

bout de panier

Vol. 24, No. 2

Extract from Andrew Cohen's
*Extraordinary
Canadians:
Lester B. Pearson*

Venice & Constantinople
A Special Relationship
by Roger Lucy



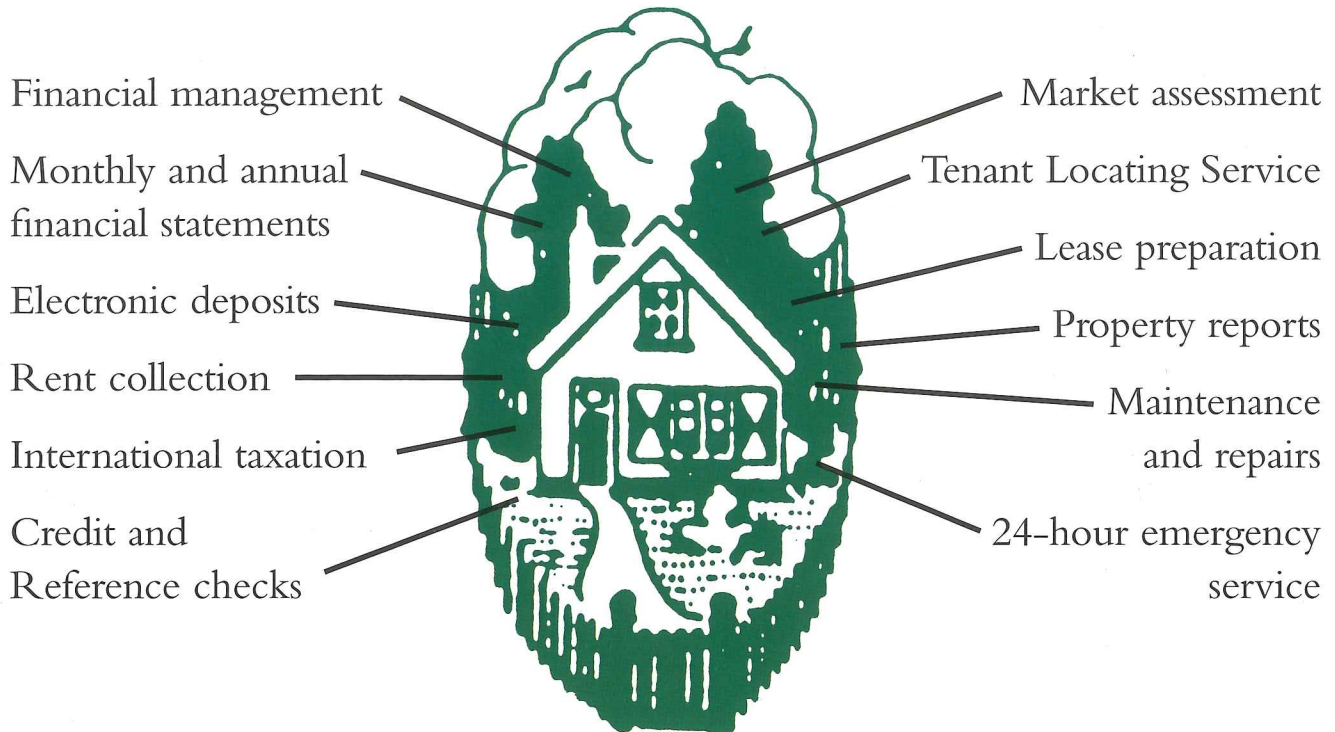
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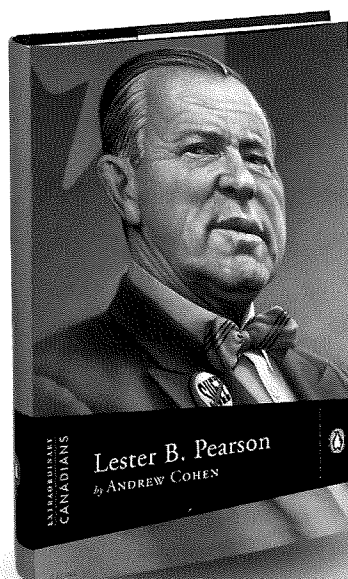
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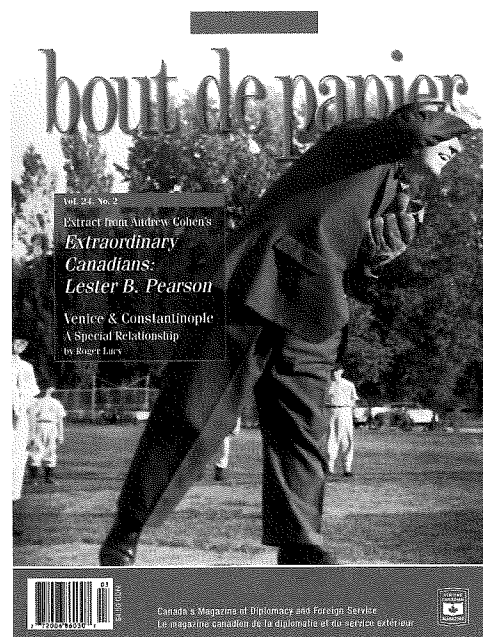


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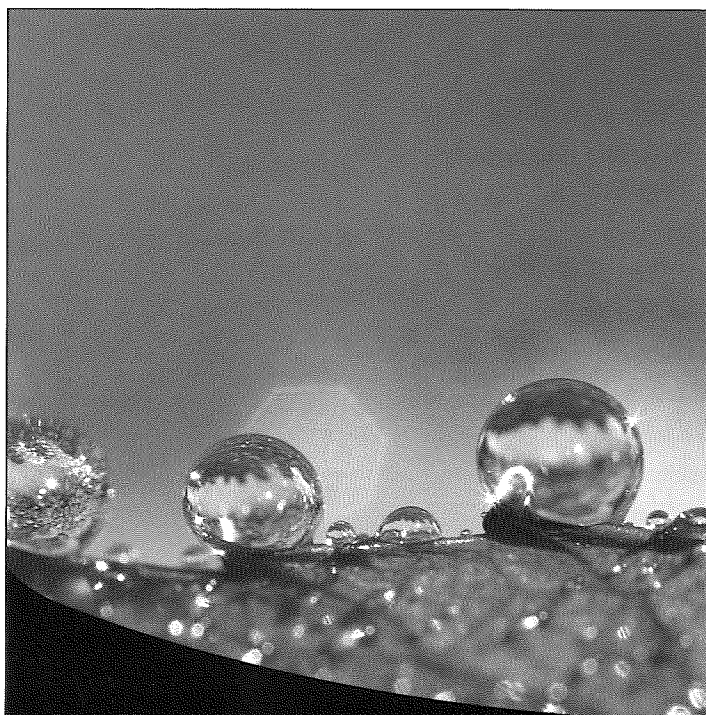
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We are all delighted that our two colleagues, Louis Guay and Robert Fowler, have been released by their kidnappers and have now returned home to Canada to be with their families, friends and colleagues. Their kidnapping last year, while on a UN Mission in Africa, reminds us all of the dangers foreign service personnel face while serving Canada and the international community.

We are grateful to all those who undertook the delicate task of putting in place the necessary arrangements for their release. For the readers of **bout**, many of whom are required to live in places where kidnappings and other forms of violence and criminal activity are common, it is reassuring that the necessary can be and was done to secure Louis' and Bob's safe release. **bout** thanks those involved.

In this issue of **bout** we have several articles looking at the time that has been called the "Golden Age" of Canadian diplomacy. The articles look at the 1950s from very different perspectives and different ends of the proverbial telescope.

We are very fortunate to provide an extract from Andrew Cohen's book *Lester B. Pearson*. It is an excerpt from Chapter Five, entitled "Canada's Boy Wonder," which covers some of Pearson's career during the 1940s and 1950s when he was first Under-Secretary of External Affairs, and then Secretary of State for External Affairs.

In "From the Archives," Hector Mackenzie has found an April 1953 letter written by Doug Le Pan, then serving in the Embassy in Washington, to Escott Reid, Canada's High Commissioner to India, turning down the latter's request that he move to New Delhi. It is a well-written letter, a joy to read, and full of gossip about postings.

Former Ambassador Michael Shenstone provides a new officer's perspective by sharing with us a letter he wrote to his parents in September 1952 recounting his first week in the foreign service. Among his early discoveries was that he was expected to write a Letter of Instruction to the new Canadian Ambassador in The Hague and that this was to be done by cribbing wholesale from old Letters of Instruction. Some things do not change.

Robert Burchill recounts the story of his almost frustrated attempt to join the foreign service in 1963, the result of over-suspicious security officials turning a distant mole hill into a near mountain, placing a large obstacle to his entry. Fortunately for those of us who have had the pleasure of working with Robert, saner heads possessing common sense and influence, prevailed.

We sadly bid adieu to three colleagues in the "In Memoriam" section. Dwight Fulford had a long interest in foreign affairs before, during and after his career. In addition, he was a fine gentleman, full of human decency.

Arthur Frederick Broadbridge served Canada first during the Second World War, then joined the foreign service in 1949. He too saw the golden age of Canadian diplomacy as a young officer.

We also say goodbye to Witold Weynerowski, who joined External in the 1960s. He was a dynamic officer who left lasting impressions on those around him.

Roger Lucy provides us with a look at a "special relationship" where a former colony eventually overshadows the mother country. It is the story of Venice and Constantinople, and is full of interesting details and the twists and turns of a complex relationship.

Shifting time frames, Terry Jones has written a poem reflecting on his experience in Washington, D.C. on the day President Obama was inaugurated.

In this issue we have two book reviews. The first by Patricia Marsden Dole of Terry Keenleyside's book *Missing the Bus: Making the Connection*, a collection of 39 short stories.

Gar Pardy has reviewed Thomas Ricks' book *The Gamble: General David Petraeus and the American Military Adventure in Iraq* which covers the change to American strategy instituted by the General.

We close the issue with another of A Aalto's puzzles which challenges us to solve it with cryptic clues.



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Prose, not Poetry

*Scholars and others may debate whether or not there was a "golden age of Canadian diplomacy" but there is little doubt that Canadian diplomats of the 1940s and 1950s were distinguished not only by the quality of their despatches and memoranda but also by their literary output. Both the author and the recipient of the letter reprinted below were eloquent stylists in their official communications (however difficult it may be to grasp such a concept) as well as in their published works. Le Pan had already published one volume of poetry, *The Wounded Prince*, and another would follow in the same year as this letter was written, *The Net and the Sword*. Le Pan left the diplomatic service in 1959 to teach at Queen's University and then at the University of Toronto. Further volumes of poetry, a novel (*The Deserter*) and a memoir, *Bright Glass of Memory*, followed his departure from the Department of External Affairs. Remarkably, Le Pan won the*

*Governor-General's Awards — for Poetry (1953) and for Fiction (1964), a rare accomplishment shared with Michael Ondaatje — and George Bowering. As for Escott Reid, his considerable output of scholarly commentary preceded and followed his diplomatic career — along with several volumes of history and memoirs which he wrote after his retirement, culminating in an autobiography, *Radical Mandarin*.*

The letter reproduced below provides an example of a different form of literary expression, private gossip, in which both correspondents (and many of their diplomatic colleagues) delighted. Unfortunately, the letter from Reid to which Le Pan refers and responds was not found on this file (in the Escott Reid Papers [MG31 E46], volume 34, folder "Le Pan, Doug V. (3) 1951-1968" at Library and Archives Canada).

Hector Mackenzie

CANADIAN EMBASSY / AMBASSADE DU CANADA

Personal

Washington, D.C.

Secret

April 11, 1953.

Escott Reid, Esquire,
High Commissioner for Canada,
New Delhi, India.

My dear Escott,

I was very pleased to get your letter of the 18th of March and touched by the proposal it contained. Let me deal with that straight away. But in order to explain why I am afraid it is impossible, I will have to mention a number of things which are not yet widely known and which I would be grateful if you would not pass on to anyone, except possibly Ruth.

As you will have guessed, a great number of question marks have hung over the future of the personnel in this office. At last they are being removed.

Earlier this week Hume [Wrong, Ambassador to the United States] spent the evening with Mike [Pearson, Secretary of State for External Affairs] in New York; and the Minister made it clear — and I gather in a very warm and generous way — that he wanted Hume to take over as Under-Secretary within the next few months. It has been arranged that George [Ignatieff, Counsellor, Canadian Embassy in Washington] is to leave before the summer is out. In addition, you may have heard that when Mr. [C. D.] Howe [Minister of Trade and Commerce] made his trip to South America in January, he conceived the lowest possible opinion of our representatives in Latin American capitals and, in particular, insisted that Ef [Ephraim Herbert] Coleman [Ambassador to Brazil, appointed in 1948 and recalled in 1953] should be replaced without delay. It has been arranged that Sid [Sydney David] Pierce is to become Ambassador in Rio within the next few months [Pierce was appointed 6 July 1953 and presented his credentials on 27 October 1953]. Finally, John English

is leaving at the end of this month to replace George Heasman [who had been appointed as Ambassador to Indonesia] as Director of the Foreign Trade Service in Ottawa. You will see that, with all these changes to take place in the immediate future, there really is no possibility, I am afraid, of Dana [Wilgress, Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs, subsequently Ambassador and Permanent Representative of Canada to the North Atlantic Council] agreeing that I should be moved to Delhi [In fact, Le Pan remained in Washington as Counsellor, then was promoted to Minister-Counsellor there in December 1953].

Since I have already waded so deep in confidential information about personnel changes, I should perhaps add that no action seems yet to have been taken on the new Head for this Mission. Both Dana and Arnold [Heeney, then Ambassador and Permanent Representative of Canada to the North Atlantic Council; his appointment as Ambassador to the United States was announced on 27 May 1953 and he presented his credentials on 3 August 1953] are in the running, I believe; but others from outside the Service have also been considered – among them, I gather Ross MacDonald, the present Speaker of the House of Commons. There is also just an outside chance that Jean Désy [then Ambassador to Italy; appointed Ambassador to France on 17 December 1953] may get the post. He is campaigning hard for it, and his efforts can never be underrated.

I am very pleased that you and Ruth are liking Delhi so well – as I felt sure you would. I read with the greatest interest and admiration your long and fascinating account of your trip through the villages of Uttar Pradesh. Nowadays I approach any document of that length with reluctance – a sign of advancing years, I am afraid! – but I found your narrative and comments more than rewarding. I was also interested in your recent report of your farewell talk with Chester Bowles [Ambassador of the United States to India and Nepal, 1951–53]. His suggestion to [Jawaharlal] Nehru [Prime Minister of India] that India might consider announcing a Monroe Doctrine for some of the countries in South and South East Asia seems to me one of the very few novel and yet imaginatively sound proposals that I have heard of for many a long day.

Sally, I know, would want me to send her love to you and Ruth. Remember us, too, please to Morna and to Timmy as well, if he is in Delhi. I confess that I forget which of your children you have with you.

For your own ear I might let you know that, when I was in Ottawa in September before leaving for the various Commonwealth Economic meetings, I was sounded out on going as High Commissioner to Colombo. For one reason and another – and also because the proposal was never formally advanced – I decided not to show any very lively interest. But now that I see who has been appointed [James Joseph Hurley was appointed as Canada's first High Commissioner to Ceylon on 19 February 1953 and he presented his credentials on 20 August 1953; his previous posting had been as Consul General in Detroit], I must confess that I feel rather ashamed of myself.

