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SPRING/SUMMER
PRINTEMPS/ÉTÉ

NO.2 VOL.4

Official Publication of the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers / l'Association professionnelle des agents du Service extérieur

\$2.50

INSIDE

Bruce Rankin:
Looking Back

My Travels with MacKenzie King:
James A. Gibson

Eric Kierans on Free Trade
Hampate-Bâ,
le sage d'Abidjan

BOOK REVIEWS

JOHN STARNES:
LE CARRE'S
A PERFECT SPY

G. ARTHUR SAGE:
WIFE OF...

Terrorism:
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bout de papier

Spring/Summer Printemps/Été
No. 2 Vol. 4

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Editorial Note/Note de la rédaction: Given the bilingual background of our membership, PAFSO's policy for **Bout de papier** is to publish all articles in their original language. Subscriptions: one year, \$8.; two years, \$15. PAFSO itself remains at your service to provide any assistance you may require in the language of your preference. Opinions expressed in **Bout de papier** are not necessarily those of PAFSO.

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Portrait of an Issue

Bruce Rankin is one of the great men of the Canadian Foreign Service. Like many in the Service, his adventures are the stuff of legends. In a recent chat with Bob Grauer he spoke of some of those experiences. Travel with him down the Yangtze River and to the dedication ceremony at Orinoco Bridge.

The freer trade debate has quickened following the shenanigans in the United States Senate. Former cabinet minister and CBC Morningside regular, Eric Kierans is our Guest Columnist and he shares his doubts about the scheme.

Tales from abroad are trickling in — keep them flowing. David Edwards reveals the lengths to which consular officers must go to preserve and protect Canadians abroad. Doug Gardner dis-

cusses another aspect of consular life — the role of funeral director, while Leopold Battel tells us about the Sage of Abidjan.

As for our regular columnists? Sidney Freifeld remembers Nobel laureate Ralph Bunche. Laurel Pardy has a message on the changing role of the spouse and foreign service families. Her theme is one included in the submission made by PAFSO to the Joint Parliamentary Committee studying Canada's International Relations.

James Gibson served as an aide to Mackenzie King during the Second World War. He describes his travels with the Prime Minister to Washington.

Pagan Haigh has been to the movies. She reviews the British classic *Brief Encounter* as well as more current films from Japan and Germany.

Aficionados of spy thrillers will want

to devour le Carré's latest; John Starnes look at "A Perfect Spy". The antics of "Wife Of" have been well reported. G. Arthur Sage looks at her more prosaic contribution on life in the fast lane. Mr. Gorbachev has put out his own "little red book". Laurent Beaulieu has waded through it and provides us with a view of the new Soviet strongman.

NEXT QUARTER:

- A talk with Howard Green
- Sidney on the Canadian Style Guide
- Halstead on the CSCE
- A look at the Foreign Policy Review

From the editor

What's Sauce for the Goose

Appraisal time is rolling around once again. The timing is perfect. As one wag put it: during the spring we live in hope, in the summer we like to think we have cause for expectation, with the fall leaves we begin to size up the odds and, for all but the lucky, realize another winter of discontent.

Promotions are slow and the prospects for the future are not encouraging. There is a feeling amongst the Powers that Be that there are already too many senior positions. Until the balance is restored we will have to settle for what one undersecretary euphemistically called "job enhancement" which usually means the layers of supervision endured by first tour officers now extends over successive assignments at home and abroad. About the only real change is that both supervised and supervisors get longer in the tooth. Such is one consequence of cutbacks and non-recruitment. And as management has pointed out, financial restraint will be a continuing reality.

Making the best of one's lot, therefore, becomes of principal importance if for no other reason than because one is likely to be there for some time. Finding the right area of personal interest is part of the answer. Of equal, if not greater significance, is one's supervisors. They not only determine what you do but their appraisal of you is critical for future success.

Like wine, all bosses are not created equal. We have our share of plonk, although we are probably no worse off than our colleagues in other departments or in the private sector. However, unlike them, the rotationality of the Foreign Service provides a greater choice — at least in theory — over future assignments. To that extent, at least, one can exercise some choice over supervisor. We can always examine old diaries and talk to those in the area to get a handle on the job package. But in choosing a boss there is only the wisdom of cafeteria chatter. And as one old hand has put it, "There are no hardship posts, only hardship ambassadors".

There may be a better system. PAFSO is now considering the idea of appraising the appraisers. An evaluation form which would assess management skills, vision, and general disposition is being prepared and it will float, like the proverbial trial balloon, later this summer. The objective, in their own rather clever turn of phrase, is to "pull open the louvers from below and let some clear dry light shine upwards". The results may be published in some future *Bout de papier* as a kind of Guide to the Wary.

It's now accepted practice and in some cases forms part of the evaluation process for professors: not only must they be seen to

teach but they must be good teachers, as well. While management may not want to follow up this latter course, I have no doubt they too would carefully scrutinize such a document.

Certainly the experience of assessing managers can only help to develop an appreciation of the art amongst junior officers, who after all, are the future generation of managers. And, if past practice holds, it is the Foreign Service which provides government departments, especially the so-called central agencies, with many of its senior managers. It would provide, moreover, management with a bottoms-up view of supervisors to complement their top-down perspective — in short, a sense of balance.

Who knows, it may not be long before the rest of government decides to follow suit. As government contracts, the importance of working as a team looms larger. Effective and personable managers will best serve this cause — an idea first practised by the Japanese and now endorsed by management schools and the leading private sector firms.

It is one thing to supervise, to manage well is too often something more honoured in the breach. In an army of generals, letting the privates have a say may not be a bad thing.

Letters to the editor

Welcome Praise

Editor, *Bout de papier*

Just a short note to congratulate you, the Advisory Board of *Bout de Papier* and PAFSO's staff for regularly producing such an enjoyable, high quality magazine for the Association. The wide-ranging content and new format provide for entertaining reading, and make it a welcome arrival in my mail box at Foreign Service Examination and Career Counselling.

I feel the Association's membership stands to benefit not only by the improved coverage of issues of interest, but also by having the attractive and well-written publication speak on their behalf to a wider audience about the special nature of Foreign Service life and work.

Best wishes for continued success with *Bout de Papier*.

Barry Yeates

Rain Helps Puzzlers

Editor, *Bout de papier*

My son and I worked out an answer to the *Bout de papier* winter edition puzzle, on a rainy Saturday night in Vienna. It seemed very appropriate for the place and circumstances.

Keep up the good work. The whole family enjoys the magazine.

Cheers,
B. Buckley

Editor, *Bout de Papier*:

The review of Shirley Christian's book, *Nicaragua: Revolution in the Family*, is deserving of a few comments.

First, I doubt the Nicaraguan National Guard caught and shot Sandino. Christian can't be blamed for the story, as I am sure the guard would have liked Managua to believe they did, and so would the U.S. However, to my best knowledge, Sandino was killed by a squad of U.S. Marines led by Corporal Al Betancourt. According to Al, they had tricked him (Sandino) into a parley under a flag of truce, and shot him as he approached, having come down from the hills onto the beach, probably in some desperation. Hardly a story to be proud of, and I can't imagine why Al would have manufactured it. The story was told me, of course, by Corporal Al Betancourt personally in the autumn of 1945. The function of the Marines as the security force of the Compania Unidas de las Frutas (United Fruit Co.), the *de facto* controlling power in most of the so-called "banana republics," is well known.

Second, I suppose we need some definition of "bandit" which permits measurement and comparison. I guess a bandit is in clothing other than traditional uniform, not in favour with contemporary political power centres, fairly mobile, and capable of seizing the property of others by force. Ethan Allen? Menachem Begin? Early Nasser?

The epithet "bandit" for one's opponents has a long and honourable history. Josephus, Governor of Galilee, applies it to those bands of Jews in armed resistance to Roman domination. Which helps explain why Jesus is said to have been crucified between two robbers; crucifixion, of course, being the Roman penalty for insurrection, not for theft. Thieves had the fingers whacked off at the knuckles for smaller offences, decapitation for the more annoying ones.

Some day, we'll have a well-researched study of bandits in uniform, including all those who camped on the soil of their weaker neighbours and made farming a bit more difficult for the local peasantry. Such as the Yanks in most of Central America, and the American Expeditionary Force in Archangel after WW I. The 339th U.S. Infantry Regiment was, of course, joined by a motley crew of others, including Canadians.

David Kilgour's review of Christian's book contains an interpretation of Central American history which is certainly within the range of the possible. Plainly, I suspect it's at the furthest perimeter!

Clif Bennett

PARDY'S CORNER

by *Laurel Pardy*

The Commuter Marriage

Three of us sat warming in the spring sun, idly sorting through the shards of departmental gossip and family news.

"I heard Gordie was offered Ginawago," offered Grace.

"He'll turn it down. He and Willardson don't get along," countered Jeene.

"Kowpat is open. Mardien is coming out early. Gordie could go as number two," I speculated.

The coffee cooled and the smoke curled as we turned this possibility into cud.

It was Grace who dropped the bombshell.

"They offered us Jumpoff. Marco accepted. I've decided not to go."

Caution and curiosity kept us silent. Not knowing why Grace had reached this decision, there didn't seem to be anything appropriately neutral to say.

While waiting for Grace to offer some explanation for this state of affairs, my mind turned back a quarter of a century to when work and study had forced me into a long distance relationship.

Long distance loving — the wrench of partings, the passion of reunions, the agony of waiting for letters. I remembered wryly the night I broke my toe on the door jamb as I rushed to a 2 a.m. phone call and the anxious, dangerous drive over the icy airport road before I could throw myself into his arms.

That is the stuff of young lovers, not staid middle-aged married ladies. Marriage was supposed to do more than cut down the phone bill; it was to allow us to share our lives together and fulfil those "whither thou goest" vows.

What had happened to make voluntary separation a serious option when confronted with a foreign service posting?

Grace explained her reasons.

"My oldest boy starts university in September, my daughter is about to produce my first grandchild, and Marc Jr. has one more year of high school. Besides, they offered me the position of buyer for all three stores come July. I can't turn it down.

"Marco retires in five years but I can work another ten. If I quit now . . ."

We nodded our heads in understanding and commiseration.

No longer is this dilemma the purview of "career-oriented younger spouses", fresh out of university and disciples of the feminist movement. As the posting season wends its inexorable way through the spring calendar,

more than a few of the "older wives" will also be considering commuter marriage as a serious option.

There are as many reasons as there are commuter couples. Conflicting career commitments, child care and education requirements, medical reasons. More recently for the middle-aged middle class, there is fear for a financially secure future. Pensions are proving not to be enough, marriages are ending after decades of apparent solidity, education and medical costs are rising, facilities for the elderly are scarce and of uncertain quality, widows are on welfare after years of comfortable living.

Being half a separated couple is worse than being single. When separated, each partner becomes, in effect, single without the rights and privileges pertaining thereto. If one of the partners has the care of the children, they become, in addition, a single parent with all those trials and responsibilities.

No one wants to make this decision. It is fraught with risk for the relationship. I feel that anyone making it must be able to answer, "Yes," to the question, "Is my staying here more important than my marriage?"

Is there any way to avoid some of the pitfalls of separation? A search of some of the available literature on commuter marriages turned up some trends, if not any solid statistics.

There seem to be some factors that increase the success rate of long distance relationships. The more of these indicators for success that exist in a commuter arrangement, the better the prognosis.

Some of the positive factors are:

1. mutual agreement that the reason for the separation is valid
2. a shared reason for separation, for example, child care
3. that it is the only satisfactory solution available
4. that the separation is a temporary situation which will be followed by a life together
5. that both partners continue to regard this as their primary relationship and find it adequate to their needs
6. when both remain satisfied with the situation and the reasons for its existence (frequent, honest reassessment)
7. when no children are involved
8. when the distance between the partners is not too great, for example, Ottawa-New York is better than Ottawa-Lima
9. frequent reunions, phone calls and a continuance of courtship patterns

(remembering special dates, gifts, love letters, etc.)

Long distance relationships in the foreign service have to defy several of the general predictors for success. The channels for physical reunion, voice communication and other tangible means of continuing the relationship remain limited by long distances and high costs.

Another difference for foreign service people is that it is not a traditional part of the career and no protocols have been established for managing it. For example, the family support network that kicks into gear for military spouses does not exist. In fact, this has been one of the unresolved conundrums within the foreign service for years — how to get all the benefits of a paternalistic service without the restrictions.

To be classed as a viable option for foreign service people the outcome would have to be an employee who remains rotational and a relationship that continues.

I suspect that commuter marriage as a long term answer to the difficulties of foreign service life is probably short lived, at least to the individuals involved. It is such an imminently awful solution that most people will try it only once.

But the numbers who try it are on the increase. △

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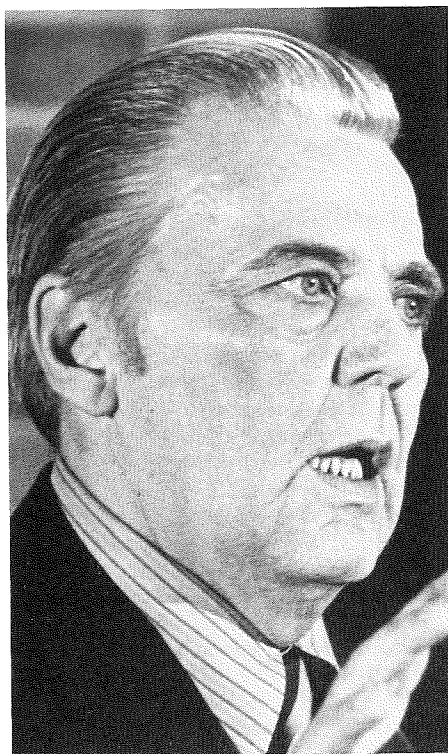
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GUEST COLUMN

We Must Protect Our Differences

The most useful statement so far on U.S.-Canada negotiations leading to a free trade area has been made by Lane Kirkland, president of the AFL-CIO — 'the best time for free trade is when both economies are healthy' — i.e. fully employed and productive. Until that time arrives, each country can employ its resources best in reducing unemployment and trade deficits at home.

In fact, this is the basis on which free trade theory rests. David Ricardo set up a model of two countries, each fully and efficiently employing their labor, land and capital. How could these countries still improve their performance and, hence, the standard of living of their people, he asked. By trading with each other! With different resources, skills etc., if country A were more efficient in producing cloth and country B in producing wine, then it would



Eric Kierans is a Fellow in Residence of the Institute for Research on Public Policy. He has been Director of the School of Commerce at McGill University, president of the Montreal and Canadian Stock Exchanges, a member of the Quebec National Assembly and Minister of Revenue and of Health (1963-66), a member of Parliament and Postmaster General and Minister of Communications (1968-71) and Professor of Economics at McGill and Dalhousie Universities.

pay each to divert resources to the more efficient sector and trade for the products in which it was less efficient. Trade led to a greater total output which would be shared.

Ricardo went further in his comparative advantage model by posing the situation in which one country was more efficient in producing both (or all) products. Such a nation would obviously be more efficient in producing some products than others. Let that nation devote all its resources (remember, economists live in a full-employment world) to the things that it does best

and leave the rest to its neighbor.

Economists call this abstraction, pure theory. Our religious leaders would call this 'love thy neighbor as thyself economics'. I would prefer to call it 'out of this world economics'. Name one nation that has taken this approach to trade or, alternatively, one that might contemplate such a policy!

Great Britain adopted free trade in 1846 when it was the only industrial country in the world worthy of that name. And not for reasons of theory or charity. The United States did not cease to be the harsh protectionist until after World War II when it was indisputably the strongest industrial power in the world.

Neither Canada nor the United States believe in free trade. If they did, manufacturing for the North American market would take place in Korea, Singapore, Japan, etc. This would benefit consumers enormously; the only problem — without work, wages and salaries what would our consumers use for money to buy the imported goods?

I suppose that the Japanese could lend the United States and Canada the money to buy their exports, but for how long? A Tokyo already on the way to supplanting New York as the financial capital of the world, as New York once upon a time supplanted London, would sooner or later ask for its money back.

Ironically, by demanding that 'everything be put on the table', the United States might be able to do for Canada what Canada has never been able to do for itself, i.e. create a free trade area within the country. Interstate commerce, free and unimpeded, was the foundation of American domestic policy and is often cited as the example that proves the merits of free trade at the international level. Applying this policy in the negotiations would mean the end of all non-tariff barriers that impede trade flows not only between the United States and Canada but also between the provinces within Canada.

If there are no barriers to trade, the nations of the world would resemble provinces within a single mighty empire, as Adam Smith pointed out. We must be able to protect our differences. If the people who live in Canada are not able to create and shape a society that contains their values, objectives and priorities and the means of their achievement, there will be no meaning to being a Canadian.

A nation — whether it be capitalist, communist or fascist — must have control over its own economy, its own present and future or it does not deserve to be called an independent country. It will cooperate and trade with other countries but the policies controlling production, distribution and exchange must be made at home. Without this economic control, there can be no political sovereignty and without political sovereignty there can be no freedom to pursue our own social and cultural priorities.

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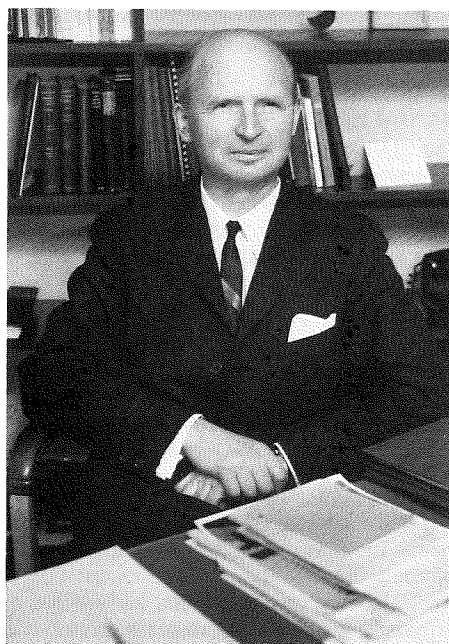
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Travelling with the SSEA (1942-1946)

James A. Gibson



My official travels during the first four years of departmental service never extended beyond note-taking expeditions in advance of 1939, The Royal Visit, and occasional (later regularly) Saturday working sessions at Kingsmere. But in April, 1942, when the SSEA said "Can you be ready to leave for Washington on Sunday afternoon?" the answer was clearly "Yes, Sir!"

I travelled to Montreal aboard Government of Canada Car 100 (panelled in Circassian walnut but without air-conditioning) and overnight to Washington aboard The Washingtonian. Mr. King stayed at The White House; I stayed aboard Car 100, parked in Union Station in outside temperatures that reached 92°F. We had the dubious benefit of live steam pumped through Car 100 to various trains departing from the same platform.

Part of the time I worked at the Canadian Legation as Jean Chapdelaine made his office available. This made no favourable impression on the Hon. Leighton McCarthy, the Minister then, who regarded me with a certain suspicion. In the brief "walking about" time I fitted in, I came on the statue of Edmund Burke, with its inscription "... magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom." I mentioned the statue to Mr. King, who asked whether it did not have this inscription, which he quoted correctly.

On the return journey my expanding career nearly came to an abrupt halt. The "running rule" was that if Mr. King had no other business at 11:00 p.m. one said good night and moved forward in the train. This I did, accompanied by the State Department security man who travelled with the party. It chanced that at 11:00 p.m. The Montrealer was gliding to a halt at New Haven. The car immediately ahead of Car 100 was a diner, in

darkness. When we reached the head end of the diner, the forward part of the train had moved on, when we retreated to the back end, Car 100 had disappeared. I jumped off the end and then sideways clear of the track, and let out a loud yell. A yardmaster heard me, grasped our problem, dived into a telephone box, and barked two sentences. In a moment a yard diesel emerged from the gloom, we climbed on to the footboard, and were whisked up to where the train was waiting. So was the conductor, gold watch in hand. I said good-night, and hastened aboard; it was several months before I ventured to tell Mr. King of this incident.

The most difficult wartime year was 1943. But from July onwards — Mr. King's statement in the House of Commons on "functional representation", the Allied landings in Sicily, the battle of the Coral Sea — the sky began to lighten, and in great secrecy we began to make preparations for the Conference at Quebec code-named "Abraham". The Prime Minister's staff travelled disparately by rail, each with a contrived cover-plan designed to serve until the principal visitors (Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill) arrived at the meeting place.

We were quartered comfortably, in The Citadel, probably the most impressive monument that still exists to William IV; the cast-iron fireplace panels bearing the Royal Cipher of 1830 had been newly black-leaded to set off whitewashed walls. There was one evening when "junior staffs" were invited to dinner in the Governor General's quarters; the table had Colonel Henry Osborne at one end, and Colonel Willis O'Connor at the other. With seven courses and three wines, it gradually dawned on me that this was a deliberate "dry run" to verify if atmosphere and service were "up to scratch".

There was a sunny afternoon when "junior staffs" and junior service personnel were taken for a cruise on the St. Lawrence aboard the CGS *Ernest Lapointe*. There was some merriment when the veteran captain invited a personable leading Wren to take the wheel, which she did with aplomb.

The day before our return to Ottawa the engine of a CP train bearing many of the press corps lost a tire from a driving wheel and a relief engine had to be provided: this was said to have produced more "hard" news than all of the Conference proceedings. Our own return journey provided one of the best train rides I ever enjoyed at home or abroad. Car 100 was coupled behind an ancient colonist Coach (2786) (to provide braking power) and the nimble tuscan-red 2.4.2 engine 3003. With a clear track this special train ran from Palais Station to Ballantyne Jct in 45 minutes less than the timetable indicated.

