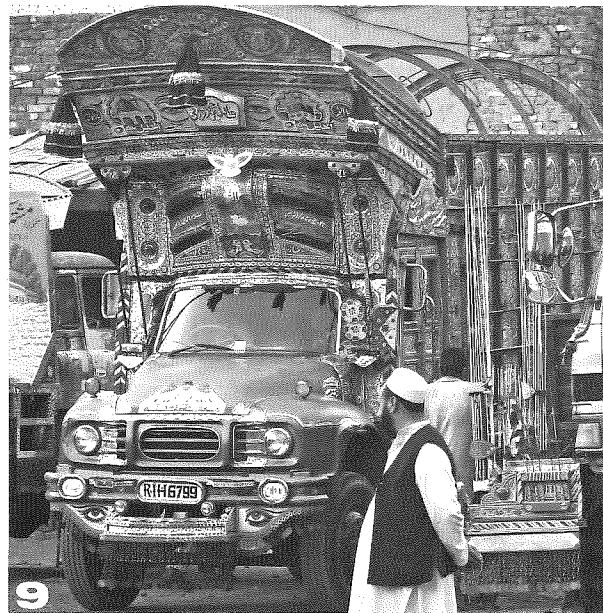
STORY AND PHOTOS BY NICHOLAS COGHLAN

27 The Great Escape

BY JOHN GRAHAM

30 Under the Volcano — and Anatolian Skies

BY STUART HUGHES



Departments / Chroniques

Editorial..... 3

Books in Review / Critiques de livres..... 17

Guantanamo's Child: The Untold Story of Omar Khadr;
Dark Days: The Story of Four Canadians Tortured in the
Name of Fighting Terror

In Memoriam / En mémoire de..... 20

James Joachim McCordle; Jacques Simard

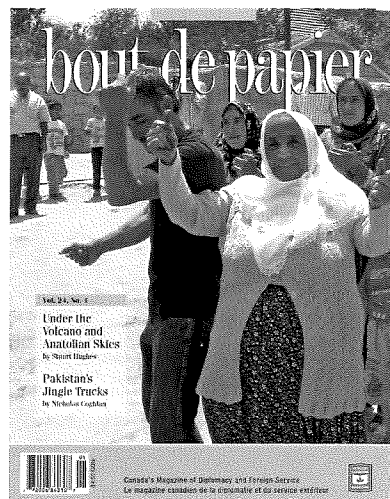
From the Archives / Extrait des archives..... 22

An Unhealthy Place to Work?

Entertainment / Divertissement..... 38

How distinctly I remember...

A quarter-century quiz from A Aalto



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As this is being written we have no recent news of our two colleagues, Louis Guay and Bob Fowler, who were serving with the United Nations and disappeared while travelling in Niger. This is yet again a sad reminder of the risks and dangers Canadian diplomats take around the world while representing our country and the international community. Our heartfelt concern goes to our two friends and colleagues, members of our broad foreign service community, and to their families while the uncertainty about their well-being continues.

In this issue of **bout** we are marking the 25th anniversary of a continuing feature of **bout** — A Aalto's brain teasing puzzles. As one of a long line of editors during this time, I would like to thank A Aalto for his imagination, his diligence and his wonderful response to the pressure of the moment to prepare and submit these puzzles to our deadlines, as well as providing the prizes for those clever enough to follow the enigmatic clues and solve these puzzles. They have added much to **bout** over the years and we look forward to many more years of puzzle solving.

For those abroad who dread the thought of returning home to Ottawa and headquarters, Hector Mackenzie has searched the archives and has found an exchange of correspondence from 1948 between then Under-Secretary of State of External Affairs Lester Pearson and Pierre Dupuy, Canada's Ambassador to the Netherlands. It proves that as long as 60 years ago, the foreign service had members who could argue articulately that an assignment to Ottawa would be unhealthy. The foreign service personnel divisions should brace themselves for a flood of messages using this successful exchange of letters as a template for avoiding a return to Ottawa.

But to demonstrate that diplomacy is an even older profession, Roger Lucy has provided us with an article on diplomacy

in the 4th and 5th centuries as carried out by the chief Roman diplomat (head of the "Office of Barbarian") Peter the Patrician. It is an interesting story of treaty making and relations between the major powers of the day.

Nick Coghlan has provided us with beautiful photos and the story of the Jingle Trucks of Pakistan, a wonderful form of mobile folk art. Stuart Hughes has written about his adventures of finding and restoring a house in Turkey. Both stories prompt one to search out a travel agent and book flights to the other side of the globe to enjoy the wonders of different countries and societies.

John Graham has brought us a fascinating story of love and daring escape from the East Bloc involving a Canadian Embassy employee and a Yugoslav during the early days of the Cold War. Life in the foreign service has and continues to be exciting.

In this issue we say goodbye to two long-serving members of the Foreign Service. Jim McCardle, my Consul General in San Francisco, and one of the wisest officers I knew, full of human concern, passed away in August. Jacques Simard, qui était entré au ministère des Affaires extérieures en 1967, est décédé en octobre. Nous publions l'éloge funèbre présenté par Raymond Chrétien pour nous aider à nous souvenir de sa carrière et de sa vie.

To round out this issue, we have two book reviews by Gar Parady. The books Gar reviews — *Guantanamo's Child: The Untold Story of Omar Khadr* and *Dark Days: the Story of Four Canadians Tortured in the Name of Fighting Terror* bring us back to today's world and raise disturbing questions about the way our country and our allies are protecting our country and the challenge this presents to our values and beliefs.



Peter and the Persians

by Roger Lucy

From 540 to 565, Peter the Patrician (what a name for a diplomat!) was Constantinople's *Magister Officorum* (Master of Offices). The Magister was a sort of "Minister of Everything." His responsibilities included: the Imperial Guard; the *Agentes in Rebus* (a cross between CSIS and the Auditor General's office); a network of state-run arms factories; the Postal Service; and the *Scrinia Barbarorum* (Office of Barbarian — i.e. Foreign — Affairs). Peter took an active interest in this last element of his portfolio. He won his position — and elevation to the rank of Patrician (the highest rank awarded those not members of the Imperial family) — for his role in a high-stakes mission to effect regime change in Ostrogothic Italy. The mission ultimately failed and Peter spent four years in Gothic captivity. This may have given him time to reflect on how Roman diplomacy could be managed better.

Early Roman diplomacy was a rather haphazard affair, subordinated to the normal way in which Roman foreign policy objectives were met — by force and intimidation. Events of the late 4th century prompted a rethink in this traditional approach. Within the course of 15 years the Romans suffered major reverses at the hands of the Persians and then the Goths, forcing territorial concessions to the one, and the granting of lands within the Empire to the other. Civil wars further eroded the Empire's military strength and over the course of the 5th century control of its western provinces was lost to a succession of barbarian warlords. By the early 5th century the Magister Officorum included among his staff a group called "The Interpreters for all Peoples," presumably people knowledgeable in the various Germanic, Iranian, Turkic and Semitic languages used by the foreigners with whom the Romans had dealings. In happier times such specialists would hardly have been needed. Except at the most local level,

foreigners would have been expected to deal with the Empire in Latin or Greek. With the creation of this core of professional specialists, we also begin to see the first efforts to develop an institutional memory and to codify procedures. The terms for concluding hostilities with Iran in 363 were set down in a written framework treaty, the basic elements of which remained in force for the next 250 years. When required, the treaty was renewed and amended through appropriate annexes. We also know that by the time of Justinian (527–65) a proper treaty register existed,

containing the texts of treaties with other states, although at some point in the late 6th century much of its contents were destroyed in a fire. Peter the Patrician took this process of codification further. He wrote (or more probably had his subordinates draft) a Manual of Procedures setting out such matters as how foreign embassies should be received. Peter may also have initiated the practice of writing and disseminating formal reports on the course and results of



negotiations. Happily, the section of the manual dealing with the care and feeding of Iranian embassies has survived, as has a précis of Peter's "reporting tel" on a round of treaty negotiations with Iran which Peter led in 561–62. These two documents shed valuable insights on Roman-Iranian relations, as well as on the mechanics of Roman diplomacy.

Relations between the Roman and Iranian Empires were rarely cordial. There was too much overlap between the territorial ambitions of the two powers, while geography placed the two Empires' richest territories — respectively Syria and Iraq — within striking distance of the other's armies. To counter such encroachments, each side built up a heavily fortified belt of cities along a line of control roughly equivalent to modern Turkey and Syria's frontiers with Iran and Iraq. From the late 3rd century, an ideological/religious element was added. Iranian rulers had always given preeminence to the Zoroastrian religion, which centered on the worship of the supreme god Ahura-Mazda, while generally tolerating other faiths. In 230 a new dynasty, the Sassanids, seized power in Iran. The Sassanids had strong links with the Zoroastrian clergy, under whose influence efforts began to enforce the practice of Zoroastrianism throughout Iran, while suppressing rival religions such as Christianity and Buddhism. With Constantine the Great (307–37), Christianity became the Roman Empire's official religion. Shortly after seizing control of the eastern part of the Empire in 324, Constantine wrote to his Iranian "brother" Shapur II, telling him how his conversion to Christianity had brought him victory over his enemies, internal and external, while his opponents, who had persecuted Christians, had met their deserved comeuppance. Constantine concluded his letter: *"Imagine my joy when I learned that the finest provinces of Persia are filled with ... Christians. For abundant blessing will be to you and to them in equal amounts ... because your power is great I commend them to your protection, because your piety is eminent, I commit them to your care. Cherish them with your customary humanity and kindness, for by this proof of faith, you will secure immeasurable benefit both to yourself and us."* Needless to say, this only confirmed the Iranian belief that Christians in Iran represented a potential Fifth Column. This was not without justification. In 419 an Iranian Christian bishop destroyed a Zoroastrian fire-temple in Khuzestan. He swiftly met the martyrdom he desired, which only encouraged his co-religionists to emulate him. A general persecution of Iranian Christians soon followed. At the time, the court in Constantinople was dominated by Emperor Theodosius II's

pious sister Pulcheria, who launched, in effect, a holy war against Iran. As was often the case, neither side made much progress in penetrating the line of fortresses that girded upper Mesopotamia, while nomad raids into the Balkans and eastern Iran quickly encouraged the two sides to revive the peace treaty. However, "Pulcheria's crusade" was only one occasion when religion was a factor in exacerbating tensions. Sassanian efforts to enforce Zoroastrian practices in Christian Armenia and Georgia sparked revolts which invited Roman intervention, while in 6th century Yemen the Persians and the Romans' Ethiopian surrogates respectively backed rival Jewish and Christian claimants to the throne.

While Roman/Iranian relations were relatively peaceful in the 5th century, warfare became almost endemic in the 6th, as Iran became more self-confident and Constantinople was preoccupied with the re-conquest of the Empire's lost western provinces. Causes of war varied, revolts by one or the other power's Caucasian or Arab allies (sparked respectively by Persian religious persecutions and overly efficient Roman tax collection) could escalate into a general war. Iran was perpetually cash-strapped and surprise attacks to plunder or mulct protection payments from the rich cities of Roman Syria were seen as source of revenue. Iran also sought to extort payment from the Romans, ostensibly to help protect the Caucasian passes from nomads. Whatever the cause, the wars usually quickly degenerated into a stalemate, at which point envoys would be exchanged to seek mutually acceptable peace terms. From this evolved a protocol for the regular exchange of envoys, in times of both peace and war. These exchanges could range from relatively low-level envoys passing on routine greetings or congratulations to notifying the other side of deaths, accessions, victories, etc. (the sort of thing we might send a diplomatic note for). More senior ambassadors were empowered to conduct real negotiations, trying to defuse potential conflicts (or on occasion exacerbate them to create a plausible *causis belli*).

Sometime around 550, Peter the Patrician codified the procedures for receiving Iranian delegations. In minute detail Peter's scenario brief spelled out how the Iranian Ambassador would be received as he crossed from Nisibis on the Persian side to Dara in Roman territory. The seniority of the Roman escort officer was to be appropriate to that of the Iranian Ambassador. The size of the Iranian delegation was strictly limited — one Iranian ambassador had tried to use his overlarge delegation to seize Dara by *coup de main*. The scale of provisions to be provided the delegation, the number of wagons and post horses

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allotted them, and the duration of the journey from Dara to Constantinople (104 days) were all stipulated (the Emperor had the discretion to allow more time or allot more resources). The escort officer was enjoined to check constantly with the Iranian Ambassador to ensure that he was satisfied with arrangements. Provisions for housing the delegation were spelled out, including which agency was responsible for things like horses for their

here oh men of Persia, at the behest of the Emperor of the Romans. It would be superfluous to tell you what kind of man our Emperor is. His achievements describe him. I am here to turn the present peace into a comprehensive one. I wish first to explain to you the nature and power of the state with which you will be making the treaty and if I seem to be dwelling at too great length on the advantages to both states, do not let my

Peter's opening interventions are quoted verbatim. He had a reputation as a great rhetorician. Alas, rhetoricians in the 6th century cherished neither brevity nor clarity.

transportation (the Imperial Guard), furnishings, pots, pans and bedding (the Prefect of the City), and workmen (Prefect of the Warehouses). All expenses were vouchered to the *Scrina Barbarorum*. Steps were also taken to control the movements of members of the Iranian delegation to ensure they did not foment any trouble. Even so, critics claimed the government was inclined to give them too much freedom.

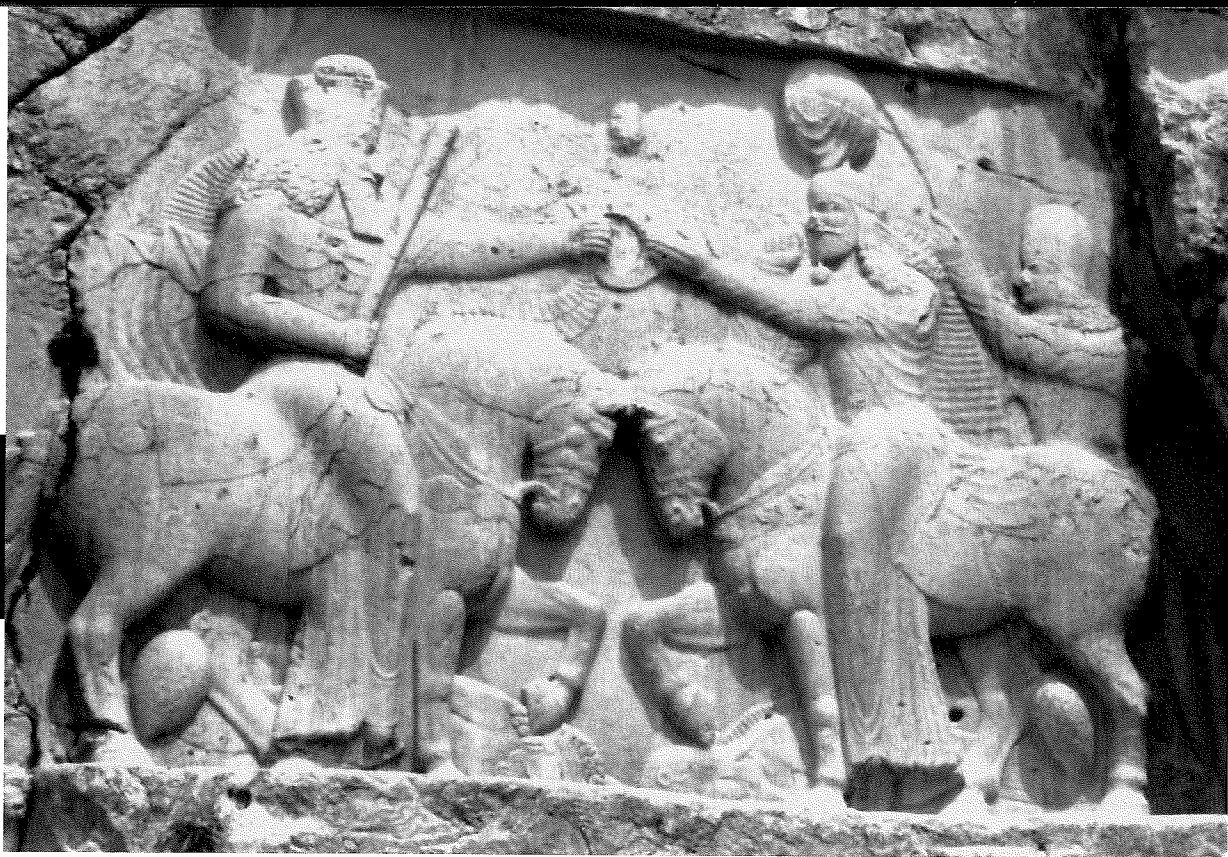
The key event was the imperial audience, largely a ceremonial event, and the degree of cordiality displayed was a good barometer of the state of the bilateral relationship. The audience was carefully choreographed. Peter's scenario brief even included talking points for both the Emperor and the Iranian Ambassador. Care was taken to make a careful inventory of the gifts being presented, to ensure there were no disputes about their value and the reciprocity of what was being offered (and given in return). All in all, Peter the Patrician's brief distilled the Romans' long experience in their diplomatic exchanges with a prickly and slippery foe. Generally the Emperor held aloof from actual negotiations; substantive business was left to senior officials, or indeed most substantive discussions took place at Dara or Nisibis, not in Constantinople or Ctesiphon. The Iranians had similar arrangements for receiving Roman delegations; however, as the Shah tended to join his army on campaign, Roman delegations often had to journey to remote (and inhospitable) corners of the Iranian Empire for their audience, and on one occasion a Roman delegation was left to swelter in their tents through the Iraqi summer.