I do hope that we will see each other before too long; and I am sorry that your very attractive suggestion hardly seems to be a starter.

I wonder whether I ever gave you in Ottawa the names of a few of my friends in Delhi. I am sure that you would like P.C. Bhattacharya, of the Department of Finance [Secretary of the Department of Finance, later Chairman and then Governor of the State Bank of India], who, among other things, is chairman of the committee on economic development on which the United States and – I think – ourselves, are represented. I also commend to you K.G. Ambegaonkar, of the Ministry of Finance [later its Secretary], and Narayan Prasad, of the Reserve Bank of India. I can't honestly say that I know [Sir Chintaman Dwarakanath] Deshmukh [Minister of Finance]; but I have seen a good deal of him and have the highest admiration for him. I am sure you would find him well worth getting to know. In addition, as you know, to being a past Governor of the Reserve Bank [the first Indian to hold that post during British colonial rule], he is also a very considerable botanist and Sanscrit scholar, and all in all, a man of great charm and cultivation.

Do write again when you have time.

Affectionately,
Doug ☺

What I Saw

by Terry Jones

*Terry Jones has contributed poems to **bout** over many years. After 36 fascinating years in the foreign service, many of them spent in Africa or on African issues, he is currently on posting in Victoria, BC, Foreign Affairs' retirement lotus land.*

Like countless others, I watched Obama's
Inauguration. I did so, even
As my mind remembered Tanzania,
A presidential function there too, and
A remark made to me by the Cabinet
Secretary about Canada's just held
Elections. "We followed Canadian
Developments very closely," he said.
"And what results! The Government reduced
To two seats." He shook his head, incredulous.
"Just two seats," pause, "and nothing happened."
Of course I knew what he meant. No coup, no
Popular unrest, riots in the streets,
Just orderly, peaceful, transfer of power,
So ordinary, so Canadian,
So essential to a democracy.

In Washington, I too marveled at the
Multitudes thronging the Mall; delighted
In Aretha's performance; chuckled at
The balance of artistry and race
In the fine piano quartet;
Savored the irony of an oath bungled
By a Chief Justice originally
Opposed by now President Obama.
Like Malia, I thought Obama's speech
"was pretty good," a speech for the times.

Everything, or nearly, went off as planned.
And so did George Bush. Never mind that he
Was hated by some, disliked by many,
He worked towards a smooth transition.
After the pomp, ceremonies, music,
The new President and his consort walked
Citizens George and Laura to their plane.
A brief farewell and then the Bushes left
The last duty to the nation fulfilled,
An orderly, peaceful transfer of power.



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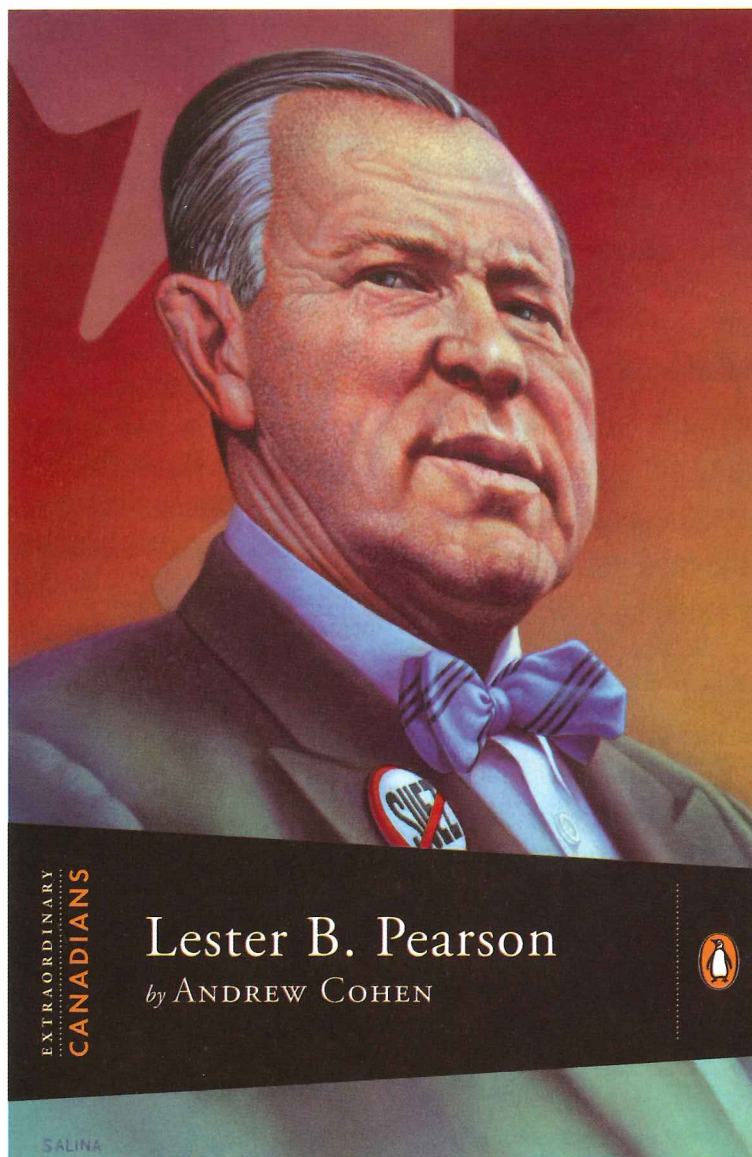
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Lester B. Pearson

Extract from Andrew Cohen's *Lester B. Pearson* (Toronto: Penguin Canada, 2008)
taken from chapter five, "Canada's Boy Wonder"

In the spring of 1947, the year after Mike Pearson returned from his glorious American summer, he turned 50. There is no suggestion that he suffered a mid-life crisis — if such an identifiable state of mind existed before the pop culture era — or had any doubt about his progress at a half-century. Then again, his life was full. While he always insisted he had no grand design — no consuming desire to build skyscrapers, cure cancer, or become prime minister — things were unfolding purposefully.



Andrew Cohen is a professor of journalism and international affairs at Carleton University in Ottawa.

We thank the publisher Penguin Group Canada for their permission to reprint from Mr. Cohen's book.

By any measure, his two score and ten were successful. He had gone to war and survived it, he had tried business and left it, he had studied at Oxford and loved it, he had taught history and lived it. He had married and raised two adoring children to adulthood. Unlike other extraordinary lives, he always had choices, and each time he chose wisely. Connections helped. Judgment and timing did too. In 1928, he wisely traded a seat in the Ivy Tower for one by the Peace Tower; later on, instead of serving in Japan in the 1930s or Brazil in the 1940s, he went to London and Washington as the locus of power shifted from the old world to the new. At just the right moment, he had joined a legion of Renaissance men who believed that Canada could make a difference in the world, recognizing, as Shakespeare put it, that “tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.” Surely it did for him. Pearson rose in the Department of External Affairs until he came to run it. In his memoir, he explained that he had advanced without outside influence or wealth: “I had done it by hard work and long hours, by making it evident that I was available for whatever was to be done; by welcoming every opportunity for new and more responsible duties; and by accumulating all the experience possible in all the varied aspects of my profession.” Now, after nineteen years of late nights and lost summers, the first secretary was undersecretary. He was the High Priest. Lord knows, he’d earned it.

He had become the indispensable man in that travelling carnival of conclaves of the 1940s. When the Allies began planning the peace, he was the face of Canada, recognized and applauded everywhere.

He had become the indispensable man in that travelling carnival of conclaves of the 1940s. When the Allies began planning the peace, he was the face of Canada, recognized and applauded everywhere. A profile in *Macleans* in 1944 typified the adoring press notices, cooing that Pearson had “a finely-trained mind, a solid-built rock-ribbed physique ... and almost boundless energy” making him, as a diplomat, one of Canada’s very best.” He was disarming, funny, boyish, a regular guy who chopped wood, played tennis, and defiantly wore short sleeves among the stuffed shirts of the staid diplomatic world. It’s hard to find a discouraging word about him in those days. Pearson liked

reporters and they liked him. He was one of the most popular and accessible sources, happy to share selective information with journalists such as Bruce Hutchison, Grant Dexter, and Blair Fraser. “Maybe that’s one of the reasons we like him — he trusts us,” wrote Fraser in 1951. They returned the favour with valentines in pink envelopes marked “Dynamic Diplomat” and “Canada’s ‘Boy Wonder.’ ”



Whenever Pearson’s work was celebrated in these years — that glorious season from the early 1940s until the late 1950s called “the golden age of Canadian diplomacy” — Canada was celebrated too. He was representing a country that had broken with the isolationism of the 1920s and 1930s and embraced a spirited internationalism. This was no small thing for a thinly populated, parochial nation with a colonial mentality. For Canadians, it was a dramatic new way of seeing themselves beyond their shores.



Well before Pearson came back to Canada in October 1946 to run the Department of External Affairs, there was talk that he would enter politics. Mackenzie King had raised the prospect with him during a carriage ride through the Bois de Boulogne in Paris the summer before. King thought highly of Pearson (“very modest, unassuming. He is going to be valuable to Robertson,” he told his diary in 1941) and imagined him as prime minister one day. Pearson wasn’t interested. Serving in King’s cabinet was impossible for him. It wasn’t just that King was a fussbudget, self-absorbed, and excessively cautious; their views of the world were different. His adventurism worried King, who told his diary in 1948: “The truth is our country has no business trying to play a world role in the affairs of nations, the very locations of some of which our people know little or nothing about. So far as External Affairs is concerned, they have been allowed to run far too much on Pearson’s sole say-so, and Pearson himself [has been] moved far too much by the kind of influences that are brought to bear upon him. He is young, idealistic, etc. but has not responsibility.”

One reason that Pearson agreed to leave Washington for Ottawa — he anticipated going on to London as High Commissioner, which would have taken his career in another direction — was that Louis St. Laurent was succeeding King at External Affairs. Pearson revered St. Laurent (“I have known no finer gentleman, or one who had a greater sense of public duty”). It meant, as

his deputy, that Pearson was free to pursue a muscular foreign policy. He knew, even as King balked at his rashness and dismissed his belief in “the parliament of man,” that he could rely on the support of his minister. It was, as Pearson notes, a perfect relationship. Pearson offered St. Laurent loyalty; St Laurent offered Pearson latitude.

Pearson revered St. Laurent (“I have known no finer gentleman, or one who had a greater sense of public duty”). It meant, as his deputy, that Pearson was free to pursue a muscular foreign policy.

So, in 1948, when Pearson wondered how the West would respond to Soviet aggression, he wasn’t inhibited by King’s conservatism. The Soviets had invaded Czechoslovakia in February, and Pearson doubted that the United Nations could respond. He saw the necessity of a regional organization that would marshal the moral, economic, diplomatic, and military power of the West against communism. The first expression of this idea as government policy came in a speech by Louis St. Laurent on April 29. He told the House of Commons that “the organization of collective defence ... is the most effective guarantee of peace.” Without sacrificing “the universality of the United Nations,” he proposed that the free nations of the world form their own association of collective defence, under Article 51 of the UN Charter. Creating such an organization, he said, would not be “a counsel of despair but a message of hope.” Pearson had written the speech.

Whether Canada was the first nation to propose the North Atlantic alliance, as some suggest, or not, Pearson believed absolutely in the idea and pursued it vigorously. Yet he thought of NATO as a short-term solution — not a second United Nations — which would fade away as it became unnecessary. Of course, it didn’t. At the same time, he was passionately committed to Article 2, which Canada proposed in order to make the organization an economic, social, and political alliance. Dean Acheson called this idea “typical Canadian moralizing.” That NATO didn’t become the Atlantic community that he had envisioned was a disappointment to Pearson. Yet NATO was a seminal achievement, and it owed much to Pearson, as well as to Escott Reid, Norman Robertson, and

Hume Wrong. It was no surprise that Pearson was asked to be NATO’s first Secretary-General. Although he declined, he felt that NATO was his greatest achievement in foreign affairs. “It was not the most exciting thing with which I was associated, nor the most dramatic,” he told a friend. “It was not even the most *immediately* important thing. But in the long run I think it was the most important.”

There would be challenges aplenty for Pearson in those stirring years. In the spring of 1947, for example, he watched as the United Nations agonized in a special session over the future of Palestine. The British were withdrawing, leaving the problem to the United Nations. As one of the newly elected non-permanent members of the Security Council, Canada was appointed to the special committee of the General Assembly to decide Palestine’s fate. Ultimately, it sided with the majority, which proposed the partition of the territory into Jewish and Arab states, with an economic union and a demilitarized Jerusalem. Pearson proposed a four-nation working group, which eventually drafted the terms that produced the State of Israel on May 14, 1948. He was chosen to be its chair, Geoffrey Pearson says, because he was a civil servant, was seen as impartial, knew the United Nations, and because “they needed a chairman and he was available.” But while he knew the land and its history, Pearson was not a committed Zionist. Contrary to what some suggest, he wasn’t predisposed to a Jewish state. He was under more pressure from Jews than from Arabs, to be sure, but he was, as usual, a pragmatist. Pearson’s work was seen as pivotal, even as it was discouraged by Mackenzie King, who complained to his diary: “He [Pearson] likes keeping Canada at the head of everything, in the forefront in connection with UN affairs.” When Pearson embraced partition, he was denounced by the Arabs and called “Rabbi Pearson” by the Israelis. To his underlings at External Affairs, biographer John Beal notes, “he was ‘King of the Jews’ behind his back.”

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In the summer of 1948, Mackenzie King was succeeded by St. Laurent. This meant that Pearson would have to address the question King had put to him two years earlier: would he leave the civil service, where he had security, for elective office, which he could lose tomorrow? "I was now faced with the most difficult decision that I had ever had to make," Pearson recalled. Actually, it wasn't *that* difficult. He had risen as far as he could in the department and he knew that the real decisions were made by ministers, not public servants. Moreover, the personal risk was minimal. The party had promised to find him a safe seat, and the government was likely to be returned with a majority. In the unlikely event that the Liberals should win and Pearson should lose, St. Laurent could reappoint him to the public service, as King suggested he would. If all went according to plan, as it always did in those days in Liberal Canada, Pearson would follow the example of St. Laurent, who had been recruited by King in 1941, named minister of justice, and had then found a seat in Parliament.

Once again, the stars were aligned for Pearson. As minister, he would be running the department he knew inside out, he would be joining a majority government in the least partisan of portfolios, and he would have the confidence of the prime minister. And if it went terribly wrong for him at home, the supernova who had been courted for the top jobs at NATO and the United Nations would not be looking for work for long; in 1947, he had turned down a lucrative offer to become president of the Rockefeller Foundation in New York. Risk? What risk? Once again, in what would have been a perilous passage for others, the ever-buoyant Mike Pearson was kissed by the winds of fortune.

Of course, there was the little matter of being elected. His biggest opposition here was Maryon, who disliked politics. Another worry was money, should he be defeated one day. But Maryon was persuaded, and the faithful Walter Gordon and other anonymous donors established a "modest" trust fund of \$100,000 in Maryon's name to supplement their income. Now all Pearson needed was a riding. No problem there; it would be Algoma East in northwestern Ontario, a party stronghold. The sitting member would be made a senator, a by-election would be called, Pearson would be nominated and elected. And so he was, even if the Liberals had to pull out an electoral map of Ontario to show their cosmopolitan carpetbagger his new constituency.