The 1944 return to Quebec was somewhat like an old home week; some of the same faces from the U.S.A. and U.K., the same telephone numbers (though the exchange name had become *Bosco* instead of *Victor*).

The principal journey in 1945 was to the United Nations Conference on International Organization in San Francisco. The days immediately preceding the departure of most of the Canadian delegation had been saddened and sobered by the death and funeral of President Roosevelt, but on an April afternoon Car 100, plus a 10-compartment Pullman (Ridgeville, with the number J200) were hooked on to the afternoon train to Toronto and, at 6:00 p.m. the following day, into the Overland Limited. (The Pullman porter was named Theophilus C. Johnson; Charles Ritchie suggested he was a State Department operative in disguise).

While Pearson, Robertson and others went to see the Cubs play the Dodgers, I worked.

The day in Chicago from early morning until 6:00 p.m. departure was one to put me on my mettle. I was whipping-boy; while Pearson, Robertson and other departmental retainers went to see the Cubs play the Dodgers, I worked aboard Car 100 while it was being moved from one station to another, shared a gargantuan lunch, and accompanied Mr. King on some afternoon visits he had decided to make. (We were driven about by the city passenger agent of Canadian National Railways in his well-run-in Hudson).

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The first of these was to Hull House where, in Jane Addams' time at the turn of the century, he had been head resident. Mr. King climbed up the back stairs to a plain bare room which had been his 50 years earlier. Descending by the main stairway, he came upon a group of high school seniors from South Bend, Indiana. The head resident asked Mr. King whether he would not say a few words to them which, after a slightly awkward shifting around and mounting up two steps, he did. Out of his line of vision, I took down verbatim what he said, against a day when it might have some useful purpose; it did.

The next stop was at the University of Chicago where, with a somewhat formidable courtesy, he left his card for The Chancellor, who happened that day to be in Washington.

In the open air, a ministerial voice said "I feel a bit faint on my feet; I could do with a stimulant!"

Balancing my imperfect knowledge of Chicago geography against the imperative of making the 6:00 p.m. train, I asked our chauffeur if he could put us down at the Stevens Hotel. Here we marched as boldly as we dared into the Plantation Lounge, and when a soapy-looking waiter emerged, I said "Bring this gentleman a double Scotch!" A faint murmur suggested that a single might have done, but one look from me sent the waiter to the bar (as by protocol one could not quite "drink level" with the Prime Minister, we settled on gingerale for Edouard Handy, vermouth and soda for me.)

So far, so good. Mr. King knocked back the double and said "I feel better!" We were accordingly relieved, not least because "the whole armour of God" (the last five words of a broadcast as "Temperance and a Total War Effort", December 16, 1942) had now been put off. But there was more: I paid the bill and left a tip. Then the following conversation:

Mr. K.: Did you pay the bill?

J.A.G.: Yes

Mr. K.: Did you leave a tip?

J.A.G.: Yes

Mr. K.: How much was the total?

J.A.G.: \$1.90

Then to my infinite surprise (it was the only time I ever saw it happen), he took out his pigskin note-case, extracted two U.S. dollar bills, handed them to me, and said "keep the change."

The rest of the journey was without incident; we were met at Oakland by Norman Robertson, who courteously handed out keys for delegation rooms in the St. Francis Hotel, where we were shortly busy at work.

The return journey to Ottawa was not quite what I expected. In San Francisco nearly all of my working time had been taken up with matters arising from the end of hostilities in Europe (I had been present at the opening plenary session of the Conference, and I attended the first morning

meeting of the Canadian Delegation as a whole. But as Mr. King evidently disapproved of this, I did not attend any further meetings. I knew that on leaving San Francisco Mr. King would shortly be plunged into a general election campaign, but I had expected I might stay on and pick up some delegation work. In the event, I travelled in Mr. King's party from San Francisco to Ottawa in the (for me) unlikely guise of security officer. (It is true I carried a copy of the Government Code Book in my locked briefcase; it was also true that at any stopping point the men who represented the railways, telegraphs, express, or other services had no difficulty in "picking me out" for what I was supposed to be.)

In addition to "routine duties" I had some dealings with the press, and with a variety of assorted characters most conveniently described as "hangers-on". I had no part with the content of Mr. King's election-campaign speeches in Vancouver, Edmonton and Prince Albert. In his own constituency the entire travelling party went to the main meeting, where Mr. King spoke for 150 minutes. Between Prince Albert and Winnipeg, at a moment when he supposed his electoral fortunes to be particularly low, Jack Pickersgill and I tried to lighten the gloom by suggesting some items that might enter into the Winnipeg main meeting.

So it was that Jack drafted a note about the desirability of a distinctive national flag.

"If you feel so strongly about these things, write me a paragraph I can use" said a Ministerial voice. So it was that Jack drafted a note about the desirability of a "distinctive national flag", and out of my typewriter came a note about "the confused and anomalous state" of the law touching nationality.

(The distinctive national flag was finally proclaimed February 15, 1965. The Canadian Citizenship Act passed into law in 1946, and Mr. King was present at a ceremony at the Supreme Court of Canada in 1947 when the first certificates under the new Act were presented.)

The longer journey from Winnipeg to Ottawa was punctuated by an incident at Hornepayne, Ontario, (then a divisional point on the CNR mainline.) The principal of the public school had telegraphed to ask if Mr. King would speak to the pupils while the train was being serviced. Mr. King agreed, and was just working into an account of United Nations brought down to the local community, when a roughshod individual came down the slope, barged through the rows of children, singled out his own two, and brusquely ordered them home. Mr.

King, clearly not wishing to have these two "made an example of" before their school-fellows, said "Please let them stay." The father then turned on the speaker; Mr. King stood his ground; the intruder retreated and, after a moment, the train moved on. (We gathered what information we could about the heckler; none of it was complimentary.)

More ambitious travel was involved in 1946. The first journey, to the meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London in May, took us overnight to New York to embark in the *Queen Mary*. The day in Manhattan was improved by an elegant lunch at the Harvard Club, and we sailed with the tide shortly after dawn. There was some incidental bringing up-to-date of briefing papers (e.g. the situation in India — Lord Halifax, once Viceroy, was on board returning at the conclusion of his embassy to Washington), and a looking-out of other visitors. I was quartered in what I fancy was the gentlemen's gentleman part of a mid-ships suite. As the main dining saloon was still boarded up, we found it more agreeable to eat in what had been the tourist restaurant. We were met in Southampton, travelled to Waterloo Station by Pullman, and were shortly installed at The Dorchester, complete with Commissionnaire and private telephone exchange. Our ration books were surrendered to the hotel.

Most of the London events were Prime Ministerial, in which I was cast as Private Secretary, without the title. There was a day when the Council of the Borough of Derby, headed by the Mayor and accompanied by the Town Clerk, came to have Mr. King sign the roll of Freemen of the Borough (to which he had been admitted some months earlier.) The previous evening Mr. King had said, reasonably enough, "What shall we talk about?" "Well, (I said) Derby County won the F.A. Cup (soccer); it's as important here as the Stanley Cup in Canada." "Is that so?" (he said.) But the following morning, after the black ink signature had been sprinkled with powdered chalk, and sherry and beer had been handed around, there was a marvellous opening gambit. "They play football in Derby, don't they?" Broad smiles and cheerful assent.

There was also the Victory Parade, and in the evening fireworks which the several Prime Ministers viewed from the Terrace of the House of Commons. Mr. King, accompanied by an inspector, Special Branch, Scotland Yard, travelled by arrangement by a special train from Gloucester Road Underground Station to Westminster. It had been intended that the return journey should also be by underground between these stations, but the 11:00 p.m. crowd was so great that Mr. King arrived back at The Dorchester in a panda car of the Metropolitan Police.

To mark Mr. King's entry into his 20th year of office as Prime Minister (a day or two after he had exceeded the term in office of

Sir Robert Walpole 200 years earlier) there was a dinner in the Cabinet Room at 10 Downing Street. In anticipation, that knowledgeable bibliophile — the Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs, had found at Hatchard's a fine three-volume set of F.S. Oliver's *The Endless Adventure*, and this, signed by the five members of the Prime Minister's party, had been handed over earlier in the day.

Elsewhere in the ship were some 2,200 war brides and children

On the westward journey in the *Queen Mary* we had spacious cabins on the sundeck. Elsewhere in the ship were some 2,200 war brides and some children, travelling to Canada and new homes. When we docked at Halifax we managed to hive off the press until Mr. King had received official calls from the Lieutenant-Governor, the Premier of Nova Scotia, and the heads of the armed services. These calls we returned during the morning, and left for Ottawa aboard the Ocean Limited.

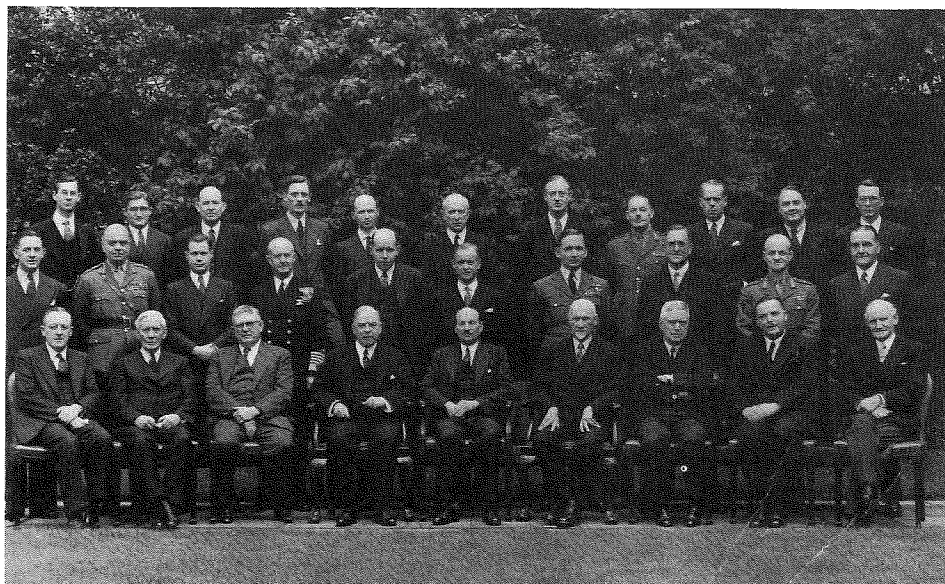
The second 1946 journey was to bring us to the Conference on Peace Treaties in Paris. We left Ottawa in early morning, and in early afternoon left Montreal aboard one of three special boat-trains, the first of this description since the end of hostilities. The following late afternoon we came alongside the *M.V. Georgic* (its silhouette much changed since I had known it in pre-war days; two funnels had become one; main passageways had warped walls because of wartime damage by fire and, indeed, passengers had had to sign statements of recognition that the accommodation was not of usual Cunard-White Star standards.)

Mr. King was quartered in a cabin labelled OC Troops; the Under-Secretary in one marked P(rincipal) M(edical) O(fficer); the Clerk of the Privy Council found himself under OC Naval Draft. In a triangular cabin near the bow were Charles Ritchie, Jean Chapdelaine and myself. We were comfortable enough; we were well fed, and we spent a good many sunny hours on the shelter deck (with the Captain's permission) studying the draft peace treaties.

(Our concerns were with Italy, Finland, Hungary and Roumania. Bulgaria did not come within Canadian purview because there had never been a declaration of war by Canada. On an afternoon of multiple signing of proclamations of the existence of a state of way in December, 1941, we exhausted the supply at Laurier House of plain wooden penholders. The four fine pens had been sealed in individual envelopes; no fifth penholder being immediately available, no proclamation was issued.)

Before the ship sailed there were a series of "incidents". The chief steward called on Mr. King to say he had had a table laid in the Saloon so that he might have a private meal before the main sitting. Mr. King said thank you, he wouldn't trouble, he'd just go back ashore and have dinner on his private car. We thereupon despatched the nearest corporal to alert the steward on Car 100 in the station yard. Half-an-hour later Mr. King said perhaps it would be pleasant to eat on board the *Georgic*; by that time the special table had been absorbed into the main evening serving.

Mr. King then said he would go ashore to eat, and I accompanied him. We approached the main dining room of the Nova Scotian Hotel at the instant a head waitress shut the doors and said firmly that the room was closed. There was a suggestion of grumbling over my right shoulder; I found myself asking Mr. King if he would mind sitting



Meeting of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers, 10 Downing Street, London, May 22, 1946. James Gibson is in the backrow, fifth from left.

down a moment and I would see what could be arranged. I set off for the front desk, talking as I went: "I have the Prime Minister of Canada here and he's hungry; can you please do something about it?" "I guess we'd better" (said the desk-man, handing me a key.)

By the time we reached the fifth floor a waiter was at the door of the suite. He explained that the main kitchen was closed; anything could be cooked to order, but it would take some time; anything on a "cold" menu which he had could be provided promptly. So while some of my colleagues were elsewhere eating lobster, our evening meal was chicken salad, ice cream and gingerale. In due time we returned aboard the ship.

At Liverpool the Lord Mayor came on board. We travelled in a motorcade to Lime Street Station, remarking at a police sergeant (and at least one pub) on almost every corner, and we were then conveyed to Euston in a Directors' Coach of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway. Before dark we were again installed at the Dorchester, and we travelled to Paris on the following Sunday.

On some, though not all, of Mr. King's expeditions from Paris I was of the travelling party. I went to Dieppe for the fourth anniversary of the reconnaissance in force, but not to the Normandy battlefields nor to

Berlin. After he had made his main speech in a plenary session of the Conference, Mr. King rather lost interest in most of the remaining proceedings. There were evidences that he was finding it difficult to make up his mind what he should do next; though it is now also apparent that he had decided that he would relinquish the External Affairs portfolio (I had no knowledge of this determination until after we had returned to Ottawa, when indeed I first learned of it in the newspapers.)

The changeable mentality came into play on the day fixed for our departure from Paris. It had first been intended that we should travel by train. The RCAF at Northolt had then sent over a Dakota with the intention that Mr. King's party — nine in all plus luggage, should be flown to Britain. Mr. King first agreed, then said he would prefer to travel by train. By the time he changed his mind yet again, the Dakota had gone back to Northolt, and we ended up leaving the Gare du Nord and crossing from Calais to Dover. I had already closed my delegation account, so that I ended up borrowing money from the Army driver (to pay extra registration for luggage) and borrowing (on the train) all available French francs to provide a *pourboire* for the steward.

A final touch to this somewhat unconsidered journey arose on arrival at Victoria

Station. The party's luggage was in one great mound; a senior porter said to me "would you mind, Sir, walking once round and giving a cursory glance; it looks better to the bystanders." After the cursory glance, and 10 shillings, an Army party took the luggage to The Dorchester.

Once again aboard the *Queen Mary*, and after we had unpacked in sun-deck cabins, Mr. King told Edouard Handy and me (in a tone which suggested he expected compliance) to exchange cabins with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Salisbury, who were travelling to Canada to be Mr. King's guests. So we packed up, and moved down two decks. If Mr. King wanted either of us he had to send for us.

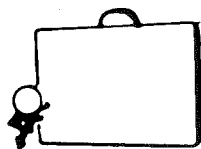
I went ashore after midnight to send off last-minute telegrams and to say *au revoir* to the faithful Scotland Yard inspector who had accompanied us throughout. On this voyage there were again over 2,000 war brides and children; there was a great assemblage to celebrate Queen Juliana's birthday: Mr. King made a speech, Mr. Salisbury made a speech; Lester Pearson made a still better speech.

Towards the end of the stay in Paris Mr. King had kept his distance "from the three seniors" Pearson, Robertson and Heeney. Still learning on the job, I had taken the precaution of requesting a compartment for each of them on the train from Halifax to Montreal, and "the distance" certainly was maintained throughout the journey. I now found myself "promoted" to travel aboard Car 100; this was comfortable, and my meals were provided, but I was, of course, *right there*.

The arrival at Halifax went smoothly, and we reached Ottawa just before midnight the following day.

This ended my travels with the Secretary of State for External Affairs. Mr. King relinquished that office four days later, and though I remained on his staff at Laurier House, I was, for departmental purposes, answerable to his successor, Rt. Hon. Louis St. Laurent. I remained "on strength" until the following July; my "travels" were confined to Kingsmere and to occasional expeditions within Ottawa itself.

Dr. Gibson joined the department as a Third Secretary in July, 1938. Literally 20 minutes after reporting at the East Block he was seconded to the office of the Prime Minister (Mr. Mackenzie King was, and remained until September, 1946, Secretary of State for External Affairs.) With the exception of four weeks in February, 1947, when he was Acting Head of the then First Political Division, all of Dr. Gibson's working time was on Mr. King's staff, latterly with the courtesy title of External Affairs Liaison Officer. When he resigned from the Foreign Service in July, 1947, the post was not filled. Δ



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THE GREATS:

Bruce Rankin: Looking Back

BOUT DE PAPIER: Bruce, congratulations. I know that I speak for all foreign service officers in saying how happy I am that you have just been awarded the Order of Canada. Would you tell us a little bit about how it all started?

RANKIN: I suppose the one thing I was certain of, when I was serving in Naval Headquarters in Ottawa at the end of the war, was that I did not want to work for the government when it was all over. But things have a way of turning around. A great friend of mine in Ottawa convinced me that the Foreign Service had something very special to offer. I retired 36 years later having spent all of that time, except for one year in Kingston, on duty abroad.

When you asked your question I was quickly reminded of the virtual lack of any departmental training in 1945 when I joined the Trade Commissioner Service. There just was not any. I was very quickly selected from the group I was with and shot off to Sydney, Australia, in February 1946. I was the sole Canadian presence in Sydney — a one-man office. I went with the strange sort of thought that I was there to do the best I could on behalf of Canada, regardless of what it might be. I do not think that attitude ever changed. I suppose I was lucky in the long run because that pretty well prevailed in my second posting to Shanghai from 1947 to 1949. Then I had a short period back in Australia before going to Bombay. These were posts relatively detached from the Ottawa scene.

BOUT DE PAPIER: 1947 to 1949 was a pretty eventful time to be in China.

RANKIN: Indeed it was. The departure itself was interesting in that I realized that I had been watching history in the making. We were so damn busy you did not dwell on it while you were there. You did what had to be done. There was more in retrospect than on the spot recognition of the history-making era that we went through in Shanghai. My work as trade commissioner virtually disappeared forwards the end and I

became "the" Consul in Shanghai. I was the evacuation officer for all the Canadians in China. I think that is an important point about being in the Foreign Service — you have to take on responsibilities that go beyond anything that might be written in a job description in Ottawa. It never struck me as unusual that we should do this in the field. In China, the revolution was well and truly on, and promoting trade was not the priority of the day.

BOUT DE PAPIER: Would you tell us the story of your departure from Shanghai?

RANKIN: Yes. Well it all really began when I read the headline in my Sunday paper "Nationalists Threaten to Bomb British Ships in Liberated Ports". This indicated a renewal of the policy of the Nationalist Government of China to prevent the entry of vessels to Communist-held ports. I had missed my booking on the previous day on a vessel chartered by the International Refugee Organization, and I fell back on a contingency plan to leave Shanghai aboard the British vessel "Wo Sang", which was owned by Jardine Matheson and Company. I left taking nothing with me but my clothing.

We were all aware, passengers and crew, that our chances of getting beyond the mouth of the Yangtse estuary were doubtful. A Nationalist Chinese destroyer-escort, the "Tai Ping" was patrolling this area and had intercepted a British ship that previous Friday. We decided to try and slip by this guard ship in the dead of the night but were discovered. The "Tai Ping" ordered us to stop, and as we were complying, opened fire on us with 20 and 40 mm guns. We did not sustain any damage, and I believe the Chinese action was to emphasize their orders, rather than to sink us.

We were boarded and searched by a group of Nationalist naval officers and armed seamen. At the conclusion of this we were instructed either to return to Shanghai and remove all cargo and Chinese passengers, or dump the cargo and our Chinese passengers into the sea! We refused to comply, and a Mexican stand-off ensued that lasted eight days. During that time we organized ourselves into a captain's advisory committee, established contact with the British warship HMS "Alacrity", which was standing by in international waters, and played a tremendous amount of very good quality bridge. We were fired on several more times by the "Tai Ping" — primarily to remind us of her presence.

We finally made good our escape through a device — a promise by the ship's captain not to enter Shanghai again while it remained a closed area. Our arrival at West Point wharf in Hong Kong, 10 days later, was marked by a rousing welcome by many old Shanghai friends who had preceded us on the journey. I should mention that during our eight days anchored in the Yangtse estuary we remained in contact with Canadians in Hong Kong by transmitting

Bruce Rankin joined the Foreign Service in 1945 after serving with the Royal Canadian Navy in the Pacific and the Atlantic during the Second World War. He served in Sydney, Shanghai, Canberra, Bombay, Madrid, Berne, New York, Caracas and Tokyo. In the latter postings, he was either consul-general (New York) or ambassador (Venezuela and the Dominican Republic, United Nations, Japan). Born in Brandon, Manitoba, he was educated at the University of Alberta and Princeton University. Awarded the U.N. Medal of Excellence in 1972, he was recently honoured with the Order of Canada. During a recent meeting he talked with Bob Grauer about the Foreign Service, his experiences in Shanghai, Tokyo, Berne and Caracas.

messages via HMS "Alacrity". Our spirits were excellent during the whole period and we were well fed and well looked after during the whole time.

BOUT DE PAPIER: The conditions of foreign service have changed in several respects.

