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Vol. 24, No. 3

Pelabuhan Ratu — Surf Culture Saves Lives

by Patricia McCullagh

Les Prix de l'APASE —
20^e anniversaire
PAFSO Awards —
Celebrating 20 Years



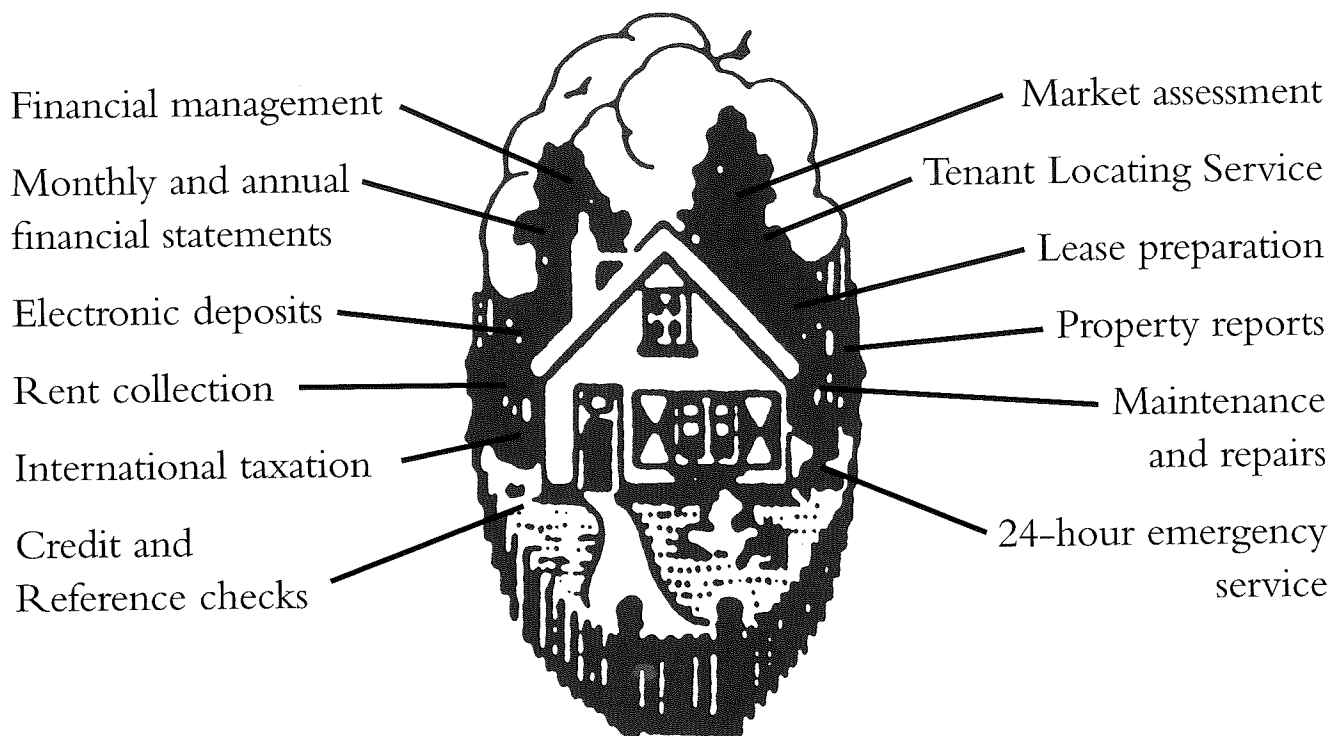
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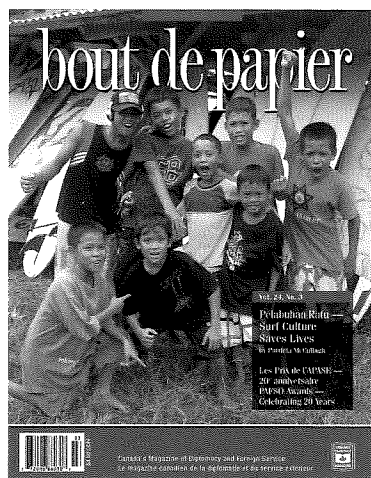
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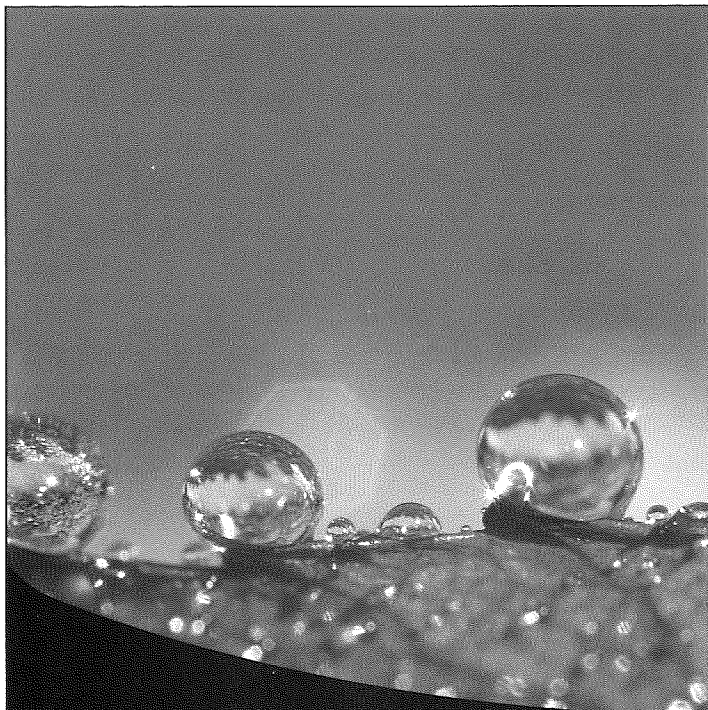


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It is just over 35 years ago that I joined the Foreign Service and I have been reflecting on some of the changes in how business is conducted as well as the changes in the life of foreign service personnel and their families.

Kurt Jensen, assisté de nombreux anciens communicateurs qui ont aidé à établir et à tenir à jour nos systèmes de communications, nous dresse l'historique de ce système. Les recrues n'en reviendront peut-être pas, mais, avant l'ère de l'informatique, de l'Internet et des communications mondiales instantanées, le service extérieur parvenait à communiquer partout dans le monde au moyen de machines à écrire, de papier carbone, de courriers diplomatiques, de télex et souvent, dans les petites missions, de vieilles machines de chiffrement de la Seconde guerre mondiale. Compte tenu de la structure physique du système, les ambassadeurs et les directeurs pouvaient approuver chacune des communications écrites sortant de l'ambassade ou de la division, et c'était souvent le cas.

On the human front there have been major changes for the better. Twenty-four years ago when my youngest son was born, I was very fortunate to have an understanding boss who allowed me five days off, four more than normal. Personnel was not pleased. Female officers had to use their sick leave and annual leave when they had children as there were no parental leave provisions. Though the current parental leave system may not be perfect, it is much better than before. There is also another area where there has been tremendous positive change both in society and in formal and informal policies. Around 1966, former Prime Minister Trudeau, then Minister of Justice, removed homosexuality from the Criminal Code, defending the move with his famous quote that "the state has no place in the bedrooms of the nation." Sadly, as recently as the late 1970s, gays and lesbians still were sometimes denied assignments or pressured to resign once security found out their sexual orientation.

Dans le présent numéro de **bout**, nous soulignons le travail exceptionnel de quatre de nos collègues dans l'article portant sur le 20^e anniversaire des Prix de l'APASE. Le banquet de cette année s'est déroulé à guichets fermés et témoigne de la grande estime dont jouit le service extérieur. Il y avait plusieurs invités de prestige, notamment l'ancien premier ministre du Canada, Joe Clark, et la première femme secrétaire d'État aux Affaires extérieures du Canada, Flora McDonald. Le comité des Prix a aussi conçu une épinglette qui est remise à chacun et à chacune des lauréats.

Eric Bergbusch has written a fascinating history and provided photos of the visit by John Diefenbaker to the Holy Land. A visit to a difficult place by a strong-minded politician.

Patricia McCullagh has sent us a sobering tale about the perils of holidaying in areas we do not know well — although reassuring as she tells the brave story about the Surf Culture in Pelabuhan Ratu.

John Kneale has provided new ideas on how to improve the professionalism of the Canadian Foreign Service through an International Affairs Curriculum. The world has changed significantly in the last 35 years and the training of Canadian diplomats must keep up with these changes. The priority of meeting the training needs of all employees must become an intrinsic part of the culture of foreign service departments.

Sadly, Robert Burchill has written the In Memoriam for a man of immense good cheer, a man who cared about the foreign service. Bob Gayner was a wonderful example of a professional foreign service officer. We shall miss him.

Roger Lucy has provided us with the history of Pompey and the Pirates, a story that should not be missed. Finally, A Aalto has sent us a difficult puzzle for readers to try to solve.



Getting the Message Out

50 Years of Communications in DFAIT

by Kurt Jensen

If Canada's Foreign Service Officers were to be described as the heart of the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade, then the Communicators, who kept the various elements linked, must surely be seen as the arteries which ensured safe and secure links between the different departmental outposts.

DFAIT no longer has a traditional Communicator category. But in their heyday, these men and women ensured secure contact between Departmental headquarters and the constituent elements scattered around the globe. Today, with SIGNET, which communicates as instantaneously and easily with the office next door as an Embassy located on the other side of the world, it is hard to fathom just how much effort went into maintaining often precarious communication links between the different units which made up the Department in an earlier era.

During the early years of the Department there were only a handful of Canadian missions

abroad and they relied on the British Diplomatic Wireless Service and Diplomatic Courier Service for much of its communications. At that time encryption was by way of a book cipher — a tedious system — which involved looking up a word or letter in code books and recording them as five-number groups which were then subtracted from another five-number group.

Although time consuming, the benefit of the One-Time Figure Pad was that, without access to the pads themselves, it was unbreakable. The encrypted messages themselves did not, therefore, need to be specially protected. Until the late 1960s, Communicators in some overseas

Comcentre in East Block showing Alvis Bid 610 crypto machines in 1970s with telegram tape preps in the background.



missions continued to use this system and took the encrypted messages to the local telegraph office for transmission to Ottawa. Because the messages could be miscopied in the telegraph office or at any subsequent transmission centre, they did not always arrive in Ottawa without some corruption. As secure as it was, the Communicators were happy to see an end to reliance on this system.

One of the earliest encryption machines used by Canada was the Typex, which came into service in 1946. Roughly analogous to the better known German Enigma, the Typex had the advantage of printing out an encrypted and plain-text copy of the message simultaneously while the Enigma simply lit up the appropriate encrypted letter to be recorded by an assistant. Later, the Rockex — a more secure system perfected during the war by Benjamin Bayly, a Canadian working for the British Secret Intelligence Service — came into use.

A peculiarity of the earliest Typex machines used was that they eliminated all vowels. This shortened messages and increased errors as receiving communicators had to guess at words which might have been misspelled or had had letters transposed. By the 1960s this oddity of the Typex had been remedied. The Typex, for unknown reasons called the “Iron Chinaman,” went out of service in 1971, with possibly the very last one maintained in Saigon by Raymond Fortin.

The Rockex, not only more secure but also simpler to operate, came into common use in the late 1940s with an amazing communications rate of 60 words per minute. During the Second World War, the Rockex had been restricted largely to highly sensitive messages and used by the HYDRA communications hub at Camp X in southern Ontario for intelligence exchanges between Britain, the US, and Canada.

Early communication efforts remained small and informal. Prime Minister Mackenzie King himself could sometimes be seen walking the 100 feet down the hall of the East Block of Parliament to inquire whether a reply had been received to a message he had sent earlier.

The first formal communications centre was introduced in 1946 under Stan Daly with a handful of communicators and some technicians, mostly, then and later, from the Armed Forces.



Before the early 1950s, secure communications with all but the largest missions in any other form than through diplomatic bag was unusual. In 1954, Lester B. Pearson, Secretary of State for External Affairs, launched a program to provide all but the smallest missions with cryptographic equipment to facilitate communications when speed was of the essence. He was responsible for placing communications on a more modern and sophisticated level.

To support and implement the modern, more sophisticated communications structures that were called for by the mid-1950s, the Department brought in Colonel Bill Lockhart, a retired army signals officer, who became the first Director of the Communications Division. He was tasked with modernizing and institutionalizing communications, something he accomplished through a growing network of leased Telex circuits. He periodically threatened to resign whenever Departmental accountants balked at his demands for resources and cut off his funds. Invariably, Lockhart was reinstated when the political divisions revolted over interruptions in safe and reliable communications. Lockhart expanded departmental communications capabilities from a few words per minute during the Second World War to routine 10 to 15 page telegrams,

Torn tape transmitter bank in East Block comcentre. Jud Dogterom and Rick Pomerleau in the 1970s fashions.



*Mail room; early 1970s
— managing personal
mail and parcel by
non-classified bags*

which earlier would have had to be sent by diplomatic bag.

Increased communications necessitated the constant delivery of secret keying material to the Canadian missions abroad. To end the dependence on the British courier service, which was not free, Lockhart started a global Canadian Diplomatic Courier Service. He also began to send technicians to the British technical service to master the secret art of

sweeping Canadian embassies for clandestine listening devices. As Canadian expertise evolved, sweep teams would arrive at Canadian missions, particularly in Eastern Europe, to conduct electronic and destructive searches for hidden microphones. Rarely did they return to Canada empty-handed.

The Lockhart era lasted until 1966 when he was forced to retire because of the then-mandatory age limit. In his 10 years at Foreign Affairs, Lockhart had established the communications division as a dependable core service, had created a Canadian diplomatic courier service, and launched a technical section capable of ensuring limits on intrusive listening devices in Canadian missions. From his time with the Department, communications became a vital core institution which continued to evolve and were increasingly viewed as an essential service.

The Telex circuit system, which Lockhart had introduced, lasted until 1974 when it was replaced by the Ottawa Communications Automated Message Switch (OCAMS) which began with 64 circuits, insufficient to handle all Canadian diplomatic communications, but a great advancement over what had gone before.

The OCAMS was replaced by the New Ottawa Communications Automated Message

*East Block comcentre
in early 1970s with torn
tape relay and rotary
dial telex machines*



Switch (NOCAMS) in 1978. NOCAMS operated with 512 full duplex circuits and was capable of servicing the breadth of Canadian diplomatic representation abroad. In the space of 30 years diplomatic communications had advanced from 10 words per minute to an average of 20,000 messages per day, some running to many pages, without exhausting the capacity of the system.

As the NOCAMS system completed its life cycle in the early 1990s, there followed the **Canadian Online Secure Information and Communications System** (COSICS) era. Intended to provide worldwide desktop secure communications, COSICS was outrageously expensive (\$56 million just to develop) and was only ever installed in North America.

The NOCAMS continued to serve (and serve well) the non-North American missions while COSICS maintained its unbroken record of consuming money. At 1830 GMT on August 18, 1997 NOCAMS ended its life when the last message was received by controller Tom O'Quinn — a moment recorded in the lore of the Department's communicators.

Replacing NOCAMS was SIGNET which had first been introduced in 1992 and was deployed to all missions in 1995. SIGNET provided a more secure communications system. Communications had become desktop and the Communicators had become history. Replenishment to their ranks ended. "Term" Communicators, who had been hired some years earlier, ensured a smooth transition to the new epoch. In 1995, a 50-year era of Communications, and those who had made it happen, came to an end.

Diplomatic Couriers

The Canadian diplomatic courier system lasted longer but was also briefly curtailed — only to be resurrected on a smaller scale to handle the infrequent shipments of classified material to various missions. Those performing courier duties were taken almost entirely from the ranks of the Communicators.

In their heyday, hundreds of Canada's red diplomatic bags were used for shipping classified material, always escorted by a courier. The red diplomatic bags are never out of sight of the couriers except when in flight. The



*New Delhi comcentre
in 1960s with Rockex
crypto machines*

couriers are always the last on and the first off any aircraft, sometimes to the consternation of various celebrities who have to wait their turn. Unclassified material was sent by air in un-escorted white diplomatic bags. This practice continues today. The bags were sealed with string and a lead seal denoting the originating office. The knotting of the string was covered by sealing wax on which the departmental or Embassy seal was impressed. The system was tedious and time consuming but secure. Some individual envelopes or packages in the bags were often also protected by wax seals. In later years the string closing the diplomatic bags were replaced by snapping plastic lever locks with random serial numbers. Arrow head tags were inserted into the locking mechanism which would break when the bags were opened but remain visible throughout for inspection of evidence of tampering with the bags.