When Pearson became secretary of state for external affairs on September 10, 1948, six weeks before his election to Parliament, he inherited a foreign service that was much bigger than the one he had entered twenty years earlier. In 1939, the department had just six legations employing sixteen officers; in 1948, there were forty-four legations (including the United Nations in New York and Geneva) employing some 216 officers, with many more staff at home. The growth of the department reflected a growth of responsibility. This was no longer a diffident diplomacy for a country content to say nothing; it was a diplomatic service for a country that wanted to show up and speak up. At a time the government was cutting back other departments, External Affairs was expanding, a commitment that seems to be forgotten today as the department again absorbs budget cuts in a country throwing off huge annual surpluses. "His country's foreign policy is largely Pearson-inspired," remarked the *Montreal Standard* on November 13, 1948. That was largely true. Now the department would be Pearson-presided. He was choreographer, director, and producer.

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For the next nine years, until the Liberals lost power in 1957, this would be Pearson's show. So significant was his contribution in this decade that even had he never become prime minister, his life would still have been considered an unquestionable success. Diplomacy would have been his monument. It was here, in the 1950s, that his star shone brightest. As chair of international bodies, including president of the UN General Assembly in 1952–53, he was swept into the eddies and whirlpools of international crises and asked to find a way out. It was here, in one maelstrom after another, that he developed what became known as Pearsonian Diplomacy.

Distilling events, we see how Pearson used agility, imagination, patience, and empathy — all qualities of the diplomat that he had in great supply — to cool tensions and advance peace. As the world split between East and West, as decolonization

dismantled old empires and the United States displaced Great Britain, there was a call for cool heads and experienced hands. Pearson had both. In the establishment of NATO, he ensured that Canada was the first, or among the first, to give voice to a regional pact. When the twelve member states gathered in Washington to sign the North Atlantic Treaty on April 4, 1949, they established an alliance that would help to keep the peace in a divided Europe during the Cold War. NATO would be among many roles Canada had in a starring season on the world stage, as the country contributed in big ways and small to the world's institutional architecture.

The British Commonwealth of Nations, which grew out of the British Empire, twice engaged the attentions of Pearson early in his tenure as minister. The first time was in 1949, when India, having won its independence two years earlier, decided to become a republic. The question was whether, no longer having any link to the monarchy, India could remain in the Commonwealth. Australia and New Zealand balked; Canada sought a compromise. A Commonwealth heads of government meeting was called for London in April 1949. With an election to be held that June, Louis St. Laurent declined to go and sent Pearson in his place. He was the senior spokesman for Canada, the senior member of the Commonwealth. The meeting lasted six days. Once again, Pearson helped broker a compromise that led to a change he called "one of the most important landmarks in the history of the Commonwealth." India would recognize the role of the monarchy in the Commonwealth, but not in India itself; it would have no king. Because of the change, the Commonwealth reconstituted itself, admitting new members from Africa and Asia and becoming a multilateral, multiracial organization.

Pearson faced a second momentous decision in the Commonwealth the next year. The occasion was a meeting of the foreign ministers in Colombo, the capital of Ceylon (now Sri Lanka), which took place in January 1950. The foreign ministers met for a fortnight and committed their countries to help the peoples of the southern hemisphere lift themselves out of poverty. The Colombo Plan, as it was called, was the world's first aid program for the developing world. Pearson was sympathetic but unenthusiastic, as was St. Laurent. Giving away money was a new concept to a pinched Canada in 1950, poorer, relatively, than it is today. Pearson also worried about the effectiveness of the plan and whether Canada could afford it, being the only non-sterling nation. But just as NATO was a bulwark against communism in Europe, economic development, in Pearson's view, was a bulwark against communism in

Asia. And as the process gained momentum, his enthusiasm grew. Escott Reid, an early supporter, recalls how Pearson struggled, almost single-handedly, to persuade his colleagues, including St. Laurent, that foreign aid was the future. Cabinet met six times to discuss the question. The meetings, recalled Douglas LePan, Pearson's economic adviser, were "difficult and contentious," some of them "stormy in the extreme." On February 15, 1951, Pearson announced that the government had agreed to commit \$25 million (U.S.) a year for six years. Reid called it the most revolutionary of changes in Canada's foreign policy, an aid program driven by little more than anti-communism and an idea of a multiracial Commonwealth. Yet Colombo marked the beginning of Canada's program of international assistance, which would, for a period, make it social worker to the world.

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Six months after Pearson returned from Colombo, fighting broke out in Korea. The expectation in 1950 was that war would come in Europe, not in Asia, and it underscored the necessity, said Pearson, of assuring the peoples of the East of "our interest, our sympathy and our support." Economic development would take time. Meanwhile, Pearson worried about the escalating tensions on the Korean peninsula — actually the first conflict of the Cold War — which threatened to bring the United States on to the battlefield against China. When the Communists crossed the thirty-eighth parallel and entered South Korea on June 25, Pearson thought it was a civil war. He didn't expect the United States to intervene, and he didn't see Korea as a question of collective security. But when the United States announced on June 27 that it would send forces to Korea, and the Security Council asked the members of the United Nations to help "restore international peace and security to the area," Pearson agreed. When the resolution was passed, the Soviets were out of the room, so there was reason to doubt the spirit of collective security. But once the United Nations was involved, Pearson instinctively thought Canada should be too. For him, it was critical for this to be a collective police action under the authority of the United Nations, which Geoffrey Pearson called "the leitmotif of Canadian policy in the months ahead."

As its contribution to the proposed UN force, Canada offered transport planes and three destroyers. Pearson worried that this would be an American force, and made the first of his entreaties to Washington — which would define his effort there — to accept a “UN commander” and the concept of “UN forces.” It refused, and placed the force under the command of General Douglas MacArthur. Because the Canadian Army numbered only about twenty thousand at the time, Canada had limited resources to offer after Britain, Australia, and New Zealand said they would send troops. Pearson suggested establishing a volunteer brigade, inviting member states to earmark a part of their military for the United Nations. Eventually, Canada did this, joined by a few others. Over the next three years, Canada sent 26,791 soldiers to Korea and suffered 516 deaths.

The war was becoming dangerous. Having made a spectacular landing at Inchon in September, MacArthur had pushed the North Koreans over the thirty-eighth parallel and was driving toward the Yalu River, which separated Korea from Manchuria. The South Koreans and Americans crossed in October, the Chinese counter-attacked and repulsed them. Pearson feared that if there were a war with the Chinese, the Korea mission would no longer be an exercise in collective security. As Pearson and others saw it, there was a division between the military ends pursued by MacArthur and the political ends espoused by Washington, which was unable or unwilling to control him. In November, MacArthur had launched an assault “to end the war,” which brought a Chinese response, ending in a stalemate on the thirty-eighth parallel that lasted until the armistice in July 1953. As Canadian forces were arriving in mid-December, tensions were rising. “Apocalypse was in the air,” said Geoffrey Pearson.

The only response, Pearson thought, was to try to bring the war to an end. In December he was asked to serve with representatives of India and Iran on a three-member ceasefire committee established by the General Assembly. They agreed on principles for a ceasefire and hoped to bring along China, but then the Americans introduced a resolution in the General Assembly in early 1951 that called the Chinese the “aggressor.” Pearson’s response shows his deft diplomacy. He agreed with the sentiments — the *Chinese* were aggressors to him — but worried that the impact of the resolution would be to make the Chinese even more intransigent. As political scientist Denis Stairs reminds us, he also did not believe in empty gestures. Posturing had its uses, but not here. When it came to voting on the resolution, which Pearson called “premature and

unwise,” he voted in favour. He did so reluctantly but artfully, to preserve his stature with the Americans, whose respect he would need in the future. The war went on for two more years, but the settlement looked much like what the commission had proposed. Along the way, Pearson mediated effectively but delicately between Dean Acheson and Krishna Menon on the repatriation of prisoners.

In 1952, Pearson was elected president of the Seventh Session of the General Assembly, with the support of 51 of 60 members. Neither his personal esteem nor the prestige of his office was enough to move the United States or the other side toward a settlement on Korea, but Pearson kept trying. He never broke with the United States, but he privately feared that MacArthur’s aggressiveness would trump Truman’s authority. His fears crystallized in a highly publicized speech he gave in Toronto on April 10, 1951, in which he warned that the United Nations must not be a servant of the United States and that Washington was not beyond criticism. “It would also help if the United States took more notice of what we do and, indeed, occasionally, of what we say.” Then, memorably, he added: “The days of relatively easy and automatic political relations with our neighbour are, I think, over.” They were, and Korea was the first rupture.

In 1952, Pearson was elected president of the Seventh Session of the General Assembly, with the support of 51 of 60 members.

It is easy to say, as some historians do, that Canada sided too quickly with the United States, did its bidding too often, wasn’t independent enough. But Pearson worried greatly about American excesses as the world’s lone atomic power and tried to contain them. He was so persistently skeptical of the Americans that his attitude strained his friendship with Acheson, who came to dismiss those “moralizing, interfering Canadians.” Acheson never forgave Pearson. Pulling the tail of the eagle was always risky — but Canada was respected and so was Pearson. It is no shame, and some praise, to call his modus operandi “the diplomacy of constraint.” In Korea, his foremost impulse was to moderate American power. In doing so — prodding, pushing, petitioning — he became the image of Canada as broker and fixer. ☺

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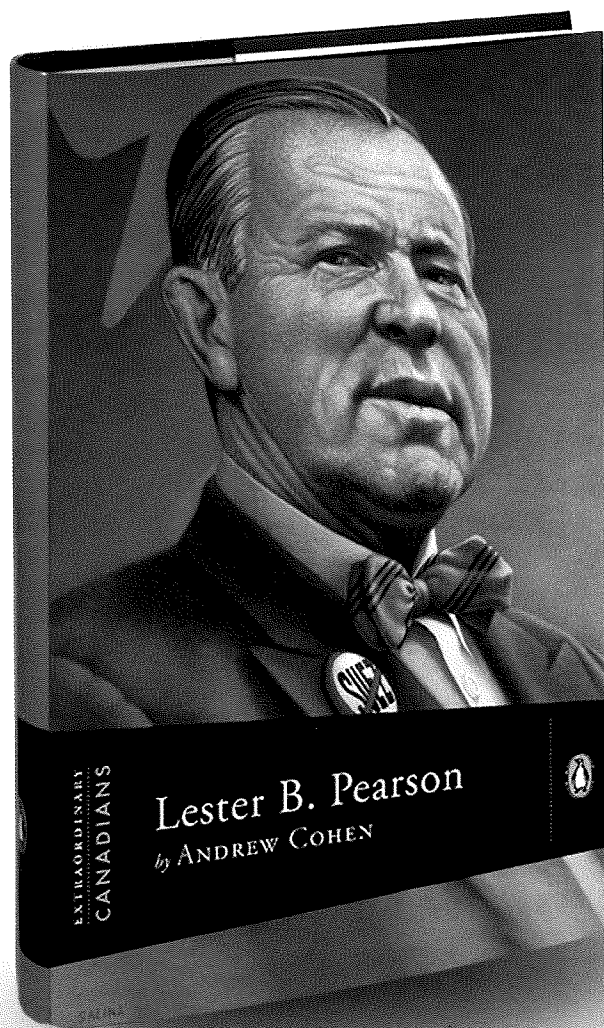
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Missing the Bus: Making the Connection

Reviewed by Patricia Marsden Dole

The Gamble: General David Petraeus and the American Military Adventure in Iraq, 2006–2008

Reviewed by Gar Pardy

MISSING THE BUS: MAKING THE CONNECTION, by Terry A. Keenleyside, Penumbra Press, Ottawa, 2009, 200 pp, \$24.95.

Patricia Marsden-Dole was the first woman to join the Trade Commissioner Service in 1969. She retired in 2003 having spent 23 years serving abroad in India, Europe, Africa, Australia, and the US. Her last posting as Ambassador to Portugal challenged her to renew Canada's historic relationship with Portugal following the "1995 Fish War." In 2007 she completed a Master of Arts in Inter-religious Dialogue and is now working on a doctoral programme. She is happily married to Paul Dole with two adult sons living in Toronto. She has been a member of the directing group of the Retired Heads of Mission Association since 2007.

As student, journalist, Canadian diplomat, and academic sabbaticant, our former colleague and now professor emeritus, Terry Keenleyside, tells us about connections with characters, humour, smells and tastes that compose memorable moments for him and his family as they discovered the world. The reader travels back and forth across the years and the continents catching up with the King of Thailand in his throne room; Princess Imaterinsky in the Alpes Maritimes; Klaus Matthes on a photography shoot on the subject of love in Bangkok; Father O'Leary in the Victorian parlour of his country parish in County Clare, Ireland; Sepp, the Austrian trade commissioner, on the Wadi Rum-to-Agaba caravan route, etc. What makes this book different and special is the inclusion of 31 recipes that he enjoyed as he and his wife, Dot, travelled the world with their three children. As he says, local foods were, and still are, condiments that

flavour the memories of his connections with exotic people and places.

Terry Keenleyside obtained his first degree in political science and economics at the University of Toronto. He then worked briefly at the *Toronto Daily Star* before going off to complete a Ph.D. in international relations at the University of London in the UK. It was here that he encountered over a game of Diplomacy with Indian students his first "foreign" food; i.e. curries that, as he recalls, "tore his throat to shreds." His next step was the Canadian Foreign Service with postings in Ottawa, at the UN in New York, in Thailand, and then Indonesia, before taking a teaching post in international relations and Canadian politics at the University of Windsor, where he is now an emeritus, having completed 40 journal articles and chapters in books. The professorship gave him additional great opportunities for sabbaticals and travel, which he enjoyed with Dot and their children Deb, Karen and Tim. Terry and Dot now live in Toronto.

The 39 short stories go back and forth in time and are arranged according to five movements that open a rich experience for travellers and readers: linking with the culture; linking with the people; dealing with unexpected yet creative threats such as pickpockets; recovering from missed connections of the transport and/or people kind; and finally, what Terry calls "natural highs," when everything seems right with the world.

Every chapter brings alive quirky encounters that have a quiet way of reminding readers to look out for the same in their own lives. The characters are often associated with awkward moments when a good meal or even humble but unique snack will set the world aright once again. The author advises readers that, based on dining experiences in 20 of the 50 countries that he and his family have visited, one should precede

the meal with a significant outing to scout out the heart of the community — back alleys and all. Such a walk, he counselled his son, should prepare the nose and taste buds with wafts of both savoury and unsavoury smells, and should include conversations with the locals.

The book has just been published by Penumbra Press of Ottawa and is available from www.penumbrapress.com for \$24.95.

THE GAMBLE: GENERAL DAVID PETRAEUS AND THE AMERICAN MILITARY ADVENTURE IN IRAQ, 2006–2008, by Thomas E. Ricks, The Penguin Press, New York, 2009, 394 pp, \$31.00.

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.

Books dealing with military strategy or even military tactics are usually the work of retired generals who, in the softly glowing afterlife from the battlefields, update the records and correct historical judgments. These form their own literary genre and library shelves groan from their weight and importance.