RANKIN: I think that I was terribly lucky to be in the foreign service at the time I was. In Sydney in 1946 and 1947 communication with Ottawa was almost non-existent. I used commercial telegrams and waited for a bag that came in irregularly and with very few instructions. We were much more on our own and we had to make decisions and live with their results. We set our own priorities and I think that that was a good thing. I think our "service" was better from our being able to exercise initiative at the post without tedious consultations with Ottawa. You will remember from our experience together in Japan and New York that I consider this an important approach to managing the mission. I refused to read telexes in draft form — I wanted the younger officers to have some of the discipline that results from having to live with their own decisions. Another favourite approach of mine, even after communications became very good, was to start a telex to Ottawa by noting that unless I heard to the contrary I proposed to take action in the following way. The desk officer in Ottawa

often seemed to appreciate that he did not have to reply. In those early years in places like Sydney, Shanghai, and Bombay we just ran our own shop and learned a lot in the process. I hope I did not make too many mistakes. I think it was very good training, a very good way to start.

BOUT DE PAPIER: Your last foreign posting was Ambassador at Tokyo. That was a critical period in our commercial relations with Japan. There were major coal deals concluded and we had to negotiate with the Japanese on their auto exports. What are the challenges to a country like Canada marketing in Japan? What sort of observations do you have about what we can do to improve our performance in the trade field with the Japanese?

RANKIN: It is not easy. I have been saying that around Toronto and elsewhere. Penetrating the Japanese market calls for a lot of time and a lot of money. There are not that many firms in Canada that are prepared to devote both the time and money to penetrating that market. It also requires that they have a pretty detailed knowledge of the market they are entering and the non-tariff barriers that may be in their path. The various Japanese market-opening pronouncements always sound good but it is always a bit like peeling an onion. You take the outer peel off and there is another layer just like it underneath.

Certainly those things that they need from us, particularly in the natural resource areas, I think we will continue to sell. But the manufacturing end is not going to be simple. Indeed, I gave a speech in Vancouver at the Canadian Institute of Metallurgy recently, just after Prime Minister Nakasone had spoken, and I cautioned firms that in Asia the place to start is in Malaysia and Singapore and smaller Pacific Rim markets, in particular where language is not a barrier. Stop in Tokyo and develop your contacts, get the view of the market for your particular product and work up to Japan. Do not just say you are going out on the next plane and crack this market because you cannot do it. So it is not easy.

BOUT DE PAPIER: Do you think the focus on seeking an enhanced trading relationship with the United States risks diverting attention away from the Pacific and elsewhere?

RANKIN: It might. I think that is certainly a risk as our exports are highly concentrated in the United States. It gets down to almost a one market relationship. The Japan market, God knows, is not unimportant. But even though it is our second largest market it is miniscule compared to the U.S. I am on the board now of three coal companies. In the last three or four years when steel production sagged, the Japanese were awfully tough with us on how much they were prepared to take, and what price they were prepared to pay, despite the contract we had with them. It was a very difficult time to be in business

with them. They like to play it their own way. We could have taken them to court but that would have eliminated us from the Japanese market forever. Realism suggested we find some sort of compromise, which we did.

BOUT DE PAPIER: You had a long and very lively association with the United Nations.

RANKIN: That goes back really to my time in the Embassy in Berne, Switzerland, from 1956 to 1959 when I would frequently get a telex instructing me to go to Geneva and cover some committee or another — no instructions by the way. Then in 1966 when I was Ambassador to Venezuela, I was asked to represent Canada at ECOSOC at the U.N. in New York. I participated in those meetings and at the General Assembly for seven years.

I have always been appalled at the hours and hours wasted at the U.N. because of a general lack of concern about punctuality. I started my first meeting of the Second Committee by saying I had a little booklet on how the chairman was supposed to run the committee. There were 135 or 140 countries involved. I said that I did not propose to read the book. Since they had elected me chairman, I was going to run it my way, and that we were going to start on time. We did. Twice a day for three months we started the proceedings precisely on time and we made a few other rules.

I never varied a minute regardless of who might not be there, because if you ever give up a minute you are sunk. It is two minutes the next day and so on. Eventually all the delegates would show up on time. They thought initially that I would give it up but after a week they realized I was serious, so they used to break up luncheons saying they had to get back. We did very well. It was a very good, active committee and a lot of fun.

That year we put through a great number of resolutions.

BOUT DE PAPIER: The United Nations is the subject of varying criticism and views.

RANKIN: That is true. And there is also a problem of a lack of public awareness of the good the institution has achieved. In fact, I have often wondered if there is not some way we could do more in this area. There are all sorts of people who are at odds with one another but who nevertheless come to some kind of an understanding simply because they do meet at the U.N. each year, and they do resolve lots of matters that could grow into major problems. I think one of the first security council resolutions ordered the Russians to get the hell out of Northern Iran for example, and they did. It was an achievement in itself but I do not think you would find one person in a thousand who even remembers that such a resolution was passed. And there are lots of those that are overlooked. Resolution 242 on Israel still is there and people still cling to it.

BOUT DE PAPIER: You were unconventional at the U.N. When you were Ambassador to Venezuela you also took an unorthodox, for a diplomat, approach to the problem of traffic congestion.

RANKIN: Yes, I can remember that well. We were driving home at the end of the day. I was with Mona and our two younger daughters. We got caught in a total traffic impasse, bumper to bumper. We were not too far from our house at this point so I said "Oh to hell with this. I am going to walk home". I got out of the car — we had a chauffeur of course — and in due course walked past the intersection that was fouling the traffic flow. It was literally a case of cars coming from four directions and all meeting



in the middle of the intersection so that nobody could pass. Nobody was willing to yield the right of way. So I stood and looked at this for a minute or two and thought it was ridiculous, cars piled up in all four directions. I went out into the middle of the road and I got a woman to back up enough to let a truck through from the east and somebody else to back up enough to let someone through from the west and eventually got the traffic moving. Many waved and expressed appreciation as they drove by. In due course my own car arrived, so as it pulled into the intersection I simply stepped into it and went home. My daughters were down on the floor of the car dying of embarrassment at the spectacle of the Canadian Ambassador standing out in the middle of the intersection directing traffic.

BOUT DE PAPIER: What do your colleagues in the business community say about the "service" of the foreign service?

RANKIN: I am a little concerned about a feeling in the business community that it is very difficult to make contact in Ottawa. I am astounded at the big companies that I work with that literally do not know where to go in government. There is reluctance to develop a good working relationship with the government and I think that this is bad. From the time I arrived in Sydney I always felt that the taxpayer was there to be served and I still feel that way. The foreign service enjoyed one of the world's great reputations. I think it was because we were outgoing and receptive to that community. If integration has destroyed that I would be very worried about it. I would hope that that might be taken in hand. That is our cornerstone. That is our strength.

Something I wanted to say and certainly will say so now if I may, is that I was singularly blessed with an extraordinary good staff in most of my posts and particularly in Tokyo. That was a great team we had. God, everybody was full of enthusiasm and overloaded with initiatives. The Commercial Section of the Tokyo Embassy provides a tremendous — a unique — service to the Canadian business community, because of the difficulty foreigners have in operating in that environment.

BOUT DE PAPIER: You seemed to be able to "build" a post, in terms of human resources.

RANKIN: I did not have all that much choice of the people I wanted. And I am not sure that I necessarily did very young officers in their first posting a favour, because nobody ever worked for me, everybody always worked with me. I encouraged initiative. Spring an idea and if it sounds alright, get on with it. I think people found that exhilarating, particularly if it was their first post. I know it backfired in the case of several who then went on to someone else who did not play it that way, and they felt disgruntled that they did not

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have the freedom that they had at their first post. So there are two sides to that story.

BOUT DE PAPIER: Would you please relate to us your story of the disaster on the Orinoco River Bridge?

RANKIN: The opening of the Orinoco Bridge in 1967 — what a disaster. After many years of struggle and at great cost the Government of Venezuela completed a bridge across the Orinoco River. It was decided to have a suitably impressive opening ceremony for this structure. All ambassadors resident in Caracas were invited to this great event and the Venezuelan government's chief of protocol was going to fly us down in his Viscount. I was not very keen on getting into this plane, and so I called up the President of Shell, who was a good friend of mine, and asked him if he was going to the opening. He was not but he provided a plane for the British Ambassador and I to fly down in.

We were put aboard a brand new bus to drive the five miles from the town out to the bridge. We got there and placed ourselves in the stands right at the opening of the bridge. The President of Venezuela was standing across the road and he was going to make the speech and cut the ribbon. The Cardinal was also flying in from Caracas for this event, to bless the bridge. And we waited and waited — it was 110 degrees in the shade. Then we heard a rumour that the Cardinal had been a little late leaving the town. As he got out towards the bridge he was stopped by an army unit that was stopping all traffic. The Cardinal was mad as hell about this and went back into the town and refused to return. The President had to send one of his cabinet ministers into town to persuade the Cardinal to try again.

Meanwhile, the President decided to give his speech while we were waiting for the Cardinal to arrive. He got about half way through it when the Cardinal arrived. The Cardinal would not get out of the car until the President came down and apologized to him. There was a lasting confrontation. The President was damned if he was going to apologize to the Cardinal — the Cardinal was not going to get out of the car until he did. A compromise was eventually reached. The Cardinal was in very bad humour but he blessed the bridge.

We were all to get on a series of buses to go to the other side of the river where there was to be a military march past. People piled into the buses and off they went at which time we discovered that our brand new bus had disappeared. All the ambassadors were left marooned on the wrong side of the river. The President kept sending motorcyclists back to tell us to get over to the other side. Eventually they persuaded one of the sergeants to let us use one of his broken-down army buses and we got trundled across the bridge and into our places.

When that finished we had a terrible time keeping the army bus. God knows what ever happened to our beautiful new bus, but

we managed to get back into a broken-down vehicle and start the five miles back into the town where we were to have this huge buffet lunch. Meanwhile, they had taken the army off the road. There were thousands of people and we were bumper to bumper, going nowhere. I thought we would never get into the town.

When we finally arrived in town the British Ambassador and I headed rapidly to the urinal which was awash in God knows what. And the chaos in the place was unbelievable. Flies by the millions were sitting on the food all over the table. The British Ambassador remarked that he did not think things were going all that well. I said that I agreed with him and suggested that we had better go. At which point I ran into my great pal the Saudi Arabian Ambassador, a highly westernized man who liked his comforts and usually travelled with a valet wherever he went. He was in a towering rage and said it was the last time he was going to an opening of anything in Venezuela. I asked if he would like to go back to Caracas on a private plane and he said he would give me half of Saudi Arabia. I told him to follow us. We arrived at Caracas at a good comfortable time in the afternoon. We learned later that the two Viscounts that took the rest of the Ambassadors back to Caracas continued to have mechanical problems. In fact, one of them had to turn back and its passengers had to stay in a wholly-inadequate hotel for the whole night. The ventilation system on the other plane malfunctioned and dripped water on the seated ambassadors. Everyone got off soaking wet.

The event that really stood out in my memory was the forthright action taken by the Paraguayan Ambassador who was seated across from me on the bus on our way back into the town. We had a sound truck riding back beside us and the noise was unbearable. The Paraguayan Ambassador indicated several times to the driver of the sound truck to shut the damn thing off. When it was clear that his request was not going to be complied with, the Ambassador reached inside his coat, pulled out a revolver and shot the damn speakers! That was a day never to be forgotten.

BOUT DE PAPIER: Is there any particular message you would like to give at this time?

RANKIN: I always have a great message. I joined the foreign service with great reluctance in 1945 and 36 years later I have not a moment's regret. It was a great career and I loved every ticking minute of it. I would like to think that it will continue to be a good career for those joining now. I would like to see a little more freedom made available to the posts abroad. This business of sending a telex every time you want to do anything bothers me but you have to have confidence in the people you send to the posts and allow them to get on with their own initiatives.

BOUT DE PAPIER: What do you think of the recent trend towards more "rotational" appointments to heads of post positions?

RANKIN: I think it is full of dangers and I am opposed. Joan Winsor, who is now Consul General in Los Angeles, is an old pal of mine. I think I was probably the first to phone her when she was appointed. I told her she was a marvelous girl, intelligent and attractive and that she would do very well in Los Angeles and that I wished her well but greatly regretted that she was chosen. She said she thought I would have something like that to say. I said that there were young guys who start out in this business at the bottom of the ladder and every time somebody is appointed from outside it just makes that ladder longer and more difficult. I congratulated her and said I was sure she would do well but I was not in favour.

There were a couple of assignments from the previous government at the last moment that left me purple in the face. I would not totally eliminate it. I think there may be occasions when there are exceptional people who can bring some particular knowledge into a particular situation. But we seem to be getting more and more of them. I think attitudes have changed too, but the professionals in the foreign service today are a little bit fussier about where they are willing to go and what they are prepared to do. When I started you went where you were told to go. You did not question it.

BOUT DE PAPIER: What sort of advice would you give to a young foreign service officer today?

RANKIN: Well, I would go back to my original thesis. Get involved in everything. I think that is where the reward lies. I can recall when I was home in Ottawa once between postings, I got a phone call from a good friend of mine in the department, much younger than I am, saying he and his wife just had to see me. They came down to the hotel and they were the gloomiest couple I have ever seen in my life. He had just finished his training and had been offered a very small post. He said that this was not what he had in mind at all when he joined the foreign service. He wanted Paris, London, Washington but was being sent to this relatively small country with a tiny embassy with three or four officers and it did not appeal to him at all. I told him that this was where he was wrong. He could go to London, Paris or Washington as probationary third secretary stamping passports or some damn thing for four years. But if he went to the small post he could do everything. He would get his nose wet in every aspect of Canada's representation abroad. I told him that that was experience he would value for the rest of his career. I told him to get off his ass and get back to the department and say he was delighted to accept. He has told me 50 times since that I was right.

BOUT DE PAPIER: Bruce, thank you very much. △

Canadian Athletes Get Support

by Eric Morse

In the past few years Canada has made an impact in international sport, winning 44 medals in the Los Angeles Olympics. In the course of their rise to international success, Canadian athletes have become accustomed to advice and support from the Department of External Affairs both in Headquarters and abroad. Many members of many missions regularly go above and beyond the call of duty to help Canadian teams feel "at home" in strange countries, and in doing so, External contributes to the mental preparation that is essential to success on the field of competition.

In return, our athletes serve as the best representatives of goodwill that any country could wish, seldom failing to leave behind them a better image of Canada and Canadians than existed before they arrived.

In 1988, Canada will host the 1988 Olympic Winter Games in Calgary. These are among the foremost sporting events that the world has to offer, and their successful organization will reflect great credit, not only on the organizers and the people of Calgary, but on Canadians everywhere. In his recently published memoirs, Peter Ueberroth, who was President of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee for 1984, referred to a working visit to the German Democratic Republic in the year of the Games. He wrote:

"We returned to East Berlin after the judo championships. While there, I thought it wise to visit the U.S. Embassy to advise the Ambassador of my meetings with the sports officials and of their plans to visit Los Angeles. So I made an appointment with him.

"... After a short wait, I was told the Ambassador was busy giving dictation and couldn't be bothered to see me. Over the years, LAOOC representatives had always been welcomed with great hospitality in foreign countries. Heads of State often made themselves available to us; top leaders

were always generous with their time and help. But during my five and a half years with the organizing committee never once did an American Ambassador take time to see me."

Now, the story of the relationship between the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee and the Government of the United States of America is a long and unhappy one, and my acquaintances on both sides of that particular fence are still unable to speak of each other with anything but dislike and contempt. That that should have been part of the legacy of Los Angeles is an unhappy thing for sport in the United States, but it is aside from the point I wish to make, which is that we of the Foreign Service of Canada can be proud that in recent memory, no leader of Canadian sport has had reason or excuse to complain, in the terms used by Ueberroth, of his reception at a Canadian post abroad.

Not only our senior Olympic officials, who now bear special endorsements in their passports, but our coaches, managers, and athletes are made to feel welcome and wanted within the resources that a post has at its command.

I am leaving the department for private life after 13 fascinating years in the International Sport position. I have seen us grow from the country that, in 1976, put on the poorest showing of any country that ever hosted the Olympics, to a new power in a field where the world can see and admire us. I am proud to think that my department has had a supporting role to play in that success. I am confident that even in the face of the new austerity, Canadian sport will continue to receive from the department the support that it richly deserves and can so well repay.

Known as Mr. Sport International, Eric Morse recently retired from the Department of External Affairs after 13 years in the service.



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HAMPATE-BA, LE SAGE D'ABIDJAN, DERNIERE BIBLIOTHEQUE VIVANTE DE L'AFRIQUE

par Léopold Battel

Au continent africain sans mémoire, des auteurs tels que Basil Davidson, se sont efforcés de restituer son passé, de prouver l'existence d'une civilisation et d'une culture africaines, subsahariennes. Mais les efforts d'érudits africanistes occidentaux nous font oublier ceux d'écrivains ou traditionnalistes africains qui pour des raisons de contexte historique n'ont pas diffusé aussi aisément leur oeuvre, leurs recherches.

Les africanistes occidentaux ont travaillé à partir de textes européens provenant des premiers voyageurs, commerçants ou administrateurs coloniaux dont les archives fournissent la matière. Pour l'historien africain, une autre voie, plus difficile, s'offrait à lui: la tradition, la Parole.

Amadou Hampate-Bâ représente un de ces traditionnalistes qui s'est employé, sa vie durant, à recueillir la tradition orale avant qu'elle ne sombre dans l'oubli des valeurs "modernes", dans la culture importée.

Lors d'une séance de l'UNESCO en novembre 1966, consacrée au sauvetage des monuments égyptiens d'Abu-Simbel, le représentant du Mali, après s'être félicité de l'action de l'UNESCO en faveur des monuments de pierre d'une valeur culturelle inestimable, suggéra qu'il existait, en Afrique, des monuments tout aussi précieux, mais combien plus vulnérables, qui eux aussi faisaient partie du patrimoine culturel de l'humanité et dont il fallait sauver l'héritage: les vieux sages dépositaires des connaissances traditionnelles transmises par voie orale et qui, faute de relève, risquaient de disparaître en emportant leur trésor. Ce représentant du Mali c'était Amadou Hampate-Bâ, pour qui l'histoire africaine va de pair avec la tradition orale, et il ne peut être question de pénétrer l'histoire et l'âme des peuples africains sans une étude qui s'appuie sur un tel héritage. Celui-ci repose dans la mémoire des vieux traditionnalistes, mémoire vivante de l'Afrique, ce qui amènera Hampate-Bâ à lancer sa célèbre phrase: "En Afrique, chaque fois qu'un vieillard meurt, c'est une bibliothèque qui brûle."

Sa vie, son oeuvre seront axées sur cette maxime. Cet homme qui, en tant que membre du Conseil exécutif de l'UNESCO de 1962 à 1970, prêcha la sauvegarde, pour

ne pas dire le sauvetage des monuments oraux africains, est né avec le siècle en 1901, à Bandiagara, en pays dogon au Mali, d'une grande famille peule. Sans diplôme universitaire, il n'en deviendra pas moins lui-même une de ces "bibliothèques" vivantes de l'Afrique, étant tout à la fois historien, penseur, écrivain, traditionnaliste, conteur, poète et sage islamiste.

Après quelques débuts dans l'administration coloniale française, il s'oriente vers la recherche scientifique sur les cultures africaines traditionnelles et la littérature orale. Pendant cette période, dans toutes les régions qu'il traversait, il interrogeait les vieux, les traditionnalistes, les griots généalogistes sur les traditions de leur pays, et dont les notes et documents aboutiront à la publication en 1943, de la première version en prose du conte initiatique peul "Kaidara" qui recevra la Prix Littéraire de l'Afrique Occidentale française et, en 1955, le premier ouvrage d'histoire entièrement écrit à partir des seules traditions orales, "L'Empire peul du Macina", publié par l'Institut français d'Afrique noire (IFAN) de Dakar. Il travaillera pour cet institut de 1944 à 1958 à Dakar, puis au Mali, en occupant aussi le poste de conseiller culturel de la radiodiffusion du Soudan français.

C'était le début du grand combat d'Amadou Hampate-Bâ pour faire admettre dans les milieux scientifiques modernes, la valeur de la tradition orale en tant que source de connaissances, de culture et de civilisation. En 1958, à l'indépendance, il fonde l'Institut des sciences humaines à Bamako. En 1962, il est confronté avec une des règles de sa congrégation spirituelle (amaliste) incitant au renoncement aux postes de commandement et aux honneurs. Se référant aux enseignements de ses maîtres coraniques, il tracera la ligne entre le devoir personnel et le devoir supérieur, qui commandait de servir la patrie. En effet, un litige opposait le Mali et le Côte d'Ivoire au sujet de l'utilisation du port d'Abidjan. Grâce aux liens d'amitié qu'il entretenait encore d'ailleurs avec un autre sage d'Afrique, le Président Houphouët-Boigny, il remplira les fonctions d'Ambassadeur du Mali en Côte d'Ivoire pendant quatre ans. Le même année, il est élu membre du Conseil exécutif de l'UNESCO où il

soutiendra ardemment la cause de la culture négro-africaine.

Le point culminant dans la "carrière" du sage de Marcory, quartier d'Abidjan où il réside, sera l'attribution du Grand Prix 1974 de littérature de l'Afrique noire d'expression française. Ce prix viendra couronner l'ensemble de son oeuvre et en particulier son roman paru chez Plon l'année précédente, "L'étrange destin de Wangrin", ou "Les roueries d'un interprète". Parmi ses autres ouvrages les plus connus, mentionnons aussi "Koumen, texte initiatique des pasteurs peuls", "L'Eclat de la grande étoile", conte initiatique peul, "Les religions traditionnelles africaines", "Vie et enseignement de Tierno Bokar, le Sage de Bandiagara", "Jésus vu par un musulman" et "Petit Bodiel", conte peul.