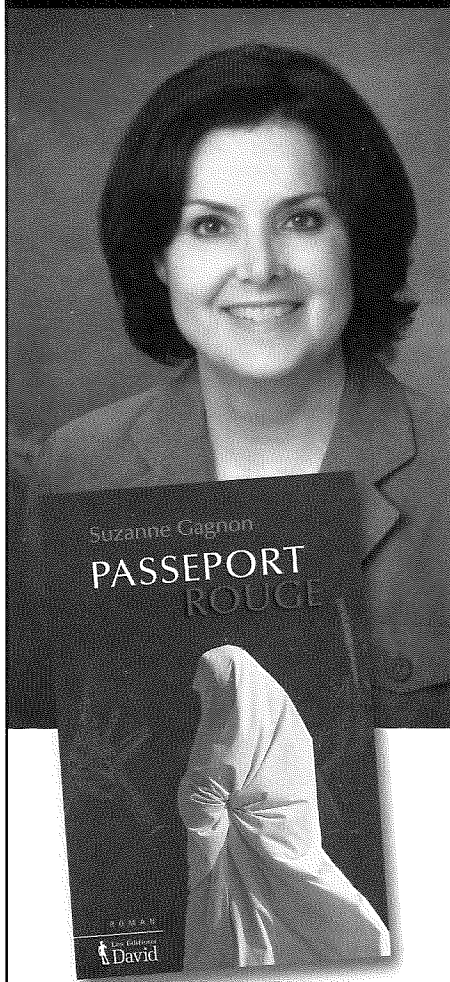
Today, there remain only a very small number of Canadian Diplomatic Couriers with efficiencies attained by trading off courier runs with Australian and British courier services. ☺

Kurt F. Jensen retired from the Department in 2005. His last assignment was as Deputy Director of Foreign Intelligence. He is now an Adjunct Professor at Carleton University. The material for this article was provided in large part by former members of the technical and communicator trades, and especially Raymond Fortin.

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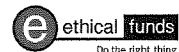
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Pelabuhan Ratu

Set slightly back from Sunset Beach near Pelabuhan Ratu on the South Coast of Java sits an unassuming building housing a surf school known as “Surf Culture Club Indonesia (SCCI).” You wouldn’t know it was there unless you were learning to surf, stumbled across it while wandering down the beach or spotted the surfboard hung by the side of the road bearing its name. “Surf Culture Club” is, however, much more than a surf school. It is a group of young surfers committed to patrolling the beach and saving lives.

Pak Mumuh’s wide smile and welcoming face beckoned us in to eat and share in the celebration. Today is “Surf Culture’s 5th Anniversary” and he has invited all of us, 12 visiting foreigners from Jakarta, to join in their “pesta” (party). You could be forgiven for thinking this was a kind gesture to lure us in to learn more about surfing, but the story of how we got to know Mumuh is much deeper than that.

Half of us arrived on Friday afternoon to the beautiful coastline known as Pelabuhan Ratu, located due south of Jakarta. The place is famous for its surfing and attracts many visitors. A group of us had decided to rent a villa for Easter weekend and set out for a good three days by the sea. Sunset Beach lived up to its reputation for the beach and crashing surf.

We had heard the legend of the “Ocean Queen” — Nyai Loro Kidul, the malevolent goddess of the sea — who lures swimmers and fishermen into her watery kingdom. The folklore maintains that you should never wear green when

Surf Culture Saves Lives

by Patricia McCullagh
photos by Martin Broomfield

Surfer at Pelabuhan Ratu, from the Surf Culture Club of Indonesia

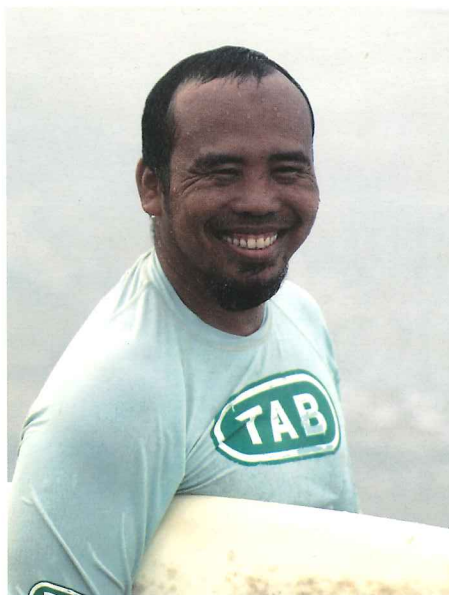


going into the sea because the Ocean Queen takes those wearing green — as this is her colour. Pretending not to heed the legend, we laughed and shrugged it off, but I noted we were all certain not to don our beachwear of that colour.

Strolling down the beach for our first swim, we were careful to stay within the “safe area” denoted by a strip of white picket fence. This beach, known as one of Java’s surfers’ paradises, has a reputation for very strong and erratic currents and rips. Cautiously testing the water for the first time, we waded out to our knees. I kept my eyes on my two children — 8 and 14 years old — who were frolicking about in the waves. I tested the waves — body surfing and riding a few in and felt quite comfortable though oddly shaken about. This was a different current that came at you from both sides, a little like being in a washing machine and shaken this way and that. We were in the water only up to our thighs, so felt confident enough in the waves. Soon, many of those on the beach joined us and we had a good time all around.

The rest of our group arrived shortly after we returned from swimming, but were too tired from the drive to venture into the water. The next day, after a trip to the famous fish market in Pelabuhan Ratu (or “Harbour of the Queen”), we were all hot and impatient to get to the sea to cool off. We went to the same “safe” swimming area and waded out much as we had done the day before. The tide was further out though, and I remarked to my friend that the current

felt quite different than the day before. She agreed, but we continued to wade out. We were only knee-deep, so a few of us went a little farther out — perhaps to our thighs — to catch the waves.



I had my eye on my youngest girl, who was with a friend, and suddenly realized they were getting swept down the beach. I began to swim after them and saw they were in trouble, getting swept further out to sea now, faster and faster. I yelled to my husband to come after us, but he was even further away than I was. I swam as hard as I could toward my daughter and was finally able to catch her by the arm and hold on to her. It was then that I became aware that we could no longer touch bottom. The waves were coming at us more frequently and were much, much stronger. As one would hit us we had about five seconds to catch our breath before the next one came. For a brief moment, I wondered if I had the strength to keep us both above the water. The shore looked so close but we were making no headway at all as the current held us in the deep waters.

I saw my husband coming toward me and yelled for him to take our daughter, “Take her; I don’t think I can keep her up any longer.” The waves kept pounding us under the foamy white water and it was all we could do to come up for a breath of air before the next one hit us again. I grabbed the friend who had been with my daughter, goading her to relax and breathe. The look in her eyes was one of panic and I knew she was in trouble. The waves continued to get bigger, coming faster and keeping us under for longer each time. I began to feel tired but kept reminding myself to breathe in between the pounding. I no longer had my friend’s arm.

By this time, I could see another member of our party was in trouble. Thankfully, another friend had gotten to him and was able to take him in a chin tow, but I could see that his strength was waning as well. I tried not to look back anymore for fear of panicking myself. I kept telling myself to stay calm and breathe as each wave took us down longer each time. I was feeling my strength wane and wondered how we would all make it in to shore. Seven of us were out there caught in the relentless current and waves — two to three metres high at that point — making no headway toward the beach.

Then, seemingly out of nowhere came the surfer boys. I saw one boy on the other side of a wave pointing a board at me, but screamed, “No, take my daughter and husband.” He managed to get to my husband, who, by that time, had wrapped our daughter’s swim shirt around his fist and was pushing her up above the waves to stop her from taking in any more water. In doing so, he was under the water for a good deal of time. Another surfer appeared and I waved him

towards my friend, who by then looked in grave danger.

When another smiling face appeared with a surfboard pointed at me, I nodded and gratefully took it. The current was very strong, the waves bigger and even more relentless, but by then we were all (seven foreigners) on surfboards being taken in by the surfer boys. With the young boy holding my legs at the back of the board, a wave of panic shot through me as I rode the waves in to the beach — I had no idea where my eldest daughter was, could not see her on shore and could not see my husband. My youngest daughter, I could see, in her bright fuchsia swim shirt, had made it back safely, but not the other two. I guess that I wiggled on the board because the young boy said, “Tidak” — “No,” holding my legs tightly, undoubtedly worried that I would try to get off the board and swim to shore.

I knew my husband would be worried about me and start coming after me if he couldn’t see me. The shore was in sight, so I started paddling furiously with my arms. If I could ride one more wave, I would be safely on the beach.

In paddling faster, however, I lost the boy off the back of the board. He was no longer there, and I was concerned. I looked back and he smiled, shaking his head as if to say “don’t worry,” as we coasted up to the beach.

“Take her;
I don’t think I
can keep her up
any longer.”

I wasn’t quite prepared for the scene when I arrived. I was the last of our group to get in to shore. There were many traumatized faces and fatigued bodies sprawled across the beach trying to calm themselves and each other, some weeping in disbelief. By this time, I had seen my family, including my eldest daughter, who had been closer to shore and able to get in. Then a man with a warm, open face

Mumuh Samsyul Bahri (third from left) and some of the boys from the Surf Culture Club Indonesia





asked, "How many people, is everybody here?" I answered in Bahasa, "Yes, 12, we are all here." "Pak Mumuh," he introduced himself, "I run the surf club."

As I looked around, I realized that Mumuh had dispatched all his surf club members to rescue us. They all stood around smiling as we thanked them profusely, the reality of what had just happened (or nearly happened) not yet sunk in. These young boys had saved our lives — seven of us had been in profound danger. We had been in danger for only 10–15 minutes, but it seemed an eternity.

Nobody wanted to discuss what had happened, but I asked my friend who had been closer to shore and able to get back first without being pulled out to sea, where the boys had come from. She said she looked for help — saw a bunch of boys and asked them to get boards to help us, but they refused — undoubtedly, they had experienced the danger before. Then she yelled to the Surf Culture Club while a bystander ran to get them. Led by Pak Mumuh, the boys came running down the beach with their surfboards and headed out to sea to rescue us.

When you experience such a close call and near tragedy, you are speechless. After being in such peril, it is difficult to know what to say and most of us were in disbelief. Words seem trite when trying to thank those who just saved your life. So, the clearest thinking amongst us — the friend who had asked for the surfers' help, invited them to come to our villa to see us later. Mumuh agreed he would bring the boys around. We eventually staggered back up the beach and sat around staring at each other, not really knowing what to say — despondent. It was clear that we needed to see the boys again to try to comprehend what had just happened.

When they arrived some hours later (time was ill-defined as we all sat looking blankly out to sea after the event), and none of us could quite believe how young they were. They were small boys aged 14–18, yet when coming to rescue us they looked like giants. We offered what we had — juice, soda, chips, cookies, nuts, grapes — but they sat shyly at first not wanting to eat or drink. After a few awkward, sombre minutes from our side



— not quite believing that these small boys had saved our lives and trying not to stare at them in awe — they relaxed. Mumuh leaned in to me and said, “It is not very often that we are invited to eat and visit with foreigners.”

I asked Mumuh how this club came to be and he said that he had started it a few years earlier with a group of local boys who liked to surf. They would instruct on the weekends and half-days during the week, if there were customers, and go to school for the other half of the day. “But what about the search and rescue part of the club?” Mumuh said that he sees that as the responsibility of the club and that he, in fact, had been doing rescue alone since 1991 — long before he started “Surf Culture Club.” “We are having our fifth anniversary tomorrow and you are all welcome to come for lunch,” he added. Overwhelmed by his offer, we all agreed.

I needed to know more about the lifesaving part of the club. “How many people do you save each year?” “Hundreds,” he answered. Stunned, I asked him to elaborate. He reluctantly told me that last Idul Fitri they managed to save 60 people and rescued another 52 between Christmas and New Year, along with an average of 10 people every weekend. “Before, we would lose many people — I could only save around half, but now, with the boys, we save many more.”

Humbled into a state of speechlessness, I looked up into his friendly face and goaded him to tell me more. “My dream,” said Mumuh, “is to have ‘Surf Culture Clubs’ all over Indonesia — in Banten, Bengkulu and other places.” Then, he added casually: “Do your girls want to learn to surf tomorrow?” I looked over at the girls expecting them to decline, but instead they excitedly responded in the positive. This wise man realized the best way to move forward was to get back out into the surf. So, at 7:00 am the next morning they were out with the Surf Culture boys learning to surf — joined by my husband.

I couldn’t stop myself from asking Mumuh whether he believed in the Ocean Queen and her powers over the sea in Pelabuhan Ratu. He smiled, not really answering, “But you know, we believe in two worlds — the material world and the other spiritual world. So, we respect both worlds.” A devout Muslim, he also told me that he prays each time before heading out to surf. After what seemed a very short time together, he pointed to his watch and said he had to go. Sunset was in five minutes and it was time to pray. The boys got up and we took some more photos — all of us looking forward to sharing in their celebration the next day at the Surf Culture Club.

As I sit writing this, on Easter Sunday afternoon following the great celebration we had with the boys from the Surf Culture Club and many local residents, I am looking out at the many surfers relishing each wave that comes their way. Only one word sticks in my mind — “respect”: respect for the sea, its power and its energy and, moreover, respect for those people who live by this sea, the residents — for their local knowledge and wisdom.

We were very lucky this time, but one man was not so lucky that day. At around the same time that we were in trouble, the local rescue boat tried to save a man further down the beach, but he drowned. We had a very close call which served as a huge warning to us, and should do for everyone planning to spend time at the coast. I only hope that others, if faced with this danger, will be fortunate enough to be touched by those as community-minded and caring as the boys from the Surf Culture Club of Indonesia and reformers like Mumuh. ☺

Patricia McCullagh is the Counsellor (Development), Head of Aid, CIDA, Embassy of Canada, Jakarta, Indonesia.

Photography by Martin Broomfield, Professional Photographer, Jakarta



... respect for the
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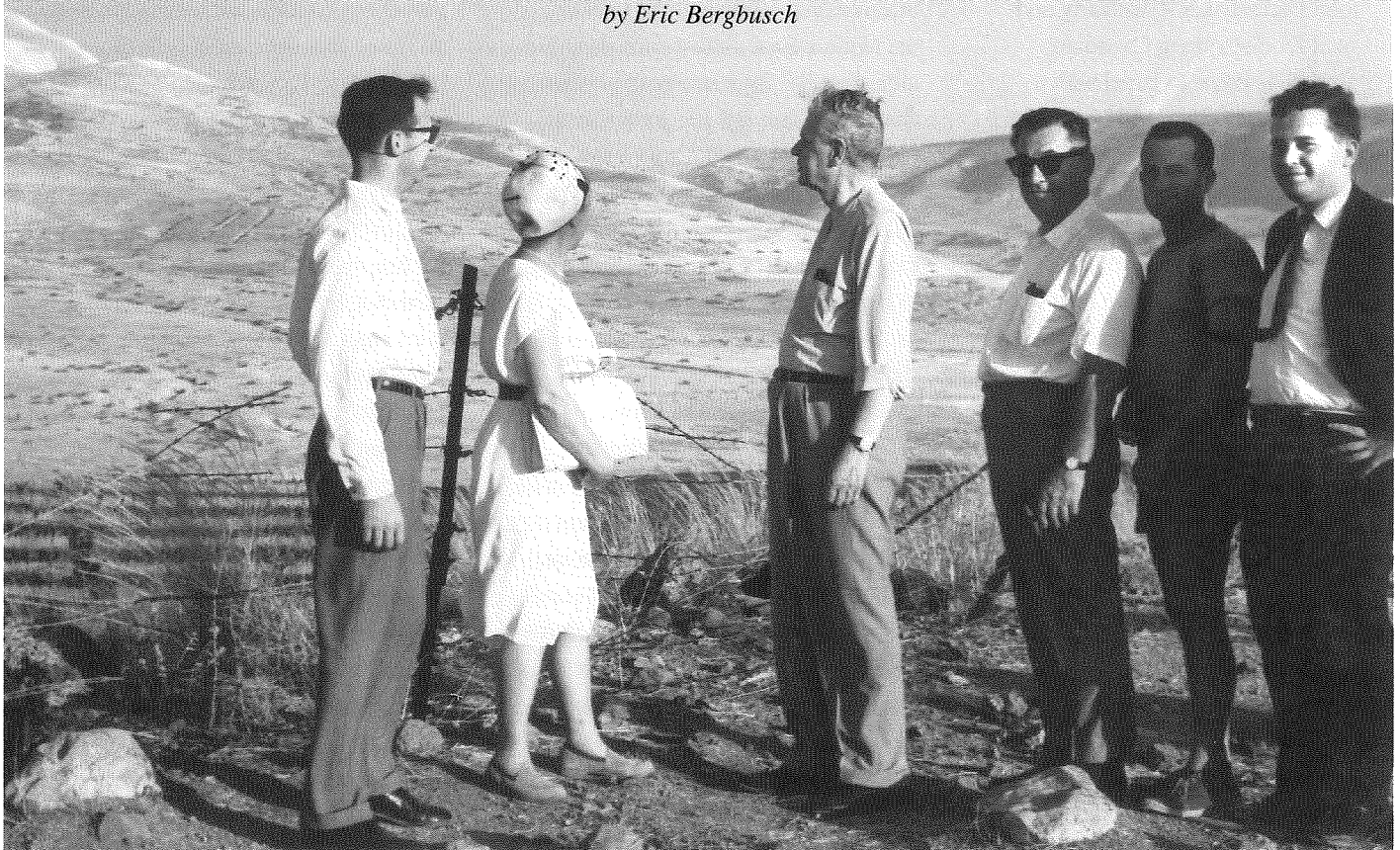
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Diefenbaker in the Holy Land

by Eric Bergbusch



Kibbutz Tel Katzir with view towards Syria and Jordan — (left to right) Eric Bergbusch, Olive Diefenbaker, John Diefenbaker, Norman Genzer, Kibbutz Chairman and Nitzan Hadass

John Diefenbaker treasured his contacts with the great men of his time. His boyhood meeting with Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Saskatoon and his encounter with “the Old Man” — Sir Winston Churchill — in 1962 were hallowed moments which provided tales he loved to recount. (Some were included in a Victor recording of Mr. Diefenbaker, produced by Graham Watt, under the title “I am a Canadian”: a series of baroque performances that may still amuse and delight today.)