Even the ancient Rigveda, without dates, documents the military strategy employed in the Battle of the Ten Kings in today's Punjab.

Innumerable writers ever since have added to the tradition and their views, ranging from Sun Tzu to Caesar to Mahan to Clausewitz, continue to influence those charged with the most important of state functions. All too often the old aphorism "generals are always fighting the last war" has greater currency than warfare requires. Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, even after

the disastrous Battle of the Somme, continued for years to emphasize the value of the horse.

It is not surprising in the age of 24-hour news and the interconnectivity of global security, that waiting for such “afterlives” is not tolerable and there is a need for greater instance. Nowhere is that needed more than in Iraq and now in Afghanistan. Much has been written about the errors of American military strategy in the first phase of the Iraq war. Thomas Ricks, the Pentagon correspondent for the *Washington Post*, in an earlier book (*Fiasco: The American Military Adventure in Iraq*) had much to say on the matter. Now in his new book *The Gamble*, he returns, starting when the fiasco was at its most profound.

In his opening paragraph “Things Fall Apart (Fall 2005),” Ricks details the killing of Iraqi civilians by American Marines in Haditha; and out of that disaster he creates the point around which the book revolves. It is Ricks’ conviction that the disaster at Haditha was a product of American strategy and assumptions underpinning the war, and forced serious generals and commentators to accept that they were on the road to perdition unless changes were made. Ricks writes:

“What happened that day in Haditha was the disturbing but logical culmination of the shortsighted and misguided approach the U.S. Military took in invading and occupying Iraq from 2003 to 2006: Protect yourself at all costs, focus on attacking the enemy, and treat the Iraqi civilians as the playing field on which the contest occurs.”

He goes on quoting in part a counter-insurgency expert:

“Marines were ‘chasing the insurgents around the Euphrates Valley while leaving the population unguarded and exposed to insurgent terrorism and coercion.’ This bankrupt approach was rooted in the dominant American military tradition that tends to view war only as battles between conventional forces of different states. The American tradition also tends to neglect the

lesson, learned repeatedly in dozens of twentieth century wars, that the way to defeat an insurgency campaign is not to attack the enemy but instead to protect and win over the people.”

These quotes from *The Gamble* provide the central thesis of the book. For the remaining pages, Ricks recounts the story in great detail of how a few retired generals and specifically General David Petraeus took on the daunting task of changing the political assumptions underpinning the American invasion and rewriting the American military orthodoxy on how to fight counterinsurgency wars. The retired generals, some of whom had served in Iraq, were the sparks that began the legitimization of the questioning of the ideologues around President Bush, including Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld. Ricks, in detailing these sparks, demonstrates that the existing uniformed leadership of the military were clearly out of their depth and unprepared to counter the paucity of knowledge and sagacity among the ideologues who formed the civilian leadership and directed the war.

The media offensive by retired officers began in March 2006 and was initially ignored or downplayed by the civilian leadership. Rumsfeld and the President were the rocks against which the criticism deflected. Both were intensely and ideologically wedded to the existing approach and were incapable of recognizing that they were swimming in a whirlpool. In one telling anecdote by a participant in a meeting with the President, Ricks reports:

“The president would say, ‘Get this done,’ and leave the room,” he recalled.

“And then Rumsfeld would start squabbling with Condi — ‘We’re not gonna secure your PRT!’ — a reference to the State Department-led Provincial Reconstruction Teams that were at the heart of the strategy of rebuilding the economy of Iraq from the bottom up in order to improve security and so eventually reduce the American military presence. His [the participant] thought on Rumsfeld at that point, he said, was,

‘Well, you fucking idiot, that’s your ticket out of Iraq.’ ”

As for the President when asked about Rumsfeld, he gave his standard Brownian response, “He’s doing a fine job.” He then picks up on another of his own psychological crutches, “... I’m the decider, and I decide what is best. And what’s best is for Don Rumsfeld to remain as the secretary of defense.” Ricks’ comment is that Rumsfeld lasted another seven months in office but does not mention it was not his discredited strategy that ended his time in office but the Republican disaster in the 2006 Congressional elections.

The bulk of Ricks’ book details the work General Petraeus directed in rewriting American military doctrine in counterinsurgency wars and his assumption of command of American forces in Iraq. Earlier, Petraeus was commander of the 101st Airborne in Iraq and later (after another tour in Iraq) was appointed commander of the American Command and General Staff College in Leavenworth, Kansas. It was not an assignment he welcomed, but “Under his command, Leavenworth would become the starting point for a new approach in the war that would involve making peace with the tribes of Iraq.”

Petraeus is frequently described as an “intellectual” and in the best tradition of the word, he surrounded himself with a rich brew of advisers.

Early in his Leavenworth command he convened a meeting not only of military officers “but also representatives from the CIA and the State Department, academics, human rights advocates, even a select group of high profile journalists.” As Ricks comments, “It was instantly clear that this wasn’t going to be the standard Army manual written by two tired majors laboring in a basement somewhere in Fort Leavenworth.” Ottawa’s recent efforts to craft foreign policy might take a page from Petraeus’ book.

Central to these advisors was a trio of outsiders who would normally not be allowed within sight of a manual rewriting exercise. First was a “quirky” Australian infantryman with a Ph.D. in the anthropology of Islamic extremism, Lt. Col. David Kilcullen, who had earlier

written an essay "Twenty-Eight Articles: Fundamentals of Company-Level Counterinsurgency." It was a breezy take-off on the "Twenty-Seven Articles" written by Lawrence of Arabia in 1917 on how to fight in the Middle East. A second outsider was Emma Sky, an antimilitary Brit with deep expertise and experience on the Middle East. The third was a Mennonite-educated Palestinian pacifist, Sadi Othman. They and numerous others who subscribed to Petraeus' approach fundamentally rewrote American counterinsurgency doctrine.

The new doctrine was published towards the end of 2006 and had "two striking aspects: It was both a devastating critique of the conduct of the Iraq war and an outline of the approach Petraeus might take there if ever given the chance. In political terms, it amounted to a party platform, the party in this case being the dissidents who thought the Army was on the path to defeat in Iraq if it didn't change its approach." It was all those things, but in its content it was largely an orthodox document reflecting the experience of others over the past 50 years in fighting insurgencies in all parts of the world. Its main points were:

- An operation that kills five insurgents is counter-productive if collateral damage leads to the recruitment of 50 more insurgents.
- If military forces remain in their compounds they lose touch with the people, appear to be running scared, and cede the initiative to the insurgents.
- Often insurgents carry out a terrorist act or guerrilla raid with the primary purpose of enticing counterinsurgents to overreact.

- Treat detainees professionally and publicize their treatment.
- At no time can soldiers and Marines detain family members or close associates to compel suspected insurgents to surrender or provide information.
- Have local forces mirror the enemy, not US Forces.
- Remember, small is beautiful.

The new doctrine found widespread support within the military leadership, largely due to endorsement by the new secretary of defense, Robert Gates, and the ultimate accolade of appointing Petraeus as the new American commander in Iraq and giving him responsibility for its implementation. The most public manifestation of these far-reaching changes was the debate about increasing American troop levels — the Surge — to support the change in strategy.

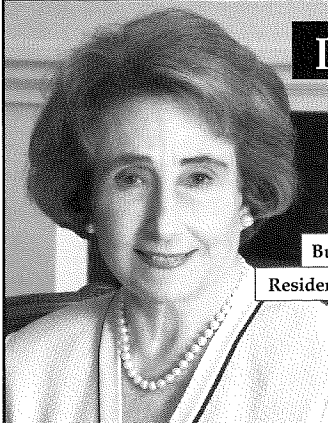
In large measure the changing of the strategy and increasing the crew were helped by a very significant development in Iraq that Ricks argues was very much an American initiative. The jury is still out on the origins of the initiative but there is no doubt that the decision by a majority of the Sunni tribes in Anbar province to switch sides and support the Americans was a fortitudinous stroke of circumstance. These changes in tribal affiliations as much as the changes in strategy led to the steep decline both in American casualties and the overall level of violence, and for the first time since the start of the war provided a large measure of hope for a better future.

The long-term significance of the Sunni tribal affiliation changes is unknown. However, what is known is that these tribes

which were central to Saddam's power were not inconsequential players and their, initially, self-imposed withdrawal from Iraqi politics was an aberration. Their decision to reengage was supported by millions of American dollars and the creation of the Awakening Councils and associated militias could be an event where the law of unintended consequence will have opportunity to flower. While the Shia-dominated government in Baghdad understands full well that these militias are a counter to their own, and while past confessional/ethnic negotiations were difficult, an army of over 100,000 Sunnis will ensure even greater difficulty in the future.

Ricks is completely right to end his book on a pessimistic note. American military strategy is important but only in a temporal sense. While the war to date can be classified as a counterinsurgency it does not presage the future course of events. Ricks' inventory of issues in Iraq — Moqtada al-Sadr, the well-armed Shia leader, the role of Iran, the Shia-dominated military, the Awakening militias, the Kurds — are more than enough to give the wise pause. In the words of a former American ambassador, "I think [what is going to happen in Iraq] is going to be determined much more by what happens from now on than what's happened up to now."

In this telling of the American war in Iraq very little is said about Afghanistan. However, the portents are already there. General Petraeus is now the commander of Central Command which includes Afghanistan; the Afghan insurgency is as intense today as the war in Iraq was in 2005–06 and the surge in additional troops (mainly American) is underway. There are signs that the war in Afghanistan will be waged on the basis of the recent experience in Iraq irrespective of the fit. Generals and the fighting of the last war is a syndrome that is not easily overcome. At this time (March 2009) there is no reason to believe Afghanistan will yield to even the temporary respite now evident in Iraq, based on a change in strategy and the increase in troops. Alexander, Kipling and, in the end the Russians, understood, but it will take a few more years for the Americans, NATO and Canadians to learn the bitter lesson again. ☹



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Dwight Fulford 1931–2009

From the start it was unlikely that Dwight would have a colourless or even conventional life. The environment in which he was born nudged him in other directions. Largely the creation of his paternal grandfather, George Taylor Fulford, the hugely successful manufacturer of “Pink Pills for Pale People” which sold widely across the world and especially in Asia. Fulford senior was also a friend of Sir Wilfred Laurier and a Liberal Senator. He never advertised it, but in an unguarded moment, Dwight admitted to friends that his godfather was Mackenzie King.

Dwight’s early years were spent in his grandfather’s enormous “beaux arts” style mansion, “Fulford Place,” on the edge of the St. Lawrence at Brockville, with the 138-foot family steam yacht berthed nearby. Brought up by a Swiss nanny, he saw his mother on Thursday afternoons. He was sent to Trinity College, in Port Hope, for high school and, after the University of Toronto, he studied at Oxford. Patrician upbringing equipped him with confidence and a curiosity about the world, but he was spared hubris and never, in the almost 50 years that I knew him, attached special value to social station — unless it was the notion that “with position comes responsibility.” His philanthropy was not the “hands-off” signing of cheques (although there were cheques), but a “hands-on” direct engagement with people, especially young people in need of help. This dimension of his life took shape with his marriage to Barbara Screaton, whom he met at the University of Toronto debating club. In addition to their own family of six children, their house in Ottawa and their houses in different parts of the world were full of strays — invited in usually because they had no where else to go.

My first experience of this special Fulford benevolence was in Havana. Dwight was there at the time of the missile crisis. I arrived a little later in 1963 and on each of my frequent invitations to their home was amazed by the profusion of kids and dogs parading in and out of the doors and windows. Most of the kids and dogs

did not belong to them. On weekends, this hodgepodge plus picnic supplies were packed into their station wagon for a day at the beach. Across the street from this ménage lived the First Secretary of the French Embassy and his wife. Watching preparations for another expedition, the First Secretary was heard sighing to his wife “Ahh, les Fulford — le cirque ambulant”. Dwight and Barbara, with persistence and well-targeted political contacts, managed to facilitate the emigration to Canada of several Cuban families, who were being stripped of their livelihoods — using yet other friends and contacts to help these families set up in Ottawa.

It was the same story in Mexico, Dwight’s next posting. Among a host of other initiatives, they funded their cook’s son through schools and university to a medical degree — which he used to set up a clinic in a Mexico City slum.

Telephoning the Fulford house in Ottawa, you could never be sure who was answering the phone. The accents were Haitian, Somalian, Cuban, Chinese, Argentine, Rwandan, Palestinian and so on. We know because of phone calls over the years, and especially during the time when our younger son was invited to join the elastic Fulford family for his final year at Ligar — we had gone on posting.

Dwight managed to combine consummate professionalism with humanitarian engagement. In some postings this was a difficult bridge to cross. As Ambassador in Buenos Aires when the Argentine military government was committing human rights atrocities he met with the Mothers of the Plaza de Mayo whose children had been abducted (and subsequently murdered) by the regime. These issues were important also to Barbara, a psychotherapist specializing in trauma among child refugees.

Twenty-five years later some of the Mothers still recall an Ambassador who cared. When the same government invaded the Falkland Islands in 1982 and Canada endorsed the British response, the prickly Foreign Minister declared Ambassador Fulford *persona non-grata*. Without making a fuss, Dwight left to visit Uruguay — a country where he was accredited as non-resident ambassador — which lies just across the river. Quietly returning

to Buenos Aires a week later, the whole PNG episode was forgotten. His other non-resident accreditation was Paraguay, a country whose grim and often comic eccentricities fascinated him.

Mr. Fulford was twice a Director General in the Department. His last post abroad was Ambassador to Saudi Arabia — an appropriate assignment as he had become an energy expert. On retirement he was regularly on call for election observer missions in remote and often inhospitable corners of Latin America and Africa.

His interests were pursued with thoroughness and *brio*. On a day designated for combatting pollution, Dwight came to work by kayak. Setting off from his home on the Rideau and portaging to the canal, he paddled downtown, pulling his boat from the water by the old train station, and leaving it dripping in a stairwell of the Langevin Block — then an extension of External Affairs.

No account of Dwight could be complete without a description of how and with what he filled his house. The books: Dwight had an insatiable appetite for learning. Shelves multiplied and Barbara grimaced as year by year shipments from specialist book sellers and Amazon.com filled the few remaining cavities in their large house. One of his very occasional complaints about the short time that his doctors had forecast for him was that there would be a whole shelf of books that he would never be able to read. Each room glows with colour from hangings, paintings and indigenous artifacts. On airlines that didn’t mind (before 2001) and in places like Mogadishu, Aden, Oaxaca, Addis Ababa, and Bombay, Dwight would clamber aboard clutching a rhinoceros in alabaster, a Mexican dragon, a saint carved in wood and spectacular masks. The most impressive of these purchases was made during a trip to China two years ago. Visiting the famous archeological site of the Qin Emperor (221–210 BC) Dwight found a local entrepreneur selling replicas in terra-cotta of a larger than life-size Chinese general. The price included shipment across the globe and the general was soon enroute to Canada. Aghast when first informed, Barbara eventually succumbed to the charms of the general who took up residence in the Fulford living room. At the feet of the eight-foot high soldier are appropriately clustered some of

Barbara's own sculptures, furry rodent and feline-like beasts in clay.

Dwight faced death not only with courage, but with a surprisingly imperturbable sense of humour. Seven days before he died, he was still exchanging quasi-indelicate jokes by email. His demeanour in these last weeks was of a person who knew that he had had a good run.