An excerpt from Peter's report of negotiations he led in 561–62 to end a war that had been dragging on and off since 540 has also survived. The basic elements of peace were settled by Peter and his counterpart in Nisibis. Peter's opening interventions are quoted verbatim. He had a reputation as a great rhetorician. Alas, rhetoricians in the 6th century cherished neither brevity nor clarity, and worse, Peter's interventions were delivered in a classicizing Attic Greek — imagine making an intervention in Chaucerian or Shakespearean English! “*We are*

verbosity irritate you ...,” etc., etc., etc. His Iranian counterpart Yesdegusnaph Zikh's reply seems far more free and frank: “*... all agree that peace is a blessing, I should have been taken in by your fine words, were you not Romans and we Persians. Do not imagine your fine words hide from us the sort of people you are, seeking your own advantage. You use peace as a cover for your cowardice, and seek to hide your manifest dishonour behind it.*” Menander, the 6th-century historian who was using Peter's report as his source, says that the text of these and many subsequent interventions filled a very large volume. Menander considered Peter's report to be reliable, except he thought that Peter may have placed too much emphasis on himself to enhance his reputation as an effective and convincing speaker able to “*... bring around the unyielding and arrogant spirits of the barbarians.*”

Despite this, the elements of an agreement emerged — in part a renewal of the standing treaty, in part the resolution of outstanding issues. A series of clauses reaffirmed the terms of the basic treaty:

- neither party would allow barbarians to attack the other through the Caucasian passes;
- the treaty would bind each party's Arab allies not to attack the territory of the other;
- regulated trade between the two parties through designated customs posts;
- related to diplomatic privileges and immunities;
- related to ensuring that Arab and other barbarian merchants did not try to by-pass the designated customs posts. They would be hunted down by officers from one side of the frontier and turned over (with their goods) to those on the other side;
- related to defectors (they would be allowed asylum in time of war, but handed back in time of peace);
- the two sides agreed not to reinforce their frontier fortifications; with respect to Dara, a garrison adequate to its defence would be allowed but it would not be used as the



headquarters for the Roman *Magister Militum per Oriens* (Commander in Chief of the Eastern Field Army);

- provided dispute-settling mechanisms for people living along the border; handling local violations of the peace; and compensating for damages inflicted by cities on one side of the border against cities on the other side.

Additional annexes stipulated that the peace was to last for 50 years. The Romans would pay an annual indemnity of 30,000 *solidi* (200 kg of gold) per annum. The Persians wanted a lump-sum installment for 40 years paid up-front. The Romans, who had previously been burned when the Persians had taken such payments, only to break the peace treaty, balked. In the end the Persians agreed to accept a lump-sum payment for seven years. The Persians also agreed to cede Lazica (western Georgia) back to Roman control. The question of payments was in a secret annex to the treaty as the Romans did not wish to give the impression they were paying tribute. On the other hand, they realized that 200 kg of gold a year put far less of a strain on the treasury than the cost of reinforcing the eastern field army.

Another annex to the treaty related to the status of Persian Christians, who would be allowed to build churches and worship freely; they would not be forced to participate in Zoroastrian ceremonies and would be allowed to bury their dead in graves and not expose them as Zoroastrian practice required. Iranian Christians, however, would not be allowed to proselytize among the Zoroastrian community. For their part, the Romans agreed to freedom of worship for the (much smaller) Zoroastrian community in eastern Anatolia.

The treaty was prepared in Greek and Persian versions (each equally binding). Peter and Yesdegusnaph Zikh each sealed the official copies, while their six Roman and six Persian interpreters certified the translations. The Romans received the unsealed Greek and sealed Persian copies, and the Persians the sealed Greek and unsealed Persian copies.

Two outstanding issues were left unresolved. One concerned Roman claims to Suania, a mountain province of what is now Georgia. The other concerned demands by the Lakhmid Arabs — clients of Iran, based in Hira in southern Iraq — for what were in effect protection payments from the Romans. It speaks much to Peter's prestige that he now proceeded to Ctesiphon to deal with these matters face to face with the Shahanshah, Khusro I Anoushirvan (he of the beautiful soul).

Peter argued that Suania was an integral part of Lazica and therefore belonged by right to the Romans. He tabled documents showing that for the past century the kings of Lazica (who were Roman tributaries) had appointed the chiefs of Suania. Khusro was not convinced; he claimed never to have heard of Suania until one of his generals occupied it while suppressing bandits. Besides, Peter's list did not show an unbroken secession. Khusro, however, was willing to concede Suania, if the Suani wanted to be Roman subjects. Not that he was willing to canvas their views: "*I do not wish to ask the Suani anything about Suania, since it is neither right nor just to leave the decision about that land to slaves.*" Clearly the idea of self-determination had a long way to go in the 6th century.

The Lakhmid issue was more readily solved. The Lakhmid king wanted to receive regular (protection) payments from the Romans. Peter indicated that should Lakhmid envoys send gifts

The best efforts of Roman and Iranian diplomats to put in place mechanisms for defusing tensions and settling disputes could not overcome the innate, and ultimately self-destructive, hostility that separated the two Empires.

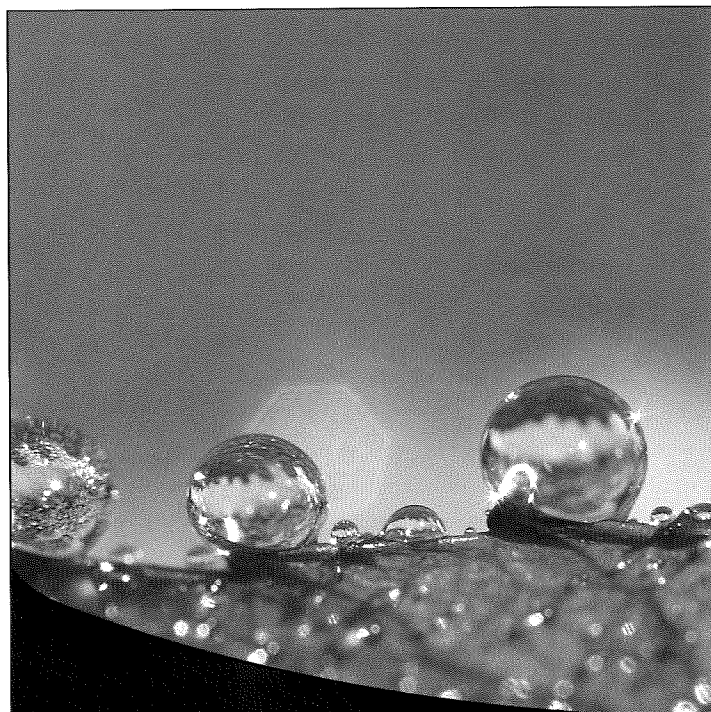
to the Emperor, the Emperor would be pleased to reciprocate (presumably with suitably richer gifts). The Roman position in this case was a strong one. Their own Ghassanid Arab allies had heavily defeated the Lakhmids, while Khusro had no desire to see any weakening Lakhmid dependency on Iran. Khusro agreed with Peter that any Roman payment to the Lakhmids be in the form of a reciprocal gift exchange.

Unfortunately, the 50-year peace did not last for 10 years. Justinian died in 565 and Peter around the same time. He was succeeded for a time as *Magister Officorum* by his son Theodore. Unfortunately, Justinian's successor, Justin II, had a less pragmatic view about exchanging cash for peace. When the

next lump-sum payment came due, Justin refused to pay, while giving support to a revolt in Persian Armenia. Hostilities broke out again and lasted — with fortune favouring one side and then the other — for the next 20 years. While peace between the two empires briefly prevailed through the last decade of the 6th century, war broke out again in 602. The ensuing quarter century saw the two empires engulfed and exhausted by what has been called “the last great war of antiquity.” Even as the final peace between Rome and Iran was being concluded in 628, the Arabs, united under a new faith, began their advance from the desert. Within less than two decades the Iranian Empire had ceased to exist and the Romans had lost Syria, Palestine and

Egypt. The best efforts of Roman and Iranian diplomats to put in place mechanisms for defusing tensions and settling disputes could not overcome the innate, and ultimately self-destructive, hostility that separated the two Empires. ☺

*Roger Lucy is a retired Foreign Service Officer (1971 to 2004), who has contributed many articles to **bout** on ancient and medieval diplomacy. Having served in Iran (1978–80), he has an abiding interest in that country's approach to foreign relations. Questions and comments about this article or suggestions for future ones may be addressed to him at galea.hortus@sympatico.ca*



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Pakistan's *Jingle Trucks*

story and photos by Nicholas Coghlan

If you travel the precipitous mountain roads of Afghanistan or northwestern Pakistan, sooner rather than later you'll find yourself stuck behind a huge old Bedford truck, overloaded with sugar, cows or refugees, creeping uphill at five kilometres/hour and belching thick black diesel smoke.

But enjoy the experience: these are often masterpieces of folk art, whose only rivals are the colourful jitneys of the Philippines.

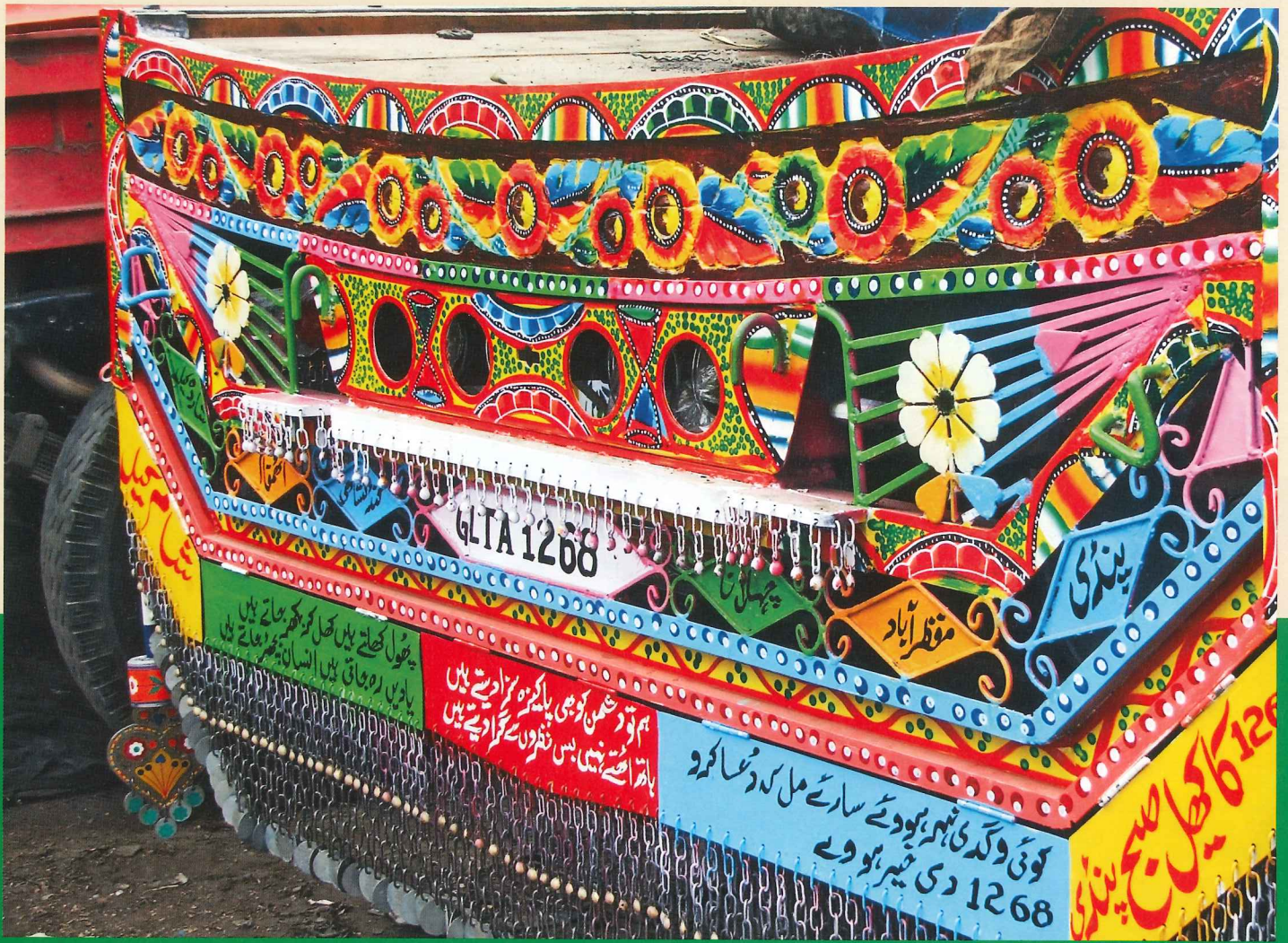
Jingle trucks are so named because they are adorned with skirts of lightweight chain, with metal disks and tiny bells that tinkle and rustle consolingly as the driver grinds his gears and lurches onwards.



Jingle trucks are so named because they are adorned with skirts of lightweight chain, with metal disks and tiny bells that tinkle and rustle consolingly as the driver grinds his gears and lurches onwards. But every inch of a good jingle truck's bodywork is also covered with bright artwork, hand-beaten tin plating, appliqué reflective tape, even centuries-old woodwork salvaged from some peasant's house in the Swat valley. If it's the real thing, there will be

... the cab ... will be so cluttered on the inside with lucky rabbit charms, reflective mirror mosaics and tasteful pink flashing lights that you wonder how the driver can see out.