It was no surprise, then, that his first request when he came to Israel in November 1963, was to call on that country’s famous Old Man, David Ben-Gurion. Both were then newly, and uneasily, out of office: Mr. Ben-Gurion had been forced out by age and pressures related to the mysterious “Lavon Affair;” Mr. Diefenbaker by the defeats he had incurred earlier that year, first, in the House of Commons and, then, in national elections. Bearing these events in mind, our Ambassador and

his wife, Arthur and Joyce Andrew, did the Leader of the Opposition and Mrs. Diefenbaker all the honours, meeting them at the airport, hosting them at the residence, and accompanying them to David Ben-Gurion's desert retreat at Sde Boker. So it was that Arthur Andrew came to tell us what really happened there.

John Diefenbaker — an early and devoted Zionist among Canadian politicians — came to Israel with a romantic vision of the land based, in equal parts, on Bible stories, memories of his youth pioneering in northern Saskatchewan, and tales of settlers and sabras "making the desert bloom." His line of questioning when the two men settled down together at the kibbutz betrayed his misconception of Mr. Ben-Gurion's role, as politician and intellectual, in Israel. "Did you make that chair?" No. "Did you build that table?" No. Had Israel's co-founder and long-time leader laid the bricks and worked on the roof? A puzzled Mr. Ben-Gurion offered what he could by way of response to these queries. It began to emerge that the two men's pioneering experiences had been very different.

Sde Boker's experiments in hydroponic agriculture, one of Mr. Ben-Gurion's enthusiasms, offered something closer to common ground, but remained distant from the issues of the day. Fearing he would have nothing to write home about, Arthur Andrew resolved to "get them talking like

statesmen." He asked Ben-Gurion for his views on China, and was gratified to hear him eloquently develop his theory about that country's coming greatness and crucial role in international relations — once it emerged from its isolation and began to utilize the skills of its people (a precocious judgement about Mao's China in 1963). That led to a brief review of the international scene and the situation in the Middle East — just enough to provide material for a necessarily brief, but charmingly breezy, report to Ottawa. The two statesmen and their wives met again at a dinner at the ambassador's residence but nothing of moment occurred there except Paula Ben-Gurion's stage whisper to her husband, across two tables, "You can't eat that!" He calmly went on spooning his dessert.

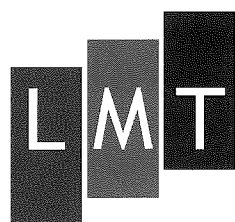
The next item on the Diefenbakers' programme was a trip to Jerusalem. I had last seen the two of them on the night the Conservative government went down to defeat in the House of Commons, Mrs. Diefenbaker sitting straight and apparently unmoved in the Government Gallery, Mr. Diefenbaker, visibly shaken, his fingers tensely crossed, unsteadily descending the back staircase from his office to the Chamber. When I called at their hotel to escort them to Jerusalem, I was struck by how relaxed and vigorous John Diefenbaker looked; quite unlike the harassed, defeated figure I had seen seven months earlier. As I introduced myself — from Saskatoon, a recent recruit to

the foreign service and a former aide to Howard Green — Mr. Diefenbaker took charge: "Ah yes, *Bergbusch*. A *Dr. Bergbusch* used to write me about ... immigration cases." I acknowledged that that was probably true. My father, as head of the Western Canada Synod of the Lutheran Church, had probably written him about cases of special concern. My name and background seemed to provide an immediate level of comfort in our relationship: I, clearly, did not rate as a "Pearsonality."

As we travelled together during the following days, it became clear that this was, in many ways, the trip of a lifetime for Mr. and Mrs. Diefenbaker. The "Land of Israel" evoked foundational tales studied in Sunday School and they were augmented now by the fascination of a new state of Israel. Invited while in office by Dr. Yaacov Herzog, Israel's learned and energetic ambassador, Mr. Diefenbaker easily transcended on such a trip the burden of a name that had dogged him for years and was still a matter of occasional ridicule. He was to be the first Canadian Prime Minister to visit Israel while in office or out. (He also stopped in Cairo during this trip, but Mr. St. Laurent had beaten him there.)

The government of Israel and its agencies had charge of the Diefenbakers' time in West Jerusalem, and I was not called upon to attend the tree-planting ceremony at the Canada forest, nor the tour of Yad Vashem, nor the celebratory dinner at the King David Hotel. However, as a newly arrived Third Secretary, the tour of East Jerusalem was in my hands; it was the embassy's first test of my competence. Luckily for me, the British Consul-General in Jerusalem had made the arrangements for us with his customary tact and skill.

The day started badly. At the Mandelbaum Gate, we were welcomed to "Jerusalem, Jordan" not by the Governor of the Old City but by his Deputy, a falling off Mr. Diefenbaker duly noted. The Deputy apologized profusely for



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the Governor's absence explaining that a political crisis had blown up. This disappointing start was, happily, softened when the British Consul's two sons, about 10 and 12 years old, came forward. Their mother was Canadian and they had obtained permission to skip school in order to meet Mr. Diefenbaker and get his autograph. The honours were done with aplomb and we set off through the Damascus Gate to see the treasures of the Holy City.

Now, Jerusalem is a "city built on high." Mr. and Mrs. Diefenbaker were both dressed formally for this great occasion and the heat began to tell on us as we climbed through the narrow, winding passages of the Sukh. John Diefenbaker took off his jacket and loosened his tie, but Olive had no such recourse and continued to walk stiffly up the stairs encased in the special corset she wore to support her injured back. The route taken by our Palestinian guide was filled with interest: wailing Arab music drifted across our path; fragrances of coffee, cardamon and other spices wafted in the air; piles of carpets, beads, coffee pots, shoes and textiles dazzled our eyes. Alas, that was not all. The smell of manure rose from the donkey dung sprinkled here and there on the steps and the carcasses of beef and lamb, hung on one side — the host of flies settling on them idly whisked away by a small boy — added their own aromas. Mrs. Diefenbaker, a home economist by training, was especially shocked by this lack of hygiene, lack of care. Someone should do something about that...

We emerged from the narrow lanes under a blazing noon-day sun to follow the Via Dolorosa to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. En route we descended to a basement to view games of chance which had been carved in the stone pavement in biblical times. Finally, we arrived at the church. Yet our guide felt obliged to explain the politics of the place — the role of the Muslim keeper of the keys and the position of the Copts with

their chapel outside — before we were allowed to step into the Church's dark interior. Seeing the strained looks on Mr. and Mrs. Diefenbaker's faces, I began again to fear the outing would be deemed a disaster.

We were just getting our bearings in the mystic gloom among religious decorations, piles of sand and tiles, and ubiquitous scaffolding, when a side door opened and a suave, well-dressed man came forward, greeted the Diefenbakers, and apologized for missing them at the gate. Turning around, he vainly waved at the five patriarchs of Jerusalem to assist him in welcoming "the Prime Minister of Canada" to Jerusalem and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. But the patriarchs, tall men all, with their bejewelled robes, great hats and fine staffs carried before them, swept away, studiously ignoring Mr. Diefenbaker, the Governor and one another. The Governor calmly explained that a fierce dispute had broken out that morning over claims that the long overdue repairs and renovations currently underway were altering the time-hallowed lines of demarcation between the various churches. Such disputes had flared into violence and bloodshed in the past and the Governor had felt obliged to intervene quickly with the parties lest worse betide. This fascinating account, drawing on the history of this holy site, and the Governor's renewed apologies, left Mr. and Mrs. Diefenbaker intrigued and satisfied. Their day — my day — was looking up.

It became even better when a number of American tourists from the mid-west, and then a few Canadians, came up to pay their respects to Mr. Diefenbaker (Newsweek's earlier cover depicting him as a raging maniac had evidently made less of an impression in the United States than I had imagined). Mr. Diefenbaker responded to the occasion with habitual ease. His interlocutors' friendly greetings brought out the personal warmth, humour and gift of homely repartee that had made him the most formidable street-front politician of his generation. We lingered

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a bit in the glow of recognition before our guide called on us to see the Holy Sepulchre in the crypt. We then rushed off, in the appointed car, to the lunch that awaited us at a nearby convent.

Our quiet lunch *à trois* inside the convent's massive walls, at an oak table in a small refectory, brought cool and calm to the hot day — and grace in the exquisite courtesy of the Mother Superior and the quiet, skillful service of the sisters. We spoke in low tones in this muted atmosphere, relishing the simple fare, cooked from local produce. (I benefitted, in particular, when Mr. and Mrs. Diefenbaker, for fear of stomach upsets, skipped the crisp watercress salad the sisters had prepared for us.) By the time we finished lunch, conveyed our thanks, drove across the city, and

The Israeli press corps had come to record the arrival of another celebrated foreign visitor ... and stayed to be entertained by Mr. Diefenbaker's expressive, emphatic and darkly allusive responses to their questions. A good time was had by all.

transferred from the Jordanian car to the Israeli car in "no-man's land" (at the Mandelbaum Gate), the shadows were beginning to lengthen. When we got to the King David Hotel, Jerusalem was bathed in a golden light; we were ready for a restful evening. Mr. and Mrs. Diefenbaker had spent a memorable day in the old city.

The next morning's programme began with a press conference arranged by the foreign ministry. The Israeli press corps had come to record the arrival of another celebrated foreign visitor, the first of his rank from Canada, and stayed to be entertained by Mr. Diefenbaker's expressive, emphatic and darkly allusive responses to their questions. A good time was had by all.

Then we set off, with a new and larger cast of characters, in Jerusalem's fresh morning air for the Galilee and northern Israel. Norman Genzer, a businessman from Montreal and Mr. Diefenbaker's long-time friend, who had something to do with Progressive Conservative party politics, sat in the front of our limousine, next to the driver. Nitzan Hadass, my opposite number as the Canada desk officer in the foreign ministry (also a recent recruit), sat with me in the jump seats, facing Mr. and Mrs. Diefenbaker. While we started off in suits, our attire and spirits became, respectively, ever more casual and jovial as we went along. It was sightseeing all the way as we wound down the narrow road from Jerusalem and turned north past Arab villages to the Galilee. Nitzan, an observant Orthodox Jew with military training, was widely read and knowledgeable on many points of history, law and religion. Norman Genzer enjoyed bits of reminiscence and respectful badinage with Mr. Diefenbaker as we looked out at the passing scene. Mr. Diefenbaker quizzed Nitzan on the historical role of the Sanhedrin court and on Israel's current legal system before we reached our first stop, King Solomon's stables at Megiddo built to accommodate the king's chariot host. I stayed with Mrs. Diefenbaker while the rest of the company clambered down into the excavation. Mr. Diefenbaker, on returning, gave her a full account of the marvels they had seen, noting that this was the supposed site of Armageddon.

Archaeologists differ about Meggido. Some think the structures there were storerooms not stables. Some attribute its construction to the era of King Ahab, not Solomon. It is an impressive complex in any event and the site of storied battles. The belief that a final human battle will be fought at Megiddo, otherwise "Har Megiddo" (Mount Megiddo) or "Armageddon" has a long history.



Visiting Cana — (left to right) John Diefenbaker, Olive Diefenbaker, Norman Genzer, Nitzan Hadass and Eric Bergbusch

Next was a stop at Cana, where we visited the Greek Orthodox and Roman Catholic churches in turn, each allegedly on the spot where Jesus miraculously changed water to wine at a wedding feast. Mr. and Mrs. Diefenbaker had already visited sites where different Christian churches made conflicting claims and they had had a lively and extended discussion as to which of their two families would have been more shocked by such contradictions. Mr. Diefenbaker addressed the matter in front of the hallowed “old jar” at the Franciscan church, having previously surveyed the “stone vats” at the Greek Orthodox church. “Young man,” he told our Arab Christian guide, “I have a bit of a problem. We were just over at *that other place* (waving his arms expressively) and *they* told us that that was the site of the miracle. Now you tell us that this was the place. So which one is it?” (All this in a quizzical tone calculated to amuse the audience around him.) “Well, Mr. Diefenbaker, many people ask me

that; some Lutheran pastors here last week asked the same question. What I always tell them is that it doesn’t matter so long as it strengthens your faith.” “A very good answer, young man!,” Mr. Diefenbaker responded and vigorously shook our guide’s hand to the satisfaction of all.

We drove on towards Yam Kinneret — the Hebrew name — also known as Lake Tiberius or the Sea of Galilee. But now our talk was of the Horns of Hattin, where Saladin surrounded the last major Crusader force in the heat of the summer of 1187, and then broke and destroyed it. Mr. Diefenbaker had noted that the site was near our route and he was eager to see it. Consequently, when we got near the hillside, we stopped and walked until we could see the two high points and the saddle between them. There, Nitzan answered Mr. Diefenbaker’s questions and gave a sequential account of the men, materiel and tactics used in the three-day battle.

Nitzan Hadass and his wife Ruth were later involved in a dangerous and dramatic incident while on a posting to Bangkok. In December 1972, they were taken prisoner, with other members of the Israel embassy, by four Palestinian gunmen. They were subsequently released unharmed after the terrorists were persuaded to give up their demand for the release of 36 Arab prisoners and to be escorted out of the country.



Inverted syphon above the Sea of Galilee — (left to right) Official from the Israel Water Authority, John Diefenbaker, Norman Genzer and Eric Bergbusch.

By now, we had seen three historical sites from three different eras and we were ready for lunch. At a restaurant overlooking the Sea of Galilee (and not far from Capernaum where the miracle of the loaves and fishes is celebrated), we dined on St. Peter's fish, locally caught.

After our lunch break, we wound up a tortuous road into the hills west of the Sea of Galilee. At a well-guarded spot (which no-one in the Canadian embassy had yet seen), officials of the Israel Water Authority showed us a remarkable sight: a great trench cut across two steep hillsides

“Will they shoot today?” Mr. Diefenbaker asked as he gazed intently at the Syrian gun positions up on the Golan Heights. They were highlighted by the afternoon sun.

in which there lay a gigantic pipe folded in a giant “V”. This was the inverted syphon by which water from the intakes in the Sea of Galilee was to be drawn by gravity across the hills and down to the coastal plain. The timing and details of the project were still covered by heavy security, but it was clear that its inauguration was not far off. (Five months later, in May 1964, the government of Israel announced that water from the Jordan system was flowing to Tel Aviv and the coastal plain. At about the same time, a student activist named Yasser Arafat, frustrated by the lack of response from the Arab states, organized a resistance group called El Fatah, and mounted the first — largely ineffectual — attacks on the diversion project. These terrorist raids by Palestinian groups in Jordan and Syria sparked rivalry among Syria, Jordan and Egypt and triggered a gradual escalation of violence which led to the Six-Day War.) Mr. Diefenbaker came away from this scene mightily impressed.

Then we were off to an even more exciting place: Kibbutz Tel Katzir. This was the famous kibbutz featured in press and TV accounts of the shelling and counter-fire that took place periodically on Israel's border with Syria. We were shown around by the bronzed chair of the kibbutz and casually greeted by tanned kibbutzniks, male and female, wherever we went. They might have been Saskatchewan farm people but for the lightness of their dress — shorts and sandals instead of overalls and boots. We climbed down into the bomb shelter built for the children's school, examined the blast walls set up to deflect artillery fire, and looked around the armoured tractors standing in a nearby field. Before us we could see the kibbutz's cultivated fields sloping down to the 1949 Armistice Line and the Syrian hills rising behind them. There was little cultivation to be seen on the Syrian side.

“Will they shoot today?” Mr. Diefenbaker asked as he gazed intently at the Syrian gun positions up on the Golan Heights. They were highlighted by the afternoon sun. No, the chairman assured

him, there was no cultivation underway and the guns would not fire today. (Syria's intentions were not as mysterious as they then seemed. Its artillery opened up during planting and harvesting whenever the kibbutz tractors crossed the "line of habitual cultivation," a limit spelled out under the 1949 Armistice Agreement but not agreed between the parties. Our informants in the IDF Liaison Office, I later found, were quite open on the matter, readily specifying on what days contested cultivation might draw Syrian fire.)

