

bout de papier

Vol. 25, No. 3

Canada's Diplomatic Spouses and the Debt We Owe Them

by David Malone

Habits of Hospitality: La genèse du Bureau du protocole



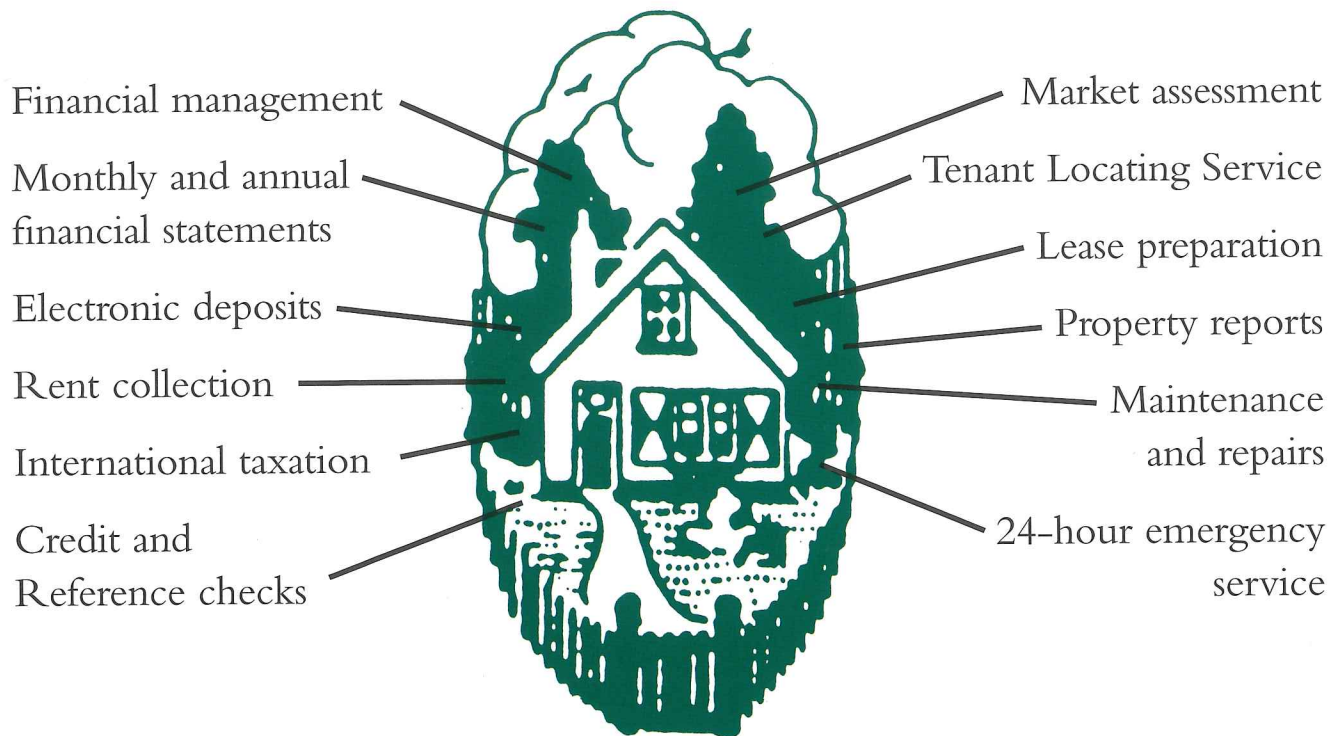
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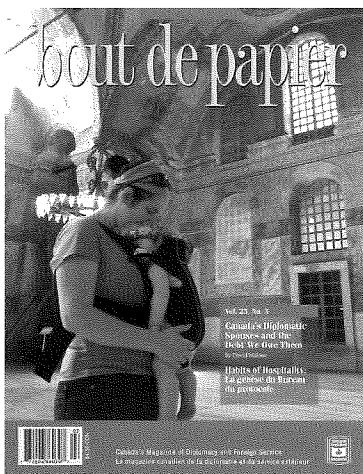
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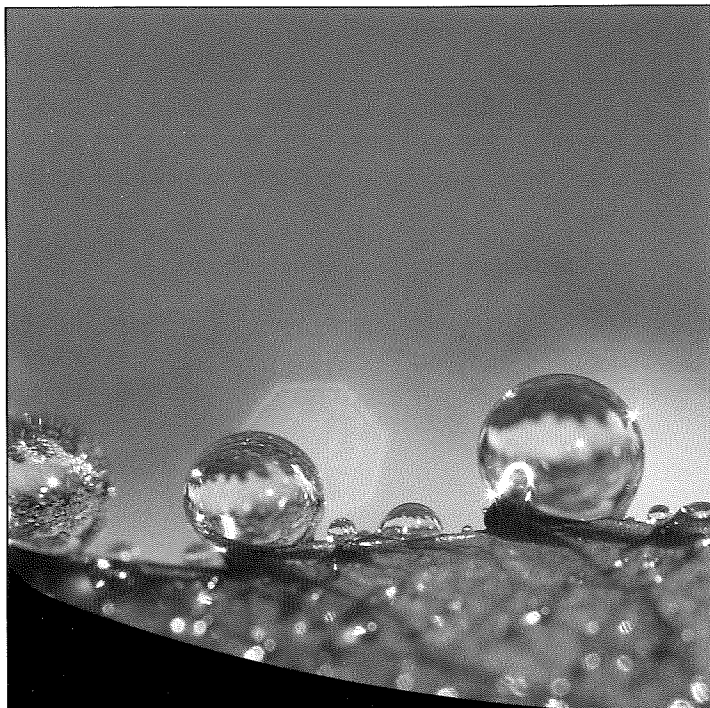