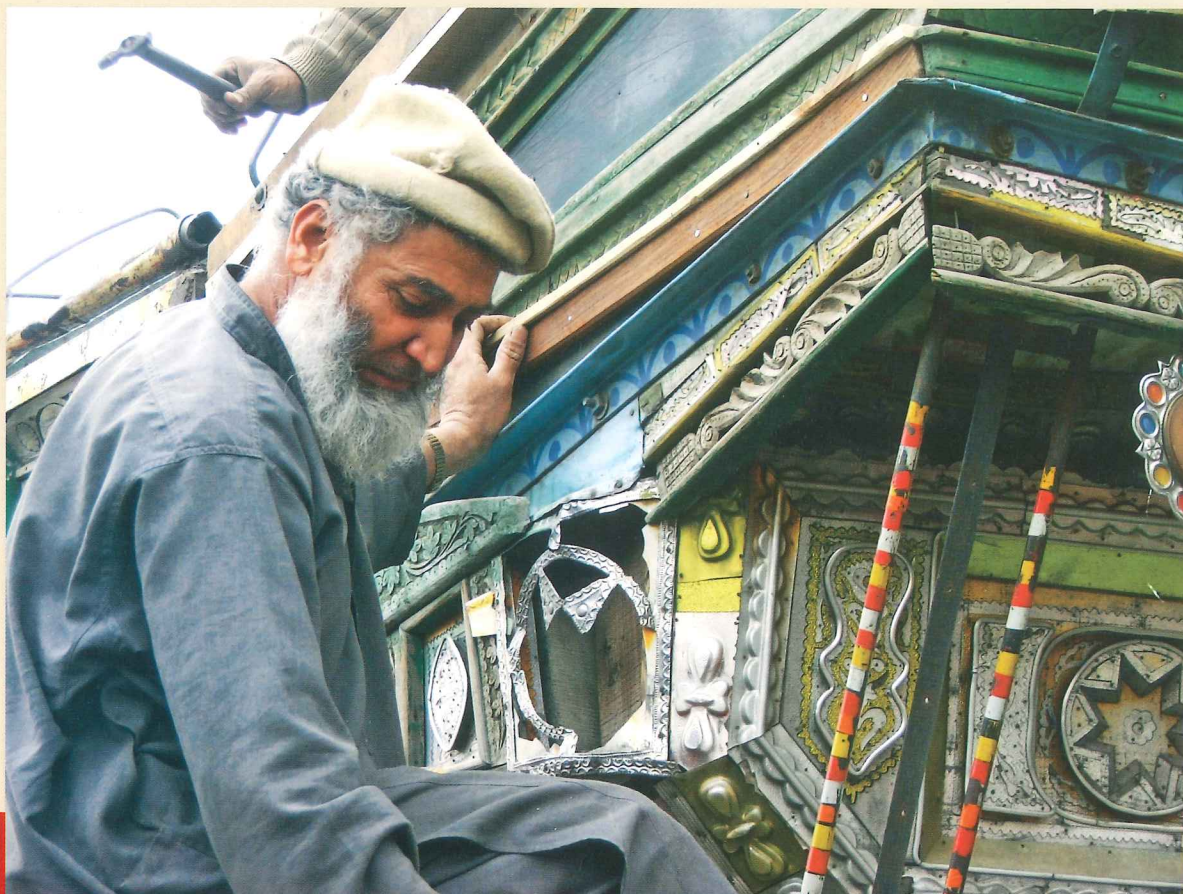
an inexplicable and un-aerodynamic upward-sloping overhang above the cab, which itself will be so cluttered on the inside with lucky rabbit charms, reflective mirror mosaics and tasteful pink flashing lights that you wonder how the driver can see out. There must be black flags hanging from the rear and, on each end of the front fender, two-metre-high coloured wands to warn the driver if the gap he's about to enter is too narrow. And — did we forget to say? — it just has to be a Bedford.



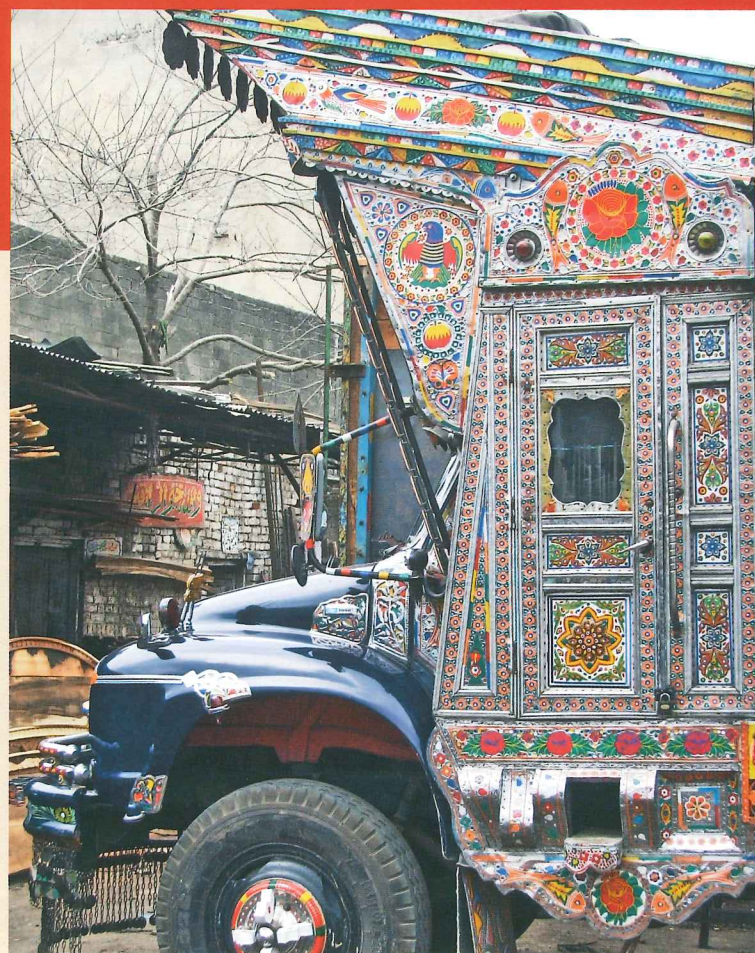
The chaotic outskirts of Rawalpindi, among the mud-built shanty towns of the Afghan refugees, are where the jingle trucks are lovingly designed and painted; often the cost of the artwork will exceed that of the basic truck. Favourite designs are white horses, ducks arising from bucolic lakes, rampant tigers and — mystifyingly — huge portraits of a medal-bedecked General Ayub Khan, one of Pakistan's earlier military dictators. Recent additions to the artists' repertoires are Pakistan International Airlines jumbo jets and portraits of Benazir Bhutto, shown waving to the crowd seconds before her assassination.



*And — did we
forget to say it?
— it just has
to be a Bedford.*



Wander around the yard on a busy working afternoon and you may find an artist roughing in the face of a tiger, small boys cutting out tin fish for men to hammer into shape, fluorescent tape being cut into strips that will adorn the ribs of the truck, or an old bearded fellow chipping away at the ornate driver's door with a chisel. There's a chic little place in Islamabad that will sell you one of those fish for 10 times what the shop owner paid the artist.



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If you take the time and can find the way, you can go down to the workshops and commission your own metre-long steel truck for yourself.

Mine has pride of place on the dining table. Just like the real thing, it has a Rawalpindi registration, "Bedford" hand-painted on the metal hood, the name and cell number of the artist on the inside, the driver's on the overhang. I'm just not sure how those warning wands are going to survive the long trip back to Canada. ☺

*After two years of rest and recreation as Counsellor and Mission Security Officer at the Canadian High Commission in peaceful Pakistan, **Nicholas Coghlan** will return this summer to his true calling as a full-time bum aboard his 27-ft sailboat Bosun Bird, which has been patiently awaiting his return on an island in the South Pacific since 2007.*



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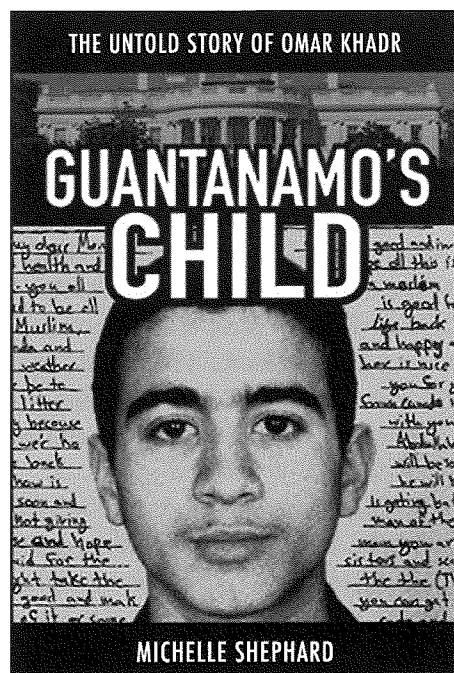
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*Guantanamo's Child: The Untold Story of Omar Khadr**Dark Days: The Story of Four Canadians Tortured in the Name of Fighting Terror*

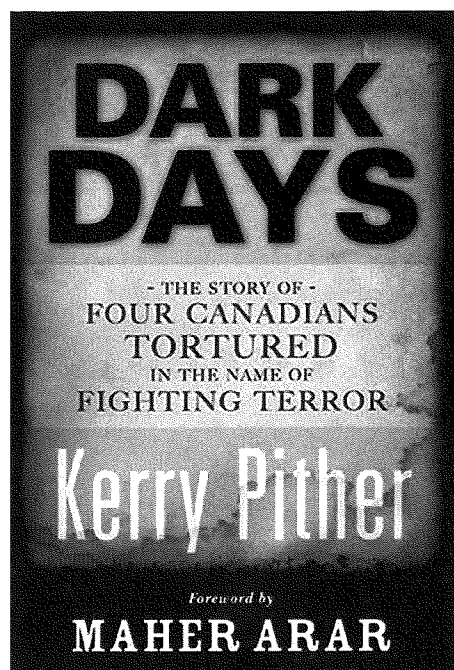
Reviewed by Gar Pardy



GUANTANAMO'S CHILD: The Untold Story of Omar Khadr, by Michelle Shephard, John Wiley & Sons Canada, Ltd., 270 pp, \$29.95.

DARK DAYS: The Story of Four Canadians Tortured in the Name of Fighting Terror, by Kerry Pither, Penguin Group, 460 pp, \$35.00.

Gar Pardy retired from the Canadian Foreign Service in 2003 following assignments in India, Kenya, the United States and Central America. He comments on foreign and public affairs from Ottawa and was interviewed by the authors of these books. He can be reached at garp@rogers.com.



We are now seven years on from the world-changing events of September 11, 2001, and the consequential "war on terror" launched by President George W. Bush and his coterie of over-reaching, hubristic associates. His Administration has shambled to the end of its shameful existence and it will be some time before revisionist historians will put lipstick on that pig. Unfortunately, the countervailing forces of reason, decency and prudence have been slow to emerge and it is only now that some of the inadvertent casualties of that war are being identified.

It was only a few months after 9/11 that some of the elements of the dark side of the war on terror began to appear in the mainstream media. In December 2002, Dana Priest and her colleagues at the *Washington Post* reported on the phenomenon of extraordinary rendition at the same time that Guantanamo became part of the public lexicon as a place beyond the rule of law.

And it was not many months before the evils and terrors of "Black Prisons" and of Abu Ghraib illustrated the lack of morality and decency within some elements of the American policy and security agencies and armed forces. Except for a few soldiers no one of rank has been held legally or morally accountable for these indelible stains on the "city upon a hill".

In Canada, with high dudgeon, we have stood aloof from the moral and legal failures of our neighbour. We stumbled into the open-ended war in Afghanistan and, chameleon-like, we sidestepped Iraq. However, time increasingly demonstrates that in the dark side of the war on terror our own hands have stains and these should not be allowed to fade with the passage of time.

These two books, Michelle Shephard's insightful and unique look into the first family of Canadian terror and Kerry Pither's authoritative and sad chronicling of the four Canadians who were ensnared in the webs created by our out-of-their-depth and untrained security and police organizations, illustrate the Canadian casualties. The books should stand for some time as examples for those in and out of government of how six decades of "reform" of our security and police organizations have failed. Equally, the books provide stark reminders of how thin the protection is for citizens when the rules of law and reason are dumped or circumscribed in order to give the illusion of security.

Michelle Shephard's *Guantanamo's Child* tells the story of the Khadr family and its troubled journey from Egypt to Canada to Pakistan and ultimately to death in Afghanistan. It is a rare story and despite the media attention going back over a

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decade, it is only in Ms. Shephard's superb telling that there is any sense of understanding and comprehension. It is the first book that relies on the cooperation of members of the Khadr family, and particularly the willingness of Omar's sister, Zaynab, to speak openly and — from my knowledge — honestly of a dysfunctional and migratory clan searching for certainty in an uncertain world. As Ms. Shephard writes, "The Khadr family is endlessly fascinating, infuriating, belligerent, simple, and yet complicated, sometimes naïve, sometimes savvy."

The patriarch was Ahmed Said Khadr, a professional engineer from a reasonably well-off Egyptian family, who against the wishes of his family migrated to Canada. In so many ways there are strong echoes in his life to those of several other Egyptians — particularly Ayman al-Zawahiri, the founder of Islamic Jihad and later deputy to Osama bin Laden, who became a close friend of Ahmed — of his generation who, frustrated with the lack of political and economic change in Egypt, sought change through violence based on their twisted understanding of Islam. (Lawrence Wright's *The Looming Tower: Al-Qaeda and the Road to 9/11* provides an outstanding account of the evolution of al-Zawahiri and the Islamic Jihad of Egypt into Al-Qaeda.)

Mr. Khadr was one of thousands of Egyptians who came to Canada during this period and there were few signs then of the course the rest of his life would take. However, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in late 1979 provided a "rallying call for the world's Muslims" and Ahmed was no exception. For most, the war had little to do with the historical role, irrespective of religion, that Afghans played in central Asia. Rather the war was now "a war against Islam."

Within a few years (1983) Ahmed made his first visit to Afghanistan and was among the very first of thousands who followed. This, in some ways, was not significantly different from what happened in Spain in the second half of the 1930s. Before long

his family was with him in Peshawar and they began their fateful, deadly journey and their close association with Osama bin Laden and Al-Qaeda. It led to the death of Ahmed and one son, the serious wounding of another, the disaffection of yet another, who for a while became a CIA agent, and the capture of Omar and his imprisonment in Guantanamo.

Lest we forget, these were the years when the Afghan mujahedin were the poster boys of the world in their heroic, bloody struggle against the Soviet invaders. Washington and Riyadh were united in a common, secret struggle and poured billions of dollars into the Afghan resistance — with much of it sticking to Pakistani fingers — and promoted the idea this was jihad at its very finest. (George Crile's *Charlie Wilson's War* tells this story and its blowback of unintended consequences from the perspective of today's world.)

Ms. Shephard's focus is Omar, and she provides a sympathetic story of a person caught up in a global maelstrom he did not understand, while being a member of a family that will provide psychologists and sociologists with fertile ground to till for years to come. However, as Ms. Shephard constantly reminds us, this was a child (at the time he was captured by the Americans in 2002, he was 15) who deserves, if not our sympathy, then our understanding and a willingness to apply the moral standards of a just and tolerant society.

Previous governments, both Liberal and Conservative, have escaped serious criticism for their unwillingness to accept responsibility for Omar. Many other governments, ranging from the United Kingdom and Sweden to Saudi Arabia and Yemen, have done so for their citizens with more serious blots. However, there are no signs that the government of Canada has begun serious discussions with the Americans to have him returned to our shores. Canadian governments have hidden behind the sins of the father, the words and dress habits of his mother and sister, and the hilarious idea that there is a justice system at Guantanamo. And in the

meantime, as Ms. Shephard ably documents, there is now serious doubt that Omar threw the grenade that led to the death of an American medic. More ominously, he is being judged within a system which "has no rules" and against which the United States Supreme Court has found serious and substantial fault on four separate occasions.

The story of Omar Khadr reflects largely on Canada's sins of omission. The subjects of *Dark Days* by Kerry Pither cut more closely to the Canadian bone, and our sins there are ones of commission. These sins are based on ignorance and stupidity by our security and police organizations and the inability either to understand a complex threat or, on the part of the public, even to understand the threat that badly conceived policy represents for all of us.

Ms. Pither begins her account of the harsh treatment of four Canadians at the hands of their own government and media, with the plea that they "have the right to be presumed innocent". At the end of her book there can be no doubt they are innocent victims of over-zealous, uninformed, ignorant and in some instances malicious police and security organizations.

These organizations were helped by media that were willing to use unverified and inaccurate leaked information and, most troublesome of all, media that were willing to be used for the sake of a "scoop" or to sensationalize. None of the news organizations involved has seen fit to provide an accounting of their misdeeds and mistakes. Ms. Pither's book details all of these flaws; for that alone her book performs a valuable public service, since it is a sign of our time that societies quickly forget the evils that are perpetrated in their name.

Dark Days tells the stories of Maher Arar (he provides the foreword for the book), Ahmad El Maati, Abdullah Almalki and Muayyed Nureddin. Ms. Pither relies on the four for first-hand accounts but also uses the thousands of pages of testimony and conclusions from the O'Connor Commission of Inquiry to cross reference

and to verify. In this she is assiduous in her attention to detail. The book was published in late August and so far there has not been one instance where exception has been taken to her facts or to her conclusions.

The melding of four complex experiences to provide a coherent story is worthy of commendation. At the same time, to create an easy-to-read account of that complexity is rare, especially in a first book. Ms. Pither's experience with the Arar team (she did press relations for Monia Mazigh from early 2003 onwards) and her penchant for lists and chronologies results in a book that will remain the definitive work on this troublesome and disturbing matter.