After our tour of the kibbutz, we sat down with our hosts for refreshing drinks of orange juice or beer. Mr. Diefenbaker, a famous teetotaler, chose the latter. It turned out that he was what some might call a Saskatchewan teetotaler: only one beer on a hot afternoon and one glass of wine for dinner (when not in the public eye). A less hidebound man than one had imagined — almost a regular guy!

We were tired and content on saying goodbye to the young people at Tel Katzir and largely silent on the drive to our hotel in Haifa. But the day was not over yet. Mr. Diefenbaker asked Norman Genzer and me to join him in the restaurant later on; Mrs. Diefenbaker preferred to rest in her room. So we three Canadians sat down together, Norman Genzer and John Diefenbaker to review the fortunes of the Progressive Conservative Party and me to listen. Many who listened to Mr. Diefenbaker over the years — and his listeners were legion — must have heard the same stories. But they were new to me, and well worth listening to. He spoke of Mackenzie King's political smarts: "Oh, he was terrific!" he repeatedly said, and recounted another of King's political manoeuvres. Though Mr. Pearson's name was never mentioned, the implication might have been that he lacked the political arts of his wily predecessor.

Then there was George Hees. Mr. Diefenbaker praised him highly for his skills and great promise. "But he threw it all away!" Again the matter was not spelled out but the meaning was clear.

Hees had been his favoured and inevitable successor: only his rebellion against the Chief had forever destroyed his chance of leading the party. Most shocking of all, however, was the case of the eminent Quebec businessman and financier who, it was proposed, should get himself elected and serve in Mr. Diefenbaker's cabinet. Yet what had he demanded as a guarantee if he were to leave the business world and enter politics? One hundred thousand dollars annually for 10 years: one million dollars (equivalent to ten times that amount today). Mr. Diefenbaker shook in indignation even as we ate dessert. The very thought of it — a million dollars! No wonder he had not always had the best rapport with his Quebec caucus when they posed demands such as that.

Mr. Diefenbaker's visit to the Holy Land was now drawing to a close. His thoughts were turning back to Canada and the political challenges which awaited him there. The next morning before returning to Tel Aviv we stopped briefly in Acre to see the Roman and Crusader ruins. An Arab boy nearby, seeing a tourist party (and abetted by Norman Genzer), tried to get Mr. Diefenbaker to hire the donkey for a brief ride and photograph. I thought the Chief was momentarily tempted by the offer, but he thought better of it and joked

with the Arab boy instead. We drove off to Tel Aviv, said our farewells, and went our separate ways.

Mr. and Mrs. Diefenbaker flew out of Lod (now Ben-Gurion) airport the next morning, and I never met or spoke to them again. Nevertheless, I felt then, as I feel now, that they left pretty well content with their visit to the Holy Land. ☺

Eric Bergbusch served in Israel from 1963 to 1966, also visiting the neighbouring states. He was the Arab-Israel desk officer in Africa and Middle East Division from 1966 to 1969 (Six-Day War, Resolution 242, Jarring Mission). He retired in 1996 and continues to follow events in the Middle East.

Tel Katzir — Saskatchewan teetotaler Diefenbaker viewing kibbutz scrapbook — (left to right) Norman Genzer, John Diefenbaker, and Kibbutz Chairman puffing on pipe.



Pompey and the Pirates

by Roger Lucy

The twenty-first century is, by no means, the only time that great powers have found themselves seemingly stymied by pirates. Around 70 BC, it was brought home to the Romans that the Mediterranean — what they liked to call *Mare Nostrum* (our sea) — was no longer exclusively theirs. Pirates, mainly based in Pamphylia, “rough” Cilicia — the lawless south coast of Asia Minor, and Crete, were becoming ever more brazen. Two Praetors (senior magistrates) and their entourage were kidnapped as they travelled along the via Appia; a pirate flotilla had sailed into Rome’s port, Ostia, and burned several warships. Worse, the grain ships from Sicily and North Africa, on which Rome’s urban masses depended, were becoming increasingly unwilling to put to sea, causing severe food shortages. Earlier efforts to pursue the pirates to their bases had enjoyed mixed results.

From time to time Roman proconsuls were sent out to attack the pirates; but most, after capturing a few pirate ships, taking some strongholds and amassing enough booty to decorate their hoped-for Triumphs, were anxious to hurry home to further their political careers. Civil disorder in Italy and preoccupations in other theatres also meant that counter-piracy operations were largely dependent on locally-raised military and naval levies. Some more venal proconsuls used this as a pretext to levy contributions from local cities, ostensibly to support the anti-pirate effort, but in fact were pocketing the proceeds. More humiliating, Marcus Antonius “Creticus” (father of Cleopatra’s Mark Anthony), sent out in 72 BC to end the Cretan pirate threat, died after suffering a serious defeat at the hands of the island’s war-like population. The only bright spot was the initiative of a young Roman noble, Gaius Julius Caesar. Kidnapped by pirates off the coast of Asia Minor, after raising his ransom, he had hired some local warships to hunt down and crucify (as he had promised them) his erstwhile captors.

The situation was largely of Rome’s own making. The rise of Cilician pirates is linked with the decline of the Selucid monarchy, which the Romans had done much to hasten. The Selucids had been forced to withdraw from Asia Minor, leaving a power vacuum north of the Taurus Mountains. This had been exacerbated by a series of wars of succession among claimants to the dwindling Selucid realm (now largely confined to northern Syria), which gave even more scope to those who made their living by piracy and brigandage. Traditionally much of the task of protecting the eastern Mediterranean sea-lanes had been assumed by the island state of Rhodes whose prosperity depended on sea-borne commerce. In 168 BC Rhodes had offended the Romans with an ill-timed peace initiative in the midst of a war between Rome and Macedonia. The Romans retaliated by making the island of Delos a free port, diverting much of Rhodes’ trade, and costing her dearly in lost revenues. (Delos also became a major slave emporium, where the pirates could sell off their captives.) Not only was its ability to maintain an anti-piracy fleet compromised, but when Rhodes did mount

a punitive expedition against pirates based in Crete, the Romans forced a ceasefire, leaving the pirates there — free to continue and indeed flourish. The long drawn out wars between Rome and King Mithridates of Pontus further destabilized the eastern Mediterranean and gave the pirates greater freedom to operate, as well as the opportunity to hire out their services to one side or the other.

In antiquity, and indeed right up to the 19th century, the distinction between of a pirate (a freelance maritime brigand) and a privateer who had received an official license from a state to wage a *guerre de course* against its enemies, was largely a matter of circumstances, or perception. In Elizabethan times, Sir Francis Drake was regaled as a national hero in England, but reviled as a ruthless marauder in Spain. To defray expenses, some Greek states, such as cash-strapped Athens in the 4th century BC, encouraged (or at best did little to discourage) their warship captains' plundering activities. Excuses could run pretty thin. An Athenian embassy bound for Caria (on the southwest coast of Asia Minor), aboard a state galley, encountered and seized a rich Egyptian merchant ship, an act which one might assume was incompatible with their diplomatic status — not so, the Athenians deemed the act legitimate, justifying the attack because Egypt was in rebellion from Persia, with which Athens was at peace (but was, by no means, an ally). The Athenians also brushed off Macedonian complaints about the plundering activities of one of its admirals (despite the fact that Athens and Macedonia were at peace) on the grounds that he needed supplies for his troops.

Effective piracy was normally a capital and manpower intensive business. While some pirates such as the Balearic islanders and tribes along the Red Sea made do with rafts, most pirates used light, undecked galleys, usually with 30 to 50 oars. While costly to build and operate, such vessels could run down and overpower most sailing vessels, yet outrun any larger warships sent against them. Piracy tended to flourish on rugged, heavily indented coastal regions or archipelagoes with good harbours and ample timber in the hinterland, reserves of poor but predatory manpower and weak political structures — Dalmatia, Crete and the south coast of Asia Minor were all notorious pirate lairs, as indeed had been Italy before the Romans united the peninsula. Such regions' poor and rugged terrain made them hard to subdue, while the lack of any unified state structure made it difficult to find an *interlocuteur valable* with whom to negotiate a halt to such activities.

According to Plutarch (writing two centuries after the event, and no doubt with a healthy dose of hyperbole), the Cilician pirates had 1,000 warships, and some were so rich that they gilded their woodwork, made sails of purple cloth and sheathed their oars in silver. As well as preying on merchant shipping, they raided coastal settlements for slaves and plundered the treasuries of many temples in the Aegean and on the Ionian coast. Their pervasiveness and brazen behaviour was calling into question Rome's ability to protect its clients in the eastern Mediterranean.

In 69 BC, following Marcus Antonius' debacle, the Senate did send a seasoned ex-Consul, Quintus Caecilius Metellus, to reduce Crete. The Metelli family produced a long line of rather pedestrian but very thorough generals, who got the job done, if not as quickly as the Roman masses might have wished. This is indeed what Quintus Caecilius achieved. In the course of a three-year campaign, working from west to east, he systematically reduced Crete's city-statelets and pirate lairs. He was opposed by the pirate chief Lasthenes, who had defeated Marcus Antonius, with a hardened force of 24,000 archers.

Even so, Metellus' campaign only addressed part of the pirate problem; the Cilician pirates remained unsubdued, nor was the western Mediterranean free of pirate bands. In 67 BC one of the Tribunes of the Plebs, Aulus Gabinius, proposed the appointment of what today might be called an anti-piracy Czar. The college of 10 annually elected Tribunes was a uniquely Roman institution established in the early days of the Republic to protect the interests of the Plebeians against the Patrician families, who then monopolized political power. Protected by immunity during their term of office, they could bypass the Senate by putting legislative proposals directly to the popular assembly, and veto any action by the Consuls, the Senate, or even fellow tribunes. Gabinius proposed a plebiscite appointing an ex-consul with full powers — overriding any provincial governors (*Imperium Maius*) — to raise troops and levy ships to combat pirates throughout the Mediterranean and 90 kilometres inland. The command would last for three years. Gabinius did not name a nominee to this post but it was clear that his (and the people's) choice was Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus. Pompey "the Great" was the wunderkind of Roman politics, adored by the people and loathed by his senatorial peers. During the civil wars of the 80s, barely in his twenties, and with no legal authority whatsoever, he had raised a private army of three legions to assist Sulla's seizure of power. On behalf of Sulla he had retaken Sicily and north Africa and

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later had gone on to Spain to put down the rebel general Sertorius who had defeated all previous efforts to suppress him. Finally, as he returned to Italy, he defeated the last remnants of Spartacus' slave revolt. Pompey had done all this as a private citizen, never having held any magisterial post (normally a pre-condition to any

astonishing 60 days, Pompey claimed to have cleared the western Mediterranean of pirates. Even before he began operations, the price of grain had dropped to normal levels.

The massive and rapid concentration of force was vintage Pompey; but Pompey was not, in fact, a particularly good

Only once did Pompey have to face a first class enemy, and that — unfortunately for him — was Julius Caesar. At the battle of Pharsalus in 48 BC, Pompey, despite his larger army, lost. He fled to Egypt, where his hosts murdered him,

military command). He rectified this omission by being elected Consul in 70 BC, again leap-frogging the lower offices, normally considered a prerequisite for this supreme post.

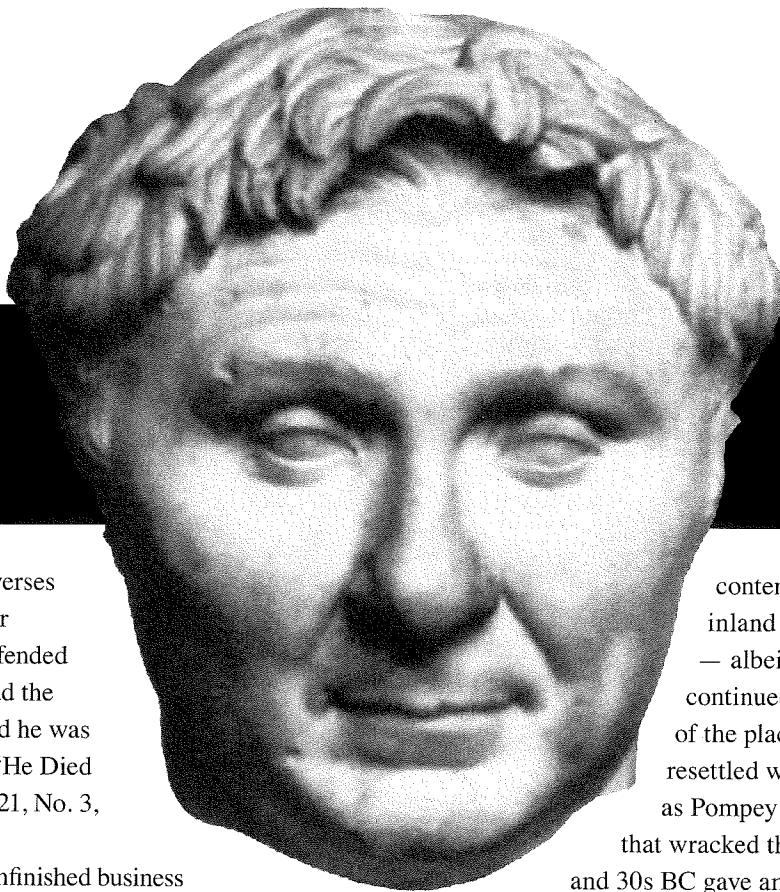
In his early life Pompey had backed Sulla's conservative program, indeed his zeal in doing Sulla's dirty work had earned him the nickname *adulescens carnifex* (butcher-boy). But as Consul, he began to roll back much of Sulla's legislative program, restoring the Tribunes' power to propose legislation, and their right to hold other political offices. Having done this, Pompey found himself rather at a loose end. He had no prior political experience and did not really thrive in the Senate, where he was seen as a dangerous parvenue. He was soon looking for an opportunity to get out of Rome and back into the field, where he could display his prowess. Although he was careful not to show too much eagerness to take up the post proposed by Gabinius, Pompey's Senatorial colleagues would have none of it, fearing that he was another potential Sulla in the making. Initially the only senatorial supporters of Gabinius' proposal were Julius Caesar and Rome's spin doctor extraordinaire Marcus Tullius Cicero. To counter Gabinius' plebiscite, the senators persuaded another Tribune to threaten to veto it.

The in and outs of how Gabinius and (at a discrete distance) Pompey finally got the motion through are not really germane here, but it caused a lot of bad blood and left the Roman constitution sorely bent out of place. The bottom line is Pompey got his command and immediately set about mustering his forces to combat the pirates. Indeed it is likely he had already been doing so quietly while waiting for Gabinius' bill to pass. Pompey was authorized to raise 200 ships, 120,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry. To help with command and control, he could appoint up to 15 deputies (legates). These handpicked younger members of the senatorial class were each given a stretch of coastline to patrol, with a flotilla of ships to bottle up the pirates in their harbours and ground forces which would then winkle them out. Pompey himself led a dedicated fleet of 60 warships, and starting in Sicily swept clockwise around the western Mediterranean from north Africa to Spain along the Riviera and back to Italy, driving any pirates he encountered into the arms of his legates. Within an

general, as much as he fancied himself to be another Alexander the Great (he adopted the cognomen "Magnus" to emphasize a vague physical resemblance to the Macedonian warlord). He was however a superb organizer of military and financial resources. He was also good at exploiting other generals' groundwork. Much of the spade work in defeating Sertorius (who in fact had already been assassinated by one of his followers) had been done by Quintus Metellus Pius (another of the plodding Metelli). Crassus had already defeated Spartacus, when Pompey showed up to round up the remnants of his army, demanding equal credit. None of this had endeared him to his senatorial colleagues.

The real challenge lay in the eastern Mediterranean, the home of the Cilician pirates. Pompey's legates in the east had done nothing to hinder their retreat to their Cilician bases. Pompey now concentrated his ships to ensure they could not break out, while his army, with a powerful siege train, landed on the southern coast of Asia to reduce the pirates' strongholds. Unfortunately the details of the campaign are lost. It is said that several fortresses were reduced and a decisive naval battle was fought in the Bay of Coracaesium, followed by the capture of the fortress there. After that, 20,000 pirates surrendered to Pompey, who had made it clear he was offering generous terms. It is claimed that this stage of the eastern campaign was over in 70 days — what had been envisaged as a three-year campaign was accomplished in less than half a year.