Mr. Fulford leaves his wife Barbara, children Wilder, Martha, Benjamin, Daniel, Adam and Sarah and six grandchildren.

John Graham is a retired Foreign Service Officer.

Arthur Frederick Broadbridge 1915–2009

It happened in 1973, down along the Zambezi River at Victoria Falls. Zambian soldiers — idly watching tourists on the far shore — suddenly and inexplicably opened

fire and killed two Canadian girls. Canada's High Commissioner to Zambia at the time was Arthur Broadbridge. It was the darkest moment in his long life as a diplomat.

Arthur Broadbridge was not always a diplomat. In his time, he was a school teacher, an officer in the Royal Canadian Air Force and an archivist as well. He was an interested observer of world affairs, an engaged human being and a voracious reader. He did not just inhabit the world: he worked to understand it. Consider the irony, therefore, that Arthur always smilingly referred to himself as "a farm boy from Saskatchewan."

Noone arrives so cheerfully at the age of 94 without certain outstanding qualities of body and spirit. Certainly, Arthur had a strong heart and body, shaped by a hard-working youth on a farm in Saskatchewan. Arthur's family left southern England in 1920, heading for backwoods Canada. Arthur was just four. "My parents emigrated," he often said, "and I decided to come with them."

Life on the farm was primitive, with no electricity or running water, and lots of

hard work. Imagine Arthur as a little boy after feeding the chickens, heading back to the house with an empty pot stuck on his head. "My father looked at me," Arthur remembered, "and said, 'You don't know how to be silly enough.'" Imagine him also as a schoolboy sitting, book in hand, on the butter churn (which was something like a bicycle) and pedaling madly while the thick cream turned slowly into rich yellow butter. Imagine him as a handsome young man at harvest time, pitchfork in hand atop a wagon loaded with grain.

The Arthur we knew was a social creature. He wasn't always so. In 1930, his mother firmly dispatched her shy, 15-year-old son to a masquerade dance in the village. She dressed him as a beer stein overflowing with froth. It wasn't an easy costume to dance in, Arthur commented wryly, and it was only his family's urging, "not to let the side down," that finally persuaded him to go.

For Arthur always did his duty. That was a characteristic that served him well in 1932, when he left the farm. When Arthur — much to his own amusement

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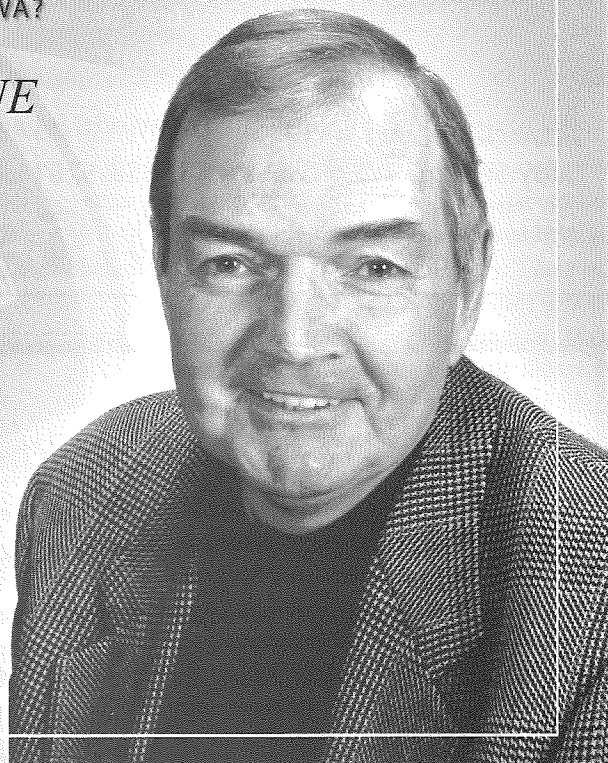
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— failed the subject of Agriculture in high school, he said that his family “saw the writing on the wall.” Despite shortages of cash in Depression-era Saskatchewan, the Broadbridges scraped together the money to buy Arthur a year of teachers’ training.

Arthur always counted his blessings. As a brand new, 18-year-old teacher in the backwoods, he nervously faced a class of some 30 children, many of whom could not speak English. He did his best, he said. At night, he retired to a nearby frame cottage where, on winter mornings, he had to break the frost on his blankets to get up. His salary, a few hundred dollars annually, was usually paid in kind by poor farmers. “But I was luckier than most,” he said with characteristic grit. “I had work.”

Arthur was always a hard worker, and he thrived as a teacher in a series of one- and two-room schools in Saskatchewan over the next six years. He was happy in his work but, when the war broke out in 1939, he saw it as his duty to enlist. In 1942, he left for England en route to Africa, Sicily and the Italian campaign. It was a journey

that opened his eyes to the world. Arriving in North Africa, he was fascinated by the ancient cities of Tunis and Carthage. During the winter of 1944, he had an office in the Bourbon palace overlooking Naples. He saw the famous Vesuvius erupt. He led a donkey train up to a mountaintop in Corsica to set up radar installations looking out toward France. He entered Rome days after it fell to the Allies. He spent the last days of the war in glorious Florence. He celebrated VE Day in Venice, where he glided through canals in a gondola and marvelled at one of the great cities of Europe.

Arthur was a man who loved history, books and ideas, and the war changed his life. He returned to Canada as a veteran at age 30, married Mavis Davies and, with government support, attended the University of Saskatchewan full-time. He graduated with an MA in history and found immediate employment as assistant archivist at the Saskatchewan Archives. Then he wrote a federal civil service examination and, in 1949, was drafted into the foreign service. His postings over

the next 28 years included Chicago, Washington, Cairo, and Berlin, culminating in 1973 with his appointment as high commissioner to Zambia.

The career of Arthur Broadbridge in many ways paralleled that of George Grande, with whom he had a close, lifelong friendship. In 1941, they travelled to England together on the same ship — the rusty little *Indo Chinois*. Both served throughout the war as radar officers, and both entered Canada’s foreign service after the war. In the 1970s, both served as heads of mission in Africa — Arthur in Zambia (1973–77) and George in South Africa (1976–79). They reconnected as friends in recent years through the Retired Heads of Mission Association.

Arthur loved his work, but he loved his family even more. In 1945, he married Mavis Davies, whom he later wrote of as “wife, companion and friend for thirty-two years.” They had three daughters — Susan (who died in 2000), Wendy and Jennifer.

Mavis Broadbridge died in 1977. Two years later, Arthur travelled to Ottawa to visit an old friend — the recently widowed Ada Uren. They were married on Hallowe’en, October 31, 1981. Arthur always said, “I got the treat, and Ada got the trick.” Together, they shared 23 years of love, laughter and adventure. When Arthur completed his memoirs in 1998, he wrote this dedication: “to my wife, Ada, who brought joy ... to the house.” Ada died, to Arthur’s great sorrow, in 2004.

Arthur was a brave man. He was also hospitable, courteous and generous. Even as he embarked on his 90s and a period of declining health, Arthur kept busy. He did the daily crossword. He dined out weekly, drove with a friend to nearby towns and into the countryside, read the lessons at church, kept up with current events and read constantly. The fact that he was able to keep going so strongly was due in part to his indomitable will. It was also the product of his ability to inspire friendship as, in the last few years, he answered the door to a steady stream of visitors.

In his last days at home, Arthur continued to entertain his guests with good humour and laughter, living life on his own terms to the last possible moment. The qualities he honed as a farmboy in



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Saskatchewan, a teacher in the backwoods and representative of Canada to the world, lasted him to the end of his days.

Janet Uren, step-daughter of Arthur Broadbridge, is a professional writer who had the privilege of editing and producing his memoirs, Early Days, in which he tells the story of his youth on the farm, as a teacher in country schools and as a Canadian serviceman during the Second World War.

Witold Maciej Weynerowski 1937–2009

In Witold Weynerowski we have lost a fervent Canadian, an outstanding diplomat, an excellent sportsman, and a fine human being and family man.

Not many have entered the foreign service so well prepared: schooling at Ridley, followed by eight years and degrees from the University of Toronto (Trinity College), Oxford, Laval and the Institut des Hautes Études Internationales at the University in Geneva; work experience with the Department of Finance and the Canadian Association of University Teachers; and fluency in four languages.

Witold's posting to the Canadian Delegation to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization in Brussels coincided with a cloudy period in East-West relations including the Soviet repression of a reformist government in Prague and communist support for subversion in South Vietnam. Under the demanding supervision of Ambassador Ross Campbell, Witold worked successfully with older allied colleagues on committees devoted to analysis of the threat and preparation of western explanations of NATO's purposes and strategies. In the long run these programmes were to contribute to the West's success in the Cold War. Having been himself a refugee in wartime Holland, Wit brought idealism to his work; he enjoyed it all the more for being able to put his Dutch, French and German to good use.

A cross-posting as First Secretary and Consul in Tunis came with greater management responsibilities and laid the basis for a deep interest in the Arab world.

From 1975 to 1978 Wit served as Deputy Director of the Middle East Division, specializing in Arab-Israeli relations. Votes on UN resolutions, regional crises and domestic sensitivities and debates made this work one of the more challenging jobs at headquarters; he acquitted himself with distinction.

Today "polivalence" or experience in several different types of work is publicized as a desirable capacity for foreign service officers with ambition. The records of many such as Wit show that it is not as new as some seem to think. His service in the Commercial Policy Division led to a further assignment with the Department of Finance from 1978 to 1980. He participated in international negotiations on the Common Fund and became Secretary to the Canadian delegation to UNCTAD 5, one of the world's major economic policy initiatives of those years.

In September 1980, only 14 years after joining External Affairs, Wit went to Baghdad as Head of Post. The Iran-Iraq War had broken out, making reporting of immediate importance. Under the harsh rule of Saddam Hussein and in wartime conditions of tension and suspense, life was difficult, with bombs landing nearby and terrorist incidents keeping the population off balance. The Embassy provided headquarters with early and accurate reporting, not least thanks to the Ambassador's ability to obtain more travel authority than other foreign colleagues. Special assistance was given to businessmen and other Canadians.

Sometimes viewed as rewards or plums, service abroad is in fact often no picnic, but Wit preferred it because of his interest in grasping the nuances of other cultures and transmitting and exploiting what is relevant to Canada. In his next head-of-post assignment, this time to Tunis, he managed an embassy with a range of responsibilities — deepening relations with an Arab country seen by some as a model of moderation, discussions on francophonie as a component of national unity, a substantial aid programme, growing commercial relations, and reporting on the Palestine Liberation

Front and the Arab League, then headquartered in Tunisia. The closeness of his relations with local leaders — something in which his wife Evelyn gave him strong support, as with everything else — set a standard and helped give Canada a special role. He was also responsible for Libya and visited that country regularly, assisting Canada's commercial and energy relations.

Wit's interest in Africa awakened, he expanded his horizons back in Ottawa by taking over the Anglophone Africa and subsequently its francophone partner division. He brought an idealistic dimension to these areas, convinced there were long-term national interests on this vast continent and agreeing that Canadians of all persuasions could together make an important contribution. Those years saw large-scale famines which Canada helped mitigate and regional crises involving Canadians in challenges which the divisions managed with efficiency. In the fall of 1982 he collaborated in the organization of the Canadian government's first charter flight to rescue citizens abroad.

This major African chapter was a fitting conclusion to a successful and satisfying career. Wit brought a moral dimension to his work, placing human rights in the forefront while applying an ability to appraise situations realistically and within varying cultural frameworks, in the highest traditions of the Canadian service he loved so much.

In his private life Wit was proud of his five children; a sociable individual, he had a talent for friendship and maintained relations with many at home and in countries he had studied or served in. In retirement he explored his family's origins in Poland and Holland. He was widely known as a champion golfer and wrote an interesting related memoir which will be published soon. He loved the Gatineau area of Quebec where his log house brought many people together and where he made many contributions to the community. At the memorial service words such as "thoughtful", "considerate", "outgoing" and "a gentleman" recalled the memory of a Canadian, a colleague and a friend who made his mark and will be deeply missed. ☺

Tim Williams is a retired Foreign Service Officer.

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Venice & Constantinople

A Special Relationship

by Roger Lucy

There are few historical analogies to the Anglo-American “special relationship” where a former colony eventually overshadows the mother country. Some Greek colonies in Italy, Sicily and Asia Minor did become much richer and more powerful than their mother cities in Greece. Carthage in North Africa became mistress of the western Mediterranean, while its mother city Tyre fell under foreign control. Perhaps the closest analogy is the thousand-year-long relationship between Venice and Constantinople. The Venetian frontier Duchy grew into a major naval and mercantile power, evolving over time from subject, to ally, to enemy and finally becoming the dying Roman (Byzantine) Empire’s last support against the rising Ottoman Turks.

The Venetians take their name from the Venetae, who inhabited the area north of the mouth of the Po, between the Alps and the Adriatic. In 181 BC, the Romans founded the colony of Aquileia at the head of the Adriatic sea. With extensive military and commercial port facilities, Aquileia grew to become the third largest city in Italy, a major communications hub, the supply centre for Rome’s Danubian armies and the entrepot for trade between the Mediterranean and central Europe. This strategic importance had its downside. Any invader or usurper entering Italy from the north-east had to pass Aquileia, and the city endured many sieges. It finally succumbed to Attila when he invaded Italy in 452. Many of the inhabitants fled to the

marshy safety of the island of Grado, which had been Aquileia’s maritime port. There, they found a livelihood exploiting the salt and fishing resources of the lagoon which runs from the mouth of the Po to the northern tip of the Adriatic. In 567, Lombards, a Germanic people, invaded and overran much of Italy. The invasion drove more refugees from cities such as Padua to the muddy safety of the lagoon. These island refugees and a few mainland strongholds remained under the control of the Roman Exarch of Ravenna. Local defence of the lagoon islands became the responsibility of the Dux Venetae. Over time the local dialect mutated the pronunciation of his title from Dux (leader) to Doge.

Relations between the Roman and Iranian Empires were rarely cordial.
... too much overlap between the territorial ambitions ... the two Empires’
richest territories ... within striking distance of the other’s armies.

In 751, Ravenna finally fell to the Lombards. Byzantine (as we will now call it) Italy was now largely confined to the heel and toe of the peninsula. Venice (Venetia), however, still remained loyal to the Empire. The Doge was usually appointed locally, but maintained contact with Constantinople, often receiving an imperial title such as Spatharius (bodyguard), Protospatharius (chief bodyguard) or Hypatos (Consul). Many Venetian nobles sent their sons to be educated in Constantinople, often marrying them to members of the Byzantine nobility. (This had its perils; one legend relates the divine wrath that befell a Byzantine bride — and her groom — because she insisted on taking regular baths and eating with a fork.) The Venetians developed a lively trade supplying luxury goods from the east to the kings and nobles of dark age Europe, in exchange for raw materials — salt, fish, timber, metalware and above all, slaves. Nor did the Venetians confine their eastern trade to Constantinople. Lucrative markets were found in Egypt and other parts of the Islamic world. This was in breach of a Byzantine trade embargo. Timber, metalware, slaves (and indeed Constantinople's high quality silk textiles) were all deemed to be strategic goods, whose export to the infidel was banned. While on occasion the Venetians deemed it prudent to respect this embargo, usually they ignored it, as links with Constantinople became increasingly tenuous. With most of Italy under Lombard and later Frankish control and the Dalmatian coast beset by pirates, the Venetians needed to develop their naval power in order to protect their merchant shipping. Constantinople was largely content with this situation. Only a few cities along the eastern Adriatic remained under its nominal control, and when the Doge arrogated the title of Duke of Dalmatia for his efforts in suppressing piracy, no objections were raised.