Maheer Arar is quoted in the book as saying, "in our society, to be labelled with this 't-word' is worse, unfortunately, than a serial killer" and this theme correctly fills the book. Suspicion, underhanded accusation and malicious leaking, not the courts, are the vehicles that were used to darken the reputation of these four men. This inexorably led to their imprisonment in foreign countries and their torture at the hands of some of the world's most adept torturers. Ms. Pither does not hide from the nastiness or the banality of the violence visited on the four men and, for those who are sceptical of such first-hand accounts, it can be stated with some finality that there is nothing in them that cannot be verified by contemporaneous and third-party accounts.

The shame is not in the telling but in the willingness of Canadian political leaders to rush to erode our rights and protection under law, as they did with the Anti-Terrorism Act of December 2001. These changes were made in the willing blindness not to realize that they would be abused. History has shown that our security and national police have been incapable of meeting new threats to national security. That history demonstrates that first the RCMP and, more recently, CSIS do not have the moral or legal foundations either to police themselves or to adjudicate mistakes, or to

provide competent leadership during periods of national crisis.

Kellock-Taschereau, Mackenzie, McDonald, and Morin-Hughes have all tilted at that windmill with less effect than Quixote and Panza. More recently Justice Dennis O'Connor and Dennis Brown have tilted at it as well. While former Supreme Court Justice Iacobucci's report detailed the tragedy of four Canadians, by mandate he was not asked to look at remedies, a conscious omission by the government. And we are awaiting the wisdom of former Supreme Court Justice Major with respect to Air India.

After 9/11, as with previous periods of national concern, the RCMP developed a passion for the new mission of Sunni-based terrorism, urged on by politicians and the media who should have exhibited greater balance and oversight. Ms. Pither also documents the failure of the RCMP and CSIS three years earlier in dealing with Ahmed Ressam, who was captured by the Americans before he was able to bomb Los Angeles Airport — thus adding to the willingness of police, security officials and national politicians to cut corners and throw kerosene on what was in reality a small Canadian fire.

These two books, in conjunction with the report of Justice Dennis O'Connor, are the only documents which provide Canadians with the opportunity to stand back once again and see the failures of their elected representatives and their willing agents in the RCMP and CSIS. The nature of these failures has remained unchanged in the Canadian body politic since the postwar years when Igor Gouzenko wandered around Ottawa with documents exposing Soviet spying in Canada. Roughly every two decades these failures have been examined and dissected by eminent individuals, but another constant of our body politic has been our inability to create institutions in which we can have some measure of confidence if not trust. Ms. Shephard and Ms. Pither demonstrate once again how much we have failed. ☹

James Joachim McCardle 1922–2008

Jim McCardle was one of the generation of officers whose lives and careers spanned many of the momentous years of the 20th century.

James Joachim McCardle was born in Stratford, Ontario, in 1922 where he grew up and went to school through the Depression. He headed to the University of Toronto and earned a BA during the first years of the Second World War; he then joined the Canadian Army where he learned Japanese.

Following the War, upon discharge from the Army in 1946, he joined the Department of External Affairs; he was assigned to the Canadian Mission to Tokyo where, in addition to using his Japanese language skills, he met and married Lannie Harrison of the US Embassy in 1948. He returned to Ottawa in 1949 and worked in the Far Eastern Division and then went to San Francisco as Secretary of the Canadian Delegation to the Peace Conference with Japan.

Jim McCardle then held a series of positions in Ottawa and abroad including postings to Washington, Paris (NATO), Dublin (as Ambassador), the Permanent Joint Board on Defence, Canberra (as High Commissioner to Australia, Fiji and Papua New Guinea), and finally San Francisco (as Consul General of Canada). He retired from External Affairs in 1986.

Jim McCardle was a very wise and sage officer. During his first years as Consul General in San Francisco, I was able to learn from his wisdom and caniness while I served as head of the Public Affairs program.

In the early 1980s, while he was in San Francisco, the trade program at headquarters launched a corporate liaison program which included missions reporting back to headquarters on the number of calls made by heads of posts on the heads of major corporations with interests in Canada.

Mr. McCardle pushed the trade section of the Consulate to produce more and more briefing material for him, to do more research on the companies he would be calling on and their current and prospective interests in Canada as well as around the world. During one staff meeting, where he asked more and more questions, he explained: "As Canadian Consul General in San Francisco, I can walk into any corporate office in this city once. I want to be able to walk in the second and third times, when there is a need." He recognized that his stature as the Canadian representative would open doors for him, but he also knew that he had to bring something of value to the discussion with these top business leaders to establish his own credibility and ensure continuing access. The achievement of long-term goals was important to him, not just the meeting of short-term bureaucratic set objectives.

Jim McCardle possessed a keen analytical mind and listened carefully to proposals. When presented with a brain-stormed idea, one not fully hatched, he would ask for it to be put down on paper — a half or full page would do. If further thought had not gone into the idea, the discussion of the paper would soon lay bare the flaws of any immature idea or proposal.

Jim McCardle sought out knowledge and information from many sources, noting that on his posts he had found that the Papal Nuncio often had the best sources and the best idea of what was happening locally; he would share his insights, analysis and advice with his staff freely, and always with a smile and a laugh.

Entering his office was always a mix of pleasure and apprehension. He always greeted one with a smile and twinkle in his eye — as well as an almost ever-present cigarette with a long ash dangling from the end. He was genuinely concerned about the staff of the Consulate; he would ask you how you were, listen carefully to your reply, and then, if you and your family were fine, would apply himself to the task at hand. His

quick eye and mind looked through the latest draft and inevitably, within 30 seconds of beginning to read a document, he would find the typo in the middle of page two.

Jim McCardle was a man who cared for and loved his family. He often spoke in loving and proud terms of his wife Lannie and his daughter Bennett. It was clear that however important work and the tasks at hand were, family, his and yours, was equally as important.

Canada lost a dedicated and wise public servant when James Joachim McCardle passed away at the Ottawa Civic Hospital on August 29, 2008.

*Harold Hickman served in San Francisco from 1980–84, and is the current editor of **bout**.*

Jacques Simard 1942–2008

Éloge funèbre présenté par Raymond Chrétien à l'église St-Viateur d'Outremont, le 18 octobre 2008.

On ne saurait terminer ce service funéraire sans rendre un dernier hommage à notre collègue et ami, Jacques Simard.

J'ai rencontré Jacques pour la première fois lors de son entrée au ministère des Affaires extérieures en 1967. Il fréquentait déjà Lise à l'époque. Puis, vers les années 70, nos chemins se sont séparés, les affectations à l'étranger nous conduisant vers des parties différentes du monde. Dans le cas de Jacques et de Lise, ce furent les affectations d'abord à Kuala Lumpur en Malaisie, puis à l'École nationale d'administration à Paris, dont il obtint d'ailleurs un diplôme. Jacques eut ensuite une brève affectation à Beyrouth, au Liban, pendant l'horrible guerre civile libanaise. Jacques et Lise ont vécu ensuite cinq très belles années à Genève, où Jacques travaillait à la mission du Canada auprès des Nations Unies.

C'est en 1981 que nous nous sommes retrouvés. Nous habitons le même quartier,

« Guildwood Estates ». Pendant quelques années, nous avons fait du covoiturage de nos résidences vers l'édifice Pearson en nous arrêtant au Lycée Claudel où nous déposions nos enfants qui fréquentaient cet établissement. C'est vraiment à ce moment là que j'ai appris à bien connaître Jacques.

Pendant toutes ces années, Jacques, le diplomate, se préparait à assumer le rôle prestigieux d'ambassadeur du Canada. Il eut ainsi l'honneur de représenter, à ce titre, notre pays en Roumanie, en Égypte et en Tunisie.

À la centrale, Jacques s'occupa pendant plusieurs années des questions reliées à la sécurité et l'intelligence. Un secteur d'activités un peu à l'écart à cause de son caractère secret, mais propice au développement d'une vision globale des enjeux de notre planète. Jacques avait cette envergure et il était donc, par conséquent, toujours remarquablement bien informé. Ce qui d'ailleurs le servit très bien quand il devint de 1988 à 1990 commandant adjoint du Collège national de la défense à Kingston.

Ce qui m'amène à vous parler maintenant de Jacques, l'intellectuel, l'homme de culture. Jacques était un passionné de lecture. Il lisait beaucoup, mais il était très éclectique dans le choix de ses livres. Nous nous sommes très souvent échangé des livres. Deux semaines avant son décès, alors que tous les quatre, Jacques et Lise, Kay et moi, étions au restaurant, Jacques nous mentionna les livres qu'il était en train de lire : le premier, les œuvres de

Saint-Simon, écrivain d'hier et d'aujourd'hui; puis, le deuxième, de la collection « La Pléiade », qu'il possédait au complet, intitulé *Jünger, journaux de guerre 1939-1948*.

Jacques non seulement lisait beaucoup, mais il assimilait ce qu'il lisait. J'ai rarement rencontré quelqu'un qui pouvait citer aussi facilement les grands écrivains français, anglais ou américains. En plus de la lecture, Jacques toute sa vie a visité musées, galeries d'art, bibliothèques. Il s'y connaissait en peinture, opéra, musique classique. Il aimait beaucoup cette merveilleuse ville qu'est Paris où Lise et lui ont souvent séjourné à notre résidence.

Quelques mots maintenant sur Jacques, l'épicurien. S'il était très cultivé, Jacques était aussi un bon vivant. Il aimait bien manger et bien boire. Il choisissait avec soin les restaurants qu'il fréquentait. Il aimait aussi le sport, notamment le tennis, la chasse et la natation qu'il a pratiqués jusqu'à peu de temps avant son décès.

Quelques commentaires également sur Jacques, l'homme de famille.

Pour ses deux fils, Philippe et Marc, Jacques a été un bon père, un bon guide. Il a toujours été près d'eux. Dans l'intimité, ils l'appelaient « coco ».

Il a eu la chance d'être merveilleusement et constamment appuyé par son épouse Lise. Compagne de tous les moments, faciles et difficiles, la vie de Jacques, à la fois comme diplomate et père de famille, n'aurait pas été la même sans l'appui indéfectible de Lise. Jacques et Lise étaient très complémentaires l'un de l'autre.

Et finalement, quelques mots sur Jacques le stoïque, le courageux.

Atteint de la terrible maladie de Parkinson depuis plusieurs années, Jacques a été très courageux, très stoïque. Il ne s'est jamais plaint de sa maladie. Il acceptait son sort. Il m'a avoué avoir eu des moments de découragement, d'angoisse même face à la mort. Mais il a toujours gardé le goût de vivre et de vivre pleinement.

Malheureusement, la Grande Faucheuse l'a terrassé, tôt, trop tôt.

Jacques, c'est à toi que je m'adresse maintenant, où que tu sois. Tu as eu une belle vie : intéressante, productive, très bien remplie. Tu peux te reposer maintenant. Tu nous manqueras beaucoup! ☹

Raymond Chrétien, ambassadeur à la retraite, a agi à titre d'ambassadeur du Canada au Mexique, à Washington et à Paris. Il s'est joint à Fasken Martineau à Montréal (Québec).

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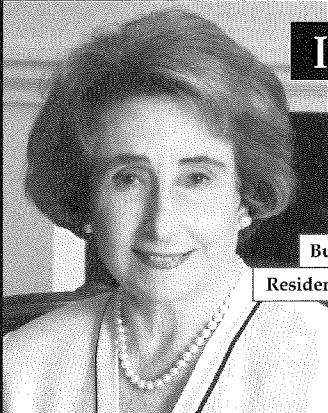
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An Unhealthy Place to Work?

*Readers of **bout de papier**, particularly those now regarding a snow-swept landscape from a cubicle in Fort Pearson, may not be surprised to learn that a distinguished Canadian diplomat once declined a very senior appointment in the Department of External Affairs on the grounds that Canada generally and Ottawa specifically were hazardous to his health. The documents below demonstrate that Pierre Dupuy believed that an assignment at headquarters, however exalted, would shorten his life. Some devoted readers may wish to employ Dupuy's letter as a template for their own argument in favour of extension of their own tropical (or at least more temperate) posting.*

The proposal which Mike Pearson, then Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs and later that year the department's minister, made to Dupuy was the result of an ingenious suggestion made by Norman Robertson from Canada House in London. Robertson, Pearson's predecessor as deputy minister, made this proposal to address the absence of a senior francophone in the management of the

Department of External Affairs (in the wake of Laurent Beaudry's departure) as well as to relieve the deputy from some of the ceremonial aspects of that position. It may be worth noting that Robertson, in making the case for this innovation, argued that "to make the system really work the next post abroad, after completion of the Ottawa sentence, should be the Paris Embassy." As well, it addressed an administrative problem with classifications and salaries in the upper ranks, which Robertson contended had limited the ability of the department to lure personnel from the Department of Finance to "facilitate the top level reinforcement on the economic side that we have talked about."

The correspondence reprinted below may be found in volume 4 of the nominal files in the Papers of Lester B. Pearson, Papers of the Prime Ministers, Manuscript Division, Library and Archives Canada. Robertson's recommendation may be found in a memorandum on the same file.

Hector MacKenzie

Ottawa, March 9th, 1948.

TOP SECRET AND PERSONAL

Pierre Dupuy, Esq.,

**Canadian Ambassador to The Netherlands,
The Hague.**

Dear Pierre,

You may have already heard the sad news that Laurent Beaudry has had to resign from the Service. My regret at losing an old colleague and good friend is very greatly increased by the circumstances of his resignation. He is really in very bad health. We are all sorry to see him go, and hope that, once official cares have been

removed from his shoulders, he will soon regain his health and strength.

Consideration has been given by the Prime Minister [W. L. Mackenzie King] and the Minister [Louis St. Laurent] to the appointment of his successor. In this connection, it has been agreed that the designation "Associate Under-Secretary" should be abandoned and that Mr. Beaudry's successor should be called Deputy Under-Secretary, the name which, for Civil Service Commission purposes, the position has always had. The change in nomenclature to Associate was made, I believe, to cover a special situation when Mr. Wrong was appointed. The salary, however,

of the post will remain as it was in Mr. Beaudry's time, \$12,000 per annum.

The Minister has agreed that a new policy should be adopted in filling this post. It has been felt, for some time, that the efficiency of our Service would be increased if the higher posts in the Department could more frequently be filled by officers who have had experience in senior posts abroad. To facilitate this, it has been agreed that the second post in the Department, Deputy Under-Secretary, should be filled by someone who has been a Head of Mission abroad, and who would be posted to the Department for a definite period, say two or three years, as Ambassador on Duty in the Department. For Civil Service Commission purposes, the designation would remain Deputy Under-Secretary, but, for purposes of rank, the Ambassador on Duty in the Department would retain his Ambassadorial status, and a ruling from Council [i.e., the Cabinet, via an Order in Council] would be requested to ensure that, along with that rank would go the precedence and privileges of a Deputy Minister.

The Prime Minister and the Minister have instructed me to ask you to accept the above appointment of Ambassador on Duty in the Department, and I need hardly state that this is an instruction which I am delighted to carry out.

I do not know what your reaction to the appointment would be, so I am writing to you informally and personally in this way, before any formal steps are taken. I am anxious to have you with me in Ottawa, but equally anxious that you should not come here unless you are keen about the transfer. It would, of course, be possible for the Minister merely to transfer you to Ottawa, and I have no doubt that you would, as a loyal member of the Service accept the transfer, especially to such an honourable and senior post. However, as the duties are arduous and the responsibilities great, the holder of the post should, I think, be really enthusiastic about his job and wholehearted in carrying out its duties. That is why I wished to write you before proceeding further, and to get

your personal reactions to the proposal. Will you drop me a line by air mail as soon as possible?

I should have mentioned above that you would not, of course, be asked to return until the celebrations in the Netherlands connected with the Queen's Jubilee have been completed.

Yours sincerely,

[L. B. Pearson]

**CANADIAN EMBASSY /
AMBASSADE DU CANADA
TOP SECRET AND PERSONAL**

The Hague, Netherlands,

March 31st, 1948.

L. B. Pearson, Esq., O.B.E.,

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

Dear Mike,

I wish to thank you heartily for your letter of March 9th and to tell you that I am deeply touched by the confidence shown to me by the Prime Minister, the Minister and yourself in offering me such a senior post next to you in the Department.

I appreciate the frank and friendly way in which you present this offer and I shall answer in the same spirit. There are a few important facts with which I consider it my duty to acquaint you as they are bound to influence our decision.