The official spin was that Pompey resettled the surrendered pirates on deserted lands and abandoned cities (of which there was an abundance in the wake of Mithridates' wars), well inland, so they would not be tempted to desert their new calling as peaceful farmers. The grateful ex-pirates even renamed one of their newly acquired towns Pompeiopolis. As well Pompey took many into his own service to help further what he hoped would be the next stage of his career: the commission to finish off Mithridates. His friends at home were already hard at work. Another tame tribune, Gaius Manilius, backed by Cicero's oratory, proposed a plebiscite to strip Lucullus of his command and give it to Pompey. Lucullus had been there too



long, had suffered some reverses (after a string of spectacular victories) and worse had offended the tax farmers. Pompey had the ships, he had the troops, and he was in the neighbourhood (see “He Died Old,” *bout de papier*, Vol. 21, No. 3, Summer/Fall 2005).

There was one piece of unfinished business — Crete. For the past two years, Metellus, true to his family’s slow but thorough style, had been systematically reducing the pirate strongholds on the island, offering no quarter. The Cretans thought they would get a better deal from Pompey and offered to surrender to him. Pompey, never loath to steal someone else’s glory, sent one of his legates, Octavius, backed by a force of Cilician ex-pirates, to accept the Cretans’ surrender. Notwithstanding Pompey’s *Imperium Maius*, Metellus refused to accept that he had any right to interfere. Octavius and his men, along with those whose surrendered they had come to accept, soon found themselves in the town of Lappa, besieged by Metellus. When Metellus stormed the town, he released Octavius but executed his Cilicians. Despite the intervention by other troops loyal to Pompey, Metellus completed his conquest of Crete and captured Lasthenes. However, he was unable to parade Lasthenes in his Triumph, as one of Pompey’s tame tribunes vetoed it.

Pompey had won a quick, spectacular and seemingly complete victory over the pirates, using it as a stepping stone in an even more spectacular career of conquests throughout the Middle East which took him from Caspian to the Red Sea, leaving the pirates far behind. Pompey once again demonstrated his ability to mobilize and concentrate massive resources, and build upon (and claim credit for) the work of others. Only once did Pompey have to face a first class enemy, and that — unfortunately for him — was Julius Caesar. At the battle of Pharsalus in 48 BC, Pompey, despite his larger army, lost. He fled to Egypt, where his hosts murdered him.

While the world marvelled at Pompey’s *drang nach Osten*, not all of the pirates who had submitted to him were

content with their new life as inland farmers. Reports of piracy — albeit on a much reduced scale — continued for the next 40 years. Many of the places where the pirates had been resettled were not as far from the sea as Pompey claimed, and the civil wars that wracked the Roman world in the 40s and 30s BC gave ample scope for freebooters to resume their old calling. Indeed Pompey’s youngest son, Sextus, was to gain the reputation for piracy. Sextus assumed command of his father’s still formidable fleet and took over Sicily and Sardinia. For over a decade he resisted all attempts to oust him, waging a *guerre de course* against Caesar’s successors, Anthony and Octavian, often threatening Rome’s grain supply. Whether Sextus should properly be considered simply a rogue admiral is perhaps moot — Octavian’s publicists naturally branded him a pirate, and his two chief naval commanders seem to have been ex-pirates who had surrendered to his father. After several failed attempts, Octavian’s chief military expert Agrippa was finally able to defeat Sextus, crucifying many of his sailors on the grounds that they were ex-pirates and escaped slaves.

Following their defeat of Sextus, Octavian and Agrippa went on to deal with Anthony and Cleopatra. As sole ruler of the Roman world, Octavian — soon to be known as Augustus — proceeded to tidy up its boundaries, effectively bringing the entire Mediterranean coast under Roman rule. It was then, and only then, that piracy effectively died out under the *Pax Romana*, not to reappear in the Mediterranean basin until the Vandal conquest of north Africa almost five centuries later. ☺

*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*

The International Affairs Curriculum: First Step to a Professional Foreign Service

by John Kneale

In an article in this magazine in 2005, I suggested a number of ways in which PAFSO could act to stem the steady erosion of the professional foreign service. One of these was to work closely with the Canadian Foreign Service Institute (CFSI) to define competencies for all areas of our work and build appropriate training around them. Not only would this reinforce our professionalism, it would also make clear the inappropriateness of deploying people without adequate experience or training into positions that would normally be reserved for career foreign service officers.

At the time, the CFSI had been working to develop an "International Affairs Curriculum" that had as its objective "a comprehensive program providing continuous learning opportunities to officers dealing specifically with the international affairs area." The CFSI plan acknowledged that foreign service officers are recruited against a specific statement of qualifications (relevant education, positive personality traits, ability to adapt, ability to learn foreign languages) and then acquire practical experience through work at headquarters and in the field. The goal of training, consequently, is to focus and reinforce each officer's skills.

That training should start at the very beginning of one's career — no one arrives with a complete skill set — and continue to the end. Accordingly, the CFSI organized the training around the skills needed at each stage of a typical career. This work coincided with the restructuring of the FS group to a four-level system. By definition, each level would have different and advancing requirements, as do the ascending levels of the EX group. The Human Resources Branch, working in parallel, was engaged in defining the behavioural and technical

competencies required by foreign service officers at each level.

The CFSI curriculum was focussed on the knowledge and skills pertinent to the professional management of international relations, and to the management of our missions abroad. Training in areas common to employees and managers all across the government,

"Representational skills" and "Advocacy skills." The intention was to build appropriate training modules for each of these, with ascending levels of complexity and sophistication as officers progressed through their careers.

The IAC was also linked to career development. For each level of the FS structure, there would be both mandatory

... our responsibilities as public servants, providing advice to the government and to companies, or assisting individual Canadians, require us to have high standards of competency ... other professional groups such as doctors and economists and accountants and military officers all have to undertake regular refresher training.

for example — financial or HR management at headquarters — is provided by the Canada School.

The CFSI plan, however, acknowledged that there are DFAIT employees who are not rotational foreign service officers who may also need training in some areas of international affairs management, as there are employees of other government departments with the same need. The goal of the IAC was to offer a common international affairs program to all officers involved in the delivery of the government's foreign policy and international trade agenda, geared to their level of responsibility.

So for both political-economic and commercial-economic stream officers, a series of seven "principal competencies" were defined, and under each competency a number of sub-competencies. For instance, under the competency "Promoting Canadian interests" there were two sub-competencies,

and elective training. An officer would need to complete a certain number of credits, all the mandatory ones and some elective ones, before being able to apply for promotion to the next level. This is crucial to establishing the foreign service as a professional group.

Finally, the training would be more rigorous. No more CFSI certificates saying you participated in the three-day such-and-such course when you missed half of it and spent the other half on your BlackBerry. Knowledge uptake would be tested at the end of each course and a mark assigned.

So, what happened to the IAC? Well, it exists, but only as a pale shadow of what was originally intended. A list of courses is offered, but they are not organized by level. There is no roadmap charting the training that an officer needs in order to progress from recruit to desk officer to manager. And there is very little mandatory training.

For example, last year for the political-economic stream, there was Human Rights I and Human Rights II. But these were not linked to different levels of officers. There was no requirement to have completed Human Rights II before becoming a program manager abroad. For the commercial-economic stream, there was Competitive Intelligence I and Competitive Intelligence II. But again, no stipulation that an officer had to complete both courses successfully before being considered for promotion to the FS-04 level.

This is not to criticize the quality of the courses. To the best of my knowledge, they are well-designed, relevant, and well-delivered. My point is that the international affairs training as it currently stands is merely an *à la carte* offering of a wide variety of courses, not the backbone of a professional foreign service.

There are a number of reasons why the original vision for the IAC has not been realized. One is that linking the training to FS levels seemed to some people to make it too exclusive and elitist. They wanted all the courses to be available to all employees. Since the department was re-deploying non FS officers into FS positions at that point, it seemed logical to some to simply have an *à la carte* menu so that newly minted FS officers could quickly fill in the holes in their resumes, regardless of whether they had the basic skills to be foreign service professionals or any experience in the field.

Another reason, perhaps related to the first, is that an evaluation of the CFSI at about this time laid emphasis on making

managers responsible for meeting the training needs of their employees. This makes sense in principle, but managers don't always have a good understanding of the needs of their employees, nor are they aware of the progressive approach proposed in the IAC. To many managers, an *à la carte* curriculum that combines simple information sessions with some actual skills training looks just fine. In any event, many managers did not endorse the increased training time called for by the IAC, probably fearing that their employees would be away from their desks too often.

Comparison with other professions is illuminating. The professional group that is most similar to foreign service officers is lawyers. In fact, many foreign service officers are themselves lawyers, or at least have had some legal training. However, unlike foreign service officers, lawyers are required constantly to refresh their training. If they do not, they can face serious consequences in defending themselves against a claim of negligence by a client.

Here is what the Law Society of Upper Canada, the governing body of lawyers in Ontario, says about training. "Being a competent lawyer involves a career-long commitment to education and professional development — from self-study approaches ... to attending and participating in Continuing Legal Education (CLE) Programs."

The Law Society's Statement of Minimum Expectations says this: "The Law Society's professional development expectation is articulated as a minimum: a basic number of hours of self-study and

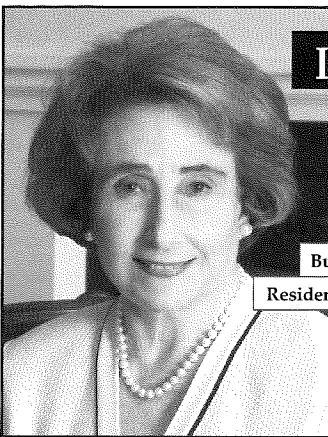
CLE that all lawyers should undertake ... A reasonable minimum expectation for self-study hours is 50 hours per year. A reasonable minimum expectation for participation in CLE activities is 12 hours per year."

Some readers will argue that we are not all lawyers and should not be held to this standard. But surely our responsibilities as public servants, providing advice to the government and to companies, or assisting individual Canadians, require us to have high standards of competency. In any event, other professional groups such as doctors and economists and accountants and military officers all have to undertake regular refresher training. If they don't, or don't pass the tests, they lose their professional accreditation. Why should we be different?

An additional advantage to a solid curriculum, one that provides certification at each step, is that it would enable our colleagues who choose to leave the foreign service to prove their capabilities to prospective employers. Instead of a resume that simply says "I spent x years with DFAIT," they would have independent confirmation of their accreditation as mid or senior level foreign service officers. Younger employees are more mobile than older ones, and there is important work to be done in the international sphere in other government departments, in the provinces, in NGOs and in large corporations and banks. It's clearly in our interest to facilitate smooth transfers of trained and experienced employees to other areas of Canadian society.

I encourage PAFSO members, working through their executive, to make an improved International Affairs Curriculum an urgent objective. This is not a lot to ask of the department; the basic elements are already in place or can be created within a year or two. But it is essential to maintaining a professional foreign service that can promote and defend Canadian interests abroad with skill and experience. ☺

John Kneale is a former foreign service officer. He left the public service in 2009 to work with an NGO.



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Robert Harold Gayner 1930–2009

To paraphrase Barbra Streisand, "People who like people are the luckiest people in the world." If that is so, and I have no reason to doubt it, then Bob Gayner must rank very high among that select. He didn't just like people, he loved people; he loved people of every creed and kind, and his affection was totally democratic. He was as interested in, and as comfortable with, the man on the street as he was with heads of state and captains of industry.

Bob had a wonderful, happy disposition and a boundless instinct for generosity, which took many forms. He was always there with a kind word and a helping hand, and donated countless hours to causes as diverse as orphanages in Brazil and Romania, the Federal Superannuates National Association in Canada and The Shepherds of Good Hope in Ottawa.

It would be interesting to do a quick survey here today, to learn how each of you came to know Bob. I, and others, knew him as a professional colleague, but a number will have got to know him through his extensive volunteer involvement. If they compared notes, I am sure they would agree that when he took on a cause, he went at it full bore, with all of his energy, all of his enthusiasm, and all of his imagination.

The Bible tells us that it is better to give than to receive. Bob was always way over on the GIVE side of the ledger. A colleague told me recently that he and Bob and two other junior officers worked together many

years ago at the Canadian Consulate General in Chicago. They were young, hard working, enthusiastic and ambitious, but daily faced the problem of reconciling modest government salaries with the burgeoning financial demands of growing families. He said they would suddenly find that while they were trying to make ends meet, Bob had underwritten some charitable need. The example he gave was when Bob heard that there were a number of children who could not participate in many of the programs at a local youth club because their families could not afford to buy them sports shoes, Bob picked them all up, took them to a store, had them fitted with shoes — and paid the whole shot from his own pocket.

I first met Bob through an act of generosity on his part. Carol and I were preparing to leave on our first foreign assignment to replace Bob and Helen at the Canadian Consulate in São Paulo, Brazil. Bob went considerably out of his way to make it possible for us to meet before our departure so he could brief us on the posting, and on some special challenges we would face there. His advice proved to be of great value — I could say of almost critical value. The easiest thing would have been for him to have done nothing, say nothing, and leave a young, inexperienced officer to walk unwarned and unprepared into the unknown. But that was not Bob's way. I have always been grateful to him for undertaking considerable personal

inconvenience, not to mention professional risk, to speak candidly to someone he had never met and to whom he owed nothing.

Bob was interested in everything. He relished new circumstances, new acquaintances, new ideas, new attitudes. He loved good food and good company.

He enjoyed all the arts. He and Helen were regular patrons of the Lyric Opera, and despite the restraints imposed by foreign service salaries, assembled an impressive art collection from around the world, particularly from their time in Moscow.

The one thing he had trouble with was quiet. For a number of years, Carol and I drove each summer with Bob and Helen to Stratford and Niagara-on-the-Lake. The long drives offered lots of opportunity for conversation, but if discussions flagged, as they tend to do with the passing hours, Bob would slam a CD into the player and turn up the volume to a point that for him was stimulating, but for me beside him in the front seat, was deafening. I have mentioned that he was interested in everything. He would often catch sight of something as we passed by, and turn to keep his eye on it while he yelled at Helen to note its similarity to something they had seen, for example, in New Zealand. I took advantage of these moments of distraction to turn the sound down a couple of notches, and in a little while would have it reduced to a tolerable level. Then Bob would notice that something was amiss and say, "I don't know what's wrong with this radio — it keeps fading," crank it up and the whole cycle would start again.

I have come to realize in recent days that trying to encapsulate a life in a few brief words is a daunting task, and in the case of someone as dynamic and multifaceted as Bob, it is essentially impossible. Recognizing, therefore, that I will be guilty of serious omissions whatever I say, I have decided to stop trying and to conclude by mentioning three factors



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that I think were important influences in his life, three pillars that sustained and supported him.

The first was his family, the centre point of his attention and affection. He and Helen had a love affair that continued through all the years they had together. He was very proud of all the achievements and accomplishments of his children and granddaughter, and they in turn gave him much to be proud of.

The second was the Catholic Church. He had an abiding faith in its fundamental precepts, but his commitment was not blind. He questioned and debated, and wrestled with the problems inherent in following a long established belief system in a modern world. At the end of the day, however, it remained the touchstone that informed his spirituality, the bedrock of his beliefs.

I have learned that Bob could be quite catholic (and here I use the word in its full etymological meaning of "universal") in his religious practices. A few years ago when Carol and I were living in London, England, he pitched up late on a Saturday, after a long and arduous trip to a number of the republics that had formed the eastern part of the old Soviet Union. He was tired and had contracted a bad cold, but his main concern was that he had not attended mass for some time. Happily, there was a church a few blocks from where we lived, and the next morning he set off to attend to his spiritual needs. He participated fully in the service and found the environment so warm and welcoming that he stayed for coffee hour. There he fell into conversation with a gentleman who turned out to be the organist. When Bob complimented him on the quality of his playing, the man said, "If you want to hear a great organ, you should go to the Catholic church across the street." And that was how Bob came to realize that he had attended an Anglican communion instead of a Catholic mass, and not noticed the difference.

The third was his commitment to public service. He was a proud Canadian, who felt that we had values and interests that

deserved strong endorsement at home, and vigorous promotion abroad. The foreign service therefore suited him well. He enjoyed an excellent career, reaching the levels of Consul-General and Ambassador, but much more important to him than titles was the opportunity it gave to be directly, personally involved in advancing those interests that in turn benefitted the Canadian good.

Bob had a successful career, as he had a successful life, in considerable part because he was a reservoir of goodwill and generosity. It radiated from him and touched the hearts of those with whom he came in contact. I know that around the world today many, many people are pausing to reflect on the fact that a vital force has been calmed, a strong voice and a hearty laugh stilled, and that a very special flame has flickered and died. ☹

Robert Burchill is a retired foreign service officer.

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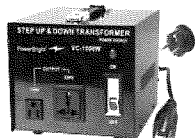
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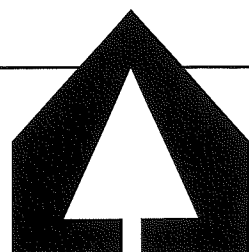
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PAFSO Awards — Celebrating 20 Years Les Prix de l'APASE — 20^e anniversaire

On Thursday, June 11, 2009, 295 colleagues and guests gathered to celebrate excellence in the Canadian Foreign Service at the PAFSO Dinner and Awards presentations held in the Panorama Room of the National Arts Centre in Ottawa. Celebrations for an outstanding evening at the 20th year of the PAFSO Awards got underway as the Pipe Major of the Sons of Scotland, Ms. Bethany Basillion, piped in the guests.