More delicate was the question of Venice's relations with the rising power of the Carolingian Franks. The Lombard conquest of Ravenna had alarmed the Papacy (which had broken its ties with Constantinople over a religious dispute). Pope Stephen II travelled to Francia, confirmed Pepin the Short as King of the Franks and invited him to drive the Lombards out of Ravenna and the Exarchate. Pepin obliged and the liberated territories were handed over to the Papacy. Pepin's son Karl (Charlemagne) carried on the war with the Lombards. He conquered the rest of their territories and incorporated them into what he claimed — with his coronation as Emperor, on Christmas Day 800 — to be a revived Western Roman Empire. This left Venice with a new dilemma, they were subjects to the Roman Empire — but which one? The Carolingians were nearby and very powerful, Constantinople was comfortably far away. Some factions favoured submission to the Franks, others continued loyalty to Constantinople. For the first time in many decades the Imperial fleet reappeared in the northern Adriatic to help deter the Franks. The Franks had no naval force to match this, and their efforts to subdue the islands of the Venetian lagoon literally bogged down. In the end a compromise was achieved. Constantinople recognized Charlemagne as Emperor (albeit not as Emperor of the Romans) while the Venetians agreed to pay a tribute to him. In return the Franks accepted Constantinople's sovereignty over Venice.

The failed Frankish land invasion however concentrated the Venetians' minds on the weakness of their physical defences. A new concentration of settlement began to emerge, centred on the island of Rialto, this was to become the heart of the modern city of Venice. The muddy islands were extended by use of piles, and





coffer-dams. These provided a foundation for more substantial buildings, which gave the now emerging city a monumental aspect commensurate with its growing wealth. The jewel in Venice's crown, St. Mark's Cathedral, was erected to house the evangelist's relics (purloined from Alexandria by Venetian slave traders in 828, and hidden from Arab customs officials under a load of hams). St. Mark's was closely modelled on the church of the Holy Apostles in Constantinople. The mid 9th century saw a new threat to Venice. Arab raiders seized Crete and gained a foothold first in Sicily and then Bari in southern Italy. They began to raid the Adriatic coast, even sacking Grado. Any threat to Venice's ability to navigate the Adriatic was of particular sensitivity and the Venetians readily assisted the Imperial efforts to stop these raids and restore Byzantine control over the straits of Otranto. Otherwise the Venetians continued to pursue their traditional foreign policy of maintaining good relations with their neighbours on the Italian mainland and with whoever claimed the title of western Emperor.

Relations with Constantinople came under strain in the 10th century. The Empire was on a roll. Having regained control over the Balkan side of the Adriatic as well as expanding its holdings in southern Italy, it was suddenly no longer so distant, and no longer willing to take a *laissez-faire* approach to Venetian claims of sovereignty over Dalmatia. Venice's flourishing trade in arms and timber with Egypt and Syria also became the object of Imperial wrath. In 971, the Doge was informed by a Byzantine embassy that any Venetian ship caught carrying such cargo to a Moslem port would be set

afire — with its crew still on board. The Doge quickly issued a decree that any Venetian plying such trade would be fined 100 lbs of gold, or if he could not pay, be put to death.

Another irritant was the seemingly arbitrary Byzantine treatment of Venetian merchants, who were being charged excessive dues when they entered the Dardanelles. In 992 Emperor Basil II issued a Chrysobull (Imperial decree) limiting these payments, and stipulating that they were to be made directly to the Logothete of the Dromos (a cross between Postmaster General and Minister of Foreign Affairs). He alone could inspect Venetian ships and assess the value of their cargoes and even he could not detain a Venetian ship for more than three days. The office of the Prefect of the City (responsible for regulating all commercial activities there) was ordered to ensure that no other officials interfered with Venetian ships.

A century later Venetian trade with the Empire received an even more important boost. In the 11th century Byzantine fortunes began to decline. A succession of ineffectual emperors, poor financial management, conflict between the civil and military aristocracies, and the appearance of new enemies, the Normans in the west and the Seljuk Turks in the east, had drained the treasury, undermined the currency, and degraded the army's effectiveness. In 1071 came two disasters. Bari — the last Byzantine foothold in Italy — was lost to the Normans, while in the east at Manzikert, the Imperial field army was scattered and the Emperor Romanos III taken prisoner by the Turks. A power struggle ensued, where competing Byzantine factions sought Norman or Turkish support in exchange for territorial

concessions. When a stable candidate, Alexios Comenos, finally took power in 1081, virtually all of Anatolia had been overrun by the Turks, while the Normans had crossed the Adriatic and taken Corfu and Dyrrhachium (Durrës) in what is now Albania, and had advanced as far as Larisa in Macedonia.

The Doge acted generously when Alexios appealed for help to expel the Normans from Corfu and Albania. The struggle was protracted and cost Venice heavily in men and ships, but once the Normans had been expelled Alexios' promise of a generous reward was met (no doubt after some hard negotiations). His Chrysobull issued in 1082 essentially gave the Venetians

merchants suffer. Over the longer term, Venetian manufacturers mastered many Byzantine production techniques and were able to produce comparable goods more cheaply. Byzantine manufacturers of fine pottery and glassware, enamelware, cameos, woolen and even silk textiles, found they were being undercut in both their domestic and export markets by Venetian knock-offs. Indeed they soon found they could not even compete with the Venetians in gaining access to locally produced raw materials.

The Chrysobull lapsed on the death of its issuer, but was renewed (after some delays) by both John II and his son

Despite these economic benefits, and the continued military assistance provided by Venice, the Venetians became increasingly unpopular.

duty-free access to every port in the Empire, except for Crete and Cyprus. In addition Venetians were granted their own quarter in Constantinople along the Golden Horn, including wharves, houses, a bakery and churches where they could celebrate the Latin rite. This gave Venetian merchants a significant financial advantage over their native Byzantine and Italian competitors. The Chrysobull has been seen by many Byzantine scholars as a grave blow both to the power of the Byzantine state (which heavily regulated all forms of commerce) and to the Empire's tax base. More recently it has been seen as yielding enormous economic benefits to both Venice and Byzantium — particularly after Alexios's successor John II also exempted the Venetians' Byzantine suppliers from the tax. Venetian merchants stimulated a boom in agricultural and industrial production as they hoovered up great quantities of agricultural produce: grain, wine and oil. In the short term Byzantine manufacturers also benefitted from increased demand for their fine textiles, glasswares, ceramics, and metalwork. The region around Athens, Corinth and Thebes quickly became a manufacturing hub which benefitted particularly from Venetian demands for their products. In the short term, whatever sales tax revenue was lost to the Byzantine state was more than compensated by increases in other tax revenues.

Despite these economic benefits, and the continued military assistance provided by Venice, the Venetians became increasingly unpopular. Venetians were brash, quarrelsome and often contemptuous of their hosts. Many Byzantine as well as other Italian merchants found they could not compete with the Venetians' duty-free cost advantage. Nor did just the

and successor Manuel I. Manuel extended the size of the Venetians' quarter in Constantinople and allowed them to trade with all cities of the empire including Crete and Cyprus (of great advantage to Venice's trade with the Levant) but relations continued to sour. The Doge was granted the title of *Protosebastos* — continuing the fiction that the Venetians were still loyal Byzantine subjects — but this loyalty became increasingly doubtful. Participants in a joint Venetian/Byzantine expedition against the Normans came to blows. The Venetians pillaged Manuel's flagship, crowning a Moorish slave with his Imperial regalia. Venetian and Byzantine interests also clashed over Manuel's alliance with Hungary — which contested Venice's control of Dalmatia. Manuel's efforts to reestablish Byzantine power in southern Italy also ran counter to Venetian interests, and the Venetians pointedly refused to support his expedition. To counter Venice's commercial influence, Manuel granted similar concessions to its commercial rivals Genoa and Pisa. The Venetian colony in Constantinople reacted by sacking the Genoese and Pisan quarters. This was the final straw; in 1171 Manuel ordered the arrest of all Venetian nationals (reportedly numbering 10,000) on Byzantine soil and the confiscation of their property.

A Venetian naval expedition was mounted in retaliation but withdrew after it was decimated by an epidemic. Long negotiations to find a settlement followed. Venetian captives were finally released in 1179, but the question of compensation — Venice claimed damages amounting to 1,500 lbs of gold — remained unresolved when Manuel died. In 1182, Manuel's infant son and

successor Alexios II was overthrown by his cousin Andronikos, an anti-western populist who encouraged the wholesale massacre of the western community in Constantinople. When Andronikos was overthrown in 1185 by Isaac Angelos, negotiations regarding the restoration of Venice's commercial privileges were resumed. Agreement was reached, initial compensation payments were made, but Isaac, in turn, was overthrown by his brother Alexios. Undaunted, the Venetians renegotiated the terms even agreeing to an elaborate naval alliance (it collapsed the one and only time it was invoked), in exchange for a very detailed charter listing all the cities under Imperial control where they could freely trade. Payment of the compensation rapidly foundered because the once immensely wealthy and powerful Byzantine state was now effectively broke, unable to persuade major landowners and regional magnates to pay their taxes.

It is likely that the tragedy of the Fourth Crusade unfolded more by accident than design. Unlike previous Crusades there were no royal participants, nor much enthusiasm outside the usual crusading heartland of northern France and Flanders. The Crusade's organizers who went to Venice in 1201 to negotiate for shipping greatly overestimated the numbers who would join the crusade, and undertook financial commitments which the Crusaders who did join could not hope to meet. The Venetians therefore sought payment in kind. The Crusaders finally set sail in late 1202 after the half-blind 90-year-old Doge, Dandolo, persuaded them to help Venice retake the rebellious Dalmatian town — Zara. The Pope was horrified, but his legate wanted the Crusade to succeed at any cost, and suppressed his efforts to excommunicate the Crusaders or the Venetians. While

overwintering at Zara the Crusade was approached by Alexios Angelos, son of the deposed Emperor Isaac II. Alexios had been wandering the courts of Europe seeking backers to regain the throne from his uncle Alexios III. Alexios made extravagant offers to the Crusaders of military and financial support, as well as promising to return the Eastern Church to its allegiance to Rome. Dandolo, who knew the Empire well, would have known that Alexios could not meet such promises, but nonetheless endorsed his proposal. Whether he already envisaged a takeover of the Byzantine Empire, or simply hoped to put a compliant puppet on its throne can never be known.

The crusading fleet appeared before Constantinople in June 1203. The hoped-for internal uprising to oust Alexios III did not occur but when an assault gained a lodgement on the city's sea walls, resistance collapsed. Alexios III fled and Alexios IV, along with his blinded father Isaac, resumed the throne. In the process many districts of Constantinople were destroyed by fire. It was not long before it became apparent that Alexios' promises were indeed empty. Both the Crusaders and the people of Constantinople became increasingly dissatisfied with him. In January 1204, a palace coup overthrew the Angeloi bringing yet another Alexios — Alexios V Ducas to power. At this point Dandolo proposed that Crusaders take the city again and elect one of their own as "Emperor of Romania". A division of spoils was agreed. The new Emperor would get one-quarter of Constantinople and of the Empire, the other three-quarters would be split between the Venetians and the remaining Crusaders. As part of its portion, Venice would get Hagia Sophia and the right to appoint the Patriarch of Constantinople. On 13 April 1204 Constantinople was

stormed again. Again resistance collapsed and Alexios V fled. For three days the Queen of Cities was brutally sacked. Priceless relics of antiquity which had long adorned Constantinople, and many other works of art and literature, were looted or destroyed. This crime against civilization has embittered relations between Orthodox and Catholic Christendom ever since.

Venice's hoped-for territorial share of the spoils ("a quarter and half of a quarter of the Roman Empire") included part of what is now Turkish Thrace; modern Albania and the western mainland of Greece; Corfu and the Ionian islands; Crete; the island of Euboea and much of the Aegean. Actually taking possession of these territories proved far more problematic. Venice was renowned for its fleet rather than its army. On the mainland the Venetians contented themselves with securing some key ports, while subcontracting the conquest of the rest to land-hungry Crusaders. Licence was given to any aspiring Venetian subject to take what they could of the Aegean and Ionian islands. Nominally Venetian freebooters rapidly grabbed what they could, turning many islands into pirates' nests which did little to ease Venetian commerce. Venice's main effort concentrated on securing Crete, bitterly contested by the native Cretans supported by Venice's arch rivals the Genoese. Eventually the island was secured and remained Venetian until 1668. This scattering of ports and islands (and the loot which today still adorns St. Mark's Cathedral) were Venice's only long term gains. Still the chain of ports linking the Adriatic to the eastern Mediterranean did allow Venice to weld northern Italy, both sides of the Aegean and the Levant into what essentially became an integrated market.

If Venice had found the Byzantine Empire difficult to deal with, its Latin successor was an utter liability. Most of the territories allotted to the Latin Emperor were quickly lost, respectively, to the Bulgarians and a Byzantine successor state centered in Nicaea. Worse, the first Latin Emperor Baldwin was captured by the Bulgarians and never seen again. A successor, Peter of Courtney, who tried to take the overland route to Constantinople fell captive to another Byzantine successor state, the Despotate of Epirus (which had seized the Albanian territories Venice had hoped to gain), and also vanished without a trace. Subsequent Latin Emperors died more peaceably, after leading lives of quiet desperation, selling off Constantinople's collection of holy relics, and the timber supports and lead from the roofs of its public buildings. Meanwhile the rulers of Nicaea and Epirus contested to see which successor state would regain Constantinople. In 1261 the Nicaeans won the race and the Roman Empire — what was left of it — was reborn. Emperor Michael VII's successful efforts to fend off a western reconquista have been recounted elsewhere. Michael VII had granted trading privileges to Venice's arch-rivals Pisa and Genoa, and in 1268 Venice decided to cut its losses and came to terms with him. In exchange for recognizing his territorial gains, Venice's free trade privileges were restored. Michael also got Venice, Genoa and Pisa to promise not to conduct their quarrels in Byzantine waters.

Michael VII's efforts to ward off an attack from the west bankrupted the treasury, alienated the populace and clergy and worse still neglected the defence of his Anatolian frontiers from Turkish incursions. After his death in 1282 the Empire's territories and resources began to crumble. His successors lacked his skill at statecraft, while the Byzantine decline was

further exacerbated by a series of civil wars. In 1354 the Ottoman Turks gained a foothold in the Balkans at Gallipoli, one which they continued to expand until they were turned back from the gates of Vienna in 1529. Emperor Andronicus II was unwisely persuaded to disband the Byzantine Navy as an economy measure, entrusting his naval defence to his Italian allies. Needless to say this ended any restraint on Venice, Genoa and Pisa's settling their differences in Byzantine waters, even under the very walls of the Imperial Palace. Andronicus' discharged sailors sought other employment — some joined the Turks, some freelanced as pirates. Depredations by pirates of nominal Byzantine citizenship had long been a source of friction between Constantinople and Venice, and of Venetian claims for compensation. Claims Andronicus had no hope of paying.