In 1943 I returned to Ottawa at the end of June and three months later, on the 21st of September, I had a very serious haemorrhage in my lungs at the Chateau Laurier, which was followed by a series of others. I was taken to hospital and remained between life and death for more than seven weeks. I was saved, thanks to the ability of the well-known Dr. R. Boucher, Professor at the Faculty of Medicine, University of Montreal, and Chief Medical Officer at St. Luke's Hospital,



Call for Nominations

The Professional Association
of Foreign Service Officers *presents*

THE CANADIAN FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER AWARDS

The Canadian Foreign Service Officer Awards were instituted in 1990 by the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers (PAFSO) to provide recognition by one's peers for exceptional achievement by an individual officer.

Eligibility

A nominee must be a career Foreign Service officer who is a member of the FS Group (including FSDP) and of PAFSO.

Criteria

A nominee will be judged on the basis of exceptional achievement in a specific circumstance and/or over the course of their career in the Foreign Service as exemplified through assignments both domestic and abroad. Reference can be made, but is not restricted, to the following criteria:

- initiative and creativity;
- dedication to serving Canada and Canadians;
- effectiveness in interacting with cultures in which the officer has worked; and
- ability to inspire colleagues and professional contacts.

Nominations

There is no nomination form. To submit a nomination you must:

- 1 Send a signed letter, facsimile or email to:
Secretary, Awards Committee
PAFSO
412-47 Clarence Street
Ottawa, Ontario K1N 9K1 Canada
Phone: 613-241-1391
Fax: 613-241-5911
Email: awards@pafso-apase.com

- 2 Please supply the following information in your nomination:

- Name of nominee
- How has this person demonstrated his or her exceptional achievement? (Please give examples)

- 3 For each nomination a minimum of two detailed letters of support will be required. You may also wish to provide names of others willing to support your candidate. (Please provide their full names, addresses, email addresses, facsimiles and phone numbers. They will be contacted by the Secretary to provide written letters of support.)

The Awards

The winners of the Awards will each receive a certificate and a cash prize at a ceremony to be held in Ottawa by PAFSO before June 30.

PAFSO welcomes nominations from all interested parties including the Foreign Service, the private sector, NGOs, as well as the public.

Nominations must be received by PAFSO by April 5. An independent panel of judges will select the recipients of the Awards.

www.pafso-apase.com

Montreal. This unpleasant experience was then attributed to the strain of my war years. My doctor was about to send me to a southern State because he thought I could not recover in a cold climate, when the Department appointed me as its representative to the Refugee Governments [i.e., the Allied Governments-in-Exile] in London. I slowly recovered and was able to fulfil my functions in this new capacity.

Last autumn when I returned to Canada on home leave I had the disagreeable surprise, after a fortnight in Ottawa, to notice that the same symptoms which preceded my collapse in September 1943 were coming back.

I again consulted Dr. Boucher who examined me thoroughly and asked me how long I would remain in Canada. I answered that it was a matter of seven or eight weeks and he said he thought I could take that risk. Otherwise he would strongly advise me to change climate because he could not guarantee that I would avoid a relapse. I never said a word to the Department about all this as there was no need at the time to inform you on the point.

As you can see, this is a poor physical background to envisage the possibility of a prolonged stay in Canada. If it were not for this reason I would accept your offer without hesitation. I fully agree with the policy of recalling Heads of Mission for a period in the Department and would have considered it a privilege to take my share of your burden and try whole-heartedly to make a success of my work. However, there would be little advantage either to the Government or myself if I were, within a few months after my return, to go through the same crisis and perhaps find myself a few feet under the ground. If I were a bachelor I would nevertheless take this risk, but with my family responsibilities I must think of my children first as they still need me to complete their studies.

I hate to disappoint the Prime Minister, the Minister and yourself when you are so kind to

me. I feel very distressed about it all. There is no one I would have liked better to work with than you, because I think we both have the human touch that would have helped a great deal in surmounting difficulties together. I am therefore all the more unhappy to find myself in such physical condition.

In case you want more technical details about my health, Dr. Boucher will be at your disposal.

Yours sincerely,

Pierre

Ottawa, April 20th, 1948.

TOP SECRET AND PERSONAL

Pierre Dupuy, Esq.,

**Canadian Ambassador to the Netherlands,
The Hague.**

Dear Pierre,

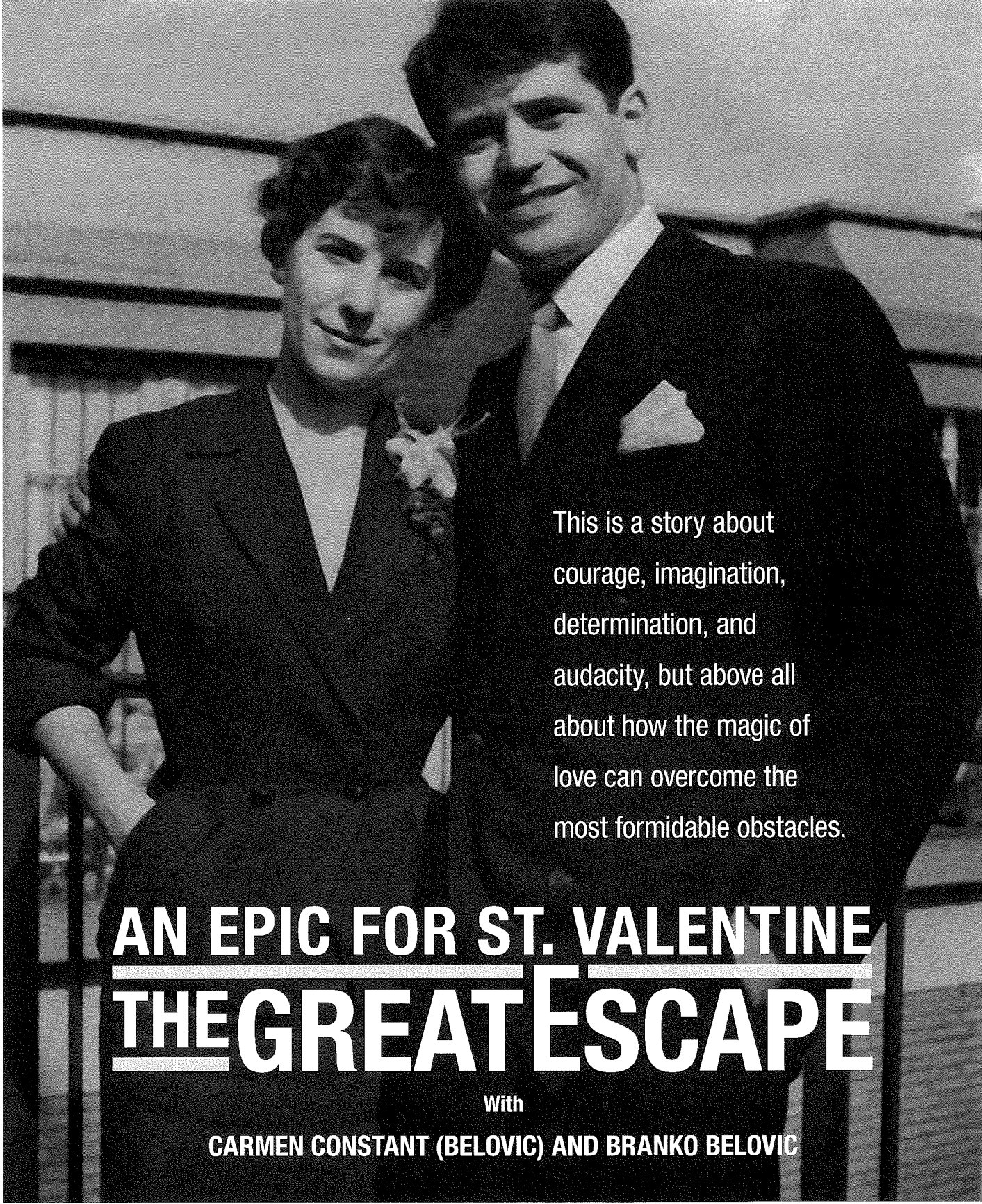
Thank you for your letter of March 31st. In the circumstances, we will, of course, not proceed with the Ottawa appointment, as I for one would certainly not wish to be responsible for your return to Ottawa with such unpleasant consequences to your health in the offing. I need hardly tell you that I am very unhappy that the situation is as you describe it, and I hope that you will not have a recurrence in the future of the unpleasant physical experiences that you have had in Canada.

I have had a word with the Minister, and he quite understands the situation, though he is disappointed, as I am, that circumstances make it impossible for you to join the Department.

With kindest personal regards,

Yours sincerely,

[L. B. Pearson] ③



This is a story about
courage, imagination,
determination, and
audacity, but above all
about how the magic of
love can overcome the
most formidable obstacles.

AN EPIC FOR ST. VALENTINE THE GREAT ESCAPE

With

CARMEN CONSTANT (BELOVIC) AND BRANKO BELOVIC

by John Graham

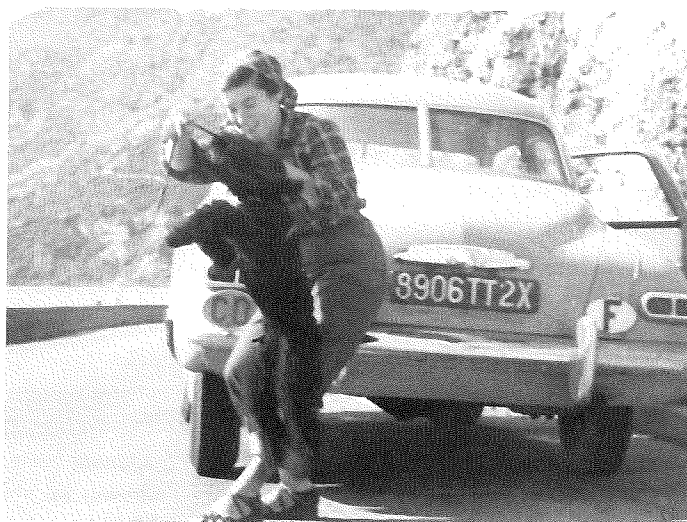
The story opens in the summer of 1951 in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, a country then ruled by a brutally authoritarian Marshal Tito and deeply suspicious of all Western powers, including Canada.

front end of a small airplane. The more difficult task was to find a very discreet, one-person owner-operated garage. With great good luck, she found the ideal person, M. Chambert, who was intrigued by Carmen's reckless enterprise. Chambert's garage

The Canadian Embassy also sounded the alarm.

Posted as a secretary to the Canadian Embassy by the Department of External Affairs, Carmen arrived with warnings from the Department's security people ringing in her ears about the need to avoid close and most especially romantic contact with the local Yugoslav population. The Yugoslavs received similar warnings, in their case reinforced by knowledge of friends and acquaintances thrown in prison for violating the rules. In these inauspicious circumstances, Carmen and Branko met and fell in love.

As a film actor and an arts reporter for a Belgrade newspaper, Branko's work allowed contact with the diplomatic community and meetings were easily arranged. But these were soon interrupted when Carmen was taken to hospital with dangerously complicated appendicitis. Branko's regular appearance at Carmen's bedside suggested a deepening relationship. News of the romance spread as far as the Papal Nuncio, who came to the hospital to warn Carmen, as a good Catholic, not to consider marriage outside her faith. The Canadian Embassy also sounded the alarm. External Affairs assumed that they could safely extinguish the "security risk" by posting her out of harm's way and assigned her to



was also conveniently located in the 16th arrondissement, not far from her apartment. His job was to build a compartment in the vehicle large enough to hold one adult and invisible to the prying eyes of immigration and customs officials. This was accomplished by reducing the trunk space and the space occupied by the back seat, removing the back seat springs to

accommodate the knees, and slinging straps to prevent the legs from falling on the road — an arrangement that rested the occupant's rump on the differential.

Once the secret compartment was in place, Carmen had to learn to drive. Chambert, by this time a full co-conspirator, was the instructor and lessons involved taking the Chambert

family out of Paris on picnics. When everything was ready, Chambert helped Carmen navigate the outskirts of Paris and set her on the road to the South of France.

The trip proceeded smoothly until an off-duty Italian customs officer asked for a lift from his station at the frontier. The customs officer was about to clamber into the rear when Carmen realized that the peculiar arrangements of the back seat, especially the absence of springs, would excite

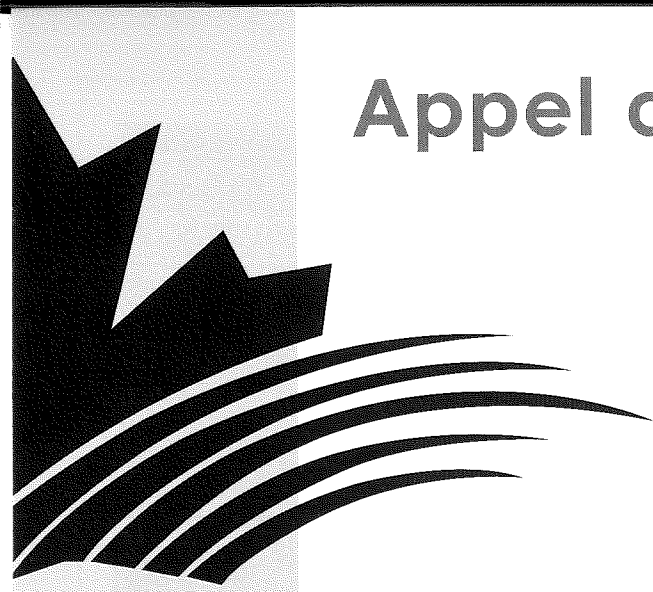
Crisis naturally followed crisis.

the Embassy in Paris. Carmen, however, had other ideas. The romance was not to be so easily thwarted.

She and Branko had already devised the rough outline of a plan. Soon after settling in to her job in Paris, Carmen set out to buy a car. For her purposes it had to be large, and large meant American. She bought a second-hand Studebaker for \$600 — the 1950 model with a striking grill arrangement resembling the

the suspicions of even the most bumbling customs official. Somehow, and at the risk of sounding coquettish, she persuaded the young man to sit in the front.

Without further major incident and after four and a half days en route she arrived in Rieka, Yugoslavia, creating a small sensation as a young woman driving a large, beautiful American car. Following a happy reunion, the car was hidden



Appel de mis en candidature

L'Association professionnelle des agents du
Service extérieur présente

LES PRIX DES AGENTS DU SERVICE EXTÉRIEUR CANADIEN

L'Association professionnelle des agents du Service extérieur (l'APASE) a institué les Prix des agents du Service extérieur canadien en 1990 comme moyen de souligner la réalisation exceptionnelle d'agents du Service extérieur par leurs pairs.

Admissibilité

Les candidats aux Prix doivent être des agents faisant carrière au sein du service extérieur qui sont membres du groupe FS (y compris les participants au PPSE) et de l'APASE.

Critères

Les candidats aux Prix seront jugés en fonction de leurs réalisations exceptionnelles dans une circonstance particulière et/ou au cours de leur carrière dans le service extérieur, qu'il s'agisse d'affectations au pays comme à l'étranger. Les critères seront les suivants, mais sans être restrictifs :

- initiative et créativité;
- dévouement au service du Canada et des Canadiens;
- communion efficace avec les cultures dans lesquelles ils ont œuvré; et
- capacité d'inspirer les collègues et les relations professionnelles.

Mises en candidature

Pour présenter une candidature, il n'y a pas de formulaire. Vous devez :

- 1 Envoyez une lettre signée par courrier, télécopieur ou par courriel à :
Secrétaire, Comité des prix
L'APASE
47, rue Clarence (pièce 412)
Ottawa (Ontario) K1N 9K1 Canada
Téléphone : 613-241-1391
Télécopieur : 613-241-5911
Courriel : lesprix@pafso-apase.com

2 Donnez-nous les détails suivants :

- Nom du candidat
- Quelle réalisation exceptionnelle cette personne a-t-elle accomplie? (Prière de donner des exemples)

3 On exigera deux lettres d'appui détaillées pour chaque candidature. Il pourrait être utile de fournir les noms d'autres personnes disposées à appuyer votre candidat ou candidate. (Veuillez fournir les noms, les adresses postales, les courriels et les numéros de téléphone et de télécopieur au complet. Le Secrétaire du Comité des Prix de l'APASE communiquera avec elles pour obtenir les lettres d'appui détaillées.)