Le président de l'APASE, Craig Weichel, a amorcé la soirée en souhaitant la bienvenue aux invités spéciaux et aux hauts fonctionnaires au 20^e dîner annuel de remise des Prix du service extérieur. Dans son allocution, M. Weichel a souligné que :

« Nous célébrons ce soir le 20^e anniversaire d'établissement des Prix de l'APASE, et il est remarquable combien le monde a changé depuis la première remise des Prix, en 1990. À l'époque, il y avait encore un pays qui s'appelait l'Union soviétique, les États membres de

la Communauté économique européenne en étaient encore à leurs tout premiers pas vers l'adoption d'une devise commune encore sans nom et l'American Dialect Society venait de couronner « politiquement correct » comme la nouvelle expression la « plus outrageuse » de l'année.

C'est dans ce contexte de monde en perpétuelle évolution que les agents du service extérieur exercent leur métier, saisissent la signification des événements qui se produisent, prodiguent les meilleurs conseils possibles au gouvernement de l'heure et défendent et promeuvent les valeurs et les intérêts du Canada à l'étranger ...

[C'est ce qu'ils font] souvent dans des circonstances difficiles du point de vue tant de leur bien-être personnel que de celui des membres de leurs familles respectives ... Nous soulignons les accomplissements exceptionnels de nos lauréat, [mais aussi] l'importante contribution que le service extérieur du Canada apporte à la protection, à la promotion et à la prospérité de notre pays. »

(Above, left to right) Frank Ruddock, Jason LaTorre, Soyoung Park and Léonard Beaulne



Léonard Beaulne et l'ancien sous-ministre des Affaires étrangères Gaëtan Lavertu

Léonard Beaulne

Léonard Beaulne, directeur adjoint, Affaires interaméricaines à la Direction de l'Amérique du Sud et des relations interaméricaines du MAECI, est lauréat d'un Prix de l'APASE cette année pour ses réalisations exceptionnelles et ses énormes contributions aux affaires interaméricaines. Léonard est parfaitement trilingue, français, anglais et espagnol, atout précieux pour les négociations dans le contexte interaméricain où la capacité de trouver le bon mot ou la bonne expression peut changer le momentum et, en dernière analyse, influencer sur le succès de la séance de négociation. Il possède une connaissance intime des Amériques et expose à ses collègues

Allocution de la gouverneure générale

Malheureusement, les deux invités d'honneur de la soirée, Leurs Excellences la très honorable Michaëlle Jean, gouverneure générale du Canada, et M. Jean-Daniel Lafond, n'ont pu être présents. La gouverneure générale se trouvait à Trenton (Ontario) pour prendre part à la cérémonie de rapatriement du soldat Alexandre Péloquin tombé au combat en Afghanistan. En son absence, la secrétaire et suppléante de la gouverneure générale, M^{me} Sheila-Marie Cook, a prononcé l'allocution suivante :

« La gouverneure générale regrette de ne pouvoir être avec vous ce soir car une cérémonie de rapatriement à Trenton l'empêche d'être des vôtres.

Elle m'a demandé de vous faire ses amitiés et de prononcer quelques mots en son nom.

Chaque visite d'État ou officielle à l'étranger me permet de constater la qualité du service extérieur canadien.

C'est le plus souvent par vous, par les voies diplomatiques que vous privilégiez, et grâce à votre travail sur le terrain, que le Canada parvient à éliminer les causes possibles de conflits, à multiplier les occasions de prospérité et de partenariat, et à créer des liens de coopération durables.

C'est un travail que vous effectuez le plus souvent en coulisses, et j'estime qu'il est essentiel que toutes les Canadiennes et tous les Canadiens sachent combien votre travail à l'étranger contribue à l'excellente réputation du Canada dans le concert des nations et à son succès.

J'ajouterais que, dans un monde qui connaît une ouverture sans précédent, votre rôle n'a jamais été aussi important.

The economic crisis, natural disasters, food crises, the withdrawal into one's identity when faced with

diversity, and the importance of security in light of the rise in fundamentalism of all kinds: these are all issues that present tremendous challenges that now extend beyond regional and national borders.

Challenges that affect the entire world and require every country and government, including Canada, to work together to find common solutions that respect everyone's needs and interests.

That is why it is so important and necessary to be able to count on our extremely professional foreign service officers, people who take the road less travelled, understand the cultures in which they are asked to work

Jason LaTorre, Senior Trade Commissioner, Canadian Consulate General, Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam, has been selected as a winner of the PAFSO Award for his work as Consul and Senior Trade Commissioner at the Consulate General of Canada in Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam. He is being recognized for his initiative, creativity, inter-cultural effectiveness and dedicated service to Canadians. One of his prime areas of work was in the education sector. He recognized the opportunities to promote Canadian competitiveness in education and worked with key local contacts, Canadian institutions and other members of the mission, including the immigration section. During his first year on the education file, his efforts resulted in student numbers effectively doubling.

Jason est un modèle de conciliation travail-vie pour son personnel et pour d'autres personnes; il met l'accent sur les priorités d'une manière qui les inspire. Un certain nombre de clients de Jason ont participé au processus de sa mise en candidature, louant divers aspects de son travail. Sa

le contexte et les antécédents historiques et politiques de nombreuses questions interaméricaines.

Leonard possesses the important ability to understand the motivations underlying the positions and actions of other delegations, allowing him to shape a strategy that can gain the support of others by addressing their needs and concerns. He is regarded as one of DFAIT's foremost experts on the Americas, combining the experience of the full range of bilateral relations and extraordinary insight into the broader inter-American system — valued abilities as Canada has worked to develop the multilateral arm of its Americas Strategy.

« Que ce soit en Colombie, mon premier poste, comme responsable de l'Afrique du Nord dans notre bureau des Nations Unies, au Venezuela, ou plus récemment travaillant aux Affaires interaméricaines, je me suis trouvé dans des circonstances souvent uniques qui permettaient de saisir à fond le sens,



l'intérêt, le défi, l'utilité et la fascination du travail que nous accomplissons. »

and embody the democratic values Canadians hold so dear.

Foreign service officers like the ones we are honouring tonight.

You were chosen by your peers, which, I believe, makes these awards even more significant.

Because they see you as sources of inspiration and role models, and it is on their behalf, and on behalf of all Canadians, that we have the pleasure of honouring you and telling you how proud we are of you.

Sachez que la gouverneure générale du Canada vous offre toutes ses félicitations! »

candidature a été appuyée sans réserve par les membres de sa section qui reconnaissent et apprécient son style de leadership, son respect de la culture vietnamienne sur les plans tant professionnel que social et l'enthousiasme dont il fait preuve dans son affectation.

“I am working with an exceptional team. They are delivering service to clients with the highest degree of integrity, commitment, and professionalism. Tonight, I'm accepting this award on behalf of the team. I'd also like to acknowledge my wife and our two very young daughters, who accept new postings with openness and optimism and make my life special wherever we go.”



Mr. Alan Kessel, Legal Adviser, Foreign Affairs and International Trade Canada (DFAIT), was Master of Ceremonies. In his introduction, Mr. Weichel noted Mr. Kessel's long association with the PAFSO Awards, having served both as Master of Ceremonies from 1996–2000 and for a number of years as Chairman of the Awards Committee. Mr. Kessel added

“It is an honour to be amongst such a luminous crowd that has done such tremendous things around the world and this is our night to tell people about what we do and how well we do it.”



Jason LaTorre and the former Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Honourable Perrin Beatty

Jason LaTorre



"Visa officers make millions of decisions each year and it is the unspectacular ones that make up the social and cultural fabric of Canada, one decision and one person at a time."

Soyoung Park, currently Project Business Director, GCMS, Client Service Modernisation in CIC, is being honoured this year as a winner of the PAFSO Award for excelling in bringing action management, vision, partnership and solid values to her work in the Foreign Service. Soyoung has had three postings, New Delhi, Beijing and Damascus. In each, she has tackled difficult problems and implemented efficient managerial practices, improving the service provided to clients. At headquarters, she took on responsibility as Project Business Director for the Global Case Management System (GCMS) which, when implemented, will be

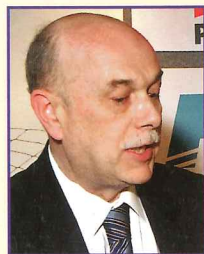
Soyoung Park

Frank Ruddock, Coordinator for Pan-African Affairs, in the Africa Bureau of DFAIT, is being honoured this year as a winner of the PAFSO Award for his outstanding policy and corporate advice as well as the service he has provided to the Africa Bureau and all of DFAIT, its missions abroad and the entire inter-departmental community dealing with issues touching on Africa. He possesses the skills of a model foreign service officer with an in-depth knowledge of the Canada/Africa dynamic, providing consistent, sound policy advice and lucid, tightly focussed analyses. He has a long-standing dedication and commitment to serve Canada and is effective at interacting within the bureaucratic culture of DFAIT, the Treasury Board Secretariat and the Privy Council.

Frank Ruddock and Len Edwards, Deputy Minister, Foreign Affairs



Frank Ruddock



"I am honoured to receive this award from my peers in the foreign service. How could it be otherwise? Over more than three decades, whatever the challenges, you have surrounded me with friendship, help and counsel. In our careers we face ever changing responsibilities, and an array of countries and cultures. But our family of colleagues represents the constant on which we may always rely."

Why not start thinking about or preparing now for nominations for the 2010 PAFSO Awards? While the deadline for submissions is April 5, 2010, nominations or indications of forthcoming nominations can be received at any time at awards@pafso-apase.com or by mail to Secretary, FS Awards Committee, 412-47 Clarence St., Ottawa, ON K1N 9K1.

the platform to bring the business of citizenship and immigration into the 21st century.

Quoique le projet ait connu des périodes houleuses, Soyoung a su, en l'espace d'à peine quelques mois, parfaitement cerner les enjeux et commencer à mettre en place un plan d'action visant à constituer une équipe solide au sein de laquelle les entreprises et les groupes commerciaux/techniques partagent le même but et les mêmes objectifs. Elle est une innovatrice pratique et courageuse. Elle sait inspirer et motiver les agents comme le personnel de soutien.



Soyoung Park and M^{me} Sheila-Marie Cook, Secretary to the Governor General

Épinglette d'argent des Prix de l'APASE

M. Michael Small, sous-ministre adjoint (Ressources humaines), MAECI, et fondateur du Programme des Prix de l'APASE, a retracé les débuts du programme en 1990 et sa raison d'être. Pour marquer cette occasion spéciale, il a annoncé que les lauréats des Prix des agents du service extérieur canadien pour 2009 seraient les premiers à recevoir une épinglette d'argent des Prix de l'APASE et qu'on en remettrait également une à tous les lauréats des années antérieures.

Présentation des Prix de l'APASE

M. Robert Peck, actuellement chef du protocole au MAECI, a agi à titre d'animateur pour la remise des prix. Avant de présenter le premier prix, M. Peck a tenu à souligner l'excellent travail de deux membres très actifs du Comité des prix au cours des 17 dernières années, MM. Douglas Small et George Grande. Les deux sont membres de l'Association des chefs de mission à la retraite.

2009 Panel of Judges

The panel which selected this year's Awards recipients was composed of people who themselves have achieved distinction in their fields.

The Hon. James Bartleman joined the Department of External Affairs in 1966 and retired in 2002. Postings and assignments include ambassador to Cuba, Israel, NATO and the European Union, high commissioner to South Africa and Australia, assistant secretary to Cabinet and Foreign Policy Adviser to the Prime Minister. Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario from 2002–07. Member of Mnjikaning First Nation. National Aboriginal Achievement Award, 1999. Phi Delta Kappa Educator of the Year Award. Arthur Kroeger College Award in Ethics in Public Affairs. Nine honorary degrees. Author of four best-selling books. Mr. Bartleman is currently Chancellor of College of Arts and Design. He is actively engaged in aboriginal literacy initiatives and in recent years has established the Club Amick reading club for 5,000 native children and 36 summer literacy camps serving 2,500 children.

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

Mr. John de Chastelain joined the Canadian Army in January 1956 as a Private in the Calgary Highlanders. On graduating from the Royal Military College (RMC),

Pourquoi ne pas envisager dès maintenant de présenter une ou des candidatures aux Prix de l'APASE de 2010? La date limite de réception des candidatures est fixée au 5 avril 2010, mais il est possible en tout temps d'envoyer une candidature ou un avis de candidature, soit par courriel à awards@pafso-apase.com, soit par la poste à : Secrétaire, Comité des Prix FS, 412-47, rue Clarence, Ottawa (Ontario) K1N 9K1.

he was commissioned into the 2nd Battalion PPCLI. He served as a Company Commander in Germany and Cyprus in 1 PPCLI and in Winnipeg as Commanding Officer of 2 PPCLI. His senior appointments included Commander of CFB Montreal, Commander of the Canadian Contingent in Cyprus, Commandant of RMC, Commander of the 4th Canadian Mechanized Brigade Group in Germany, Director General Land Doctrine and Operations, Deputy Commander of Mobile Command, Assistant Deputy Minister Personnel and Vice Chief of the Defence Staff. Mr. de Chastelain was Chief of the Defence Staff from 1989 to 1993 and from 1994 to 1995. In 1993 he was Canada's Ambassador to the United States. He retired from the Canadian Forces in January 1996 and since then has been involved in the Northern Ireland peace process. He is a Senior Advisor on the University of Windsor's Jerusalem Old City Initiative, a member of the Board of the Forum of Federations and a member of the Board of the United Nations Association of Canada.

Michael Kergin (Chairman) joined the Department of Foreign Affairs in 1967 as a foreign service officer. His postings abroad included the Canadian Missions to the United Nations in New York, Cameroon and Chile. He served as Ambassador to Cuba from 1986 to 1989 and has had three postings to Washington, the last as Ambassador of Canada to the United States (2000 to 2005). Since leaving the federal government in 2005, he has been Special Advisor on Border Management to the Premier of Ontario. Mr. Kergin is currently a Senior Fellow at the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. He is also CEO

and President of Intermestic Consulting Inc, a firm he founded, specializing in advising clients on Canada-US relations.

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

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

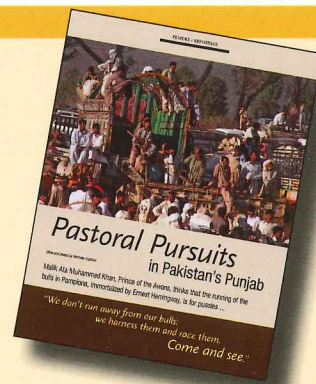


At the request of Nicholas Coghlan, Michael Small read his acceptance remarks and accepted the prize and cheque from the President of RHOMA, Larry Dickenson (left).

RHOMA Prize for best article in *bout de papier*

In addition to the four PAFSO Awards, one other prize was presented at the PAFSO Dinner on June 11, 2009. **Mr. Nicholas Coghlan** was the winner of the Retired Heads of Mission Association (RHOMA) sponsored prize for best article in **bout de papier** magazine. His article, "Pastoral Pursuits in Pakistan's Punjab" appeared in Volume 23, No. 4. He received a framed award and cheque.

Honourable Mention went to **Ms. Liza Linklater** for her review of *Portrait in Light and Shadow: the Life of Yousuf Karsh*, Volume 23, No. 4.



June 11, 2009

Dinner / dîner

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*Paillard de saumon avec croute de
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galette de pomme de terre Yukon,
sauce gastrique au poivre vert*

Inniskillin 2006 Olympic Series Vidal Icewine VQA Niagara Peninsula

Chocolate Tartelette with Crème
Anglaise

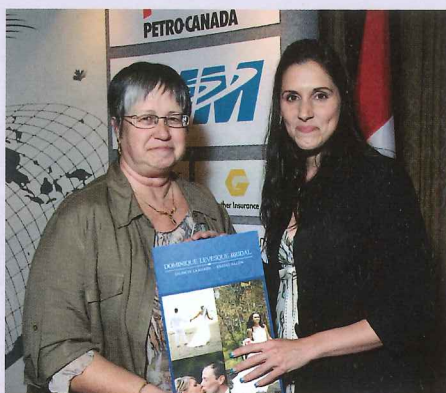
*Tartelette au chocolat avec crème
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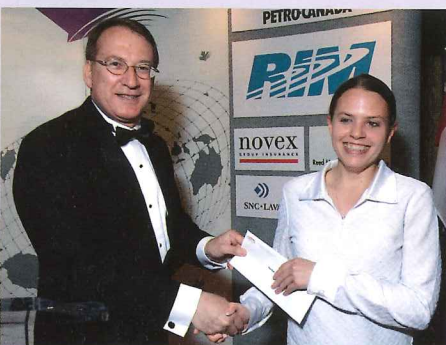
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Post in a Prominent Place: A List of Temptations of Diplomats

Although it is well understood that Canadian diplomats never succumb to temptation — other than those indulgences specifically authorized and funded by the Foreign Service Directives — the following documents are reprinted as an educational service for those members of PAFSO who may be appointed as heads of post now or in the future.