L'ensemble de cette oeuvre sera le fruit de longues et patientes années à la recherche des sources orales comme indiqué ci-haut, mais également de l'expérience vécue par Hampate-Bâ. En lui se sont fusionnées et assimilées les cultures peule, dogon et bambara. Il subira les initiations bambara et peule dont les récits et contes initiatiques nous sont accessibles et gardent une saveur particulière tant sur le plan du fantastique et du distrayant que par l'enseignement moral et spirituel qu'ils comportent, voire par le sens ésotérique caché, qui ne peut être pleinement révélé vu les divers niveaux d'entendement des récepteurs.

Il aura surtout eu la chance d'être l'élève de sages ou maîtres à penser célèbres dans leur milieu tels le grand initié bambara de la Société secrète bambara du Komo, Danfo Siné, et de Tierno Bokar, maître d'école coranique, grand sage traditionnel, savant en sciences islamiques et animé d'une incomparable tolérance et respect des hommes, si bien relaté dans le livre "Tierno Bokar". De ce maître, Hampate-Bâ nous transmettra la tolérance, l'écoute des autres, l'importance de la tradition, le profond mysticisme, révélateurs d'une facette de l'islam noir à la foi éclairée et généreuse. Cette sagesse touche même au pouvoir politique et les effets qu'il entraîne. L'influence de ce maître à qui il doit toute sa formation a porté sur l'importance de la tradition lorsqu'il écrit: "La tradition, ce point de départ, doit être assez solide dans l'esprit de ceux qui se mettent en route pour leur permettre de revenir sur leurs pas et de prendre un nouveau départ en cas de heurt, en cas de chute, en cas d'erreur. Elle est le point d'ancrage et de référence qui permet de savoir qui l'on est et d'avancer hardiment sur des routes nouvelles et lointaines sans pour autant perdre son équilibre et son identité." (Vie et enseignement de Tierno Bokar.)

Hampate-Bâ allie à son humanisme admirable une ouverture d'esprit dans le domaine religieux, ce qui est compréhensible à la lecture de la Vie de son maître Tierno Bokar. Se définissant lui-même comme un

homme de dialogue religieux, cherchant sans cesse à connaître le point de vue de l'autre, il aboutit à des réflexions empreintes d'une rare sagesse qui admet les multiples interprétations du divin. Pour lui, Dieu est "l'embarras des intelligences humaines", et plus particulièrement "toutes les religions ont un père et plusieurs mères". L'existence divine ne peut être mise en doute car la "créature prouve le créateur". Dieu est aussi la "cause inconnue dont nous sommes la création visible".

Fidèle à son maître spirituel qui souhaitait la venue de l'ère de réconciliation entre toutes les confessions de la terre, l'ère où celles-ci s'appuieront les unes sur les autres pour former une voûte morale et spirituelle (2), Hampate-Bâ pratiquera dans les gestes cette ouverture religieuse qui, du même coup, nous fera connaître une facette de l'islam noir, insoupçonnée jusqu'ici.

En juin 1961, lors d'un voyage en Israël, il réussira à réunir un rabbin et un prêtre catholique sur le mont Sion pour prier en commun pour la paix entre les peuples. Ses efforts en vue d'une meilleure compréhension entre les différentes religions lui vaudront en 1981 le Prix de l'oecuménisme, décerné par la Fondation De Menil à Houston.

Il prend toujours un soin particulier à expliquer les préceptes islamiques et la loi coranique, victimes de tant de distorsions et d'interprétations faites pour satisfaire des intérêts particuliers. La distinction entre arabisme et islamisme doit être claire pour saisir la sagesse des enseignements coraniques.

Le sage d'Abidjan préconise la mise au rancart des divergences pour la découverte des points communs entre les religions et les cultures: "Nous ne sommes plus au temps des conversions forcées, mais au temps des convergences".

La tradition orale recueillie par Hampate-Bâ comportera aussi l'enseignement sur le pouvoir politique. L'ancienne société africaine savait allier pouvoir religieux et pouvoir politique en rappelant constamment au chef ses obligations. Tierno Bokar consacra une partie de son enseignement sur le pouvoir politique. Il considérait le pouvoir comme une drogue puissante, dangereuse entre des mains inexpérimentées. "L'éclat de la grande étoile", en plus d'être un récit initiatique peul, représente aussi une leçon sur l'apprentissage du pouvoir politique au même titre que "Les Aventures de Télémaque" de Fénelon. L'aspirant chef subira diverses étapes d'initiation destinées à réunir pouvoir politique et religieux, le second justifiant et consolidant le premier. Le pouvoir temporel, en effet, n'est pas considéré pour lui-même et ne suffit pas à asseoir l'autorité d'un chef ou d'un prince. L'enseignement tend à la sagesse, à inculquer au détenteur du pouvoir ses limites, la fragilité de ce don. Il constitue une leçon de fibre morale qui fait défaut au monde politique moderne et qui se

révèle d'une actualité universelle. Nous y trouvons une conception du pouvoir qui, ainsi esquissée, implique la conviction impérative qu'il n'appartient qu'aux sages de gouverner la cité, un peu dans le sens que prêchaient certains philosophes grecs. Ce cours de morale politique met non point l'accent sur la façon de prendre le pouvoir mais sur celle de la conserver. On rappelle au prince les conséquences politiques et sociales et son comportement, et qu'il ne doit pas se laisser enivrer par le pouvoir car il finira lui aussi comme tous les mortels.

Les malaises de nos temps modernes seraient tempérés si les chefs d'Etat actuels, selon Hampate-Bâ, étaient des initiés, combinant la sagesse, le sens du sacré à la pratique du pouvoir. Evoquant l'image, Hampate-Bâ, déclare que "Pour être chef, il faut savoir tenir un oeuf dans sa main."

S'il renonce à se prononcer sur le devenir de l'Afrique, le sage de Marcory constate, non sans amertume, que d'abord il n'y a jamais eu d'indépendance. Jamais le continent africain n'a été plus dépendant qu'aujourd'hui. Les termes de l'échange lui sont dictés comme auparavant, et la notion d'indépendance n'est que fictive. Il préférera le terme d'interdépendance puisqu'à l'heure des communications qui réduisent la planète, les rapports entre Etats, entre cultures sont réciproquement sensibles. L'avenir de l'Afrique sera tout au plus lié à celui de l'Europe, selon lui.

L'Afrique a été désacralisée, se plaint Hampate-Bâ. On a remplacé le sens du sacré, qui maintenait l'équilibre dans tous les aspects de la vie africaine, par des valeurs importées, par le gendarme. Le libertinage et le pillage se sont installés et les Africains devront faire preuve de beaucoup de vigilance. A un reporter français de TF1 qui l'interviewait sur l'expérience du socialisme de l'Est vécu par certains pays africains, Hampate-Bâ commente: "Nous avons abdiqué notre personnalité, nos coutumes, ce qui faisait la paix. Le socialisme nous a amené des vêtements confectionnés, mais pas à notre mesure. Si

bien qu'eux, ils ont perdu l'étoffe, et nous, nous ne sommes pas habillés".

L'imitation des valeurs et comportements importés, sous prétexte de progrès ou d'évolution, ne peut que conduire à une culture superficielle parfois mal adaptée aux contextes africains. Il incite plutôt les jeunes à ne pas se couper de la tradition ancestrale, prendre ce qu'elle a de bon et de la développer en lui préservant sa personnalité, alors seulement il y aura évolution. L'oeuvre d'Hampate-Bâ se résume peut-être dans cet idéal. Par le sauvetage de la tradition orale, il a voulu contribuer au développement de la personnalité et de la culture africaines et surtout tracer la voie pour que les Africains parlent d'eux-mêmes et cessent de laisser les étrangers leur enseigner ce qu'ils sont. Il citera à l'occasion pour illustrer ceci deux proverbes: "On ne coiffe pas une femme en son absence" ou "Quand une chèvre est présente, il ne faut pas bêler à sa place".

La bibliothèque vivante que représente Amadou Hampate-Bâ aura enrichi notre patrimoine universel d'un apport incomparable sur l'histoire, la civilisation et la culture d'un continent auquel on a toujours nié un tel bagage. Il reste encore à procéder au dépouillement et à l'étude du nombreux matériel recueilli une vie durant. On ne peut qu'espérer que des ouvrages verront le jour et qu'ils seront accessibles. De même, les connaissances ésotériques en matière de nombres et chiffres, tant dans la tradition peule que dans celle du Soufi, pourraient faire l'objet d'études métaphysiques si elles pouvaient être expliquées et léguées.

Amadou Hampate-Bâ aura permis le sauvetage d'un monument précieux et à l'Afrique de prendre conscience de son histoire et de la richesse de ses valeurs. Il aura rendu service à la fois aux politiques et aux savants. En sauvant une partie de ce patrimoine de l'oubli, il aura contribué à la cristallisation nécessaire des consciences nationales, à l'avènement peut-être d'une conscience africaine et certainement à celui d'une conscience universelle. △



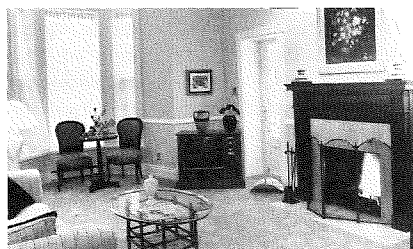
Hampate-Bâ et Léopold Battel.

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Terrorism: A Threat to Canada?

by Peter St. John

Each of Canada's major airports is an international crossroads, daily handling dozens of flights and thousands of passengers from every corner of the globe.

Each is also a potential battleground for disputes half a world away.

This ambiguity does not seem to have penetrated the consciousness of Canadians or the authorities responsible for the safety of Canadian airports.

The year just past was one of greatly escalated international terrorism and hijacking worldwide and it came as a rude surprise to Western governments, which had counted on the phenomenon simply fading away. But 1985, the Year of the Terrorist, instead left us with memories of TWA 847, Air India 182, Egyptair 648 and the December attacks on airports in Rome and Vienna.

What these events made clear was that the first skin of airport security had been decisively broken. This fact emerged from the rash of international hijackings after 1968 which took the West completely unaware and which was only brought under control with President Nixon's order, in 1973, to make American airports safe. The result was the now-familiar segregated passenger areas, security guards and x-ray machines, which were implemented first in North American, then in Western European airports.

For more than a decade, these measures worked well as a deterrent. But the time has now come for a new and stronger second skin of airport security to deter a much more experienced and determined generation of terrorist. The members of this new generation are able to evaluate the security at individual airports. They are also familiar with the internal workings of commercial jets. And most frighteningly, in many cases today's terrorist does not care whether he lives or dies in carrying out his mission. This is particularly true of Islamic Fundamentalists.

The second skin of airport security must therefore mount a much more determined and far more sophisticated system of deterrence.

For the first time since the onset of this modern era of transnational and network terrorism, Canada has become a victim and a target both at home and abroad. Yet Canadian politicians and government officials have steadfastly refused to take seriously the possibility of terrorist attacks on Canadian airports and commercial aircraft. Airport security is outdated, technology is inadequate and often not in working order and security personnel are jaded and poorly trained.

In short, Canadian airports are an open provocation to international terrorists. Nevertheless, with Americans, we continue to share a fond delusion that no one will attack us in our safe North American homeland.

Unfortunately, the reality is quite different. On June 23, 1985, the disintegration of Air India 182, 110 nautical miles off the coast of Ireland, brought Canada fully and inextricably into the vortex of air terrorism. Everyone aboard that flight, 369 Canadians, mainly of East Indian descent, were killed by the explosion of a terrorist bomb, which had been planted in Canada. The day might have ended with a double devastation, had not a CP Air flight arrived at Tokyo's Narita Airport ahead of schedule, thus saving the lives of those aboard. As it was, three Japanese baggage handlers died when a suitcase, unloaded from the CP flight, exploded. Canadians, and others, died as a result of terrorist action in Canada. Lax security at Canadian airports allowed both explosions to take place. Both tragedies could have been avoided with proper security attitudes and properly-functioning sniffer technology.

On November 24, 1985, hijackers seized an Egyptair Boeing 737 and forced it to land at Valletta, Malta. After some hours, Egyptian troops stormed the plane, killing 58 people in an abortive rescue attempt. Among those who died was a young Canadian mother, Valinda Leonard, and her infant son. Canada's reaction was one of horror and sympathy at what seemed to be an incident of random fate. But there are indications the deaths of the Leonards were no accident. In the hours before the army assault, many women of other nationalities were freed, but the lone Canadian, along with Americans and Jews, were singled out to remain on board. This is a clear

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indication that being Canadian will not, in future, be enough to exempt us from terrorist activities.

On December 27, 1985, near-simultaneous attacks on airports in Rome and Vienna in the area of the ticket counters claimed the lives of 19 people, including five Americans, and wounded 120 others, demonstrating the arbitrary nature of terrorist violence. The attacks also proved the flying public is not safe from terrorist action anywhere within the perimeter of an airport.

There have been other warning signals. In September and November, European intelligence sources twice warned that 400 Islamic Fundamentalists intended to board Western planes and blow them up with dynamite hidden in carry-on briefcases. The only defence against such a threat is to greatly increase airport security measures and this is precisely what European authorities were forced to do, in considerable haste and at even greater expense. At London's Heathrow, armoured cars and troops were called in to secure the airport.

Canadian authorities decided to ignore the threats. This, despite the fact that nearly three-quarters of the world's air traffic passes through or originates from North America. It wasn't until mid-January, when Canada's airports were targetted with a threat that a Libyan bomb had been placed on board Canadian planes bound for the United States, that the government reacted. Its response was termed a full security alert at Canada's international airports. In reality, however, it was considerably less than that. Only four of the nation's international airports were put on any sort of alert at all, while a number of others, including Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton, were ignored.

These hastily-enacted measures reportedly cost Canadians \$1 million. And though the threat was ultimately determined to be a hoax, security even during the height of the alert was so ineffectual, it's doubtful it would have acted as a deterrent had the crisis occurred. Indicative of the loopholes in the system was the January 18 domestic hostagetaking incident at Winnipeg International Airport, which coincided with the emergency measures. Battling for custody of a child, a man parked his van, loaded with an arsenal of weapons, in front of the terminal building. Police finally arrived on the scene more than an hour later and had he been a serious terrorist, rather than a distraught father, they probably would have been just in time to mop up the blood.

No one is more concerned about the lamentable state of airport security than those most closely involved, the pilots and flight attendants of Canadian airlines, many of whom have survived the more than 20 hijacking incidents which have taken place in Canada. Through their national associations, both groups have been consistently calling for sterner measures at all Canadian airports.

Despite all these warnings, Canadians continue to act like the proverbial ostrich, whittling away the precious lead time they now have in which to develop the desperately important second skin of airport security.

Such a skin would involve physical, technological and human changes in airports and would be costly. But not as costly as the alternatives. The original measures in 1973 only added a few cents to the cost of each air ticket and gave valuable protection for many years. The cost of the measures now warranted ought also to be weighed against the pricelessness of human lives, the enormous value of facilities and resources to be protected and the wasteful alternative measures to which Canada is forced to resort when she responds in haste.

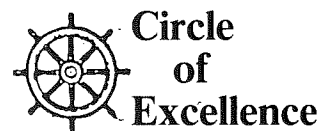
Whether we like it or not, the airport has become a symbolic stage for both domestic protest and international grievances. The ultimate question is whether the government of Canada will plan carefully now for a clearly-perceived present and future threat or will it continue to respond in a disorganized, ineffective and costly manner — the traditional Canadian reactive response — to crises as they arise.

The decision may well determine whether Canada's airports will continue to be peaceful international crossroads or battlefields for disputes half a world away. Δ

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*Outre-mer
Lakeshore Overseas*

Société d'études et de consultation du Canadien Pacifique (Ltée)

L'Auteur de cet article, J. Denis Bélisle est Vice-président exécutif à la Société d'études et de consultation du Canadien Pacifique (Ltée). Il a servi à l'ambassade Canadienne à Washington à titre de secrétaire commercial de 1968-1972.

Le Canadien Pacifique, cette compagnie de grande taille que vous connaissez tous, possède une société de consultation active à l'étranger depuis le début des années soixante-dix. Votre humble serviteur a quitté le service des délégués commerciaux du temps pour s'y joindre en septembre 1972. Il devint alors le premier et seul employé à temps plein de CPCS (Canadian Pacific Consulting Services) ou SECP (la

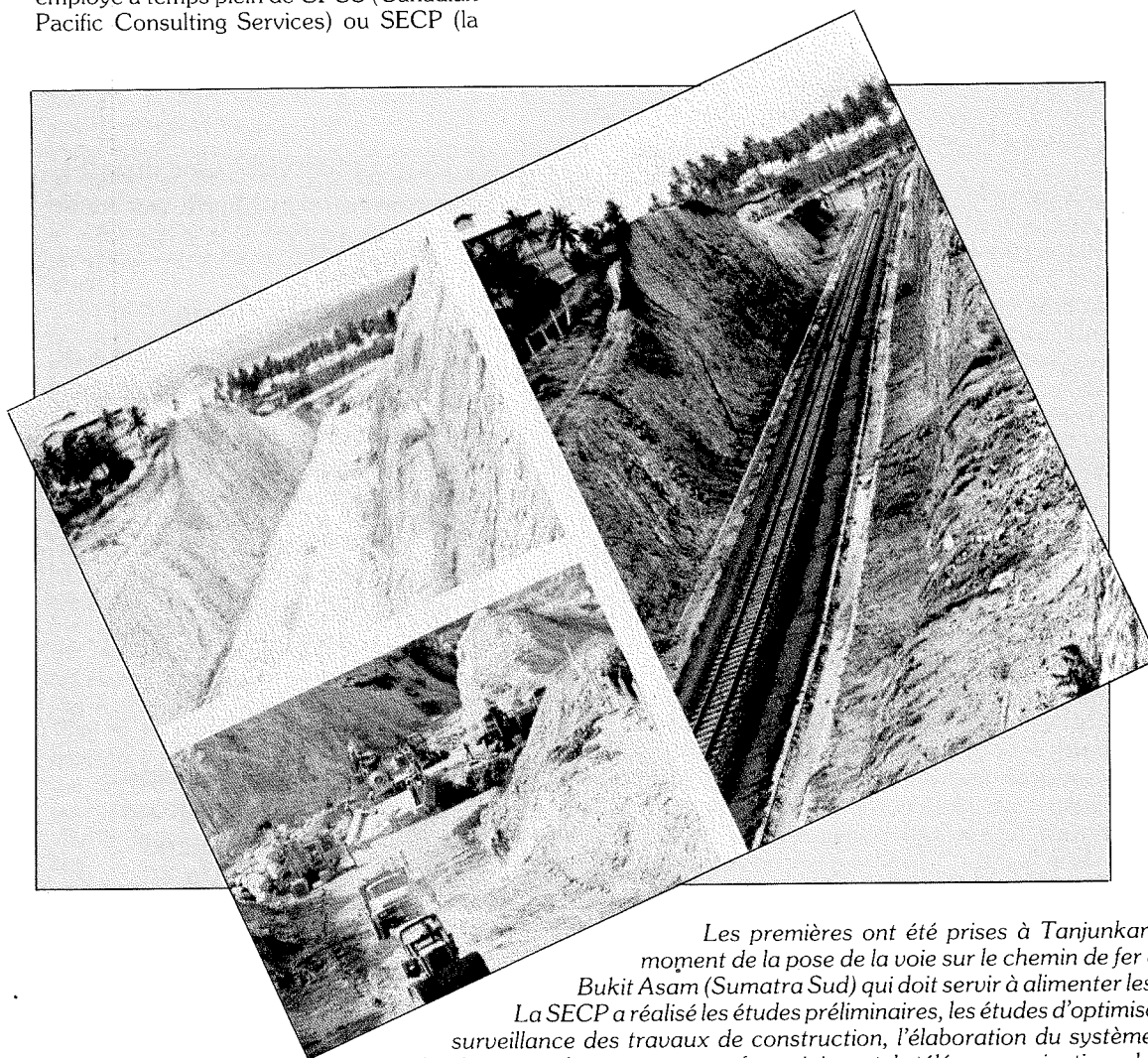
Société d'études et de consultation du Canadien Pacifique) de son grand nom français. La dure mais saine réalité du "bottom line" lui fut alors apprise!