Les Prix

Les lauréats des Prix recevront chacun un certificat et un prix en espèces lors d'une cérémonie qui se déroulera à Ottawa, avant le 30 juin, sous les auspices de l'APASE.

L'APASE accueillera volontiers les mises en candidature venant de toutes les parties intéressées, notamment le service extérieur, le secteur privé, les ONG et le grand public.

L'APASE acceptera les candidatures jusqu'au 5 avril. Un jury indépendant choisira les lauréats des Prix.

in a garage where Branko tested the compartment. Horrors! He didn't fit. Adjustments were necessary. These were conducted warily as it was important for everyone's safety that not even Branko's family should be aware of the intended escape.

Two weeks later Branko and Carmen set off for the first of four border crossings. In a secluded area a few kilometres from the frontier with the Trieste International Zone, Branko squeezed himself into the compartment. Carmen drove very slowly as every pothole spelled potential disaster for Branko. Tension rose as Carmen stopped to disembark from the car for

thought. They passed the Italian and then the French frontier at Menton without incident. Branko, also a novice driver, was at the wheel as a relieved and joyful couple entered the centre of Paris. He drove into the frantically busy roundabout at l'Etoile with no understanding of the French traffic rule "priorité à droite." Amid much Gallic cursing and honking calamity was narrowly averted.

Fresh problems awaited them. Although Carmen had been careful not to inform anyone including the embassy of her adventures, word had leaked out. On presenting themselves to

"I came here to escape the terrible oppression and injustice in my country."

the inspection of papers by Yugoslav officials. All went well until a horrified Carmen noticed a section of Branko's pant leg on the underside of the car. Fortunately no-one else saw the offending trouser leg and Carmen refrained from telling the already nervous and uncomfortable Branko. The next crisis arose just after the Trieste controls. Branko's muscles were seizing up and he cried out in pain for Carmen to stop. Carmen shouted back that she could not stop because they were on a busy motorway. Carmen drove on — also concerned that passers-by might be curious about her shouted conversation with an invisible person.

Crisis naturally followed crisis. The plan was to stop overnight in Trieste and collect a suitcase containing clothes and personal papers for Branko left by a discreet diplomatic friend. First and quickly Carmen had to find a sheltered spot in an unknown city where the agonized Branko could crawl out of concealment. Soon after and only with difficulty were they able to persuade the hotel to register Branko without a passport.

The major problems were now behind them — or so they

the French authorities, Branko was arrested for illegal entry and put into a cell with two similarly detained Italians. After three days he was brought before a "juge d'instruction" who suggested that his sole and, from the point of view of French law, inadequate reason for entering France was love for the attractive young French-Canadian woman. "Not at all," retorted Branko. "I came here to escape the terrible oppression and injustice in my country." It is not recorded, but presumably the judge sighed. Branko was fined and set free.

The following summer they married and then immediately set sail for Canada and for Carmen's home in Montreal. Branko returned to University. He entered the public service, retiring

as Director General in the Department of the Environment. ☺

John W. Graham former ambassador, Chair, the Canadian Foundation for the Americas (FOCAL). This story emerged as he bought a pair of second hand skis. (Editor's Note: A similar article plus photos first appeared in the Manor Park Chronicle.

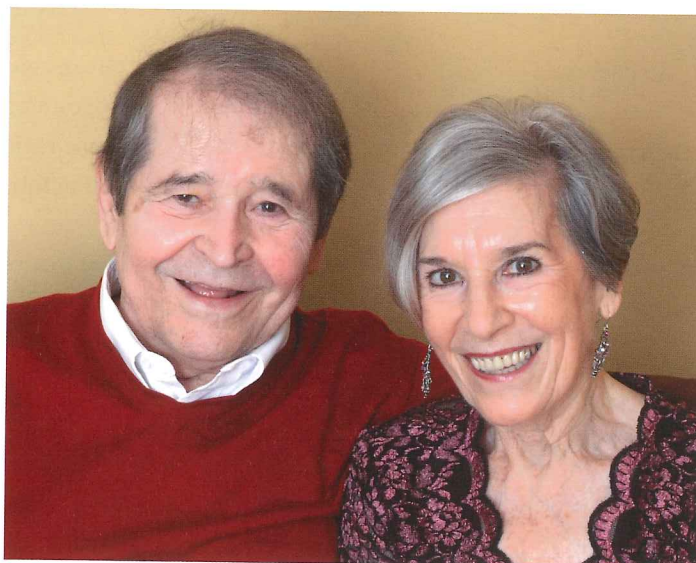


PHOTO CREDIT: BELOVIC FAMILY



Under the Volcano — and Anatolian Skies

by Stuart Hughes

A once-precocious teenager studying *Under the Volcano* in CanLit found himself only a few years later posted within the shadow of Malcolm Lowry's Popocatepetl and Ixtazihuatl, the great volcanoes of Mexico. Years later, and in the near vicinity of what one Australian wag once called "the twilight years," a now-greybeard looks forward to new adventures in the reach of another great volcano, Anatolia's often majestic Hasan Dağı. This is a modest story of a romantic notion, a long-nurtured ambition, a ton of work, a fascinating posting, and the rescue of a wonderful building in the middle of nowhere, aka: Güzelyurt, Turkey.

Romantic? Well, yes in fact, in retrospect and with a truly selective memory! It began some 15 years ago when a great friend of many of us in the Foreign Service, Michel de Salaberry, called to suggest that we go explore Turkey. Great idea, said I, but I happen to be working in San Francisco — almost exactly the opposite side of the world. "And your point would be?" Of course, I was on an endless flight shortly afterwards.

During the Zurich to Istanbul leg I sat beside a young Turkish engineer. That prompted a rude geopolitical question on my part. Bear in mind that I once spent time in Cyprus, where I learned an axiom of politics in the eastern

Mediterranean: "Greeks good, Turks bad" (or was it the other way around?). My question, roughly put, was, "So, does Turkey have any friends in the region?" My neighbour thought a little too long for my taste in formulating an answer. Finally he said, "Yes — Greece."

"Hello," I thought to myself, have I missed something here? "Greece?!" "Hmmm, why Greece?" I continued (... the Soviet Empire was still in its death throes then). "Well," he explained, "we have the largest standing army in NATO, after the US, to contain the Soviet threat to the east, the Iranians hate us because we are secular, Saddam Hussein in Iraq is a bit of a monster, the Syrians support the PKK, who kill our soldiers, and the Bulgarians are busy ethnic cleansing their Turks, so that makes the Greeks our best friends."

Photo top: Hasan Dağı volcano from the main terrace

Not sure I understood all that, but I hadn't got off the plane and I knew already that Turkey was going to be a seriously interesting place. What I hadn't anticipated was how much I came to like the people I met. The first real insight came aboard a little ferry going up the Golden Horn. We were headed for a small café honouring Pierre Loti (of course Michel absolutely had to toast a dead poet and Ottoman turcophile at a café perched high among the poplars and cypresses of old Stamboul). The trip had several stops. We were near the prow. Nearby was a wild-eyed chap, clearly disturbed, who slowly kept taking his clothes off.

In Canada everyone would have shifted to the stern and the ferry probably would have sunk with so many getting as far away as possible to avoid eye contact. I watched a couple of men chat with our friend with the faraway eyes, zip and button him up, and stuff a lit cigarette in his mouth. As memory serves, the same scene repeated itself at every stop — three of them. These people have a different social contract, I thought, and more power to them. Romantic? Maybe not, but I was more convinced than ever that this was a country I needed to know much better.

Fast forward a few years. Michel has become Ambassador in Iran by now and I am posted to Ankara looking for trouble (when I wasn't causing it). Inchoate ideas of acquiring property in Turkey were gelling. Retirement gurus were warning that the entire baby boomer generation would be looking for choice places pretty much at once. If people of modest means wanted to secure something special, they needed to act quickly.

The challenge was what, where? Istanbul was attractive but still pricey and I had attended one too many sessions on earthquakes (18,000 people had recently died in the country in horrific temblors). The predictions for the metropolis were (and remain) pretty dire. The coasts were lovely but nowhere near Ankara; however, Cappadocia, the tranquil ancient Greek heartland of Anatolia, was only three-plus hours away.

Industrial tourism was growing fast and swallowing up whole swaths of the region. One fine day I stumbled upon the somewhat isolated town of Güzeyurt, which oddly enough is one of the nearest towns of real interest to Ankara. The town's traffic jam occurs around 6 p.m. and consists primarily of cows and sheep. The people were very friendly and clearly hardworking. A very nice feel to it

The town is what might be described in real estate parlance as "well-established." It was the home of St. Gregory Nazianzus (a third-century Christian cleric of great repute), and was a centre of obsidian craftsmanship in Neolithic times. Above the town are great letters painted onto the rocks — "Güzelyurt,"



Looking up toward the house from the gardens in winter

or fine town, in Turkish on top, and the old Greek name of "Gelveri" below (a reference to Calvary, if memory serves). In the distance is a great cleft of rock in the landscape, the Ihlara valley, with its rushing river, towering cliffs and ancient cave churches at every turn. All this lies under the volcano, under Hasan Dağı, its summit mantled with snow for much of the year. The views are sweeping, dramatic and lovely.

Güzelyurt's townsfolk descend from those who arrived from the Thessaloniki region of eastern Greece in the wrenching "exchange of peoples" in the mid-1920s. It saw the transfer of upwards of 800,000 ethnic Turks (read Muslims) out of Greece and the Aegean and Mediterranean islands and some 1.2 million Anatolian and Pontic (or Black Sea) Greeks to contemporary Greece. Again, by Greeks, most mean Greek Orthodox Greeks and some co-religionist Turks.

The melding of cultures might surprise purists today. Some of the Greek signs still visible in Güzeyurt, carved into doorways and over the town fountain, are puzzling to contemporary Greek visitors — and well they might be, as the letters are Greek but the words often Turkish. But it was one "artefact" I saw in Greece that really captured the ancient spirit of the place: a beautifully-made "Greek" kilim (or Turkish flatweave carpet) from Güzeyurt with a classic prayer niche motif — it could have been the pride of any Turkish family in the region but for one fact: the outline of the prayer niche was composed entirely of consecutive crosses.

Güzelyurt is known as the town of blue-eyed people; it is one of the few towns in Turkey that celebrates its Greek past. It welcomes every few years a festival of Anatolian Greek folk

Romantic? Maybe not, but I was more convinced than ever that this was a country I needed to know much better.

... the volcano has been dormant for 15,000 years. Odds are good for uninterrupted

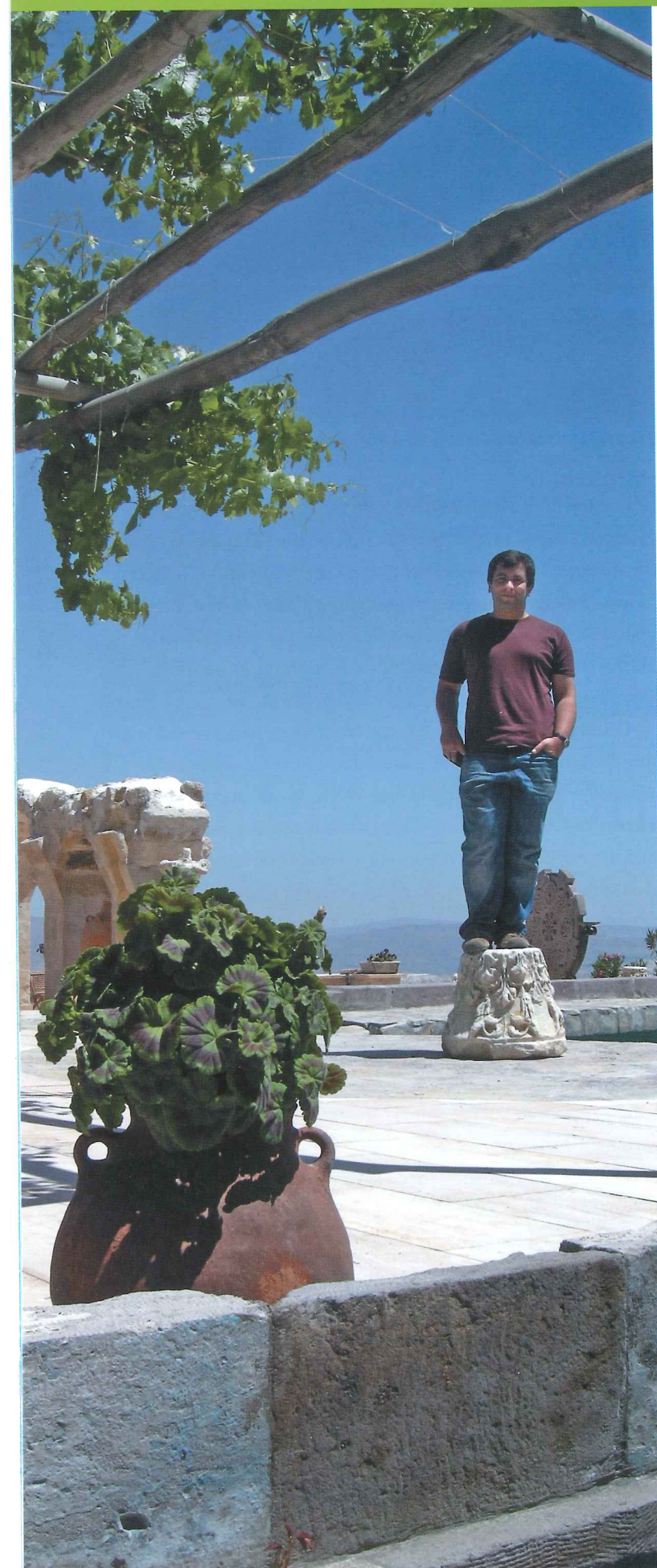
dancers. They hail from “Nea Kalvari” which is peopled by the descendants of the former inhabitants of Güzelyurt and is located not far from that cosmopolitan city the Ottomans called Salonika (where Atatürk was born). The flags of both countries flutter over the main square during the festival, while Atatürk’s bust looks on. Despite all the tough history of the region, I suspect Atatürk’s spirit has his ever-present glass of raki hoisted in salute.

The town is pleasant, with a classic little square with tea ever-ready and Turkish pizza plentiful; it also offers a couple of other modest restaurants, a fiercely noisy internet café where the kids play video games endlessly, and a fairly grand Greek monastery turned into an unpretentious hotel (with a refectory hall doubling as a quite enjoyable restaurant). There is an open-air museum, St. Gregory’s church (now a mosque), with other ancient churches around, and even an underground city. Look hard enough and you will also find old frescoes in secluded spots — St. George and the dragon being a favourite theme.

Among other things that make Güzelyurt special is its geographic position. Perched high against a row of hills at 1,500 metres, it looks down over that fabled valley of Ihlara (pronounced, as in the French Eu-gh-Lara) below Hasan Dağı. Reaching a respectable 3,300 metres, the volcano has been dormant for 15,000 years. Odds are good for uninterrupted sleep at night, though a modest tremor or two has been known to rumble through. Nimble hikers can reach the crater by July, but inevitably find that shepherds beat them to it.

The Melendez River cuts through Ihlara and has created a mini-rift valley with sheer cliffs above its cool, wooded waters. Restaurants with cold beer and fresh trout greet you there, and a long hike brings you to the end of the valley at the foot of Selime Cathedral, a grand structure carved entirely into the rock. It even has tunnels for silk-route camel trains (to avoid the brigands of another day), and commanding views of the region. Fairy chimneys of eroded volcanic tufa are scattered liberally near the mesa that looms over Selime, and among the surrounding orchards. The chimneys, or Turkish hoodoos, look like wildly exaggerated sugar cones. Many have windows, carved into ancient dwellings; the silent witnesses with sightless sockets to millennia of human endeavour. The protected and isolated nature of the valley appealed to early Christians. The valley, now a national park, is peppered with other painted churches, some with their fourth- to twelfth-century frescoes

New Turkish emperor on a Roman pedestal over the Rose Valley — Uchisar



still somewhat intact — a valley that arguably is the cradle of Christian monasticism.