This timeless topic seems appropriate as the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade (formerly the Department of External Affairs) marks its centenary. As well, the correspondents involved both made significant contributions to Canada's diplomatic history as well as to other aspects of Canadian life.

*Jules Léger, for whom the valuable yet oft-threatened library of the department is named, had a distinguished career before and after his appointment as Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs. He had been editor of *Le Droit* before the Second World War, then a Professor of Diplomatic History and Current Affairs at the University of Ottawa while also serving as an Assistant Press Censor before finally joining DEA as a Third Secretary in July 1940. At his first posting in Santiago, Chile, he was twice promoted and then, after more than a year as chargé d'affaires, he was assigned to Canada House in London as First Secretary. After working briefly in the Prime Minister's Office, he was named an Assistant Under-Secretary in 1951, and then appointed as Ambassador to Mexico two years later. His appointment as deputy minister followed in August 1954. Later ambassadorial assignments included NATO (then in Paris), Italy and France (where he had to contend with Charles de Gaulle), before he returned to Ottawa for a second term as Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs from 1968 to 1972. His final diplomatic assignment was as Ambassador to Belgium and Luxembourg in 1973–74. In January 1974, Jules Léger was invested as Canada's twenty-first Governor-General. Six months later, he suffered a stroke, which impeded his speech and paralyzed his right arm; even so, he resumed his duties soon after, ably assisted by his wife Gabrielle. They are generally credited with modernizing the office of Governor General and enhancing the role of viceregal consort. After his death in 1980, Gaby (as she was known to their friends in DEA) donated his personal library to the department. Before a series of "rearrangements" of the space and holdings of the*

departmental library (named for this distinguished diplomat and public servant), that beautifully bound collection was displayed in elegant cabinets near the entrance, with a commemorative plaque honouring Jules Léger placed beside the doorway. Today, both the Léger collection and the beautiful shelving which housed it are in storage.

*Escott Reid had served as the National Secretary of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs and briefly as an Acting Professor of Government and Political Science at Dalhousie University before he joined DEA in 1939. He had postings in Washington and London before he was named as an Assistant Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs in 1947 and then Deputy USSEA from September 1948 to November 1952. The latter assignment included significant periods as acting deputy minister. He then served abroad as High Commissioner to India and Ambassador to Germany before leaving DEA to work for the World Bank from 1962 to 1965. In 1965, he was named as the founding Principal of Glendon College of York University in Toronto, a position he held until 1969. Before his death in 1999, Reid wrote several books about aspects of his career, including an autobiography, *Radical Mandarin*, whose title alluded to his well-earned departmental reputation as a gadfly.*

One diplomatic temptation not mentioned by either correspondent, but to which Reid succumbed at his cost, was that of mentioning publicly (including to the press) a pending assignment. In another letter from Léger to Reid in the spring of 1957, the deputy minister informed his colleague that the minister, then Lester B. Pearson, had approved his nomination as Canada's permanent representative to the United Nations. After word of that appointment leaked out, the new Prime Minister, John Diefenbaker, cancelled it. Instead, Reid went to Bonn. This information may be found in an article by my colleague, Greg Donaghy, which appears in a collection of essays about Reid which he co-edited with Stéphane Roussel, Escott Reid: Diplomat and Scholar.

The letters reprinted below may be found at Library and Archives Canada in the Escott Reid Papers (MG31 E46), Volume 34, file Leger, Jules (4).

Hector Mackenzie

New Delhi, India,
December 8, 1955.
Jules Leger, Esq.,
Under-Secretary of State
for External Affairs,
Ottawa.

Dear Jules,

Some time when you wish to relieve your irritation at the behaviour of Canadian Heads of Mission and Heads of Mission in Ottawa, you might like to spend a little time adding to the following list which has occurred to me of temptations of diplomats. You might then like to circulate the list to our Heads of Mission asking them to add their comments and to retort with their own list of temptations of under-secretaries.

The first temptation of a diplomat is, I think, to try to make his own job appear more difficult than it is. Almost everybody likes to surround his job with an aura of mystery. Because of the traditional mystery which has surrounded diplomacy, ambassadors and High Commissioners are peculiarly susceptible to this temptation.

A related temptation is to underestimate the difficulties which your predecessors in the job faced. By underestimating his difficulties in relation to your own, you minimize his achievements and either exaggerate yours or provide yourself with a good excuse for failure (Malcolm MacDonald's thesis since coming here is that the honeymoon period in Indian-U.K. relations has ended).

Another temptation is to believe that because you were able to work some dodge successfully in some other post it will work in the post you are now stationed at. (Some people say that George Allen found at one point in his successful career in Yugoslavia that he surmounted one crisis by going to Tito and banging on the table, and that he tried the same dodge here with conspicuous lack of success.)

The despatches of newspapermen are published and they, therefore, are under a grave temptation to prove themselves consistent by fitting future events into some pattern that they forecast. Since the despatches of diplomats are not normally published until they are dead, diplomats should find this temptation easier to resist. I doubt, however, that they do. I am afraid that many of

them, once they have committed themselves to a line, force subsequent facts into a Procrustean bed. (The French Ambassador here said that India would be forced into the arms of the Soviet Union if the Americans made a military aid agreement with Pakistan. Since then, every six months he has stated that the marriage between India and the Soviet Union is about to take place.)

I leave to the end the most obvious and common of all, and that is to exaggerate the importance of the post at which you are stationed.

Christmas Greetings,

Yours sincerely,

[stamp on copy] Escott Reid

OFFICE OF THE UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE
FOR EXTERNAL AFFAIRS
CONFIDENTIAL
OTTAWA
March 30, 1956

Escott Reid, Esquire,
Canadian High Commissioner,
New Delhi.

Dear Escott,

I should like to answer your letter of December 8 in some detail but I am afraid we would have to agree first on the definition of "temptation" and whether it is a good or a bad thing. For the time being, there is only one temptation that comes to mind which is not mentioned in your letter, i.e., the temptation to go native. It may well be that it is the only real temptation of a diplomat (and for that matter of an Under-Secretary), all the others being but by-products.

Personally I am rather attracted by diplomats who go native; I feel it is up to the home office, if necessary, to remind them that they might be seeing things in too friendly a light. As for the Under-Secretary, I presume that the role of heads of mission is to remind him that the searchlights of national interest may be too crude for foreign eyes.

Thank God you and I are sure that we will never fall into the temptations herein described.

Yours sincerely,

Jules
Jules Léger ☉

Shamus Dikk and the Dark Carnival

Puzzled in a roundabout way by A Aalto

Monday was slow out of the gate. I set fire to my ten o'clock stogie and scanned the paper. Iggy and the Harp were still playing double-dare-you on the Hill. Conrad Black had married Vanna White for no clear reason. Tired of all the respect going to tough guys like Afghanistan, Bangladesh had invaded Burma. The Han Island case simmered down when Denmark and Canada agreed to arbitration by Robert Mugabe and the Muppets. Yawnsville. Across the office, Effie was deep in the homes-for-rent section. His end of town had been crashed by political refugees from south of the border — mostly Republicans from Cleveland. "It's just *ruined*. The white belts and shoes clash with my Manolo Blahniks. And I'm allergic to polyester."

The hallway door opened. A creek like that, I expected Vincent Price. Worse, it was D Essex Mackinaw, the driest man walking since the mummy got out of the museum. Behind him was Hairy Harry January, a local player. Mackinaw opened. "Sir, I am here in connection with the disappearance of a client, one Hamish MacBannock. I believe that this disappearance is linked to the recent acquisition of an amusement park in the east end. Mr. January has information pertinent to the enquiry but will say nothing without a neutral witness. Although I shall probably regret it, I suggested you."

The begonia turned yellow and paint began to flake off the walls. I turned the humidifier up to "Bayou" and said to the bearded thug, "You usually try to *avoid* witnesses, Harry, so this must be good. Fire away." He did. "Louche Louie LaRue is running a long con on Moses Moribundo, which proves that Louie has more moxie than brains, because the last person who makes a monkey of Moses is under a banana tree in the zoo and the one before that leaves town glued to the cow-catcher on the Midnight Special to the coast.

"Moses is getting on, but his heart has not heard about it yet. He falls for this hoofer at the Follies, but she does not give him the time of day, Moses being more than a few years past young, with a kisser like a cake in the rain. But she gives him the soft chill, since Moses is the kind of guy he is and his goons are the kind of guys they are. She slips up by saying, 'If you are only a younger man, I can really go for you.' When Moses' eyes light up like that, a smarter dame takes a run-out powder and does not stop to pack.

"The word goes around there is a big breadpan of dough for anyone who can make Mr. Moribundo young again, assuming he is ever young, which many of us find hard to swallow. Such a trick is not likely, but Moses is not a guy that nods when you say 'impossible'. And Louie knows enough twists to give a snake lumbago.

"Every grifter has his pitch. One gonif swears he has water from the Fountain of Youth, which some ponce named de Leon discovers just before he dies of being an old geezer, so what can you believe? And there is this Arab who offers hooch called

Arbie's Hideout ... "Aab-e-hayat," murmured Mackinaw. "The elixir of life, distilled from gold, cinnabar, jade, haematite and tea." He shuddered. "Dreadful thing to do to a cup of Darjeeling." "Another hustler claims to be the grandson of a quack named Voronoff," January went on, "who tries to make people young during Prohibition by giving them extract of monkey glands. All it makes them is crazy for bananas, but the grandson says the new stuff is the pips. Then a broad offers Moses the apple of youth, only it has to be fast cash because some tough doll named Idunn is after her for borrowing this fruit.

"And this other guy, his dodge is that you make a deal with the Devil to get these special T-shirts with your picture on them. Long as you wear them, you stay young and the picture gets old. The devil gets the pay-off, but Moses loses track of his soul some time during the Clark administration, so he probably figures no big loss. I am thinking a bigger problem is if you are already old and ugly, or else the Stones cornered the market for these shirts a long time ago, but nobody is asking me and I do not queer another man's pitch.

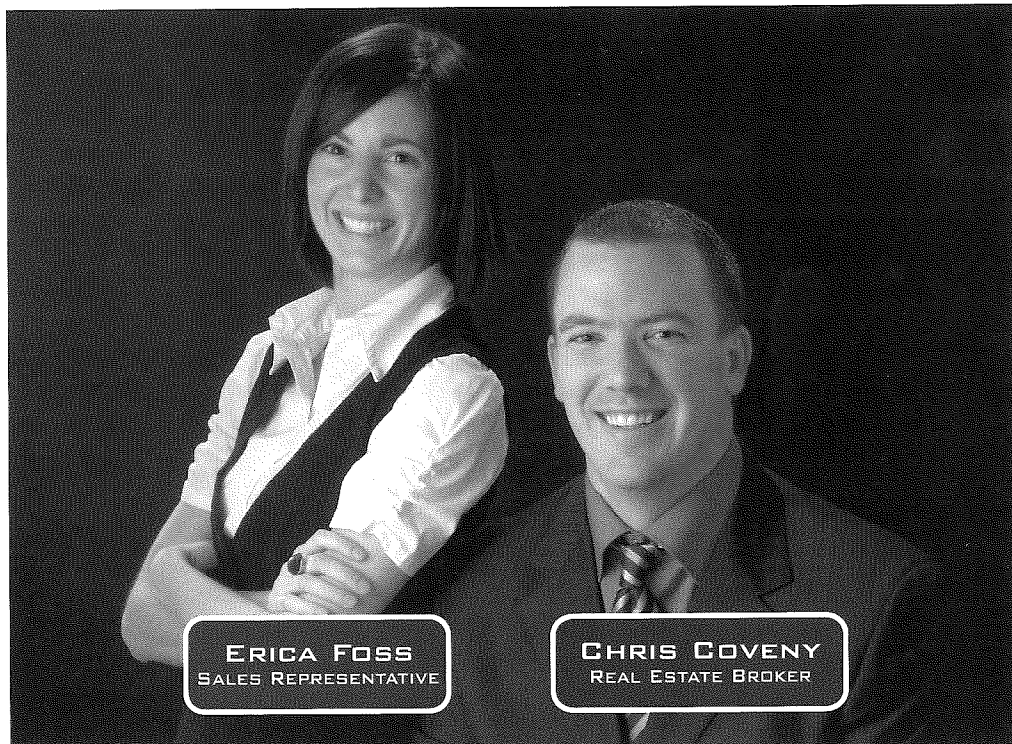
"Anyway, Louie knows he needs something big and flashy to show in that crowd, so works his nut off on what makes Moses tick, I mean aside from hurting people and collecting their valuables. Then one day he sees in the paper that this old carnival is up for sale." "Cougar and Dart's," interjected Mackinaw. "Just inherited by my client, Hamish MacBannock, from his great-uncle Mangelwurz. A very old firm. Hamish has no personal interest but hopes to realize a reasonable profit or at least some useful tax benefits."

"Right," agreed Harry. "Louche Louie remembers Moses is a big fan of this scribbler Bradbury, what he, that is Louie, knows from the time he is doing five-to-10 on a jaywalking beef and that is all that the library in the slammer has to offer. He recalls one story about riding a merry-go-round backward to grow young, and he figures Moses probably remembers it too. If he can pick up the carnival cheap, he can set up a sting to trim some of Moses' spare spondulicks.

"But Louie needs dough to back his play, so he comes to me, myself being known to make a careful investment now and then. He does not tell me up front that the mark is Moses Moribundo, since he knows I think going up against that citizen is not in fact a careful move. But by the time he names the high roller in question, I am too far in to wiggle out."

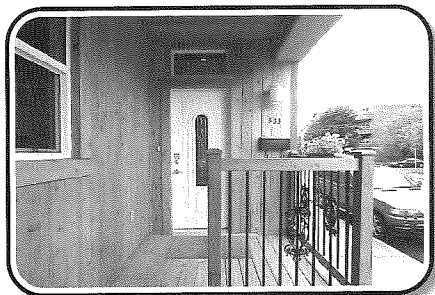
"If I might interrupt Mr. January's circumlocutions," said Mackinaw. "Mr. LaRue approached me as the advertised intermediary in the sale of the amusement park. We toured the site together, and I did in fact take note of his particular interest in the rather tasteful black carousel. Mr. LaRue appeared to regard the property as a good one and we quickly settled a price. Two days ago, we were to meet Mr. MacBannock to sign the necessary papers, but he never made an appearance. No-one

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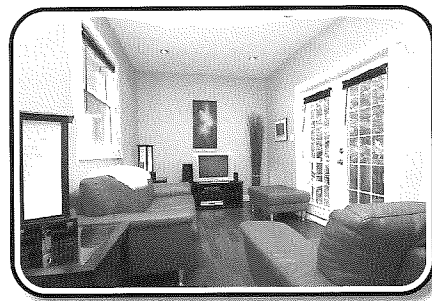
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at his office and no-one at his home knew where he had gone. We were stymied."

Harry returned to the charge. "Then last night, I am knocking back a tequila special at Good Time Charlie's when a mechanical Eskimo moseys in and slips me a message, which is not your usual event of an evening, even at Charlie's. The message says to come to the mirror maze in the carnival tonight if we want to close the deal." Said the lawyer, "I am reluctant to approach the police, but I can't let matters lie and I fear a confrontation. Would you accompany us?" I agreed.

An hour after sundown, we strolled into the carnival. The weather-worn entrance proclaimed "Fun for the Whole Family". Only later did I notice the fine print: "You Should Live So Long". The usual sights, worn and tattered even in the flattering light of dusk: the animals, the games, the rides, the freak show, the fortune teller, smells of stale popcorn and cotton candy, crumpled handbills blowing down the canvas alleys. On a small stage to one side of the midway, a vampire in antlers and a tattered tailcoat pulled a dead rhino from the wrong top hat, while a zombie with Richard Nixon's face sang "I Wonder Where's Kissinger Now."

Harry pulled at my sleeve. "That guy over there in the three-piece and shades. I am sure that this is Moses Moribundo." I said, "He isn't looking this way. Play it cool." Harry nodded, squared his shoulders and walked straight into a fire-eater, who belched the eyebrows off six strolling mimes. Past the carousel, we came to the mirror maze, closed and signposted "Paused for Reflection." "Do you think MacBannock could have gone inside and got lost?" asked Effie. Mackinaw replied, "In my experience, he could get lost in a telephone booth. If he could find one these days."