Comme vous le savez bien, le CP possède, entre autres, une expertise de qualité internationale en conception, exploitation et gestion des réseaux de transports et télécommunications et qui plus est, elle exploite ces réseaux à profit années après années alors que tant d'autres le font à perte. La SECP a été créée pour offrir cette expertise technique et administrative à des tiers situés aux quatre coins du monde. Un produit en or mais qu'il fallait faire connaître de Ouagadougou à Bandung et de Buenos Aires à Bangkok. Les délégués commerciaux d'alors et leurs successeurs d'aujourd'hui nous ont donné et nous

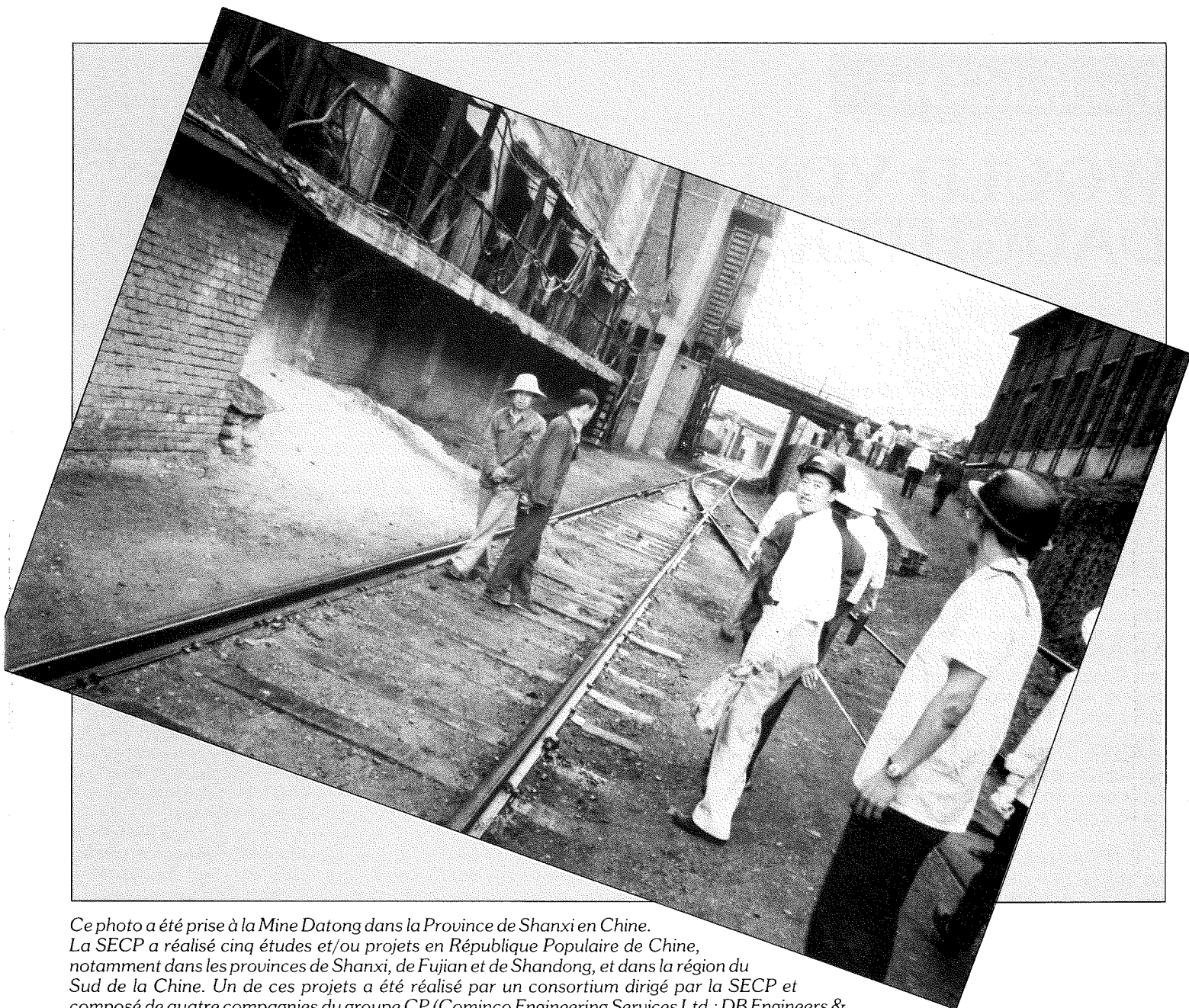
donnent toujours un fier coup de main en ce sens. De fil en aiguille et de contrat en contrat, SECP a fait son bout de chemin de continent en continent. Résultats: en 1986 nous sommes une centaine de permanents, nous avons réalisé plus de 500 projets dans 60 pays et nous sommes toujours prêts à prendre le premier avion lorsque ça bouge en transport ou télécommunications en quelque part de par ce vaste monde . . . comme plusieurs d'entre vous le savez bien!

De façon plus précise, la SECP offre les services suivants aux transporteurs (par air, terre et eau) et aux télécommunicateurs:

- des études de faisabilité,
- des études d'organisation, de gestion et de diagnostique,
- des analyses de commercialisation, des analyses financières et économiques,
- des services de recherche d'ingénierie et d'architecture,



Les premières ont été prises à Tanjunkarang en Indonésie, fin 1985 au moment de la pose de la voie sur le chemin de fer qui transportera le charbon de Bukit Asam (Sumatra Sud) qui doit servir à alimenter les centrales électriques de Java. La SECP a réalisé les études préliminaires, les études d'optimisation, le concept d'ingénierie, la surveillance des travaux de construction, l'élaboration du système de gestion et du transfert de technologie pour les composantes ferroviaires et de télécommunications de cet important projet. Plusieurs autres firmes canadiennes y ont également participé au niveau de la fourniture de matériel et d'équipement.



Ce photo a été prise à la Mine Datong dans la Province de Shanxi en Chine. La SECP a réalisé cinq études et/ou projets en République Populaire de Chine, notamment dans les provinces de Shanxi, de Fujian et de Shandong, et dans la région du Sud de la Chine. Un de ces projets a été réalisé par un consortium dirigé par la SECP et composé de quatre compagnies du groupe CP (Cominco Engineering Services Ltd.; DB Engineers & Constructors/AMCA International; Fording Coal Limited et SECP).

- de la planification, gestion et contrôle de projets,
- des services d'acquisition et d'inspection du matériel,
- des services de gestion des chantiers, et
- de la formation et de l'assistance technique.

Ces services sont offerts par les conseillers professionnels permanents de la SECP, tous bien rompus à l'expérience de la consultation internationale, en association avec les spécialistes, techniciens et gestionnaires des sociétés exploitantes du Canadien Pacifique. Cette collaboration précieuse permet de réunir pour chacun des projets, une équipe dynamique capable de réaliser avec souplesse et efficacité les objectifs des projets.

Notre propre objectif est de fournir à chacun de nos clients des solutions pratiques, réalistes et réalisables qui respectent le milieu culturel et social des pays où elles sont appliquées et qui donnent des résultats concrets dans tous les secteurs du transport et des communications.

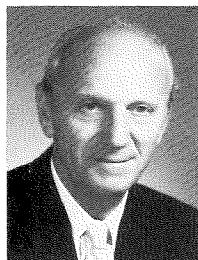
Nos clients proviennent d'organismes gouvernementaux de pays développés et en voie de développement, et du secteur privé. En ce début d'année 1986, nous sommes particulièrement actifs en Asie, en Australie, aux États-Unis et au Canada. Le financement nécessaire à nos projets provient principalement de la Banque Mondiale, des banques régionales de développement, du PNUD, de sources bilatérales (ACDI et SEE) et des clients eux-mêmes.

Les diplomates canadiens à l'étranger et leurs collaborateurs à Ottawa nous ont été d'un appui constant, solide et souvent critique dans l'obtention et la réalisation de ces deux projets. Plusieurs d'entre vous saurez bien à qui je pense en lisant ces lignes. Suffit de changer de pays et de projets pour qu'à nouveau plusieurs autres se sentent visés. A VOUS TOUS UN GROS MERCI. Vous nous avez rendu un fier service depuis quinze ans et nous vous en sommes hautement reconnaissants. ENSEMBLE, nous pouvons faire encore plus et mieux et c'est de ça que nous parlerons la prochaine fois que nous vous verrons à Abidjan, Amman, Bangkok, Dacca, Islamabad, Jakarta, Kuala Lumpur, Libreville, New Delhi, Peking, San José, Ottawa ou Montréal. △

Freifeld On:

WOULD YOU WANT YOUR DAUGHTER TO MARRY A . . .

By Sidney A. Freifeld



To those of us who were his close friends and neighbours in the early days of the United Nations, the 1950 Nobel Peace Prize award to Ralph Bunche came hardly as a surprise. We knew that not only

was he a wonderful human being but that, within a few years, he had already become one of the world's top diplomatists and an outstanding black American of his generation. Completely unpretentious, he was also blessed with a sense of humour — understandably tinged with a bittersweet irony when recounting the extraordinary situations in which he sometimes found himself. He was very handsome, with an infectious smile, and for whatever reason of genetics, was a rather light-complexioned black.

In 1950 the U.S. Supreme Court decision on school desegregation was still years away. The Alabama sit-ins, Martin Luther King's "We shall overcome" marches, the whole civil rights movement were still years in the future, and student busing and affirmative action were unheard of.

After distinguished service in the wartime Office of Strategic Services and the State Department, Bunche was an early appointee to the top echelon of the United Nations Secretariat, as Undersecretary for Special Political Affairs. In this capacity he performed the remarkable achievement of negotiating armistice agreements between Israel and the Arab states that had attacked her in 1948-49. Because the Arab nations did not recognize Israel and would not meet with the representative, Bunche was forced to perform a nimble pre-Kissinger type of shuttle diplomacy on the Island of Rhodes, and it was for his success in these endeavours that he was awarded the Peace Prize and received world-wide acclaim.

At that time we were neighbours of the Bunches in Parkway Village, a 700-unit garden apartment development on Long Island that had been leased by the United Nations to house families coming in from all parts of the world — members of the U.N. Secretariat, of Missions to the U.N., and of

the international press corps. Parkway Village helped them overcome the postwar housing shortage and the special problems faced by newcomers from far-off continents, with black, yellow or brown skins, of widely-differing ethnic backgrounds, and utterly at sea in North American day-to-day living.

Our neighbours from the Canadian Mission included John Starnes, Arnold Smith, George Grande and Bud Lefevre, and my daughter Riva and young Ralph Bunche Jr. were playmates and fellow kindergarten students at the fledgling United Nations School, long before it became the world-famous educational institution of today.

With the Bunches, our conversation would sometimes turn to the oddities encountered in living in Parkway Village and working at the United Nations. One evening my wife, Crenia, mentioned that the neighbouring Edingers — he was Agence France Presse bureau chief — had sent us an invitation card presenting their compliments and requesting the pleasure of our presence, but with the sole and uninformative notation "9:30 p.m. Thursday". We assumed that this was the crisp French way of saying "come around after dinner Thursday for a cup of coffee and a drop of Grand Marnier", so we ate heartily at home and were shaken to find ourselves facing an exquisite and sumptuous French dinner on arrival.

Then Ralph casually mentioned that he had been at quite a dinner himself a few nights earlier — a "White Tie and Decorations" affair given by U.N. Secretary General Trygve Lie in honour of Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, who was visiting the United States at that time. Lie himself was a Norwegian. The Nobel Peace Prize award to Bunche had just been announced, generating world-wide publicity, and he would soon be off to accept it in Oslo.

Other guests included the visiting head of the Swedish-American Line — most people still crossed the Atlantic by ship in those days — and his American wife, next to whom Ralph found himself seated at dinner. When she asked whether he had ever been to Scandinavia, Ralph replied that he would soon be going over to Oslo.

"What are you going there for?" she

asked.

"Well, it's in connection with the Nobel Peace Prize," Ralph replied.

"Oh, that thing. Who on earth are they giving it to this year?" she wanted to know.

While Ralph was mulling over how he should reply, Trygve Lie proposed a toast to the President of the United States.

"Imagine having to drink to the honour of that tie salesman in the White House!" the American lady muttered to Ralph (Harry Truman at one time had owned a haberdasher's shop in Kansas City).

To this Bunche ventured to suggest that perhaps one of the good things about the United States was that a tie salesman *could* make it to the White House. To this she retorted: "All this nonsense about equality — why the negroes are beginning to get more and more uppity and first thing you know they'll want to be going to our schools and swimming at our beaches."

At this moment the guest on her left got up from his chair and whispered something in Trygve Lie's ear and he, in turn, whispered in Prince Olaf's ear.

Wanting to cool it with the lady, Ralph responded that he could understand that negroes might feel they needed good schooling and also that they might want to be able to swim at a decent beach.

But the American lady wasn't having any of it and Ralph, with *déjà vu* sensation, listened to her say: "Well you know where all that's going to lead to. They'll soon be wanting to marry with our children. Now how would you like it if your daughter married a negro?"

As Ralph related it to us that evening with an ever-so-wistful grin: "While I was wondering whether I should make my stock reply in this situation — that that was probably what my daughter will do when she's grown up — one of Trygve Lie's aides came over and told her she was wanted in the ante-room. She got up and slipped out — and never returned to the dinner." Δ



CONSULAR TALES

*Two tales of interment,
more adventures in
Bolivia and two years'
salary goes down the
toilet!*



A Summer Day in Delhi

by David Edwards

The consular portfolio in New Delhi has, over the years, earned a reputation for offering a variety of interesting experiences. Problems often arose requiring innovative responses to situations not anticipated in the Manual of Consular Instructions.

The story begins in mid morning on a hot Indian summer day in 1984. I was just finishing escorting a bible study group of visiting young Canadians on a tour of the chancery premises when I was called to the consular section. When I arrived I was told that one of our clients (not one of the bible study group) had just pulled out from below his mid-section, a grey plastic tube allegedly containing 50 grams of opium. The individual decided he no longer wanted the substance and wished to dispose of it.

The fellow was pleasant and soft spoken. He began by noting that the contents of the tube did not contain mere opium, but instead virtually pure, top quality heroin from the tribal regions on the border between Pakistan and Afghanistan.

Indeed, his thin frame suggested that he had had some first hand experience with the drug. He indicated that he had purchased the heroin in one of the bazaars in Lahore, Pakistan, and in order to transport it safely had fashioned a grey plastic tube which he had melted shut on either end. The tube was moulded into a shape which allowed it to be easily, if not comfortably, concealed in a 'natural' hiding place.

He said that he had initially planned to return to Canada with the heroin but when crossing the land border between Pakistan and India he had been given an obviously not-too-intensive body search by Indian customs officials.

During the search the carefully hidden tube was almost discovered. This event had, not unexpectedly, rather unnerved him and over the course of the previous few days he had undergone a crisis of conscience over his planned course of action since the chance of being caught had suddenly been made real. However, as an admittedly avid consumer of the product, he simply did not have the strength or will to dispose of it himself. To do that, he claimed, he would have to consume a quantity of heroin that would have endangered his life. By bringing it out in the open in the High Commission, he felt he would have the support necessary to dispose of the now unwanted substance.

After some consultations and discussing various options, we decided that if our client wanted to get rid of the heroin, I would perform the consular officer's noble duty and witness the disposal.

The two of us went from the consular waiting room into the men's washroom on the ground floor of the chancery with a pair of scissors and the grey plastic tube. We went into one of the cubicles, lifted the seat and I duly watched as our client snipped the end off of the tube and carefully poured the whitish-brown powder into the toilet bowl. He spoke in rather fond and nostalgic terms of the heroin that he was now disposing of, extolling its fine quality and noting that gram for gram it was worth far more than gold or platinum.

As I watched the powder disappear I thought with some amusement that, at North American street value, I was watching the equivalent of almost two years of a junior foreign service officer's paltry salary being flushed down a High Commission toilet.

All in the Line of Duty

by J.D. Gardner

Here follows an account of finalizing the worldly affairs of a countryman whose journey into retirement was foreshortened by untimely death. With respect for the deceased and those he left behind, details revealing identity are omitted. The story is being offered as instructive to colleagues who may, at some time, find themselves virtually alone in having to deal expeditiously, and with compassion, in an alien environ-

ment to implement the wishes of family and/or friends of a Canadian who passes from this life far from home. This is serious business.

The location is the cultural fortress of Bali, buttressed by thousands of temples, land of child-like people and the fearsome "Kecak" chanting dance performed in lush jungle settings by torchlight. This is the island of dreams, the Hindu redoubt of the Indonesian archipelago where, I am told, the mass incursion of gaping foreigners brought hitherto unknown shame to the Balinese women and a host of other "civilizing" features. Onto this island arrived a retired bachelor en route overland and by sea to Australasia and his intended destination in the mid-latitudes of the South Pacific. He never left Bali.

I was called at the embassy by a distraught manager of some beach cottages claiming a Canadian had died. The former had been fingered by local officials as responsible for doing the necessary. "What's more" he remonstrated, "the fellow had passed on without paying his bills". Before setting off to take the matter in hand, a flurry of messages back and forth, hither and yon, led to the instruction that the deceased was to be locally interred and in a Christian manner. With these unequivocal orders I proceeded to Bali in the belief that all could be accomplished without great effort or incident. Certainly my superiors at the embassy gave no hint that this situation was out of the ordinary.

Met on arrival by concerned hotelier, I was filled in on the sad details of his brief acquaintance with the subject Canadian who, it seems, had spent a few years slowly making his way through Europe, Central Asia and the sub-continent to Southeast Asia. He had intended to explore Bali for a bit before setting out again. It became evident during the conversation that a mild friendship had been struck between the two due to the many details divulged. However, present reality intervened with comment on the unpaid bills and other miscellaneous charges which had accrued since the man took ill and died. Mention was also made in passing of some procedures and formalities to be accomplished involving local officialdom. Being accustomed to some of this both at home and elsewhere, I thought nothing of it at the time.

In line with my intended stay of a day or so to arrange the details, I was offered accommodation at the establishment of this Balinese gentleman. I was given a small wooden cabin with all accoutrements in the Balinese style, meaning very spartan bathroom facilities, a great bed of hewn and intricately carved timbers and open air windows with stockade shutters, presumably for security purposes.

Furthermore, I was invited to dine with my host, which I did, in a small sea-side pavilion stocked with more fresh seafood and fruit than I had ever seen in one place.

It was there that he started to drop the bombs — an autopsy, a police report, a coroner's report, another police report, an immigration report, an immigration release, a customs' release, a hospital report, a hospital release, a morgue report, a civil report, a disposition report, an inventory of effects, a custody document and a final police report confirming all prior action.

There may have been more but I have since forgotten. However, I do recall losing interest in my food and timidly enquiring whether all this might be accomplished in timely fashion.

"We are sensitive to the deaths of foreign visitors", came the reply, "and everything must be thoroughly detailed". My heart sank. How was I going to get through this maze? And even if I did, what lay in store for me in accomplishing my prime directive, namely, a Christian burial?

The only bright spot on the horizon was my host's offer to put a vehicle at my disposal the next day to launch into my rounds. This gesture I considered as compensation for his obvious relief in handing over the burden. I had a fitful sleep amid dank and humid surroundings which a

cold water splash bath did not alleviate to any degree.

Awake before dawn, another bath bringing me to full alert, I soon motored off in a bat-wing '59 Chevy, with driver, on my paper chase during which I assumed the roles of high official, messenger boy, concerned compatriot, medical advisor, legal consultant, one man coroner's jury and later on, carpenter's helper, funeral director and lay preacher. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Several hundred kilometres were logged over the three days it took to obtain the papers plus requisite rubber stamps all in precise order. The Chevy and its tamer were my greatest allies. I learned the location and function of every office in and between Denpasar and Kuta, every pot-hole and hidden intersection firing broadsides of motorcyclists, and also the eerie but indisputable fact that 2, that is two '59 Chevys can pass each other safely at 100 km/hr on a 12 foot wide roadbed without knocking over a single rice stalk on either side. Ox carts and processions command more caution heralded by the squealing of brakes and grinding of gears.

With all written documentation in hand I was finally empowered to commence the proceedings I had originally arrived to undertake. Not so easy! A 40 minute walk on an ancient footpath took me to a man known to make coffins. His memory was weak as to their construction and dimensions owing to the dearth of Christians wishing local burial. We worked it out using sticks for pencils and earth for paper, and settled on a price that had something to do with time and cubic centimetres (of space, not of wood). Delivery was promised and he was true to his word, although the product was humble in the extreme.

Next came location. This was obvious, as during earlier times, there had been Christians requiring proper burial, and a place had been long ago set aside, right in the middle of the now expanded town. There was a caretaker of sorts who provided a marker as part of his service. This service was evidently a recent phenomenon as cursory inspection of the cemetery led me to two conclusions: One, there was no discernible evidence of new occupancy within living memory; and two, likely a corollary of the foregoing, there was literally no space available. Proceedings were "in check". After a thorough reconnaissance I identified a space at the entrance to the cemetery. "This is the walkway" protested the caretaker. "Make a new walkway", I replied. Following a private conversation in the Chevy he succumbed to my entreaties for a price. The site would be prepared within hours.

My next foray was to locate a suitable cleric. No luck. I settled for a bible, brought with me for insurance, if not personal comfort. I returned to the cemetery, inspected the grave marker, a hand painted

artifact with the data I had provided, and gave my reluctant approval. Shortly thereafter, a vehicle bearing the remains arrived while the preparation of the grave was under way. By this time a silent and respectful gathering had formed to bear witness to this final rite from a world alien to its own. Work was still in progress. It was a losing cause. The water table was centimetres below the surface but the men whom I had hired were doing their level best, alternately bailing and digging.

Time passed and all was as ready as could be expected given the difficulties. A solemn group transported the coffin and laid it upon a liquid bier. Calling for the silence of the many in attendance I intoned selections from my bible such as I had heard before and considered fitting, all the while mentally grappling with the principles of Archimedes and Newton.

Having completed the service which, by the way, was suitably dignified by the presence of more than a quorum — over 100 reverential Balinese and a minor traffic jam, the actual burial was still in question. Like it or not, I prevailed upon some young boys to sink the coffin by standing upon it while the soggy earth was filled overtop. Beautiful children came forward and covered the grave with offerings of fresh flowers.

The ceremony over, the grave marker placed, I returned to my cabin to reflect on events. I still had paperwork, hundreds of miles away at the embassy. The designated executor must be advised of all details and transactions.

But even in the writing of this story, years after the event, I return to the scene with a feeling of some pride in having been instrumental in consigning a fellow citizen to the corruption we must all face, prepared or not, with a dignity and respect of no less moment than we mount here in Canada. I was satisfied the best had been done, and done well.

Having vented my maudlin recollection I will sign away this tale with the following: My task complete, I prepared my departure, whereupon, having settled the bills of the departed, I was presented with my own reckoning: five days of Chevy on 24 hour stand-by; a sea-side dinner for two plus super deluxe accommodation; etc. etc.