The region is rich in picturesque sites. Below Güzelyurt is a 19th-century Orthodox monastery perched high on a rock, with a commanding view of the valley and sunsets. The nearby town of Gülağac — which means rosewood, roughly translated — harbours the tomb of the 13th-century Seljuk “Bachelor Sultan” (sounds vaguely suspect, doesn’t it?). High above Güzelyurt are the vestiges of the mountaintop Byzantine fortress that fell to the Turks around AD 800, a windy and cold place that must have been the bane of many a foot soldier. Amazingly, the hot springs once enjoyed by St. Gregory are still open to the public a little to the east (though totally modernized; modern Turks love their tiles and cement). A bit beyond that orbit lies Göllü Dağı, or the Mountain of Lakes, with the remains of a fortress of the early second millennium BC destroyed by the vengeful Medes of Persia. It is an ambitious hike with a prepossessing view when the chilly clouds part (they knew what they were doing). It was also home to an obsidian workshop and its wares were traded in pre-historic times as far south as modern Israel, says Tim Harrison, a University of Toronto archaeologist active in eastern Turkey.

To the northeast lies Gösterli (ancient Gosteropolis) with another neolithic obsidian workshop, troglodyte town and, tucked away into the hills, a water-worn gorge that seems straight out of Yosemite Park — full of aeries, perfectly private, perfect for picnics. Nearby stands a small, rounded mountain with perfect cat’s ears — very odd until you realize that those ears are pre-Hellenistic tumuli, tombs of kings that were long forgotten even when Augustus became Emperor. To the north lies İsikli Hüyük, a tell of layered human settlements. It reportedly is the only site as yet discovered that has evidence of round or yurt-like house foundations as well as square foundations. Basically it is a steep hill by a riverside that clearly, geologically speaking, doesn’t belong there. Its evidence of the transition from nomadic to sedentary shelter dates back to at least 5,000 BC. Archaeologists from Istanbul are in charge and have halted work for now — their professional responsibility is a heavy one, knowing that they may only have one chance to excavate such a site.

Happily for visitors, the house in Güzelyurt is certainly newer (though the owner is rumoured to be a troglodyte ...). It was built in the 1870s or 1890s and is definitely not nomadic; it has made the transition fairly successfully from a large stone shell to a comfortable home. The floors were carved into the

living rock with a great underground cavern for storage. Built with blocks of local tufa (volcanic stone), the rooms all have deep walls and high arches in Greek monastic style. The great flat roofs on the upper and lower section of the house are perfect for parties, grape arbours have been built, and a grill and stone benches installed. The lower roof terrace is private with views directly onto the lower parts of the town, of the Ihlara Valley, and the Fuji-like expanse of the volcano beyond. The sun, conveniently enough, sets in all its glory directly behind the mountain.

That said, when I bought “Güzelev” (or fine house) in 2001, it was being used to store firewood for local bakeries; a few years longer and it would have collapsed, as have so many of



Floating lunch on the Melendez River (Ihlara)

the great, and not so great, historic homes of central Turkey. It had one wire for electricity, one little tap at the entrance, and no other plumbing whatever — never mind heating. The marvellously ecological roofing (compacted soil above rock, sand, logs and more soil), which sprouted grass in spring ideal for nursing goats and their kids, was a disaster in the making without the 24/7 maintenance that village life once afforded.

My neighbour, incidentally, is one of the only other foreigners in town. A German, Udo by name, he is in the development biz in “nearby” Georgia. He revels in the crisp, clean air of the region. His place is a mini-palazzo and has at least five storeys of chambers carved below the main floors.

Rehabilitated for the twenty-first century, the “Canadian house,” as the townsfolk

“Good grief,” I once said, “this is a project of a lifetime.” “Of course,” he responded, “that’s the idea! ... it would make a nice winery don’t you think?” Every time I thought my sense of adventure had got the best of me with my house, I would think of Udo; suddenly the chaos I had created seemed quite manageable. The neighbour’s little palazzo is now a must-see, the wine pretty heady.

Rehabilitated for the 21st century, the “Canadian house,” as townsfolk call it, was a much greater endeavour than anticipated (now there’s a surprise). It now has relatively waterproof roofing (metric tonnes of soil were removed and rebar, rubber lining, cement and stone followed). Wiring was buried in the stone walls, doorways expanded and invented, stairs installed, and a wall or two taken down, garden terraces lowered (and raised), a courtyard waterproofed, a rebuilt roof rebuilt all over again, tonnes of rubble and detritus hauled away ... and bright things installed: for one, there’s a master bath at the top (the old bakery) which now features lots of new and antique marble (it’s a modest hamam wannabe). But perhaps the greatest challenge was truly mundane: plumbing. The drain pipes were installed in the cavern below, then buried, level by level, down the terraced garden, hidden behind high stone walls to the valley bottom where eventually they reached the local sewer main ... the whole thing is invisible — to others! As many a denizen of the region can tell you, flush toilets really are thrones if you know just how much work was involved

The well-equipped kitchen, dining room and living rooms are at the second level, and a suite is situated lower down that contains a sleeping loft, kitchen below, sitting area, bathroom,

and yet another living room in the arched tunnel that parallels the suite connecting the open courtyard above with the terraced gardens below. The window facing your bed frames the volcano, a picture postcard to greet the day. The entire building had to be scoured by stone carvers to remove rotted stone and “sealed” with specialized German chemistry — a team of seven worked for two weeks non-stop. The stone is elegant and grey — and twice as hard as other local stone, something that the cleaners and scrapers discovered to their considerable chagrin.

The vaulted living and dining rooms have what are called *sedirs* in Turkish, or long stone sofas, now clad in pine (the word itself is Turkish) that serve for sitting and as extra beds at night. The furniture is almost all custom-made from (comfortable) wrought-iron, along with tables and armoires built by Turkish craftsmen assembling antique Ottoman doors of local walnut that I found in Ankara and beyond. The carpets come from local dealers, notably Mustafa Çelik in Selime, a gentleman of the trade with good English and a tactile knowledge of the region. The building houses six easily. The house now has a full library of DVDs and music for quiet evenings. The spirit of the place is simple: to celebrate the best in the region’s past and to welcome even better tomorrow.

As the Cunard people used to say, getting there is half the fun. A close Turkish friend was invaluable in negotiating the bureaucratic steps, which were many and long (it needed clearance from the military no less), and helped in managing the project in innumerable ways. A local lawyer narrowed the field of original owners to one to ensure that the title would remain uncontested after sale (so far so good), and otherwise facilitated the purchase. An architect in Kayseri, passionate about salvaging the best of the region’s architectural past, helped with some of the trickier bits of rehabilitation, including the design of stairs and of the sleeping loft.

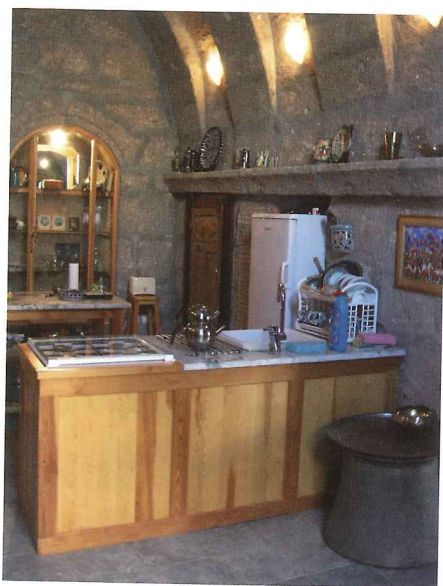
As for nuts and bolts, local craftsmen made the cabinets and doors (beautifully at that), marble experts installed antique and new marble pieces, and the local wrought-iron contractor built metres and metres of railings, terrace after terrace, some incorporating antique Turkish, Greek and Armenian workmanship. Furnace people installed a new system, cleverly taking advantage of the underground cavern. Tilers created new floors throughout. Plumbers made it all livable. Almost every workman in town sweated over some aspect of the place.

But the most important secret to success was the son of the former owner — Metin Anul — who took on the job of

Ihlara Valley



call it, was a much greater endeavour than anticipated (now there's a surprise).



Getting tea ready



Living room



Dining room

foreman for the project. Let's simply say, thank God (Allah and Christos Pantokrator as well for that matter) that the purchase price was modest, because the transformation of the property into what it is today may have cost 10 times as much — even with ferocious cost control on the foreman's part. Property now — just as the gurus predicted — is far more expensive, if you can find it. Happily, the ever-cheerful Metin continues as *maître d'* when I am not there, making the house available year round (oddly enough, Christmas can be magical, as Güzeyurt is just high enough to be blanketed by snow then, though it doesn't always last long). Metin certainly likes "his" Güzelev, and has toured several dignitaries through it — a Turkish Minister of Tourism among them, trailing media and all.

William Butler Yeats once wrote that "the thing done is dead, the doing all." The house is "done," but certainly not dead. New projects always present themselves; solar panels are next. In some ways the real "doing" has just begun. As retirement approaches, the idea of a few months a year in "my" quiet corner of Cappadocia is more and more appealing. Yet, much of the joy of being there will be in welcoming old friends and new guests and sharing the marvels of the region with them. If you need to venture further afield, Derinkuyu (or deep well, in Turkish) is only 30 minutes away, with an underground city that goes down eight storeys. Beyond it lies classic Cappadocia with its open air museums, fabulous hikes in hoodoo valleys, and amazing balloon rides at the crack of dawn. Farther still lies Kayseri, or Caesarae, perched beneath the region's other great volcano, Erciyes — a ski centre in winter.

Turkey is a remarkable country — the more you explore, the more you find. Civilizations are layered one atop another; it is the proverbial bridge between east and west, still the crossroads of Asia and Europe, and graced with great fresh food, really hospitable people, and now a vibrant economy (at last) ... Oh yes, it also has a semi-Mongolian and sometimes truly impossible language. It is a country where world issues play themselves out: while much more at peace with its neighbours than it has been, it remains rife with internal issues as secular forces struggle, peacefully, with resurgent and presumably "moderate" fundamentalism. Understand Anatolia and you'll know much of the tapestry of human history; understand today's Turkey and I wager you will have understood much of the contemporary world.

This article is very much an open letter. I mean to encourage old friends and new, boomers and gurus, and the many thoughtful readers of *bout*, to come by some time. So much of the cut and thrust of civilization — in the New World as in the old — has taken place "under the volcano." Come to Cappadocia, to Güzeyurt, and someone may hand you a glass of local wine to ease the contemplation of those wide-lens Anatolian skies and of the fiercely grand slice of life it has sheltered. *Carpe diem?* Carpadocia, efendim! ☺

Stuart Hughes has served at numerous posts abroad and in as few HQ assignments as possible. He is currently in San José, Costa Rica — inexplicably half a world away from his vacation home in Güzeyurt.

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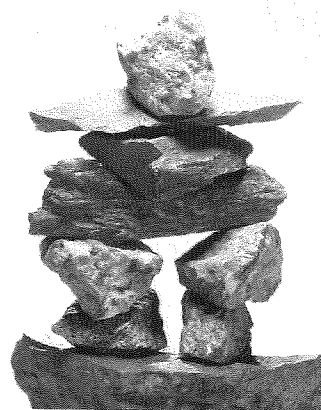
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How distinctly I remember...

A quarter-century quiz from A Aalto

December 2008 marked a modest milestone, the 25th anniversary of the first A Aalto puzzle in *bout de papier*. Since then, his work has appeared in every issue, totalling 86 puzzles, including this one, all by the same author.

Dear readers,

Over the years, I have been surprised and pleased by expressions of appreciation on what was only intended to be a diversion for the hard-working members of the Association, with a few laughs and perhaps a little satire tossed in when I could. I have also frequently been impressed by the dedication of those who actually solved the puzzles – all of which were possible to work out but some of which were tougher than I had intended. Only a few stumped you all.

To celebrate the anniversary, I have drafted the quiz below in hopes that it may bring a few good memories. If you want to send in your answers, please do so. The answer form can be mailed in to PAFSO, faxed there at 613-241-5911 or scanned and sent by email to boutdepapier@pafso-apase.com. You don't have to get all the answers right to win (I probably couldn't, if I hadn't written the quiz myself). The best three scores will get prizes (ties to be broken by the time-tested method of drawing from a toque) and anyone who does get a perfect score will get an extra one. Deadline is February 28, 2009.

Thank you sincerely for your readership, your determined puzzling (not to say your puzzling determination) and your laughter.

Warmest regards,

A Aalto

1. The first A Aalto puzzle, which introduced Ludwig Liebnitz a) was called "Human Kindness and the Treasury Board" ☐ b) was called "The Logic of CIDA" ☐ c) let loose the wren of apathy ☐ d) altered the orbits of three planets ☐ e) woke up four people in the Senate ☐	5. In "Liebnitz and the Fairytale Ending" the centre's performance of <i>Snow White</i> a) has to be renamed <i>Rainbow Fleshtones and the Seven Stature-optimised Mineral Extraction Specialists</i> to satisfy the Human Rights Commission ☐ b) features dwarfs who may have to be renamed Catatonic, Twisted, Manic, Mangy, Risqué and Blotto to satisfy truth-in-advertising rules ☐ c) replaces the poisoned apple with tainted vindaloo from the takeout, Cash and Curry ☐ d) all of the above ☐															
2. The following four groups are mentioned in the puzzles but only three actually appear. Which is the exception? a) the Gothic Zydeco Band ☐ b) Edible Granite ☐ c) the Alta Vista Social Club ☐ d) Möbius Fong's mariachi band ☐	6. Which of the following activities was involved in the search for the Mapleheart? a) the proposed invasion of Tibet, Operation Hello Dalai ☐ b) Operation Eminent Poltroon, covered as a co-production of "The Apprenticeship of Dudley Do-right" ☐ c) the new branding program for Latin American relations, "CanCult: in your face like a wet tortilla" ☐ d) the joint terrorist/neo-con conspiracy against the Ultimate Olympics ☐															
3. Rialto Sleazewagon first appears a) partnered with Papa Jack Paridy in a Scoundrels-Я-Us franchise ☐ b) helping Slade McKeester drop a 400 megaton cheese wheel on "Toronto the Goof" (maybe a typo, maybe not) ☐ c) as Assistant Managing Editor of the Centre's in-house publication, <i>aide memoire</i> ☐ d) promoting global warming, having cornered Canadian banana futures ☐	7. In "The United States of Mind" we are told that Rialto Sleazewagon's pet is a) a 10-metre anaconda named Clarence ☐ b) a carnivorous plant named Audrey ☐ c) a blonde named Bambi ☐ d) a Doberman named Stockwell ☐ e) a town called Alice ☐															
4. Match the slogans (A to E) with the corresponding organizations (a to e) [5 points] <table> <tr> <td>A) Fear, surprise and a fanatical devotion to Verdi</td> <td>a) Opera Dei</td> <td>[]</td> </tr> <tr> <td>B) I think I lost a finger in that last secret handshake</td> <td>b) Big Buddha Burgers</td> <td>[]</td> </tr> <tr> <td>C) Learn to read or we'll come back and sing "MacArthur Park" again</td> <td>c) The Freedixons</td> <td>[]</td> </tr> <tr> <td>D) If we wanted your approval, we'd have asked for it</td> <td>d) The Rock Bottom Reminders</td> <td>[]</td> </tr> <tr> <td>E) Make me one with everything</td> <td>e) Free Youth International</td> <td>[]</td> </tr> </table>	A) Fear, surprise and a fanatical devotion to Verdi	a) Opera Dei	[]	B) I think I lost a finger in that last secret handshake	b) Big Buddha Burgers	[]	C) Learn to read or we'll come back and sing "MacArthur Park" again	c) The Freedixons	[]	D) If we wanted your approval, we'd have asked for it	d) The Rock Bottom Reminders	[]	E) Make me one with everything	e) Free Youth International	[]	8. Which one of these was said of Papa Jack Paridy? a) he devalued the brand identity of evil ☐ b) never trust a man who brings his accordion to a staff meeting ☐ c) most people's PDA is a BlackBerry, his is a Prune ☐ d) he has more curves than Thomson Highway ☐
A) Fear, surprise and a fanatical devotion to Verdi	a) Opera Dei	[]														
B) I think I lost a finger in that last secret handshake	b) Big Buddha Burgers	[]														
C) Learn to read or we'll come back and sing "MacArthur Park" again	c) The Freedixons	[]														
D) If we wanted your approval, we'd have asked for it	d) The Rock Bottom Reminders	[]														
E) Make me one with everything	e) Free Youth International	[]														

Just a few questions...

In each question, check the box ☐ beside the one right answer,
or fill in each space [] with the correct corresponding letter.

Maximum score: 50 points. One point per question unless otherwise indicated.