We were wandering endless passages of dusty mirrors, which distorted our images in very ugly ways. No sign of MacBannock or anyone else, but then we heard what sounded like a small but enthusiastic bullfight. We turned a last corner and entered a mirrored arena. In the middle was a giant chessboard, with one letter of the alphabet marked in gold on each square except the four in the middle. There, surrounded by a flickering

curtain of light, was a man in a recliner, killing a bottle of scotch and reading a book. "What in the name of the sainted Willy Blackstone is MacBannock doing in there?" asked Mackinaw.

Just then a huge pendulum, its edges gleaming sharply, swung directly at the seated figure. As it passed though the curtain, MacBannock dropped his book and bent over to pick it up. The pendulum clipped a corner off the headrest but missed him completely. There was a groan from the audience.

In the stands was the biggest basket of bad apples since the House recessed. Mid-bench was seated a tall clown in a tuxedo, a painted smile backed by a real sneer. He looked familiar. Near him, I saw Rialto Sleazewagon, Papa Jacques Paridy and Bertha de Kuhl amid a crowd that was strictly Hallowe'en in the pen. Hairy Harry gasped. "Those people with the clown, they are the chisellers what try to sell the other cures to Moribundo. And over there is Louche Louie himself. Why are they all here together?"

Two figures in spandex marched over to a seesaw by the edge of the board. One was slender, the other the size of a pregnant gazebo. The smaller one mounted the teeter, while the larger one climbed a nearby ladder and jumped down onto the totter, which snapped clean off, leaving him standing upright on the board and the other guy flat on his keister. Two roustabouts brought in a stronger model. This time, the acrobat wound up hanging from a light fixture near the roof. He pulled off a triple back somersault, missed the centre of the board and landed on a square near the edge, which collapsed under him.

Bouncing back out, chased by an irritated-looking tiger, he fell onto another square, which slid back over dark and bubbling water. Fortunately for the guy, the tiger attacked the giant octopus that erupted from the pool, letting the man scramble away. MacBannock calmly turned a page as the crowd booed.

The fat man snatched up a bow and arrow. Tying a rope to the arrow, he arced it over the board and into a washroom on the far side. Anchoring the rope at both ends (don't ask), he clambered up and started edging across. As he neared the middle, the pendulum swung out again.

With a cry of "Olé", he lurched back and the pendulum shaved his belt-buckle. Mopping his face, he set out again, only to be swept off the rope by the flying form of his partner, hanging upside down and backward from a trapeze. The fat man clutching him desperately, the slender man let go. They crashed together onto a Limburger-burger stand. The crowd went wild as they limped off, reeking.

I went over to the clown. "Commander. Long time no see, although I could have used longer." "Ah, the perspicacious Mr. Dikk," he replied. "A random element, how nice. Let's find somewhere quieter to talk." He led us to a side room. I started to explain. "There's this hood named Moses Moribundo who wants to be young again." Loud chirping from the clown's jacket. He pulled out a box, opened it and said to the red-eyed insect inside, "Hush, Tithonos. As for you, Dikk, do I look like Peter Pan? And even if I have been setting Moribundo up, he is a major-league pimple on the backside of the cosmos."

I said, "Why we're actually here is to get MacBannock off the hook. He's an

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innocent bystander.” “Much overrated, innocence, and bystanders so often get whacked regardless,” said the clown. “But if you want to save him, I can offer you a chance. In his own bumbling way, he’s a useful generator of chaos.

“The letters on the chessboard squares link up into seven chains spelling out, in order, names associated with the search for eternal youth. The letters in each chain can be adjacent vertically, laterally or diagonally but a given chain cannot cross itself. Taken together, the seven chains use all the squares but each square only once. One chain starts in a square adjacent to the shooting gallery in the middle and ends in an edge square, from which Hamish can escape. All the other squares face you with — surprises. Now look at this cipher text. The corresponding plaintext is by the author whose first and last name spell out the escape chain. Can you figure out who it is?”

Effie looked over my shoulder. “A simple letter substitution. I could solve it by doing a frequency count of the symbols and then matching it to the known frequencies of English letters — E the commonest, A/H/I/N/O/S/T also frequent and so on. I could also start by working out the one- and two-letter words — there aren’t all that many in English. But there may be an easier way ...” The clown’s left eyebrow went up. Effie can amaze you when you get behind the fluff. He soon had the puzzle wrapped.

We headed back to the arena, only to find MacBannock off the board and about to be whisked away by the acrobats. I went up to the slender one, who explained, “Our tracking devices located the Chief and we were sent to rescue him. Sleazewagon spotted us — who knew he’d be here? — and we were ambushed. They said we could try to save the Chief, but only in these outfits and using that circus equipment.” “Caramba,” moaned the fat one, dabbing at the Limburger stains on his moustache.

“You saw how that went — and that was only one try. But after the Chief had killed his second bottle, he staggered to his feet and lurched onto the squares. He couldn’t walk a straight line, but stumbled from one square to the next and made it out untouched. He didn’t even know he’d been in danger, since the

CIPHER TEXT

He λοοκεδ ρουνδ ανδ σαω τηε κνιφε τηατ ηαδ
σταββεδ Βασιλ Ηαλλωαρδ. He ηαδ χλεανεδ ιτ
μανψ τιμεσ, τιλλ τηερε ωασ νο σταιν λεφτ υπον ιτ.
Ιτ ωασ βριγητ, ανδ γλιστενεδ. He σειζεδ τηε τηινγ,
ανδ σταββεδ τηε πιχτυρε ωιτη ιτ. Τηερε ωασ α χρψ
ηεαρδ, ανδ α χραση. Τηε χρψ ωασ σο ηορριβλε ιν
ιτς αγονψ τηατ τηε φριγητενεδ σερπαντς ωοκε ανδ
χρεπτ ουτ οφ τηειρ ροομς.

Φρανχις ωασ ασ παλε ασ δεατη. Αφτερ αβουτ
α θυαρτερ οφ αν ηουρ, ηε γοτ τηε χοαχημαν ανδ
ονε οφ τηε φοοτμεν ανδ χρεπτ υποταιρς. Ωηεν
τηεψ εντερεδ, τηεψ φουνδ ηανγινγ υπον τηε ωαλλ
α σπλενδιδ πορτραιτ οφ τηειρ μαστερ ασ τηεψ ηαδ
λαστ σεεν ηιμ, ιν αλλ τηε ωονδερ οφ ηις εξθυιςιτε
ψουτη ανδ βεαυτψ. Αψινγ ον τηε φλοορ ωασ α δεαδ
μαν, ιν επενινγ δρεσσ, ωιτη α κνιφε ιν ηις ηεαρτ. He
ωασ ωιτηερεδ, ωρινκλεδ, ανδ λοατησομε οφ πιςαγε.
Ιτ ωασ νοτ τιλλ τηεψ ηαδ εξαμινεδ τηε ρινγς τηατ
τηεψ ρεχογνιζεδ ωηο ιτ ωασ.

– φρομ Τηε Πιχτυρε οφ Δοριαν Γραψ

force-field around the centre is mirrored and sound-proof from the inside.” The acrobat shrugged. I’m almost sure that MacBannock didn’t wink at me.

The clown’s laughter followed us out the door of the maze and onto the dark abandoned midway. The only light came from the merry-go-round, which began to rotate slowly. In reverse. Music started from the calliope, although no-one sat at the keyboard. “Oh gross,” said Effie. “Chopin’s *Funeral March* played backward. What a downer. And it’s been done.”

Moses Moribundo spun into view braced against one of the carousel horses. He wore a T-shirt with the picture of a young man waving a pistol. Moribundo picked up two bottles, one clear, one glinting jade-gold, and drained them both. The carousel gathered speed. He took a hefty bite from a gleaming red apple, then pulled out a syringe, stuck it into his arm and pumped. Adjusting black glasses, he hoisted himself stiffly onto the horse, facing its tail.

Hairy Harry shouted over the music, “He is trying all the jujus at the same time, which I am not sure is so wise.” As Moses came back into view, he said, “What have I got to lose? One of them has to work!” The music became ever more frantic and I spotted the clown playing the calliope. He looked up and said just loud enough to carry, “Ah, but what if they *all* work, doubters?”

Moses was clearly shedding years as the carousel raced on. But he was in trouble. Back to a teenager, he struggled to dismount, but couldn’t let go of the pole. We saw him melt like candle-wax to a tearful child, a wailing baby. Then an ape, then a trembling big-eyed rodent, then something low and scaly, then things I couldn’t identify at all. The hub of the carousel smoked and screamed. The ride finally crashed to a halt, its wooden floor split, horses tossed right and left, the calliope disappearing in a cloud of steam.

I moved to Moses’ horse, still somehow upright. Harry and Effie

PLAN of the BOARD

I	D	L	E	A	N	S	P
S	U	E	D	P	C	E	O
O	O	N	N	E	R	N	E
N	D	N	SHOOTING GALLERY		S	G	I
E	O	L			O	C	V
H	I	T	I	R	A	O	R
T	A	H	Y	W	N	O	F
A	B	E	A	A	T	O	F

followed, but Mackinaw just sniffed and pulled out his pocket Prune. The clown tugged his shirt-cuffs and joined us. On the saddle was a pulsating greasy slick topped with a pair of shades. "Slime mould," said the clown. "How appropriate. Isn't evolution wonderful? I just hope this doesn't start a movement for Stupid Design."

Back in the office, Mackinaw and I had negotiated my fee with our usual professionalism and I was bandaging my wounds. Effie hung up the phone and announced a deal to rent the house next door to Hairy Harry's. Mackinaw bridled. "Although he was of considerable assistance to us in the case of Mr. MacBannock's disappearance," said the lawyer, "Mr. January is also the biggest receiver of stolen property in the province. Why would you want to live immediately adjacent to him?" "Good fences make good neighbours," replied Effie. Frostily.

Can you duplicate Shamus's feat by giving the name-forming 10-letter chain

that MacBannock followed to safety at the edge of the board? **bout de papier** will choose the winner by drawing one entry from those with correct answers submitted by November 15, 2009. The prize will be a book autographed by A Aalto. Not necessary to win, but can you also provide the other six names or phrases (all of them, unlike the first chain, mentioned explicitly in this puzzle) formed by linking the letters of the board, plus the plaintext matching the cipher text? And what is the significance of the clown's insect friend? ☺

Ace prestidigitator A Aalto is no longer young of body but Mrs. Aalto keeps him young at heart. He enjoys the odd amuse-ment park but stays out of mirror mazes (one ugly face is enough). Thanks to Damon Runyon for the present tense and to Ray Bradbury for the dark carnival: On Broadway and Something Wicked This Way Comes are both masterworks of their kind.

In memory yet green (and turning greener)

Vol. 24, No 2

ANSWERS

Congratulations to winner **Paul Connors**, Mexico.

The ringer is **Anne Moulin de l'Esprit**. The song title is *Windmills of Your Mind*.

The Turk's cipher report reads:

*"When you knew that it was over,
Were you suddenly aware
That the autumn leaves were turning
To the colour of her hair?"*

These are the last lines of the final verse of the song. Anne is the only female suspect and she has red (autumn-coloured) hair. "Moulin de l'esprit" is a rough translation of "(wind)mills of the mind."

The 23 words are as follows:

- 1 BRIE-FLY
- 2 FLAG-RANT
- 3 END-ANGER
- 4 VIOLA-TORS
- 5 HAVE-RING
- 6 AD-OPTION
- 7 KIND-RED
- 8 MOLE-STATION
- 9 UNCLE-ARABLE
- 10 JUST-ICE
- 11 NO-TABLE
- 12 TEMPERA-MENTAL
- 13 DECO-RUM
- 14 YELL-OWING
- 15 CONTRA-STING
- 16 SUB-LIME
- 17 OFF-ENDS
- 18 RAP-PORT
- 19 INCAN-DESCENT
- 20 GENE-RATES
- 21 LITER-ALLY
- 22 WARP-LANE
- 23 PRONOUN-CEMENT

THE WET SUIT CAPER

by Terry Jones

My most recent humiliation might interest you.
I went today to buy a wet suit.
Have you ever tried on a wet suit? If not,
if you are ever subjected to that ordeal,
make sure to check that it is the right size.

I should have asked the young saleslady who was helping me
for a short, fat suit, designed for one considerably out of shape. Instead I
meekly took those she suggested,
suits chosen by height. I did not realize
that they were all size "medium".

After a considerable struggle I got the first suit on,
I even managed to zip it up — it zipped up at the front.
Having done so I knew instantly
what a sausage must feel like after entering the saucepan — bursting out at
top and bulging out at the middle.
All this in yellow and green Lycra!

The second suit I could pull up as far
as my well-developed buttocks, but no further.

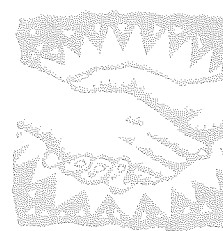
The third suit appeared, at first, to be more successful.
I got it up around my waist — the bulge between my knees and my chest —
but then could not get it off.
After much cursing, sweating and push-pulling, I got it down to around
my ankles. But the damned suit would not go over my ankles —
it is meant to be tight to keep out the water.
I tried and tried, I bent and sweated and took up positions I did
not believe myself capable of, all to no avail.

The problem was the only help at hand was the young saleslady.
There I was, in my underwear, sweating like a pig, paunch exposed,
wet suit around my ankles,
and I couldn't get the bloody suit off.

It is moments like these that test the mettle of the man.
With one last heroic effort, motivated by the dreadful thought of
calling her for help,
I got one leg out by dint of kneeling on the floor and
using the chair as a lever.
And the next foot I got out by pulling the bloody suit inside out.
It turns out I need a large/short, which they make!
But I am undertaking a new exercise regime before my next try on.
And I'll take a friend with me, just in case. ☺

*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.*

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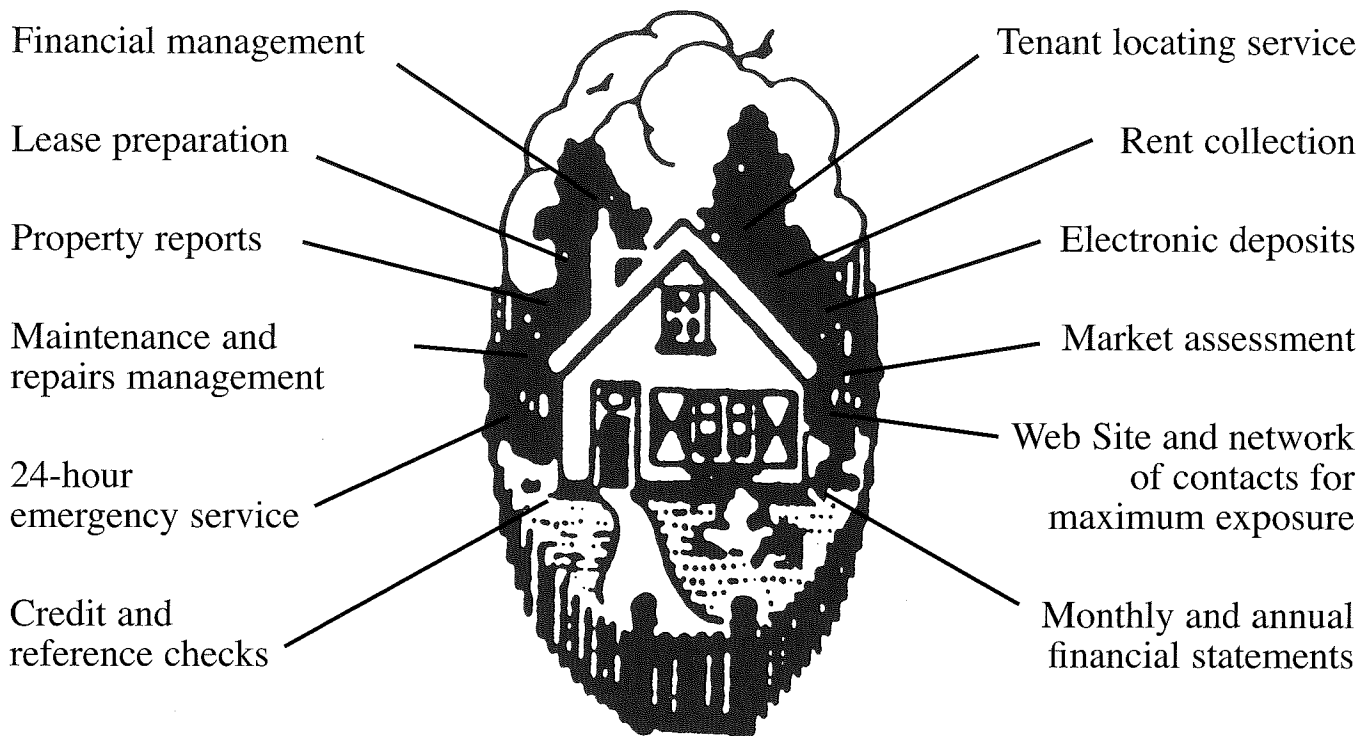
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