Back at the embassy I was greeted in usual style. "Did you have a nice time in Bali?" I replied affirmatively and that was the end of it. Except this. With approval, all the worldly goods of the deceased were donated to a group of villagers whose homes had been ravaged by fire. A testimonial was sent to the surviving relative, a young niece in another country whose picture which I traced was, I know, the dearest possession of this man I never knew in life, but whom in five days I grew akin to in death.

May we all find merit in this form of service which cleanses ambition and gives real added value to public employ. Such are the rewards of duty. △

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2^e partie

La formation sur le tas

par Laurent Beaulieu

Nos lecteurs se souviendront que dans la dernière édition de *Bout de Papier*, je présentais la première partie du récit d'une mission en Bolivie faite dans le cadre d'un programme d'aide alimentaire canadien pour la région de l'Altiplano en 1984-85 dont 1.4 million de paysans boliviens ont bénéficié.

Après avoir fait le grand tour de la Bolivie en voiture à travers les Andes sur des pistes de montagne, nous arrivâmes finalement à Cochabamba. Après 2 jours de visites et de rencontres avec la population et les autorités de cette localité, notre petit groupe réussit à obtenir des places sur le vol Aero Lloyd Boliviano vers La Paz. Un des spectacles à ne pas manquer pendant ce vol est l'approche de l'aéroport de EL ALTO, notre avion passa tout près de ILLIMANI, cette magnifique montagne de 6700 mètres de hauteur couronnée de neiges éternelles. Le soleil couchant joue derrière les montagnes et lance ses derniers rayons sur ILLIMANI, la montagne au crépuscule change de couleur et du bleu-gris devient bleu-marin, la neige au sommet devient argentée.

On a aussi aperçu la triste épave du vol Eastern Airlines qui s'était écrasé à 5700 mètres dans le flanc ILLIMANI un soir d'orage quelques mois auparavant. Ces malheureuses victimes dont la femme de l'ambassadeur américain en Argentine sont ensevelies à jamais sous la neige.

L'aéroport de la Capitale administrative de la Bolivie, EL ALTO, est l'une des plus hautes au monde à 4800 mètres. Nos collègues du Programme Alimentaire Mondial avaient mis à notre disposition 2 camionnettes pour nous transporter en ville. De la terrasse de l'aéroport on voit La Paz à nos pieds à 4200 mètres d'altitude. Comme je faisais remarquer la beauté du site à mes compagnons, les lumières de la ville s'éteignent d'un coup. Je croyais à une panne d'électricité générale mais étant donné l'histoire tumultueuse de la Bolivie et les nouvelles dans les journaux du pays faisant état d'une situation de crise dans le pays, les gens parlaient plutôt d'un coup d'État.

Dans cette atmosphère d'incertitude nous descendions vers la ville. Sur le Prado, la grande avenue principale, les cafés et les

trottoirs étaient pleins de monde, il ne pouvait être question de coup d'État. A l'hôtel avec notre clef de chambre, on reçoit une chandelle et l'on doit escalader 5 étages à pied avec nos bagages. L'altitude rend tout effort physique pénible, c'est ainsi que l'on fait quelques marches, on s'arrête, on souffle et l'on recommence, un peu comme des vieillards atteints d'emphysème. Le lendemain on visite la capitale qui à l'époque des années 20 était très belle avec ses édifices de style art-déco, ses monuments et sa cathédrale de San Francisco vieille de 500 ans. Encore aujourd'hui, il y a de beaux quartiers à La Paz mais les difficultés économiques et sociales ont beaucoup appauvri un pays à la géographie difficile.

Dans les rues, de vieilles indiennes vendent des fruits, de la viande, des lainages, des objets en étain et en argent, des bijoux, etc... Un vendeur de tapis en Alpaca a ouvert boutique dans le parc devant notre hôtel. Pour 50 dollars US on peut acheter un tapis de 3 mètres x 4 mètres.

Les rues de centre-ville sont de pavés de pierre et lorsqu'il y a une averse de pluie, l'eau déferle en torrent et les piétons doivent se réfugier dans les magasins ou le portique le plus proche. Le système d'égouts de la ville est bouché depuis longtemps et les rues sont inondées à chaque fois qu'il pleut. D'ailleurs ce problème est accentué dans la région par la déforestation des flancs de montagne. La seule partie de la capitale où il y a encore des arbres en abondance est la zone militaire. Ailleurs où l'érosion a fait des ravages, on aperçoit un nouveau phénomène, les paysages lunaires. Le bois sert comme source première d'énergie pour la préparation des repas et le chauffage des maisons et est devenu une matière rare, les enfants ont comme tâche de ramasser des morceaux de bois et souvent ils s'improvisent marchands et vendent leur surplus. Pour les pauvres c'est une autre façon de subsister.

Le lendemain de notre arrivée à La Paz, je découvre dans le journal du matin un article donnant les détails de l'horaire de notre visite. Un fonctionnaire aura fait du zèle en annonçant la mission canadienne. La presse locale déjà alertée est à nos trousses. Pour eux nous sommes une curiosité qui divertit les lecteurs des nouvelles habituelles.

Nous avons fait plusieurs visites dans les ministères responsables du programme d'aide et cela nous a permis de faire le tour de la ville plusieurs fois. A plus d'une occasion, notre voiture devait s'arrêter pour laisser passer des démonstrations d'ouvriers ou d'étudiants ou encore de mères de famille, bébé au bras, qui revendiquaient tous la même chose, soit de meilleures conditions de vie et une fin à l'inflation. Ce qui était surprenant de ces démonstrations était le calme des gens qui semblaient presque résignés à leur sort.

Finalement, le jour du départ arrive et

nous nous rendons à l'aéroport pour le vol vers Lima et la retour au Canada. A l'aérogare, le porteur à qui j'avais donné des dollars US à titre de pourboire lors de ma première visite me reconnaît et il insiste pour porter ma valise jusqu'à l'avion. La Luftansa assure la liaison La Paz-Lima une fois par semaine, le vol Frankfurt-La Paz-Lima-Porto Rico - Frankfurt en 747 est fort impressionnant. Luftansa assure pour ce vol une sécurité serrée au sol et un service de tout premier ordre, efficace, ponctuel, ordonné et une politesse à la Prussienne. Le vol est d'ailleurs fort agréable.

Ces voyages en Bolivie, malgré les difficultés multiples, altitude, froid, difficultés de transport et autres sont toujours intéressants même si quelquefois on a peine à croire les aventures qui nous sont arrivées.

The Re-burial of a Master Painter

by Alfred Pick

The splendid retrospective exhibition of paintings by James Wilson Morrice, organized by the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, now taking place successfully in several major Canadian public galleries, recalls the consular experience of his reburial in Tunis.

When I was setting forth in the summer of 1966 to open the new mission to Tunisia, I was asked by one of my more cultured colleagues, I think either the late Graham McInnes or Freeman Tovell, to look for the grave of Morrice, who had died in Tunis in 1924.

Finding the grave turned out to be quite easy. The British Ambassador suggested I go to the Christian Cemetery at Bab-Saadoun. On a lovely clear and calm Saturday morning in October my wife and I visited the cemetery. With the date of death, 23 January 1924, age 58, the office readily produced a modest register, rather like my childhood exercise books, where the entry as to block, row and number of lot was quickly found. Morrice was buried in the Enclave Evangélique of this essentially Catholic Cemetery.

The well maintained grave was in a quiet corner, near a wall, shaded by tall dark cypress trees, all in the best Mediterranean tradition.

I was pleased with the ease with which the visit had been accomplished. We walked slowly down the grand alley looking at the huge family mausoleums, many with Italian names, that reminded me of cemeteries in Italy, particularly the big one in Naples. At the main gate large notices were posted, and

being a habitual notice-reader, I decided to examine them, naturally those in French, not those in Arabic.

It had been decided to decommission the cemetery because of the rapid expansion of the urban area of the capital. It was, in fact, situated outside an old city gate, but downhill on the city side of a new residential district centred on the Hotel Tunis Hilton. Descendants were being offered plots in another cemetery to which they could remove remains and headstones.

I quickly decided that the Morrice grave should not be obliterated but saved for posterity. The National Gallery of Canada indicated, in the best bureaucratic manner, that it did not have funds for this purpose, but it did put me in touch with a nephew, David Morrice in Montreal. I had resolved that in any case the necessary would be done and I would treat it as my personal 1967 centennial project, should funds not be found elsewhere.

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A plot was provided by the Tunisian authorities in a new rather bleak cemetery, called the European Cemetery of Borjel, alongside the road to the airport. A local funeral enterprise made the arrangements and I was present for the burial of a box of larger bones, including the skull, and the placement of the headstone. Marius Bujold, a young vice-consul on his first posting, and a police officer were on hand as witnesses and the required papers were signed. Everything went smoothly and in due course the total costs, amounting to a modest \$80 Canadian, were paid by David Morrice.

Some time later I met David Morrice in Montreal and I asked him if he would like to have the formal documents of the act of re-burial. He said that he and his sister Eleanore, neither of them married, were getting on in years and that the papers would be best kept in the Tunis Embassy. I learned to my surprise that Morrice's mistress, Léa Cadoret, the dark beauty of some of his portraits, was still alive and residing in the south of France 40 years later. I gathered that she had been well provided for.

I now learn from the Montreal catalogue and the definitive biography of Blair Laing that in a will, written in 1921, Morrice had made her a bequest of \$50,000. In 1922 he had bought her a villa in Cagnes-sur-Mer. She died at Antibes on November 3, 1973, at the age of 96, having outlived Morrice by almost half a century.

David and Eleanore Morrice, now also deceased, visited the old grave in Tunis and every Christmas sent a small sum of money to one of the cemetery caretakers as a gift and to help maintain the grave in the fine condition in which I saw it.

The Enclave Evangélique had some of the quiet charm of the famous Protestant Cemetery of Rome, which nestles under the shelter of umbrella pines and pencil cypresses inside the Aurelian Wall. It is a place of pilgrimage to the grave of Keats and others and the urn of Shelley. Incidentally, while serving in Rome at the Embassy in the early fifties, I had substituted for Ambassador Dupuy on the board of supervisors of the cemetery along with persons from other countries, mainly Northern Europe but also of Eastern Europe such as Bulgaria and Greece, because of Orthodox graves. The Canadian Ambassador, or one of his officers, has always served on the board.

Not many months after Morrice was safely re-buried the Tunisian authorities decided to cancel, or at least defer for a few years, the demolition of Bab-Saadoun! There had been little response to the offer to provide new plots elsewhere and the destruction of all those enormous tombs were to be a daunting and expensive operation. Time had passed and most of the families of the French and Italian communities had left before or after Tunisian independence in 1957.

I was distressed by what had happened. We had perhaps done the right thing, though too soon, and eventually the new cemetery would not be so austere and bare.

I have now learned from the present Ambassador in Tunis, Witold Weynerowski, that the Bab-Saadoun no longer exists and the new European cemetery has with time taken on a pleasant aspect.

Before leaving Tunis I carefully marked the consular file "Important, to be kept indefinitely" or words to that effect. I had correspondence on this with one successor, Jacques Gignac. These papers are no longer in Tunis, I am informed, and I hope they have found their way to the Public Archives of Canada, where they belong. It may be added that Morrice's name appears on the monument of the family tomb in Mount Royal Protestant Cemetery, Montreal, with the names of his parents and his six brothers who are buried there, the inscription recording that James died in Tunis and is buried there.

While resident in Tunis I almost captured a travelling show of Morrice prepared by the National Gallery for the Bath Festival in May 1968, which was later displayed in Paris, but it was then decided that Tunis, at the time, lacked the technical and other facilities to handle such a valuable and fragile collection, some of which was from private collections. I also tried to get some reproductions to hang in the chancery or the residence. Morrice's lovely and appropriate "Afternoon, Tunis" in the Montreal Museum had unfortunately not been printed. I did get a large fine print of "The Beach, St. Malo", but this is not the ideal subject-matter.

During my time in Tunis I occasionally poked around old shops in the vain hope of finding a Morrice painting or sketch. I thought that in his final illness he might have given a drawing, a pochade, as the tiny oils on wood are called, or something to his doctor, inn-keeper or spirits merchant. There were the stories of Renoir leaving paintings in Italian villages. Nothing came to hand.

Later I ran into René Garneau, a student of Canadian culture, who had been accredited to Tunis from Switzerland just before me. He said I had wasted my time. He had been there ahead of me and his search had been fruitless. However, the hunt continues, as Weynerowski has told me. But Laing has pointed out that, before his last visit to Tunis, Morrice had stopped painting because of ill-health.

In preparing this piece I have been helped in updating the material by our present Ambassador in Tunis, Witold Weynerowski; by G. Blair Laing's "Morrice, A Great Canadian Artist Rediscovered", McClelland and Stewart, 1984; and the catalogue for the exhibition "Morrice: A Painter with a View", by Nicole Cloutier of the Montreal Museum, 1985. **Δ**

Books in Review

G. Arthur Sage on: "WIFE OF . . .", by Sondra Gottlieb. Gage Publishing Ltd., Agincourt, Ont.

Sondra Gottlieb's ebullient personality has had a somewhat stunning effect on the District of Columbia. Her "irreverent account of life in Washington" brings new meaning both to high society cocktail tactics, and the effective use of ever-shrinking hospitality allowances. Canada has come a long way from Susanna Moodie's cabin in *Roughing It In The Bush* to Sondra's official residence on Rock Creek Drive.

The author describes her work as "a humorous social commentary on the way temporary power and temporary status react upon human beings, including myself (sic)". There is none of the literary merit of a Plautus, Juvenal, Swift, Webster, or Sandra Gwyn, but for those who like Wayne and Shuster quips, or surveys of wisdom from "the quail breast and crayfish circuit", there is the occasional chuckle or flush of recognition.

The book is also, latently, a *cri de coeur* from the heart of an intelligent woman overshadowed by a goliath whose personal radiance and lobbying acumen are likely to overshadow all but the most aggressive of wives. The book reveals Mr. Ambassador as "the Powerful Job" par excellence, a man in

whose slipstream "Wife Of . . ." is carried like Dorothy in the Kansas tornado of the Wizard of Oz. The letters to Beverly are epistles of self-assertiveness between winds.

The incomplete possessive that is the book's title rings of a slight self-deprecation. Unlike Son of Sam, or Man of La Mancha, "Wife Of . . ." has a missing predicate. Could it be that there is a resignation to the status, or is there a tinge of hope that someone (Beverly, perhaps?) can fill the void? The book is a series of letters, with no real conclusion, so we must regard it as a series of reprinted letters that might be of interest to those who do not regularly read the *Washington Post*. The humour tends to be on one plane, often clever, but just as often missing the boat. One might chuckle at "she's keeping a separate Rolodex for Dallas" if one knows what a rolodex is. And we surely must laugh at Canada being out of fashion "along with the Stuttgart Ballet and the Russian Government". In short, it is likely that this book will be scanned rather than quoted and will end up next to Pierre Berton on Cole's discount shelves.

It would not be fair, however, to see "Wife Of . . ." as simply a work relegating diplomatic wives to the position of sophisticated chambermaid in an official Canadian version of a Faulty Towers residence permanently open to visiting swans and their inevitable entourage. The satire does work when the *cri de coeur* previously noted comes closer to the surface. There is a healthy bemusement by the author as the book's characters, with their yuppie-grotesque names (Lionel Portant, Joe

Promisall, Melvin Thistle, Baron Spitte, and Popsie Tribble) live out their pretentious lives as marionettes within Washington's glitterati. Beverly, the pen-pal who never replies, and Sondra, the reporter of events, do look relatively normal in comparison. It is a shame, and worthy of the reader's sympathy, that the vagaries of diplomatic life demand that networking with self-serving gossip brokers is so vital to foreign policy objectives.

Diplomacy is not easy — for husbands, wives, or spice of either sex. The wages of war and peace are counterpointed by cocktail negotiations and slap-up dinners. Impressions are everything, and one would hate to strike-out (as it were) on a faux-pas when the game of impressions and influence peddling is so tough and competitive. The habits of the white wine spritzer set in Washington seem to be a far cry from the old diplomatic days of statespeople and eloquence.

In sum, it is awesome that such individuals should ever be given "temporary status", let alone "temporary power". Sondra may just have held up a mirror showing the futility of the diplomatic world in which there are no ethics or long-lasting principles, only short-term gains. She paints a universe of the Good, the Bad, and the Bitchy, full of sound and fury, signifying. . . Diplomacy seems to have shifted from its ancient roots (trying to prevent one nation from surprising another with actions) to a choreographed facade typical of the Brave New Information World. If this is true, and is indeed what Sondra's "cri" sheds light upon,

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then "Wife Of . . ." bears witness to profounder elements than the superficial functions on the surface. Women, as yet, play an unacceptably small role in the power roles of diplomacy. Twenty-five years from now we may see a more balanced presence of the "other fifty percent" — and perhaps a retired Ambassador's contribution to autobiography (a common vehicle for Canadian diplomats) entitled "Husband Of . . ."

"Wife Of . . ." lives to serve and protect "Husband Of . . .", but the gnawing genie of self-worth (so legitimate to the author) and independence cannot be confined to the bottle. Rub it, and the spirit soars. *The Washington Post*, where the letters to Beverly first appeared, has been the safety valve of Presidents and mortals alike. It has also been the downfall of some to the delight of many. Those who write on sensitive subjects set themselves up for both praise and flying tomatoes. "Wife Of . . ." deserves both in ripe and targeted form.

John Starnes on: A Perfect Spy: by John le Carré. Published by Penguin Books Canada Ltd. (\$22.95).

John le Carré (David John Moore Cornwell) has done it again in his latest novel, *A Perfect Spy* (Book-of-the-Month Club main selection). I found it among the best of his books I have read or seen portrayed on film and TV. *A Perfect Spy* may not be faultless, but undoubtedly it will enthrall, entertain and fascinate his many readers and fans (over 20 million copies alone have been sold of his third book, *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, first published in 1963).

Le Carré deals skillfully with the convoluted, sad story of Magnus Pym, a member of the British Secret Intelligence Service, who for 30 years cons his employers into believing in mythical espionage networks he creates and the intelligence they produce, while in reality working for the Czech Intelligence Service. The drama of Pym's life is developed concurrently with that of three other principal characters, his Czech and British 'handlers' and his completely crooked father. Le Carré creates an atmosphere of mounting suspense, which he manages to maintain throughout the 475 pages of the book, a singular achievement. As with some of his earlier books he depicts with convincing authority and candor the clandestine world of espionage, a world where deceit, betrayal, treachery and constant fear are the norm, and moral values equivocal.

One cannot help but wonder if the author has introduced bits of his own life into the book. To some extent every novelist does. For example, when being recruited for the Secret Service, Pym says he went to university in Bern. David Cornwell attended the University of Bern, in 1948-49, and both Pym and Cornwell attended Oxford University.

I met David Cornwell in Bonn when I was Canadian Ambassador and he was a second secretary at the British Embassy, in about 1962-63. I remember being present with him at the odd 'Herrenabend' (stag party), where he acquitted himself with eloquence and wit, which is so richly reflected in his prose.

I am envious of his ability to weave such a detailed, complicated story with such facility, and of the brilliant manner in which he portrays the many characters he dreams up. At times the words fly across the pages. I found fascinating his descriptions of the art of espionage and the paraphernalia, although I suspect he has invented some of it. His treatment of the international espionage bureaucracy is devastating, and very funny. Occasionally the story and the dialogue seems too complicated and clever by half. The ending I found anti-climatic, and a bit disappointing.

Laurent Beaulieu on: A Time for Peace: by Mikhail S. Gorbachev, Published by Richardson and Steirman, New York, 1985; 297 pp., \$15.95.

De temps à autre un livre est publié pour des raisons politiques. Lénine, Mao, De Gaulle tous ont publié des ouvrages afin d'exprimer comme tant d'autres leurs idées avec l'espoir de communiquer une pensée, une idéologie et surtout passer à l'histoire.

Ce livre du Secrétaire général Gorbachev a été publié pour marquer la première rencontre entre un président américain et le numéro un soviétique. M. Gorbachev et l'appareil d'Etat qui l'entoure projettent l'image de l'homme du renouveau, jeune, dynamique et enthousiaste. Les nombreux changements au sein du Politbureau et aux différents niveaux du gouvernement soviétique semblent indiquer au monde entier qu'un grand changement s'effectue présentement en URSS.

Ce livre, qu'il soit dit en passant est pour un auditoire de l'ouest, est une collection de discours, entrevues, entretiens avec des personnalités du monde entier, il y a aussi huit pages de photos qui contribuent à renforcer l'image dynamique du Secrétaire général afin de le distancer de ses prédécesseurs. Cependant, le lecteur ne doit pas s'attendre à des révélations inédites ou même à des discours qui innovent sur la ligne du Parti. Les textes ont été retravaillés et les photos nous montrent un leader relax et charismatique. Le lecteur devra juger si tout cela inove sur le passé où si ce n'est qu'un plat réchauffé avec une nouvelle sauce. Les grands thèmes de la paix, le désarmement, la cohabitation pacifique sont abordés. M. Gorbachev se présente comme un modéré et ce n'est certainement pas le dernier ouvrage de ce genre. Réussira-t-il à nous convaincre qu'il est l'homme de l'ère nouvelle? Qui sait, laissons au lecteur le loisir de se faire une idée sur M. Gorbachev. Etant donné le léger dégel entre les grandes puissances présentement, il est à espérer que d'autres ouvrages nous donneront des images de ce soit disant nouveau gouvernement soviétique et de son Secrétaire général qui seront plus candides et surtout avec moins de mise en scène. Δ




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PAFSO NEWS

Department Personnel Officials Meet PAFSO

Members of the PAFSO executive met with representatives of Personnel April 8 to discuss issues pertaining to the shape, size, and role of the service, career development, the health of the service and contract follow-up's.