9. Link the food clues (A to D) with the corresponding linkage (a to d) [4 points]

- | | |
|---|--|
| A) Swabian sausage with marmalade and jalapeños | a) emergency stores kept in the Centre's closets (for when Hamish gets lost there) [] |
| B) oatcakes and single malt scotch | b) made up a display map of France dedicated to General de Gaulle [] |
| C) 264 kinds of cheese | c) passed to Don Gordo by Manitoba Jones, swinging on a vine [] |
| D) a toasted iguana frappuccino | d) served up by Hamish in Berlin (really cleared the crowd) [] |

10. Don Gordo first appeared

- a) in a top hat, a lime green spandex jumpsuit and rollerblades ☐
- b) in a torture chamber decorating a wedding cake with skulls and crossbones ☐
- c) at a Canada Day reception, in full uniform with gold braid that melted at his first shot of screech ☐
- d) dressed as a Spanish courtier in robin's egg blue and salmon pink (the colours of the 1938 Ontario licence plate) ☐

11. In "Boxed In Again" which of the following things does *not* happen?

- a) Liebnitz disarms an exploding egg created by (Igor) Fabergé ☐
- b) we meet Liebnitz's hippy brother Leo ☐
- c) Felix Africa makes a game stab at 60s cool: "Keep the faith, baby. Sir." ☐
- d) Möbius Fong ("the endlessly twisted") disappears around the bend ☐

12. In "Who Squelched Wackford Syzygy?" two recurring characters dance

- a) like fire and silk ☐
- b) like Ginger Rogers and Fred Flintstone ☐
- c) with four zombies to the tune of "Staying Alive" ☐
- d) right out an open window, landing on Don Gordo ☐

13. Match the performers (A to E) with the tunes (a to e) linked to them [5 points]

- | | |
|---|--|
| A) The Weavers | a) You Ain't Nothin' But a Hound Dog [] |
| B) The Gothic Zydeco Band | b) Blame It On the Bossa Nova [] |
| C) Leo Liebnitz | c) Oratorio for the Imminently Deaf [] |
| D) Edible Granite | d) Ancestral Warthog Blues [] |
| E) Felix Africa and Inspector Wa Diddy (in rhinestones) | e) Strange Days [] |

14. One of Liebnitz's earlier agents, who usually reported in puzzles, was

- a) asthmatic Prince Vlad the Inhaler ☐
- b) Throckmorton Fender Edsel III, Esmeralda's short-term fiancé ☐
- c) "Jimmy the Turk" Flecker, poet and diplomat ☐
- d) clearly someone who should have been stopped much sooner ☐

15. Link up the lines from Shamus Dikk (one part from each list) [5 points]

- | | |
|--|--|
| A) She offered me a gangsta CD | a) There's a boat leaving for Arnprior at sunset. Be on it [] |
| B) You're sending me up the river? | b) Unimpressed, I gave it back [] |
| C) Right away, I knew this dame spelled trouble. Her way | c) Sorry, sister, I take the rap for no one [] |
| D) He gave the name Floyd C Manifesto | d) But it wasn't her brother [] |
| E) I'm old friends with a certain Jack Daniels | e) TRUBBEL [] |

16. In one puzzle, a group of A Aalto's characters

- a) eat lunch, argue about splitting the bill and worry about his writer's block ☐
- b) go on strike against incomprehensible puzzles and reprehensible puns ☐
- c) run away to join the Ragtag Brothers Bunkum and Oily circus ☐
- d) run away to look for Luigi Pirandello ☐

17. Which of the following was *not* one of Effie's parting lines?

- a) I left Willie Nuff a loon ☐
- b) A will's a dead giveaway ☐
- c) Philately will get you Noh wear ☐
- d) You put me between rock and a hairpiece ☐

18. Link the five couples (one person from each list) [5 points]

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| A) Dryan Tweedie, Rajah of SuWaNi | a) Hilda [] |
| B) Bugbyte O'Nanotek | b) Effie [] |
| C) Esmeralda Beluga | c) Attila McGee [] |
| D) Hamish MacBannock | d) Felix Africa [] |
| E) Inspector Wa | e) Mabel Stanley of Edible Granite [] |

19. In "On the Sidewalks of New York" MacBannock

- a) expects the Spanish Inquisition but gets the Norwegian Blue ☐
- b) opines that pistachio eel ripple is never going to be a popular ice cream ☐
- c) meets the inexplicably pleasing Canadian tenor Placebo Domingo ☐
- d) meets Papa Jack Paridy under the Monument to the Unknown Tourist ☐

20. Associate the lines (A to E) with the character who spoke them (a to e) [5 points]

- | | | |
|--|----------------------------------|-----|
| A) Better a bad appraisal than a good funeral | a) Special Agent John W. Pilgrim | [] |
| B) Don Gordo couldn't do a grand jeté if he was fired from the Quaker Oats cannon | b) Effie and Bugbyte O'Nanotek | [] |
| C) The world was not yet ready for sheet metal nightwear with fins | c) Felix Africa | [] |
| D) I have to check out the Viking exhibit. National security. Erik the Red. Need I say more? | d) Shamus Dikk | [] |
| E) Saddle up the stove, Ma. I'm riding the range tonight | e) Bertha de Kuhl | [] |

21. In "Qui a Tué Jacques Noir?" the object everyone seeks is found

- | | |
|--|--------------------------|
| a) in an enigmatic painting (aren't they all?) by René Magritte | ☐ |
| b) in a statue of Alexandre Graham Cloche, inventor of the francophone | ☐ |
| c) to have been fed to a goat (or perhaps eaten by Don Gordo) | ☐ |
| d) in Hamish's in-basket, along with a yeti, the Higgs boson and Jimmy Hoffa | ☐ |

22. Which was *not* said in a puzzle to describe the Gothic Zydeco Band?

- | | |
|---|--------------------------|
| a) hell with accordions | ☐ |
| b) makes Wagner sound like Puff the Magic Dragon | ☐ |
| c) led to Kiss-coloured orchids, body-pierced orangutans and cross-dressing cockatoos | ☐ |
| d) all parties involved should be ashamed — if not arrested | ☐ |

23. Link the description (A to D) with the character described (a to d) [4 points]

- | | | |
|---|-----------------------|-----|
| A) A man so dry he could moonlight as talcum powder | a) Ludwig Liebnitz | [] |
| B) Santa in a rumpled suit, light on the ho-ho-ho | b) Rialto Sleazewagon | [] |
| C) A name you could not forget, although everyone tried | c) Manitoba Jones | [] |
| D) I see that young Skywalker has gone over to the dork side of the farce | d) D Essex Mackinaw | [] |

24. In "Cubismo" Havana police are provided with a sketch of a fleeing criminal by a local Cubist. On that basis, which of the following do they *not* arrest?

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| a) the last nun in town | ☐ |
| b) the mayor's Edsel | ☐ |
| c) the Michelin man | ☐ |
| d) the Eiffel Tower | ☐ |
| e) Key Largo | ☐ |
| f) Alvar Aalto, perpetrator-in-chief | ☐ |

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto was born in pre-revolutionary Tanu Tuva and raised by Patagonian missionaries on the Zambezi, as some may recall. He currently lives abroad, impersonating a diplomat. He wishes to thank Debra Hulley, the PAFSO editor who recruited him all those years ago and still knows how to get on his case without making it sting, a friend and a fan. And he salutes Mrs. Aalto, his best inspiration and most positive but punctilious critic, responsible for many of the more interesting directions the puzzles have taken in the past two decades.

Let's Glue the Time Warp Again

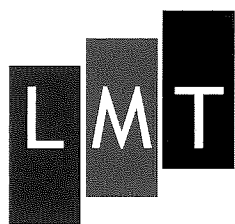
VOL. 23 NO. 4 ANSWERS

The activation code is "Billy Pilgrim has come unstuck in time", the second line of Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse-Five* or *The Children's Crusade: A Duty-Dance With Death*.

The correct pairings making up the cipher are given in the table below. Attributions are as follows:

B-u	Mae West
D-l	Alice Roosevelt
G-q//W-m	Oscar Wilde
J-h	Groucho Marx
L-v//U-d	George Carlin
M-w	Winston Churchill
S-b	Maurice Chevalier
Y-k	Mark Twain
Z-j	Dorothy Parker

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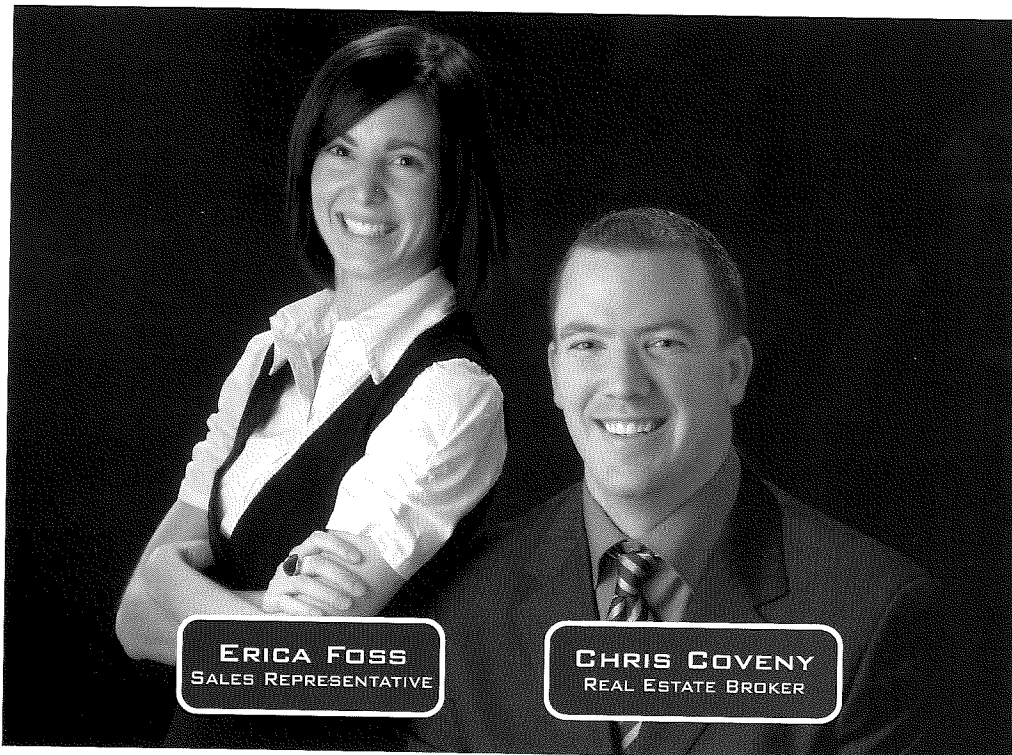
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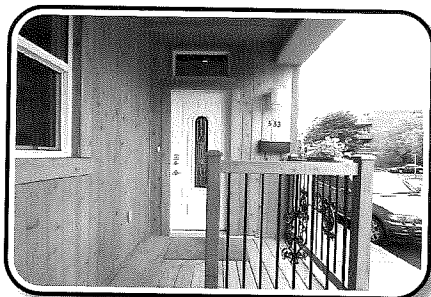


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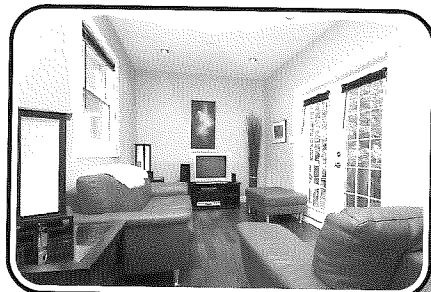
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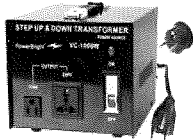
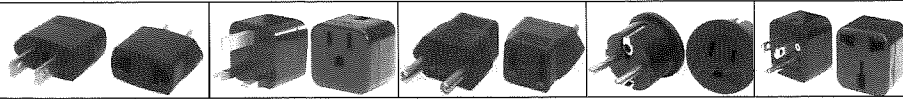
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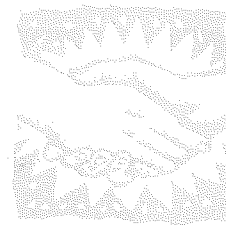
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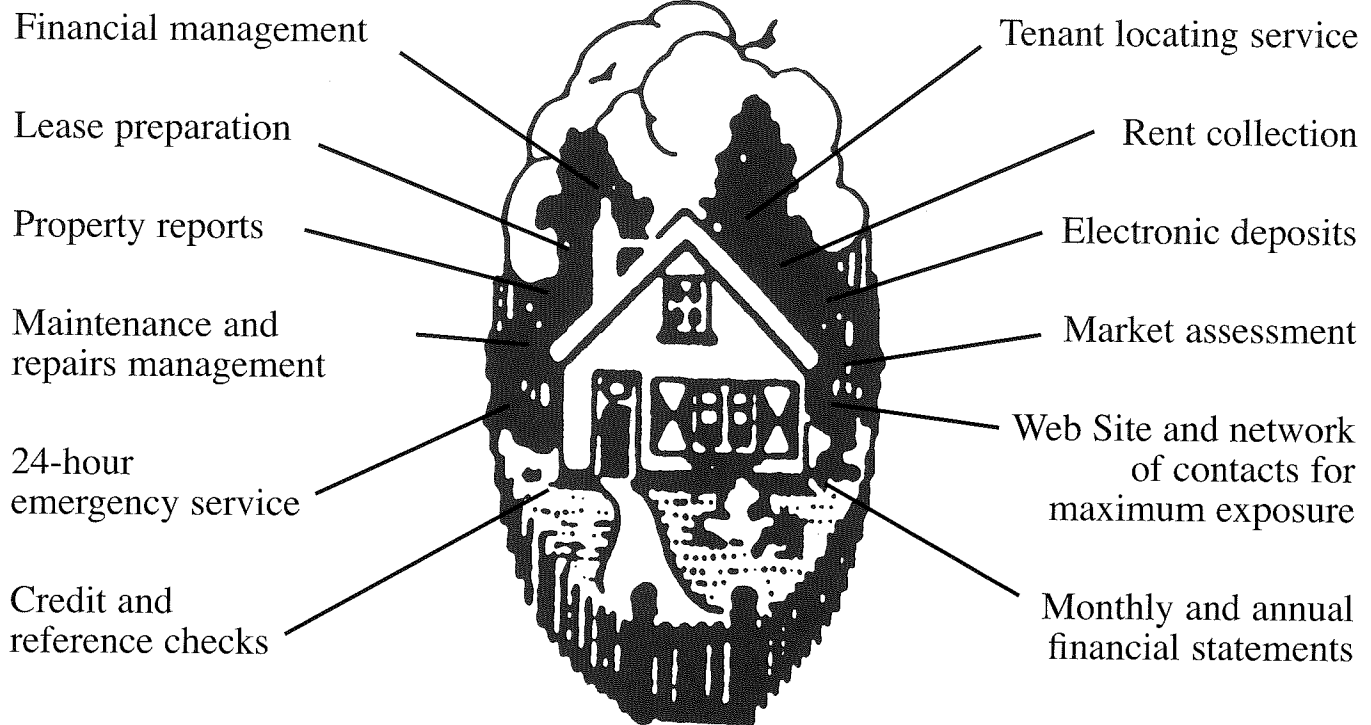
bout de papier subscription	p. 18
Catherine Petit, Psychologist	p. 21
Chris Coveny Real Estate Broker.....	p. 43
Clements International	p. 36
Elizabeth Antiques Appraisal Service.....	p. 42
Greentree & Company	p. 44
Group Services Insurance Brokers Ltd.	OBC
Keller Williams Ottawa Realty....	p. 21
Lemire Morin Tremblay	p. 42
Les Prix de l'APASE.....	p. 28
Magazines Canada.....	p. 37
Overeas Appliances and Electronics.....	p. 44
PAFSO Awards	p. 24
PAFSO Insurance Plan	p. 16
Quest University Canada	p. 2
RBC	p. 8
Royal Lepage Performance Realty Janny Mills and Jeffrey Rosebrugh, Sales Reps.....	p. 14
St. Laurent Volvo	p. 42
Scotiabank, Judy Sevigny, Mortgage Advisor	p. 42
The Thomas Group Ltd.	IFC
TMS Associates (East) Ltd.....	IBC
Tradex Management Inc.	p. 2
University of Saskatchewan.....	p. 14
Ian Warren, Barr. & Sol.	p. 2

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