As Andronicus and his successors' position weakened, Venice continued to demand ever greater privileges, further undermining the Empire's dwindling tax base. Any hesitation on the part of the Byzantines to sign on or to pay the mounting Venetian claims for reparations were met with threats that Venice would withdraw its merchants altogether. Byzantine dependance on Venice was now so great that it could not afford to call the Venetian bluff, but its finances were so strained that in 1342, Andronicus III pawned the Imperial crown jewels to Venice. They were never redeemed. The end finally came on 29 May 1453. The Venetian colony in Constantinople with a dozen warships, trapped in Constantinople or forced to take refuge there, resisted alongside Emperor Constantine IX and his troops until overwhelmed. The response from Venice herself was less inspiring; a diplomatic mission was sent

to the Ottoman court offering to mediate (while exploring the terms and conditions under which Venice would be able to continue to trade with Constantinople, should it fall). A relief expedition was rather lackadaisically assembled. If it had gotten to Constantinople in time, it could well have saved the city. But, if not too little, it was too late. The Venetian fleet reached the Straits in time to meet the few Venetian vessels which had escaped the fall of Constantinople. A millennium-long "special relationship" had ended. ☹

*Roger Lucy is a retired Foreign Service Officer (1971 to 2004), who has contributed many articles to **bout** on ancient and medieval diplomacy. 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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FIRST DAYS IN THE FOREIGN SERVICE, 1952

*Michael Shenstone is a retired
Foreign Service Officer.*

Rummaging in old papers can be fun. The other day I came across the following letter dated September 22, 1952 to my parents in Princeton, New Jersey, recounting my first, deeply naive but enthusiastic week, at External Affairs. I and seven others had joined the Department on September 16, as the last batch of that year's intake of 24. I had never seen the letter again until now.

Dear Mother and Father,

Well, I am in the thick of it now. It is all moving somehow remorselessly according to plan. At 9.30 we appeared in the Personnel Branch, were handed a huge sheaf of documents, and led over to a Conference Room where we were told how to fill them out. Then a chat by the Chief Personnel Officer. Then elevenses — coffee in the canteen. Then more chat by CPO — full of phrases like “consultation on various levels.” Also a discussion of our probationary status, ending in a rather lovely phrase. “After 8 to 12 months, three things may take place; you may become a “temporary” officer; your probationary status may be prolonged; ... or, ah, separation may take place.”

Then a chat on security by the head of Defence Liaison II (Security & Intelligence) — a very good man who made all the cloak and dagger stuff seem the most natural thing in the world. We have to lock our files when we go home, and the door of our office every time we go out to the washroom.

Then some good news: I am to be posted to “European Division” because they are short-staffed. This is great fun, but unfortunately I will be shunted off to some other division in 4–6 months. More chats that afternoon; and also our little group of 8 newcomers were led off upstairs to a little man who produced two bibles, one for R.C.'s and one for Protestants. 7 men stepped forward and were each allowed to clutch a corner or side of the Protestant Bible. Then we said “I do” to a long oath which binds us for life.

Next morning I was told to report to the head of the European Division — and then I was in the thick of it. My first task was and is nothing less than to write a Letter of Instruction to the new Canadian Ambassador to the Hague! This is done by cribbing wholesale from old Letters of Instruction, by reading up in a whole mass of files labelled either “Unclassified,” “Restricted,” “Confidential,” “Secret” or “Top Secret,” almost all of which contain waffle that it would do no harm whatsoever to learn.

My start on the Letter was held up by the temporary absence of my immediate boss — there was a Departmental Golf Tournament that afternoon. Then there were

more little talks, an interview alone with another Personnel Officer who told me (and apparently everybody else) to be “docile, hard-working, and friendly.” Medical Meetings with Assistant Undersecretaries, and the Undersecretary himself — Wilgress, very nervous — a rather painful interview with him nervously twisting his hands while eight keen young men leaned docilely but earnestly forward waiting for words of wisdom. One of the Ass’t Undersecs is a MacKay who says he was at Princeton with you, and met you again a couple of years ago in N.Y.

This morning the machine ground even faster. A stenographer came in and asked me my initial. “It’s for your rubber stamp, sir.” Tremblingly, I also dictated 2 memoranda this morning, having written them out in longhand first (luckily, I find many people, including the man who shares my office) do likewise. [Note from 2009: it was the late Paddy Duder, a fine man]. I even have a buzzer to summon a stenographer. We are definitely made to feel we are “officers” e.g. we do not sign the attendance book, we have separate offices etc. I am like a very very junior 2nd lieutenant confronted with sergeant-majors of 30 years’ service. This afternoon I was reading a list “circulated” to me of postings, transfers etc. One member of the department was recently drowned on holiday after a conference in Switzerland. The list accordingly read, under the heading “Separations”: “J. Smith, deceased, effective Aug. 31st.”

Apart from all this, I have been mastering the technique of pinning “Routing Slips” to things, and learning to “refer” monthly reports on European countries to different government departments, several of which I had never heard of until two days ago. Then too, an enormous quantity of miscellaneous files comes in with my name on a little list; I am supposed to cross my name off, read the files (which are circulated for information) or not, as I please, and toss it all into my out-basket.

Though I may paint an irreverent picture, it is actually all tremendous fun, and the people are all very friendly and relaxed. Even my immediate boss I am to call “Jim”. [Note from 2009: the late Jim Weld, who became a good friend.] The work is going to be hard, but I’m sure I’ll enjoy it.

... *Must get to bed now* so as to get up in time for my 9–1 stint tomorrow. [Note from 2009: at that time the Civil Service still worked these hours on Saturday morning, although nothing much got done then.] It really is much easier than I thought to get up at 7:15. If you know you simply have to, you do. For many years now it has been a question of will-power — should I go to that lecture or shouldn’t I? Now, as at school, it is comparatively painless.

Much love from
Michael,
Dutch Desk,
European Division,
Dept. of External Affairs ☺

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A Funny Thing Happened...

by Robert Burchill

Recently I have been involved in what I am sure is a retiree passage, the attempt to winnow through the paraphernalia that accumulates over a career. This may be more difficult for former Foreign Service Officers because there is often some element of the exotic in what would otherwise be junk. A copy of Mao's Little Red Book? A penis gourd from the South Seas? An autographed 45 rpm of "Ag Pleez Deddy"? Keep? Pitch? Whatever!!

Two items, though, I am jettisoning with little anguish, partly to close a chapter and partly as a service to possible future biographers. They are letters of identical text from the Public Service Commission offering me employment as a Foreign Service Officer in the Department of Trade and Commerce. One is dated March, the other September, both of 1963. Between those dates lie the darkest days of my life.

On the basis of the first letter, I resigned from what appeared to be a promising career with the Saskatchewan government, terminated a lease, rationalized possessions, said farewells and otherwise prepared for a major career change. Two weeks before departure I received a laconic telegram from an officer of the Public Service Commission stating that there had been a small error and that I was not, in fact, eligible for a Foreign Service appointment. Rather, I had qualified for a position as a Junior Executive Officer, but that if I were to accept, it would be at a lower rate of pay and in a department not of my own choosing. This was a startling development, and its intent seemed deliberately to be discouraging. I replied, asking for an explanation of the error, and was told that it had been a simple case of files in wrong piles.

My situation had quickly become very difficult. Bridges were well burnt and my future seemed suddenly to have fallen into considerable doubt. I sought the counsel of a senior Saskatchewan government official who reviewed the correspondence exchanges and said, "Looks like security to me." I was staggered. The Cold War was in full bloom and

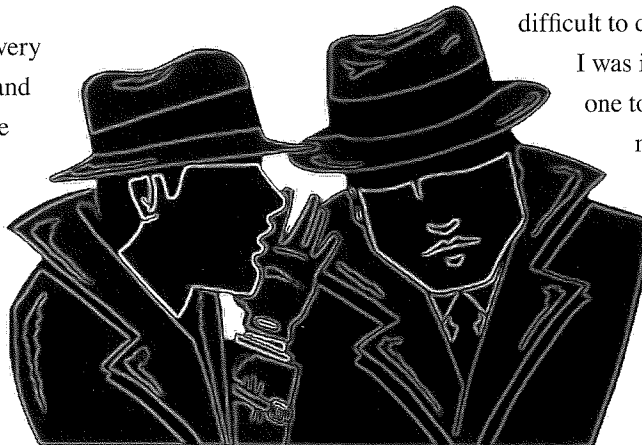
McCarthyism stalked the land, but I had always been careful to avoid dubious causes. I also knew that I had done well in the FSO competition, and this sudden apparent loss of merit did not ring true. I was staggered, but also frightened because the consequences of security problems were very real, but impossible to quantify; to know how they might affect your life, employment, travel, association. I finally decided that whatever the situation, it could only be resolved in Ottawa, and so Carol and I set off into the unknown.

In Ottawa I reported to a PSC officer who tried to make light of the matter, but quickly chilled when I asked whether security questions had been a factor in the change of offer. He looked me straight in the eye and said, "Of course not. Whatever could have put that in your head?" I was assigned to the Department of Northern Affairs where, curiously, my first task was to go to the National Research Council to get a year's supply of "One-a-Day" pads, a cipher system for secure communications used by government officials stationed throughout the north.

Then the fog closed in completely. No one would tell me anything. The Department of Justice was running recruiting ads for lawyers, but when I responded, no positions were said to be available. I went to see Saskatchewan senator John Hnatyshyn, but he merely repeated the PSC line. To be fair, his party was heading for federal defeat, and the travails of a junior lawyer probably did not count for much in his immediate priorities. I went to see Alvin Hamilton, formerly my MP, but got no more than a promise to consider things. At every turn I found walls of silence. It is difficult to describe the despair that fell on me.

I was in a strange city with no friends, no one to turn to for counsel or support, no one willing to give straight answers, and no confidence in any aspect of my future.

Compared to more recent examples, I can probably be said to have had it easy. I wasn't frogmarched to a Syrian prison. I wasn't tortured physically. I didn't



disappear. But the anxieties you experience when the country you have loved, honoured and obeyed decides you are a non person, are devastating.

And then some light began to filter through. It was fortunate that a change of government occurred, and that the Pearson administration seemed inclined to let some fresh air into the dank corridors of the Ottawa establishment. It was fortunate that two security cock-ups of preposterous nature and quality occurred around that time, and gained considerable adverse press coverage. But my greatest fortune was to find myself working for George Carty, a gentleman who had served for a considerable time as Paul Martin Sr.'s executive assistant. He was well-connected around town, and was not intimidated by bureaucracy. He took an early and sympathetic interest in my case, and decided that the first priority was to determine the basis of my situation.

One evening as he was riding home on the bus (in those days senior officials rode buses), he met an RCMP officer he had known in his previous position, who had become a leading member of the force's security establishment. He mentioned my name and asked if the officer could shed any light on my status. In due course he came to learn that the problem was my uncle, a professor at Royal Roads Military College in Victoria, whom I had met briefly only twice in my life. His wife was an active member of the Voice of Women, and he himself was head of the Canadian section of the World Federalist Association. That was the whole bill. On that evidence and on that genetic link, my reputation had been shattered.

With the facts now determined, Mr. Carty helped me craft a letter to Mitchell Sharp, the Minister of Trade and Commerce, requesting reconsideration of my situation. It was an excellent letter, exposing the tenuous basis on which my doom had been sealed, and couched in a fine balance of fawn and threat. I mailed it with some sense of hope, but, to reinforce the impact, I shopped it around. I took a copy of it to Jean-Luc Pépin, then Sharp's parliamentary secretary. He read it and said, "If all of this is true, you have suffered a serious abridgement of your human rights." I could have kissed him.

I took a copy to Tommy Douglas, then leader of the NDP, whose support the minority Liberals needed in order to hold office. He took me to the parliamentary cafeteria for lunch. As we were leaving, Mitchell Sharp rushed up to seek my host's favour on some legislative issue. Before he could begin, however, Mr. Douglas introduced me and added, "Bob used

to work for my government in Saskatchewan. We thought the world of him." Sharp reacted as though he had been pole axed. He staggered back and then said something to the effect that he had heard recently of me. Score a big one for the forces of good!!

Life in the dark went on, but encouraging signs began to appear. Then the September letter arrived, and life took up where it had halted so abruptly in March.

I do not criticize the RCMP for the silliness of their assumptions in my case. The force at that time had an entry requirement of Grade 10, and training centered on learning to ride a horse. The members were hopelessly unqualified to make political judgements, to appreciate distinctions between interest and persuasion, between involvement and commitment. And so they resorted to the policeman's logic of contamination. If the Voice of Women or the World Federalists espoused causes inconsistent with accepted endorsement, they were suspect, their members were suspect, and members' friends and relatives were suspect. A neat way of separating good from evil without the application of enlightened consideration.

In retrospect, it is alarming that the people who were obliged by law to protect my professional interests, the Public Service Commission officials, didn't. Instead, they lied deliberately, emphatically, repeatedly. (Interestingly, one of them subsequently became a senior officer in Elections Canada.) It is, however, encouraging that people who owed me nothing came to my aid for reasons no more profound than that they thought I had been wronged.

An interesting sidebar to all of this is that Leonard Lee, who later established and built the commercial juggernaut, Lee Valley Tools, was also a candidate for the Trade Commissioner Service in 1963, but was deemed by the selection process to be 13th in quality. The Service was able to recruit only 12 people that year, so he was initially disappointed. When I came down with a security sickness, however, a position came open and he was invited in. No hint of security concerns dogged his arrival. No question of patriotism marred his escutcheon. No doubt attended his political attitudes. Of course not! He had previously been an RCAF officer cadet who, for two years of his training attended Royal Roads Military College where he was taught History and Political Science by — wait for it — my uncle. ☺

Robert Burchill is a retired Foreign Service Officer.



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In memory yet green (and turning greener) ... Summer by the Sea with A Aalto

The moon passed behind a cloud as the cry of a sea-bird echoed among the pines. An indistinct form heaved itself from the water and lurched up the beach. The tide immediately went out. Manitoba Jones leapt from his perch on the ferris wheel, ricocheted off a statue of Mackenzie King in a bunny suit, nailed a perfect dismount onto the trail to the Lodge and intoned,

"Halt! Who goes there?"

Finding that he faced the wrong way, he whirled to confront a dripping Don Gordo Beluga. "Stay back," Jones said. "I must search everyone for weapons – no exceptions." "Caramba, you fool. I just had a midnight swim. I'm wearing nothing but a Speedo. Can you see a weapon on me?" The sentinel replied, "I can't even see the Speedo."

"When I recovered consciousness," Jones recalled later, "I had gross sandy footprints up one side and down the other. I began to see the advantage of mental floss – and not for the last time."

Mental floss was invented by Dr. Morton Pruneswelter, retired flea surgeon and part-time loon in the town of Thwackmelon Falls, famed for its nickel and dime mines, unlicensed quantum mechanics (it was never clear whether or not they fixed your car) and cutting-edge psychotropic dentistry.

Mental floss allowed people to forget unfortunate memories, like flossing raspberry seeds from their teeth. Expecting an electronic device or a pill, patients were surprised when the doctor picked up an aerosol, stuck it in their ear and pulled the trigger. Still, the results were satisfactory and the doctor was on his way to fame and fortune. The number of people wanting to forget the last two elections alone was enough to keep him in jellybeans for centuries.