Though it was agreed that discussions held during the meeting were off-the-record, the executive is pleased to report tangible results. PAFSO's views and interests will be considered on:

- concept of a *Foreign Service Act*;
- sabbatical leave provisions for Foreign Service Officers;
- the terms and conditions to apply to the conversion of Commerce Officer positions into Foreign Service positions;
- the restructuring of the levels of the Foreign Service group;
- the review of a grievance procedure.

Progress reports will be published in *Bout de papier* on a regular basis. Moreover, another meeting with Personnel is planned for the fall of 1986. Membership requests for discussions of specific issues may be forwarded to PAFSO executive committee.

A Foreign Service Act

In April 1982 the PAFSO president circulated to all PAFSO members a proposal for a "*Canadian Foreign Service Act*". The executive committee had deemed opportune in the context of consolidation to submit draft legislation to the Secretary of State for External Affairs.

Though such a proposal was met with interest at the time, it was felt by the SSEA of the day that the review of the *External Affairs Act* addressed the concerns expressed by PAFSO except for those dealing with the major elements of public service management. These, however, appear to be among the concerns the management of External Affairs now wishes to address in considering the needs for and the contents of a *Foreign Service Act*.

Sabbatical Leave

In the line with discussions held at the negotiating table last summer, PAFSO is seeking to rekindle management's interest in developing a sabbatical leave policy that would allow members to plan for and request sabbatical leave for their personal purposes. A deferred salary plan is also

been studied as an integral part of such a policy.

CO Conversion

It has been agreed PAFSO will be consulted on the terms and conditions to apply to the conversion of CO positions into FS positions. These will be widely distributed by PAFSO prior to meetings held at the initiative of the Trade Stream Management for all Foreign Service Officers.

Restructuring

The idea of restructuring the levels of the Foreign Service group is currently being explored by departmental management. Informal meetings will be held to discuss the concept under the auspices of the Personnel Operations Bureau. A discussion group composed of a broad cross-section of officers of all streams chosen essentially by PAFSO will be exchanging views on the subject with departmental officials.

Grievance Procedure

As a follow-up to the Foreign Service contract negotiations, PAFSO executive has requested that the grievance procedure be revisited. The idea is to set up a clear, transparent and fair procedure which would ensure that problems raised by employees through that process are dealt with satisfactorily if not to their satisfaction. The executive director is pursuing the issue with the director of Staff Relations.

* * * * *

La gestion de la filière de l'aide au développement

Cette année la majorité des postes s'ouvrant à l'étranger ont été octroyés à des agents de la filière de l'aide au développement. L'APASE continue ses représentations auprès de la gestion de filière pour s'assurer que ces agents ne sont pas en reste quant à leurs affectations ou à leurs opportunités de carrière.

Le plan dentaire

Les résultats du scrutin tenu par l'APASE quant à l'opportunité pour votre Association de participer aux discussions visant à mettre sur pied un plan d'assurance dentaire collective ont été favorables à cette idée à 90%.

L'APASE a donc participé aux premières rencontres tenues sous les auspices du Conseil national mixte pour discuter des modalités du plan. Celles-ci seront relativement les mêmes que celles divulguées dans le message de l'APASE. La date de mise en place du plan d'assurance dentaire collective est prévue pour le 1er janvier 1987.

La parité salariale

Le plan annoncé par M. de Cotret en mars 1985 à l'effet que les groupes de la fonction publique fédérale feraient l'objet d'une étude visant à mesurer la valeur du travail par ceux-ci pour fins de les comparer dans le cadre de la mise en application de l'article 11 de la Loi canadienne des droits de la personne n'a pas démarré aussitôt que prévu. L'article 11 prévoit qu'aucun groupe à dominance femelle ne sera moins payé pour effectuer un travail égal à celui effectué par un groupe à dominance mâle.

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Les membres de l'APASE doivent toutefois être conscients du fait que cette évaluation se fera éventuellement et que l'absence de normes de classification du groupe du Service extérieur pourrait avoir des répercussions certaines sur la mesure accordée aux tâches effectuées par les membres du groupe.

Négociation collective

Déjà en septembre, l'APASE prévoit faire parvenir à tous ses membres un questionnaire visant à :

- 1) déterminer ses objectifs pour la négociation de la prochaine convention collective et;
- 2) établir une banque de données professionnelles sur ses membres lui permettant de mieux faire valoir ses arguments

lorsqu'engagé en négociations avec le Conseil du Trésor.

Il serait donc avisé de réviser les clauses du contrat ASE pour fins d'identifier les difficultés de mise en application ainsi que les solutions y afférant. Nous avons bonne intention de tenter de régler la prochaine négociation sans l'aide d'une tierce partie et apprécierions recevoir tous les renseignements pouvant nous aider à y parvenir.

Directives du Service extérieur

Toutes difficultés de mise en application ou d'interprétation d'une des directives du Service extérieur doivent être référées au bureau de l'APASE pour fins de documenter et de préparer la prochaine ronde de consultations qui débutera en 1987.

L'été 1986 mettra à l'épreuve les nouvelles directives promulguées au 1er décembre 1985. Vous ne bénéficierez que de cette expérience sous la directive 15 — Déplacement à l'occasion de la réinstallation pour préparer notre prochaine soumission. Prenez donc bien soin de noter toutes modifications souhaitées et toutes raisons les justifiant. △

How External Spends Its Money

By Neil Reeder

We all know External Affairs is a big operation involving a lot of manpower and of money — over 4000 person years and over \$800 million this fiscal year. Where does all the money go? Who gets the biggest slice of the pie in one of the largest federal government departments? Anyone interested in having a closer look at how the department spends its money would not be amiss in perusing the departmental estimates for fiscal year 1986-87. This is the first time a really thorough, and readable, breakdown of departmental spending has been done and the Estimates reveal all sorts of interesting bits of information — some useful and some not.

A quick glance through the Estimates confirms what all of us already know — we are part of a huge operation that will manage to dispense with over \$800 million of public funds this year — \$826.6 million to be exact. Estimates are up \$49 million over spending forecasts for last fiscal year.

Of the total budget, \$537 million will support the "Canadian Interests Abroad" program, the principal focus of departmental activities. Another \$98 million is planned for capital expenditures and another \$157 million for grants and contributions.

Finally, exactly \$8,031, the equivalent in Canadian dollars of 14,451 Swiss francs, is earmarked for "advances to the Working Capital Fund of the Paris Union of the World Intellectual Property Organization", whatever that is!

The Estimates define departmental promotions in the coming year as "sovereignty" — in a nutshell the pursuit of foreign policy, enhanced trade, advancing Canadian interests, "trade, investment and employment" and "social justice", in that order.

At the top of "program highlights" for the year, reflecting the general mood around a cost-cutting Ottawa these days, is the "Departmental Reduction Plan", involving cuts of 168 PY's and "substantial financial resources". Earlier cuts of 38 PY's and \$8.1 million were followed by another round of cuts totally \$12.6 million, primarily from the streamlining of the Program for Export Market Development and the Promotion Projects Program.

Other highlights over the next FY include phase one of the National Trade

(continued on page 31)

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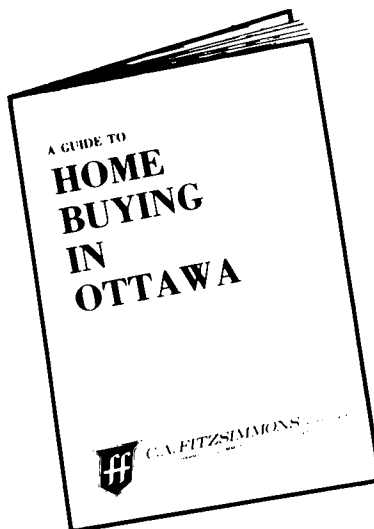
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Rapport du comité professionnel

par Robert Desjardins

Au cours du dernier trimestre, les lève-tôt ont eu droit à plusieurs déjeuners-causeries d'un grand intérêt. Le Coordonnateur du Sommet francophone, Ernest Hébert a présenté un exposé important et majeur sur la performance du Premier Ministre lors du Sommet; moins indiscret que nous l'aurions souhaité, M. Hébert a néanmoins dressé un bilan fort complet des préparatifs du déroulement et des engage-

ments contractés suite à cette réunion de la Francophonie.

Expert de renommée internationale sur les questions d'Afrique australe, le Professeur Heribert Adam est venu faire le point sur les derniers développements en Afrique du Sud. Affirmant que l'indignation morale était un faible guide de notre action, il a déclaré que deux fausses hypothèses rendaient le dialogue en sein même de ce pays extrêmement difficile, à savoir l'illusion chez les Afrikaners que suite aux récentes manifestations, tout rentrerait dans l'ordre comme ce fut le cas en 1976, et que du côté de la majorité noire, on s'imagine que le gouvernement est réellement affaibli et qu'il est sur le point de tomber. Convaincu que le gouvernement actuel restera en place pour encore une quinzaine d'années, M. Adam entrevoit une longue et pénible bataille

avant que des changements significatifs ne surviennent.

Suite au dernier budget Wilson, la Présidente de l'ACDI, Mme Catley-Carlson est venue expliquer et défendre les crédits alloués à l'ACDI pour l'année financière en cours. Avec la verve et l'éloquence qu'on lui connaît, elle démontra, chiffres et graphiques à l'appui, que les coupures perçues par certains n'en étaient pas, puisque l'objectif de .7% du PNB était maintenu. L'échéance pour l'atteinte de cet objectif est passé de 1990 à 1995.

Flora Lewis, journaliste de renommée internationale, a gracieusement accepté de venir répondre aux questions des participants au déjeuner-causerie du 10 avril. Avec une confiance que seule une connaissance aussi vaste que la sienne des événements et de leurs acteurs puisse apporter, elle a commenté les grandes questions de l'heure. Tous ont bien goûté sa boutade à l'effet que le rôle de diplomates était de créer des secrets alors que celui des journalistes comme elle était de les découvrir . . .

Un ancien de nos rangs, Peter Roberts est venu nous parler du Conseil des Arts, organisme qu'il dirige depuis l'automne dernier. Avec candeur et franchise, il a fait le point sur le mandat du Conseil, sa relation amour-haine avec la communauté artistique, et ses problèmes administratifs.

L'essentiel de son propos touchait à la dépendance financière du Conseil des Arts des bonnes ou mauvaises grâces du pouvoir politique. Comme solution à long terme, il voit la création d'une fondation à laquelle une mise de fonds substantielle du gouvernement attirerait des sommes équivalentes du secteur privé. Une telle fondation assurerait une sécurité des revenus d'une année à l'autre et libérerait le Conseil des contraintes politiques, lui permettant de concentrer toutes ses énergies sur la promotion de l'excellence artistique.

Le fait saillant de ce trimestre fut sans contredit l'allocution du Sous-secrétaire associé, M. Derek H. Burney. Plus de deux cents personnes se sont entassées dans la cafétéria pour entendre ses commentaires sur la gestion au ministère. Son message fut clair: les temps sont durs et les compressions budgétaires se feront de plus en plus difficiles. Ses propos furent néanmoins inspirants et les participants ont fort apprécié cette opportunité d'entendre de la bouche même d'un de nos maîtres son opinion sur les défis à relever. Ailleurs dans le Bout de papier vous trouverez un résumé des propos de M. Burney.

△

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How External (from page 30)

Strategy, that will attempt to boost trade with the USA and Pacific region with the help of a \$15 million budget, and the Investment Counsellor Program (\$7.1 million) that will see investment counsellors posted abroad to encourage foreign investment and technology transfer to Canada.

Capital expenditures in 1986-87 include \$31 million for the Washington chancery, another \$11.3 million for a new chancery/SQ in Peking and an \$11 million for the long-awaited chancery in Lagos. (If things are so bad that the department had to create a new hardship level 5 for posts like Lagos, at least make it up with a new chancery!).

The Estimates also tell us that, in terms of the overall utilization departmental resources, 33 per cent will go to trade, another 27 per cent to political relations and 16 per cent to economic relations. Immigration gets 10 per cent of the pie, public affairs/culture another eight per cent and three per cent to consular affairs.

Some snapshots of where the money goes:

- \$7.2 million to run the offices and staffs of the SSEA and DM's;
- \$5.7 million for protocol to look after foreign diplomats in Ottawa this FY;
- 50% of departmental PY's to the conduct of our bilateral relations. Of these 2,191 PY's, nearly half are found in Europe and the USA;
- the fee for issuing an official passport is \$57, nearly three times that of an ordinary one;
- personnel operations will cost \$42.8 million and require 231 PY's this FY;
- overall personnel costs, including salaries and wages, contributions to employee benefit plans, and costs of other personnel, are high — \$305 million — or about 37 per cent of total program expenditures will be devoted to keeping bread on the table for 4,443 PY's.

Passport demand is up by approximately 37 per cent over the past three years, but it is expected to moderate over the next two years.

There will be a massive increase in the EX classification this FY, from 160 to 494 PY's, stemming from the conversion of senior FSO's and CO's to the EX/FS category. Current salary range for the EX category? \$50,350-\$96,300 with an average salary provision of \$70,801. Any takers?

Lowly FS's remaining after the current round of conversion is completed are looking at salary ranges of \$15,685-\$66,252 with an average salary provision of \$44,129. Small comfort for those who arrived in the era of "6 and 5" and then were hit with 3.75 per cent salary increases this year and last.

Apart from the mentioned capital projects, other noteworthy renovations will be in Algiers, where a new diplomatic complex will cost \$4.3 million, a \$2 million chancery for Kinshasa, a new \$1 million complex in Riyadh, and \$584,000 worth of renovations to the London High Commission.

Major departmental contributions to organizations include \$30.15 million to the U.N., \$10.7 to the Food and Agriculture Organization, \$10.4 million to the World Health Organization, \$8.5 million to UNESCO and \$4.3 million to the International Atomic Energy Agency. Another \$30 million will be devoted to the promotion of export sales.

In the grant category, External plans to provide \$3.5 million to assist academic relations, \$2.8 million to cultural relations, and \$2.5 million in grants "in lieu of taxes on diplomatic, consular and international organizations property in Canada".

We understand that copies of the estimates are to be sent to divisions at HQ and to all posts in case anyone wishes to follow my lead and delve further into the arcane world of the department's finances. Good reading!

△

Foreign Policy Review and the Foreign Service

A Joint Parliamentary Committee of Senators and Members of Parliament have spent the last year studying Canada's foreign policy. They will report to Parliament by the end of May. PAFSO made a submission to the Committee and has met with its Chairman, Tom Hockin, and several members of the Committee. Here follows the discussion paper submitted by PAFSO to the Committee.

The Foreign Service is the principal arm of government dedicated to the formulation and conduct of Canadian foreign policy. Its role extends to all aspects of Canadian foreign policy, including trade, immigration, consular support, development assistance, official communication and diplomatic representation as well as the negotiation of international agreements and conventions. Its role is comparable with the armed forces and intelligence services. Indeed, it is the most important of the three because conflict only occurs when diplomacy fails. Diplomats are on the front lines, worldwide, 24 hours a day.

The costs of the Foreign Service in 1985 are approximately \$290 million or about 52 per cent of the Department of External Affairs total operating budget and about 38 per cent of total program expenditures in the department. This represents less than one per cent of the government's total budget.

PAFSO believes the need for an effective career foreign service is more important today than ever before. The government has embarked on a major trade initiative towards the United States that will require careful handling and the accumulated expertise of generations of foreign service officers. Issues of war and peace are at the forefront of the public agenda. Canadian diplomats have traditionally played a vital role in international discussions on arms control and disarmament. Third world debt, regional conflict and superpower tension is putting increased pressure on the international system. The institutions dedicated to the maintenance of global peace and cooperation are coming under increased attack from friend and foe. Diplomacy remains the best avenue for a country the size of Canada to influence the course of international relations.

Since the appointment of Canada's first overseas trade commissioners in 1894, the Canadian government had fostered the creation of a career Foreign Service. Its strength has greatly supported successive governments in their formulation and articulation of Canadian foreign policy. The conditions of foreign service have played an important part in encouraging recruitment and ensuring the maintenance of a career Foreign Service.

In 1980 the government appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into and report on conditions of Foreign Service in the belief that "failure to take adequate account of these changes could be leading to a decline in the incentives for service abroad and could affect the motivation that has underlain the high professional standards of the Foreign Service and given Canada an enviable reputation for the effectiveness with which its interests are served". The Commissioner subsequently made a series of recommendations in the areas of environment and the family, benefits and

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compensation, management of human resources, managing the Foreign Service of tomorrow.

By and large, the people who make up the Foreign Service are typical Canadians. As Pamela McDougall, Commissioner of the Royal Commission said:

"They (Foreign Service) may have more of a taste for adventure and more of a thirst for change than most, but they are still typical Canadians from all backgrounds and all parts of the country. Where they are not typical is in the way they live. They must have the same kinds of extended family and social supports that most Canadians enjoy. The only immediate family they have, whether they are single or married, is what they carry with them and often the only sense of immediate community they have is what they can gain from the few other Canadians at post with them. In this sense, the foreign service is families. Some may be families with only one member, but each foreign service household is a family and must be treated as such."

Entry by Exam

Foreign Service officers enjoy their work and look at it as a life-long career. In this sense the Foreign Service is similar to the armed forces for entry into the service still depends on an examination and interview process followed by a minimum period before eligibility for promotion. While a career in the Canadian Foreign Service continues to have a great deal of attraction the realities of service do not always coincide with the public perception of diplomacy as portrayed in the media or on the silver screen.

The hazards of foreign life including physical danger have greatly increased the hardship of life at most posts in comparison to the Canadian situation. For example, many FSO's live behind bars in security-protected compounds and in certain cases now carry firearms for personal protection. Terrorism against diplomats has shown the fragility of the fabric of law and custom on which the international community must rely. Canadians are not immune and there have been recent incidents involving personnel in locations such as Beirut and Guatemala. PAFSO recognizes and applauds the steps the department has taken to ensure sufficient security for personnel abroad.

There remain concerns over the conditions of Foreign Service, especially for the family members of the foreign service officer. Educational opportunities, accommodation, health and recreation facilities play an especially important role in determining the success of a posting abroad. The Royal Commission pointed out that a preventative health program is

essential and that "access to recreation facilities for all staff members and their families is the other side of the physical and mental health coin." PAFSO was dismayed by the recent adverse publicity over memberships in the recreational facilities provided to staff in Hong Kong and the subsequent decision to sell the memberships, as a consequence of the publication of the Auditor General's Report. PAFSO is concerned that the commitment to the improvement in recreational health and recreational facilities shows signs of weakening.

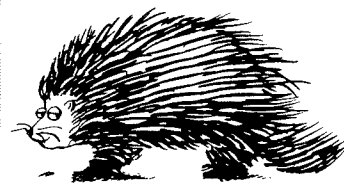
The increase in Canadian society in the number of two-income families as a consequence of the spouse's desire for personal development and of financial necessity acts as a monetary and personal impediment to service abroad. The department has sought to address some of these concerns in its implementation of the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Conditions of Foreign Service. PAFSO is encouraged by the progress made and hopes that there is no lessening of the commitment to change in areas such as citizenship for spouses and opportunities for employment at home and abroad.

Promotion opportunities have declined dramatically for the FS group. There has been a pronounced slowdown in the growth of new positions in the group, a reduction in the number of positions at senior levels (which due to the conversion of senior FSs to the EX group have put them into a separate category). The loss of promotion opportunity has adversely affected morale.

Economic restraint has resulted in a freeze on recruitment to the Foreign Service. PAFSO fears that an uneven and unpredictable recruiting system will have long-term adverse consequences for the service. The importance of the work abroad has not diminished, rather it has achieved a new importance. A reduction in personnel inevitably stretches resources and results in a less effective delivery of programs. Moreover gaps in the recruitment system have resulted in less job satisfaction as middle level officers increasingly find themselves doing the tasks that they did when they first joined the service. In an era of limited advancement, job satisfaction has become even more important.

In recent years the department has made a commitment to an improved training system. PAFSO commends to the committee's attention a report on *Foreign Service Training* prepared by former career Ambassador John Halstead. He recommends that the department undertake a major effort to create an overall concept of Foreign Service training and career development and a coherent program to carry it out. He concluded that Canada had fallen behind in its capacity to adapt to the rapidly changing international environment because the study of international relations has been neglected in Canadian universities and the

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necessary professional training is lacking in the Department of External Affairs to provide foreign service officers with the knowledge, skills and sense of direction they require to operate effectively in international affairs. PAFSO hopes that the commitment to training will become more than a mere promise.

Pay Levels

Pay for the FS group has fallen behind comparable groups, not only in the private sector but in the public service. The Foreign Service is composed of a highly educated and skilled group of professionals, the majority of whom join with post-graduate education and varied work experience. Despite the range of responsibilities borne by these lawyers, economists, journalists, and others, foreign service salaries lag well behind substantially comparable work in the private sector. For example, the current entry level salary band for an FS (\$15,685-\$25,186) with a family dips below the poverty line set by the Senate in its 1985 Report (i.e. \$18,585 for a family of three to \$24,780 for a family of five).

With an increase in the number of persons from outside the Foreign Service to fill, on a temporary basis, Foreign Service positions, the inequities are apparent (e.g. an individual from NOVA serving in Cairo is

receiving a salary over 100 per cent greater than the FS salary that would be paid for the position).

The erosion of FS pay standards has been significant. This year, for the first time in its history, PAFSO was obliged to go to arbitration because it was unable to achieve a settlement with Treasury Board at the negotiating table.