Enter Rialto Sleazewagon. Reading of Pruneswelter's discovery, the arch-villain realized that deleting people's memories went a long way to controlling them. Blowing into town, he soon had the doctor, curiously blank, committed to a local home for the

bewildered. But he had acted too hastily. Pruneswelter kept no notes, so all that Sleazewagon had was a single spray-can of the floss. He hung in, hoping for a break.

The Centre was also tracking Dr. Pruneswelter's discovery and reacted quickly when its correlation matrix put Sleazewagon in the same locale. An action team was needed, but the A-team was tied up. Liebnitz was on language training (his Bureaucratese had slipped into intelligibility). Attila McGee was tracking rumours that Commander Chaos was blackmailing the PM with proof of his humanity. Experimenting with a new "attack shellac", Esmeralda had varnished into thin air. Inspector Wa and Felix were in SuWaNe helping the rajah fend off Papa Jack Paridy's threat to record all of Edible Granite on the accordion. Bugbyte O'Nanotek was deep in emergency re-programming the Centre's satellite surveillance system, hacked by a fringe Don Cherry fan club.

So it was Chief MacBannock's own scarlet and chrome helicopter that landed in the grounds of the Thwackmelon Lodge, to the strains of a band playing "Hail to the Chef" (something was cooking). Out of the near side stepped Don Gordo and Manitoba Jones, inconspicuous in three-piece black suits and shades. Out of the other side stepped MacBannock, straight into the swimming pool. Lined up to greet them was Lodge Manager Pomeroy Twitter and his entire staff. Jones was glad that instructions for an inconspicuous arrival had been followed. Also present was a gorgeous redhead in a bikini,

who introduced herself as Anne Moulin de l'Esprit, detached from the Centre's field school. Jones gravitated to her side. Offering a smile dangerous enough to demand police registry, she asked him to call her "Red", so he told her to call him "Man". Things, he thought, were definitely looking up.

Ceremonial over, the team got down to work. Accompanied by Police Chief Jerry Swinefelt, they first searched Dr. Pruneswelter's house for any sign of mental floss. In case spray cans of the substance had been disguised with innocent labels, MacBannock volunteered to test them all. By end of the afternoon, his ears full of whipped cream, air freshener and insect repellent, he was totally deaf and answered all questions with "More Scotch, please. Hold the anchovies."

Back at the Lodge, MacBannock asked the concierge for 500 Q-tips and went to

his room. Don Gordo began searching the town for Rialto Sleazewagon. Manitoba Jones and Anne Moulin briefed each other over wine in the candle-lit lounge, walking out together at midnight under the summer moon. Everyone was back in their own rooms at 3:00 am, when the room-service waiter went screaming down the hall.

He had been delivering the Q-tips and found the door to the Chief's room open. Inside, MacBannock was seated rigidly in a chair, a waxy substance dripping from his ears. On the wall, a feebly struggling body hung from a hook through his shirt collar. "Sleazewagon," gasped Don Gordo. The arch-villain had a gun in one hand, a bloody knife in the other and a noosed rope around his waist. A quick search revealed a flash-stick with classified documents on a cord around his neck, a holograph will naming him the Chief's heir lying on a desk and a warrant

for his arrest in MacBannock's suitcase. "Gosh," said Anne, "an open-and-shut case of attempted murder/suicide." "Not so," replied Jones, pointing at the open square of carved and gilded wooden strips surrounding Sleazewagon on the wall. "For once, he's been framed."

Sleazewagon came to and was taken to jail by Chief Swinefelt. ("We have Mayberry reruns on DVD. He'll confess to something.") With MacBannock still comatose, the three remaining team members stared at each other, at a loss where to start. Then Twitter came in. "There's a man in the lobby asking for Mr. MacBannock," he said. "As instructed, I told him nothing, but he insists on talking to someone from your agency." "I'll take care of this," said Jones.

The stranger was a tall, cadaverous old man with high cheek bones, mild blue eyes and a hawk nose. He affected a worn tweed suit and a polished English accent. "James Elroy Flecker," he introduced himself. "I've worked for Liebnitz on and off for decades, now retired to a cottage down the road, but I spotted the trouble with Pruneswelter's little device and made a few enquiries. I came to offer MacBannock the help he inevitably needs, but no-one will tell me where he is." Jones swallowed. Jimmy the Turk was the stuff of legend. Quickly, he briefed the retired agent. "MacBannock was probably attacked in hopes of reducing the team's effectiveness," noted Flecker, "which means that the attacker knew nothing about the Centre. I can pursue other clues while you're working your own. But first, let's establish a cipher for communication." He handed Jones a piece of paper.

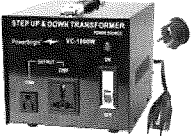
The following is a list of clues to 23 words, one beginning with each letter of the alphabet except Q, X and Z. The first part of each clue is a definition of the

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word; the second part gives the definition of words that can be formed by splitting the main word into two parts (like INNOVATION into INN OVATION). The main words are not in alphabetic order but the numbers in parentheses at the end of each clue give the number of letters in each of the two shorter words.

1. In a succinct manner; soft cheese with a bluebottle (4-3)
2. Notorious or glaring; diatribe about a national symbol (4-4)
3. Put into peril; completion plus rage (3-5)
4. Transgressors; string instrument plus rocky pinnacles (5-4)
5. Vacillating (UK); possess a circular metal band (4-4)
6. Process of bringing into the family; publicity alternative (2-6)
7. Relatives; benevolent plus colour of danger (4-3)
8. Sexual interference; underground animal plus train stop (4-7)
9. Impossible to remove obstacles from; parental sibling plus suitable for crops (5-6)
10. Legal fairness; simply frozen water (4-3)
11. Widely known and esteemed; maitre d's response in a full restaurant (2-5)
12. Crotchety or difficult; egg-based painting technique plus non-physical (7-6)
13. Propriety; 20's design plus Caribbean liquor (4-3)
14. Turning lemon-hued; shout plus payable (4-5)
15. Comparing the dissimilar; friend of Ollie North plus scam (6-5)
16. Elevated or awe-inspiring; U-boat plus citrus fruit (3-4)

17. Insults; not on plus terminations (3-4)
18. Empathy or close understanding; gangsta plus harbour (3-4)
19. Brightly glowing; imperial Peruvian ancestry (5-7)
20. Produces or creates; evolutionary unit plus amounts charged per unit time (4-5)
21. Precisely or word-for-word; metric volume plus partner (5-4)
22. Fighter or bomber; twist out of shape plus small street (4-4)
23. Declaration; word-substitute for a name plus concrete component (7-6).

"The number of each clue pairs with the first letter of the main word to which it applies. I'll report using that set of number-letter pairings as a cipher. By the way, my reports may seem a bit allusive." He smiled wryly. "It's an old tradition." With that, he left the bar.

Speechless and scratching his head, Jones went to the team's meeting room. Don Gordo had gone to phone the Centre for news about Esmeralda and Anne Moulin was alone. "Red," said Jones. "I need your help. We have a new informant, but I can't understand his cipher." With her help, it was soon solved.

The Turk's report arrived within hours, a flyer for the "Drownathon" water lacrosse tournament wrapped around a birch stick, delivered to Jones in the bar by a blue mechanical beaver. On the back was written:

22-5-3-11 14-17-9 7-11-3-22 12-5-6-12 19-12 22-6-16 17-4-3-18,

22-3-18-3 14-17-9 16-9-13-13-3-11-21-14 6-22-6-18-3

12-5-6-12 12-5-3 6-9-12-9-8-11 21-3-6-4-3-16 22-3-18-3 12-9-18-11-19-11-20

12-17 12-5-3 15-17-21-17-9-18 17-2 5-3-18 5-6-19-18?

Alone, Jones was working on his third Nanaimo Surprise (rye and prune juice with a twist of seaweed), but was able to decipher the message and work out what it meant. The report, in song lyrics, gave a strong hint to the villain's identity. Jones checked the Internet and the song's title confirmed it. Looking glum, he squared his shoulders. "How do I prove it?" he murmured to himself. Just then the bar went silent. He looked up to see an elegant figure in black come through the door.

The next evening, seven people gathered in the Lodge's conference room. In addition to the Centre team, Chief Swinefelt sat beside Sleazewagon, Pomeroy Twitter served coffee and Jimmy the Turk lounged quietly in a corner, nursing a Scotch.

Jones began. "One of you is guilty of attacking Chief MacBannock. I include you, Sleazewagon — if anyone is slippery enough to frame himself, it would be you. If not, then someone is working against both you and the Centre. The guilty party has left no clues, but has one weak spot. The last spray-can of mental floss must be hidden nearby for quick retrieval. So I searched your homes, hotel rooms and offices while you were all at the Drownathon." Swinefelt glowered but remained silent as Jones continued. "I was unsuccessful. But from comparing your personal papers, I have worked out where it is — in the Lodge's safe deposit room. All of you have access to it. Even the townsfolk use it for safekeeping, since there is no bank. So I'm going to ask

you all to accompany me to open our boxes and find out ...”

And that’s as much as Jones remembered when he snapped back in a room at the Centre. He was looking at a sharp-featured woman in black leather. “So, Bugbyte, did it work? Was it who we thought? I can’t remember a thing.” The Centre’s sharpest tech replied. “Yes. When Don Gordo called me about Esmeralda, he told me what was going on there. It reinforced what I’d found while cleaning up the computers. Don Cherry was a front. Bertha de Kuhl was hobbling our surveillance and correlation systems to keep us from noticing her ringer in Thwackmelon Falls — the one who stole floss from Sleazewagon after luring him to the Chief’s room. But de Kuhl was delayed, so we still had time to act.”

“I got there immediately. You had a name for the ringer, but no proof. The Turk and I did a sweep of the hotel while

you were searching the town. We worked out that the mental floss was in the safe deposit room, but not which box. Thus the charade in the conference room. When everyone was in the depository, the ringer offered to go first, then used the floss to knock everyone else out and suppress their memories of the affair. Luckily, mental floss doesn’t work on video cameras, so we have it all on disc.”

“That’s real good,” said Jones softly. “And how’s the Chief?” She replied, “A combination of whipped cream, air freshener and insect repellent turns out to block the action of mental floss, so he’s showing no strange lapses. Or no more than usual. But how are you? You’ve done brilliantly, but you seem ... less you than normal.” Jones examined his shoes. “Look, I’m fine. But I’ve got to go. Good deeds to do, people to save, things to collide with.” Checking his watch, he threw himself out the window, flipped deftly around the horizontal flagpole two storeys below, narrowly missed a startled window-washer, managed a triple reverse pike and landed on his back in an open truck full of ripe mangoes. Bugbyte watched him go, her gaze unreadable.

Can you duplicate Manitoba’s feat by giving the name of the ringer and the song title that was the clinching clue? **bout de papier** will choose the winner by drawing one entry from all those with correct answers submitted by July 15, 2009. The prize will be a book autographed by A Aalto. Not necessary to win, but can you also list the 23 main words and give the plaintext of the cipher message? ☺

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto spent many boyhood summers in a shack near the sea. It was nowhere near as grand as the Lodge at Thwackmelon Falls and nothing like this story ever happened to him. Or at least he has no memory of it. Thanks to John Pinette, a very funny man, for the Speedo moment.

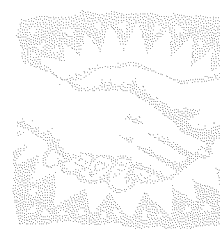
How Distinctly I Remember

Vol. 24, No. 2

ANSWERS

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. b | 14. c |
| 2. c | 15. A–c, B–a, |
| 3. c | C–e, |
| 4. A–a, B–c, | D–b, E–d |
| C–d, D–e, | 16. a |
| E–b | 17. d |
| 5. d | 18. A–e, B–b, |
| 6. b | C–c, |
| 7. d | D–a, E–d |
| 8. A–d, B–a, | 19. b |
| C–b, D–c | 20. A–c, B–d, |
| 9. b | C–e, |
| 10. c | D–a, E–b |
| 11. d | 21. a |
| 12. a | 22. c |
| 13. A–b, B–d, | 23. A–d, B–a, |
| C–e, D–c, | C–b, D–c |
| E–a | 24. f |

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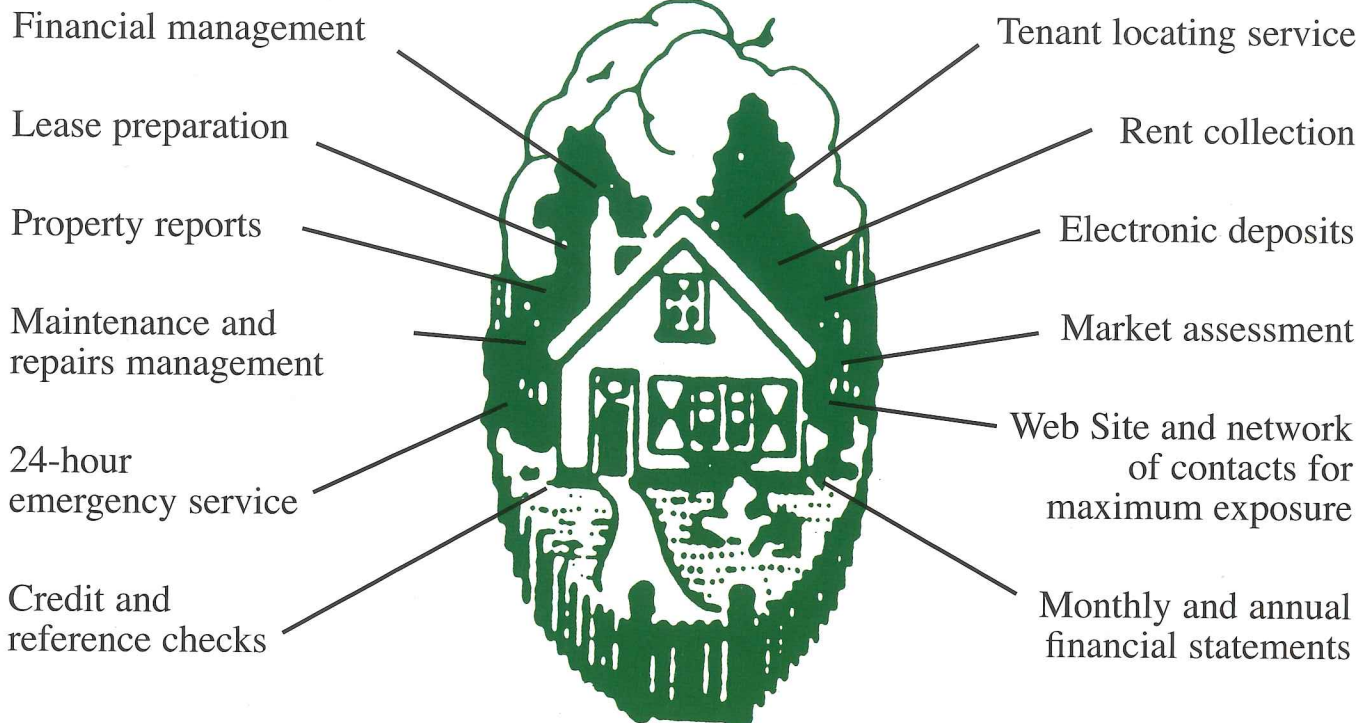
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