Recently foreign service officers abroad were presented with a 25 per cent increase in their accommodation costs. There has been no commensurate increase in terms of salary or foreign service allowance. The incentive to service abroad is reduced as is the continued ability of the government to attract and retain the best qualified individuals to serve their country abroad.

There has been a discernable increase in the number of non-career appointments to the head of post level. While PAFSO does not dispute the privilege of the Prime Minister to make such appointments, the implication that foreign service officers are no longer suitable for certain choice assignments is disturbing. Diplomatic professionalism can gain from the introduction of highly qualified non-career envoys. Some of the most distinguished representatives have been non-careerists: Vincent Massey, Georges Vanier, Paul Martin, Jean Wadds and Gerard Pelletier come readily to mind. The selection of outstanding men and women from the political world can enrich

the career Foreign Service. But it should not be a convenient dumping ground or reward for the faithful. In foreign policy as in politics professionalism results in superior performance. In his classic work *Diplomacy*, Sir Harold Nicholson wrote:

"It will always be desirable that the foreign policy of any great country should be carried out by professionals trained in their business. Amateur diplomatists are prone to prove unreliable. It is not merely that their lack of knowledge and experience may be of disadvantage to their governments, it is that the amateur diplomatist is apt out of vanity and owing to the shortness of his tenure to seek for rapid successes; that he tends, owing to diffidence, to be over-suspicious; that he is inclined to be far too zealous and to have bright ideas; that he has not acquired the humane and tolerant disbelief which is the product of a long diplomatic career and is often assailed by convictions, sympathies, impulses; that he may arrive with a righteous contempt for the formalities of diplomacy and with some impatience of its convictions; that he may cause offense when he only wishes to inspire geniality . . ."

It makes no sense to recruit and train a corps of foreign service professionals, give them years of experience at their trade and then shunt them aside to reward the unqualified. It does a disservice to the nation.

External is a service department. The people who make up the Foreign Service are proud of their profession and their dedication to serving Canada and Canadians abroad. The examination of the conduct of Canada's international relations should properly take full account of the circumstances and conditions under which those who conduct foreign policy serve Canada.

△

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A LEAN MEAN MACHINE: BURNEY ON THE NEW DEPARTMENT

In a talk that lifted some of the veils on management and its practices, Associate Undersecretary Derek Burney told a PAFSO breakfast seminar on April 17 that with the trauma of reorganization behind us, the time had come to "get on with the job". The message was similar to that delivered by the Undersecretary, Si Taylor, some months ago, but the delivery was in the inimitable Burney style and it went over well with the capacity crowd which had turned out to hear him.

Burney set out three objectives for the coming year: building confidence in senior management; changing the image of management from that of a burden to a recognized instrument for doing the real work of the department — trade and foreign affairs; adapting the department into the times, recognizing that the climate of restraint is likely to endure.

Promising a clear sense of direction, he said that while senior management would lead the orchestra, the desk level was where "quality control" began and that there was room for improvement. Burney also warned against expending energy in wasteful internal battles.

"We hurt ourselves when we fight the department", he argued, "what we need to do is make it work better in a tough environment".

Looking ahead, Burney pointed out that External had to redress its undeserved "fat" image through performance and through the way it presented itself to others in government. Pointing a damning figure at the gossips in the cafeteria, Burney complained that complaints about the department should be handled within: "venting frustrations internally is healthy. Venting internal frustrations on others is suicidal". Such comments only served the case of those critics who think the department is bloated.

There will not be new resources for the new tasks at hand. Rather, the department will have to absorb a cut of 1.5 per cent of its p/ys in each of the next four years, on top of a four per cent cut in 1985/6. This will mean a net reduction of up to 250 Canada-based positions. The collective impact of recent restraint programs has been to cut 20-30 per cent from programs and activities.

Burney said that the department had been given \$40 million less than last year and \$75 million less than requested by posts and headquarters. In such a climate, A-based reviews will have to continue to be normal practise. At the same time the department is working to improve its capacity to account for its resources so it can demonstrate better how they serve the government and the public. Resource allocation will be tied directly to the objectives approved by Cabinet. Paper exercises will be stemmed, and Burney said that shotgun telegrams that clog the system with hundreds of copies, long memos that could be replaced by a transmittal slip and the hundred page unread reports were no longer acceptable. The administration system needs to be tightened with the introduction of the kind of automation that has "given us a top class telecommunications system."

Burney cited some improvements that have already taken place — the nightwatch has replaced the duty officer system and policy task forces have given "quality officers at all levels from across the department a real crack at fundamental policy formation". Towards that end, Burney noted the establishment of a Communications Branch in the department to get the message out, especially in the area of trade and trade promotion.

In the area of resource management, Burney noted that the department would be recruiting new officers again. Restructuring the FS group is being examined to improve equity and morale. A separate *Foreign Service Act* is under consideration. It would provide the flexibility to manage and remove the department from adjusting to regulations written for others. In the meantime, Burney said the department was seeking an exclusion from the existing *Public Service Employment Act* to reinforce the FS assignment and promotion systems.

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*Brief Encounter . . . Morgen In Alabama . . . Sugarbaby . . .
The Ploughman's Lunch . . . Colonel Redl . . . Ran . . .*

One noteworthy omission from "Sixty Reasons Why Ottawa is so Awesome", found in the current issue of *Chatelaine*, is the Towne Cinema. Of Ottawa's two repertory cinemas, the Towne is the one where I am more frequently to be found. The Mayfair tends to show movies made during the past five years — Hitchcock and Woody Allen festivals excepted — and the audience is, on the whole, less forgiving than that of the Towne. Their tolerance would have been stretched to the snapping point at the most recent screening of **Brief Encounter** at the Towne in January. The poor copy of the film which flickered along, coupled with a sound track which was barely sufficient for the dialogue but not at all for Rachmaninov's Second Piano Concerto, should have emptied the cinema. Yet we remained, enthralled by this "oldie" adapted from the Coward play "Still Life" and starring Celia Johnson as the happily married woman attracted to a doctor, played movingly by Trevor Howard, whom she gets to know on her weekly shopping trips to the local town. The secret of its spell some 40 years on is probably that its theme — marital infidelity, and the inevitable tragedy which is still, for the majority, a return to normal life — is timeless. The film was not popular when it was released at the end of the war; perhaps it hit too many raw nerves, but it subsequently became accepted as a classic, due, no doubt, to Celia Johnson's heartrending portrayal of a woman experiencing passion for the first time.

The Towne's bi-monthly program always contains a good mix and generally includes a film which would otherwise not be released in Ottawa at all. A case in point is **Morgen in Alabama** or, by its English title, **Man Under Suspicion**, starring Maximilian Schell in his first German-speaking role in 25 years. Its disturbing theme is the predominance of right-wing extremism among the youth of Germany. It poses, but cannot answer, that most tricky of legal questions of how to bring a man to trial when there is no precise definition of his crime nor conclusive proof as to how it was perpetrated. Yet extremism is spreading and with it terrorism — today in Germany, tomorrow in Alabama . . . A thought-provoking film with a fine performance from Maximilian Schell.

Whereas **Man Under Suspicion** ran for only three days over a weekend, a longer run was afforded **Sugarbaby**, also from Germany. An erotic, lighthearted romp starring Marianne Sagebrecht as the elephantine heroine and Eisi Gulp as the subway driver whom she goes to ingenious lengths to entrap. By day she lays out corpses in a funeral parlour: by night she gorges on cookies in front of the television. That is until one day on the subway she hears a voice exhorting passengers to "mind the doors" and falls immediately, emphatically in love. She buys herself a new wardrobe and takes a holiday from work in order that not a minute be lost that could be devoted to the pursuit of Sugarbaby. Yet for all its lightheartedness, there is an element of sadness and poignancy in this modern day tale of beauty and the beast, which is shot in impressionistic neon colour that adds a delicate dreamlike quality to the film, as if we were seeing it through rose-tinted spectacles.

The Ploughman's Lunch was first shown in Ottawa at a film festival, but received its first commercial screening at the Towne in March. This is one of the early Goldcrest low budget movies set in the time of the Falklands war and stars Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry and Rosemary Harris. Pryce plays Penfield, a news editor with B.B.C. radio. A worthless creature whose formula for life is to latch on to whatever opinion or trend may help him to get on. Thus he glibly changes his tenuously held political affiliations when it suits him, closes his eyes to a colleague's need for sympathy and denies the existence of his parents for fear that he should, on some future occasion, be required to produce them to Susie Bannister, played by Charlie Dore, whom he is pursuing and to whom, he fears, they

would not be acceptable. The film constitutes a censure of Mrs. Thatcher's Britain portrayed as a place where individual shallowness and corruption may not amount to much, but when taken as a whole reveal a society which is degenerating. Penfield is, of course, doomed. He never really gains the acceptance he seeks within the milieu of his upper-class friends, who are merely amusing themselves with him.

There are times when a film is released that for one reason or another you allow to go by, or you feel after a month or so that it needs a second viewing. Into the second category fell **Colonel Redl** which I first saw in the fall and took in again at the Towne in March. Inspired by John Osborne's *A Patriot for Me*, directed by Istvan Szabo and starring Klaus Maria Brandauer, it is set in the dying days of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and traces the career of a peasant boy through the military academy to his rise to eminence. He is befriended by an aristocrat who, together with his sister, becomes the focus of his emotional needs. Yet these needs are, for the most part, subjugated to his unstinting, unquestioning service to the fatherland which takes on the magnitude almost of a debt of honour. As Redl progresses in seniority, so does his confidence. This growth is skillfully developed by Brandauer throughout the film but is pinpointed in three diatribes on matters of discipline or strategy delivered by Colonel Redl to his peers and subordinates at certain stages of his career. From the first tentative delivery to the final speech in which he is in complete authority and command of his subject we also experience visually Redl's growth, for much of the strength in this remarkable performance lies in Brandauer's expressive face. Ultimately it is his ambition which leads directly to his downfall; in his fervent wish to serve the Archduke he unwittingly puts himself forward as the scapegoat he has been seeking. The final chilling moments when Redl finds himself bereft of the strengths he possessed as a leader when required to take the honourable course are some of the most moving I have experienced. Masterly filmmaking, an absolute must.

It was not until after **Ran**, Akira Kurosawa's adaptation of King Lear, had completed its Ottawa run that I felt inclined to see it. I tend to resist movies made in a language of which I understand not a word. **Ran** means chaos in Japanese and Kurosawa confronts us with the chaos which follows when Hidetora divides his Kingdom among his sons, effectively depriving himself of a place to live. But you know the story: Kurosawa has made of it a remarkable and spectacular film differing from the play in many particulars, yet the core of the plot remains. It is totally absorbing and enthralling. As our senses seem irrevocably battered by the bloody siege of Hidetora's castle with its horrific scenes of carnage, the camera moves to the battlefield and the tempo changes. The purpose of the charging troops seems curiously muted as the pace of the film changes; their bright uniforms of red and yellow are veiled by swirls of smoke from the burning castle, their arrows, although ultimately finding their mark, swish and wing balletically across the screen allowing us a moment of detachment. Sequences such as these punctuate the film. Kurosawa's view of chaos is universal whereas Shakespeare saw it in the more human terms of nemesis and filial ingratitude. There are fine performances from Hidetora, his sons and Meiko Harada as Lady Kaede, the wife of Hidetora's eldest son — a character owing more to Lady Macbeth than either Goneril or Regan — but memorable for me will be the performance of the fool, played by a Japanese pop star — an inspired piece of casting. And where did I see it? At the Mayfair.

The Ploughman's Lunch, Sugarbaby and Ran can all be seen at the Towne Cinema during the summer months. △

THE MAGNIFICENT MIGRATION

by Jim Sutcliffe Nutt



*I awoke at sunrise to that haunting inimitable sound —
Faint it surely was but unmistakable
The “kraahk-waahk” of flying choristers
High in the dawn’s first light above our nation’s capital
A splendid “V” of Canada Geese, northward bound.
And this early morning rouse did but underline
The last outdoor sound at dusk the night before
Had been that self-same “kraahk-waahk” of day’s last flight.
And barely discernible in night’s fast fall
The ever-altering “V”, then positioning
For near-night landing on the Ottawa,
And replenishment of flying power
For tomorrow’s long and arduous continuation north.*

*And on they come, day in day out,
Past this ancient stopping place
At dawn and evening and throughout the day,
The millions in their flexing “V”s
(Wintering Canadians returning home?
Or summering Americans touring north?)
Above nationality and frontiers formal,
Taking their cue from nature, pressing on and on
To their place of breeding, their passport to immortality.*



WINTER PUZZLE

The Winner: Brian Buckley and his son in Vienna.

NOT NOW, NATASHA!!! — ANSWERS

The Frenchman in Room 11 works for the English, smokes cigars, drinks whiskey, uses a Colt 45 and speaks Welsh/French/Spanish.

The Spaniard in Room 12 works for the Swiss, smokes cigarettes, drinks brandy, uses an airgun and speaks German/English/Spanish.

The Argentine in Room 14 works for Germany, smokes a pipe, drinks gin, uses a Browning and speaks German/English/Spanish.

The Japanese in Room 15 works for the Belgians, doesn’t smoke, drinks rum, uses a Derringer and speaks English/Walloon/Japanese.

The Englishman in Room 16 works for Russia, smokes cigarillos, doesn’t drink, uses a Luger and speaks English/Spanish/Ukrainian.

In order to “converse” with the American, the murderer would have to speak English, so the Frenchman is out. An airgun could not have produced the smell of gunpowder, so the Spaniard is out too. The murderer had a drink with the American and moreover must have taken the bottle back to his own room (which you searched), so the strictly teetotal Englishman is out. The Japanese has no Spanish and would not likely be associated with a freshly written note in that language about an “American spy”; furthermore, neither he nor the late American smoked, which conflicts with the tobacco smell. The Argentine has none of these deficiencies as a suspect, and moreover smokes a pipe, which (unlike cigars et al) would not normally have left ash in the room. The Argentine is therefore your best candidate for the hangman.



Winter Caption Contest

Winner:

**This reminds me of my
Cabinet: a little leak here and
there!**

Harry A. Van Der Veer, TEP

Spring/Summer Puzzle

ILL-MET BY MOONLIGHT

A tale of strange bed-fellows by A. Aalto

Elwood Squamish, Logician Extra-ordinary and Puzzler Plenipotentary to Her Majesty in Left of Canada, knows that 1986 is the hundredth anniversary of the publication of one of his favourite fictional stories. Elwood does not have one of the country's great memories, so it is hardly a surprise to learn that he has forgotten everything else about the story, except that it concerns two men who lived in the same house but never met. Anticipating this development, one day last year he wrote himself a reminder. As is his habit, this note takes the form of a puzzle, as follows:

(a) Winter 1985 — Anglo-Irish writer (6) of famous Transylvanian horror story dines with rough-riding New York City Commissioner of Police (9), whom he correctly predicts will one day be president.

(b) Late 1901 — Austrian Minister of Culture von Hartel vetoes appointment of foremost painter of radical Secessionist school (5) to professorship at the Academy of Fine Arts, then accepts Secessionist painting as bribe to confirm appointment of radical Jewish doctor (5) to professorship at University of Vienna; the doctor later makes the fortune of couch-makers everywhere, while the artist finds a vogue among college students in the 60s.

(c) July 1914 — Following departure of Indian lawyer (6) with whom he has been negotiating race questions, Boer War hero South African Minister of Defense (5) writes in his diary: "The saint has left our shores — I hope for ever". Both men helped found their countries.

(d) May 1922 — The opening night party for a **Ballets Russes** performance of works by the noted Russian composer (10) of the "Rite of Spring" is attended by the foremost Irish (5) and French (6) novelists of their day. The Frenchman insults the composer, the Dubliner and the set designer, the most famous French-Spanish artist of the century (7), then departs mumbling of "things past".

(e) Fall 1929 — A well-known English historian, orator and future Prime Minister (9), then unemployed, visits a Tramp actor friend (7) in Hollywood. The actor says he wants to play Jesus, to which the politician replies "Have you cleared the rights?".

(f) August 1936 — In Oslo, a Russian leader exiled for being too radical (7) has his room ransacked by a Norwegian army major (8). The Russian is soon deported to Mexico and assassination, while the major will one day run his country for the Nazis and see his name enter the English language.

(g) August 1939 — Concerned about the possibility of Hitler developing the Bomb, a former Swiss postal clerk (8) decides to warn the President.

He first tries to gain audience by writing to a famous American solo aviator (9). The latter, who later claims never to have received the letter, goes on to oppose US entry into World War II; the ex-clerk gets through to Roosevelt by other channels.

(h) August 1962 — Depressed and lonely, the blonde gentlemen prefer (6) dies in Los Angeles from an overdose of sleeping pills while listening to Sinatra. Her body lies in the morgue until claimed by her athlete second husband, the "Yankee Clipper" (8), from whom she has been divorced since 1954.

(i) Winter 1970 — The Northern Magus (7) is visited in Ottawa by a famous New York singer, actress and "Funny Girl" (9). Perhaps fortunately, she brings her mother along as chaperone; he marries someone else a year later.

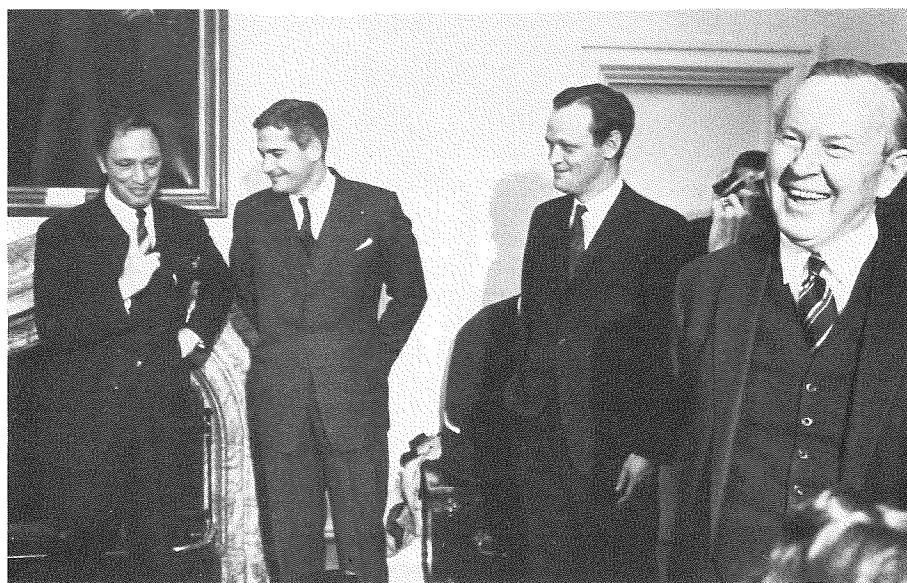
Elwood wants you, as Deputy LE & PP, to figure out the puzzle for him, since Mike Wilson needs his help with the latest Budget. All he can remember is that each of the nine passages refers to a connection between two or more famous people; that the figures in parenthesis give the number of letters in each person's last name; that these 20 names can be spelled out by connecting letter-boxes in the rectangle, a valid connection being defined as vertical, horizontal or diagonal adjacency, with no box used more than once in the whole puzzle; and that when all the name-sequences have been blacked out, the eight remaining letters plus the most common first letter among the 20 famous names, can be arranged to form the name of the author of the story Elwood is trying to remember.

CAN YOU DO IT? ? ? Can you determine the twenty-three missing names, including the names of the men who never meet? **Bout de papier** (on behalf of LE & PP Squamish) will pay \$25.00 to the author of the first correct answer drawn. Good luck, whoever you are!!!

R	O	M	D	U	F	R	N	D	N	I	I	H	D	N
T	T	V	O	R	E	A	E	K	R	L	E	T	O	A
O	S	N	Y	U	C	S	S	O	E	I	S	P	I	G
E	R	K	H	H	R	I	T	E	N	O	R	N	L	E
I	C	D	C	I	E	T	G	R	B	D	U	S	G	I
A	P	N	I	L	P	S	H	T	S	U	I	S	N	T
S	O	M	E	A	L	L	R	A	I	Q	S	T	T	M
S	A	S	V	H	N	T	I	V	T	N	T	U	I	K
R	O	G	C	E	L	N	D	R	O	Y	S	K	M	L
S	O	G	I	O	U	A	E	U	J	E	C	E	Y	S

Write Your Own Caption

No doubt about the identity of these four!





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AN INVITATION

In advance of the 1986 posting season, once again we are pleased to offer Canadians returning to Ottawa from abroad, our personalized service to assist in the purchase of your new home.

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May we send you the latest issue of our RE/MAX Ottawa Home Guide and a selection of current listings to fit your particular needs?

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Residential Sales Representatives.

To: Liz Hinke and Bob Wootton, RE/MAX Gateway Realty Ltd.,
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Our name is: _____

Our address is: _____

We expect to be arriving in Ottawa (date): _____

The areas we prefer are: _____

We require a: bungalow ☐, split level ☐, 2-storey ☐, semi-detached ☐
condominium garden home ☐, condominium apartment ☐, hobby farm ☐

We would like a home in the price range of: _____

Special features desired: number of bedrooms _____, bathrooms _____, fireplace _____,
dining room (larger, separate etc.) _____, family room _____, den _____,
finished basement _____, garage (single or double) _____, swimming pool _____,
other particulars: _____

We have _____ members in our family. Our children's ages are: _____

We require: Catholic Schools ☐, Protestant Schools ☐, French Schools ☐, Other _____

Remarks: _____



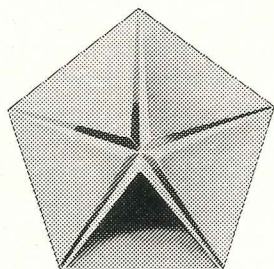
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