Photo: MCpl Dany Veillette, Office of the Secretary to the Governor General

Canada's former Chief of Protocol Robert Peck unveils enlarged cover of a **bout de papier** issue presented to former Governor General The Right Honourable Michaëlle Jean at her farewell reception last September for the Ottawa Diplomatic Corps.

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On Hospitality...

“There is nothing more ridiculous than men who can’t cook,” said my mother one morning – out of the blue. I was 12 then. My older brother and I were summoned to the kitchen and taught the fine arts of boiling water for instant coffee, how to open a can of tuna for yourself (do I have to?), making Kraft macaroni dinner, and even – assuming we could count cups of water and read a watch – making rice! We concluded that she was annoyed with our father (an old school admin officer in External Affairs) about something or other, but that we’d better pay attention...this clearly was some kind of rite of passage.

She saw no excuse for anything but the level best – within one’s means, of course.

Mom brought the same high standards for resourcefulness, courtesy and warmth to hospitality, personal and official. She saw no excuse for anything but the level best – within one’s means, of course. Surprised by a gas strike the evening of a big dinner? That’s why God invented BBQs...trouble getting them lit? No problem, your father drinks too much scotch anyway – splash and light. A couple of unexpected guests – same great smile while the word gets out: “FHB!” – family hold back....The notion that hospitality was an important part of life was drummed into our heads, not as some onerous responsibility but simply what thoughtful friends and professionals do naturally.

J’ai eu de nombreuses raisons de remercier ma mère des leçons apprises. Il suffit de maîtriser quelques bonnes recettes pour que des amis bien placés vous fassent savoir qu’ils sont libres en tout temps....Organiser des débats autour de tables bien garnies sur des questions d’actualité dans des pays complexes s’est révélé inestimable pour moi au plan du réseautage (comme les Gotlieb

en ont déjà fait la preuve à Washington, à leur niveau exalté). Autrement, comment pourrait-on savoir ce que des personnes qui comprennent vraiment un pays pensent des événements en cours? Les diplomates dans leurs tours d’ivoire se croient peut-être bien renseignés, mais ils peuvent être parfois inconscients de la réalité politique, ce qui, comme chacun le sait, est arrivé à un ambassadeur des É.-U. avant la chute « surprise » du shah. Même les « fêtes nationales » (souvent un fardeau) peuvent se révéler utiles pour approcher les dignitaires qui évitent soigneusement les rendez-vous... et bon nombre de Fêtes du Canada sont devenues de précieux souvenirs pour nos amis grâce à la bonne bouffe et encore meilleure musique...

Dans le présent numéro, Robert Peck du Bureau du protocole évoque avec fierté un second demi-siècle de service. Il fait l’apologie du travail ardu et de la finesse de l’hospitalité officielle, non pas comme un anachronisme, mais comme l’« art » consommé de la diplomatie, adapté à des besoins précis. Et pourtant, peu de nouveaux agents (ou de leurs homologues aguerris) se montrent enthousiastes face aux efforts qu’il faut déployer pour accueillir des gens avec un peu de panache, ou n’en voient même pas la nécessité. La haute gérance semble d’accord : les fonds consacrés à l’hospitalité officielle s’étioient, en particulier pour les rangs subalternes. C’est comme si la socialisation « virtuelle » suffisait, comme si quelqu’un pouvait vraiment s’ouvrir sur Facebook.

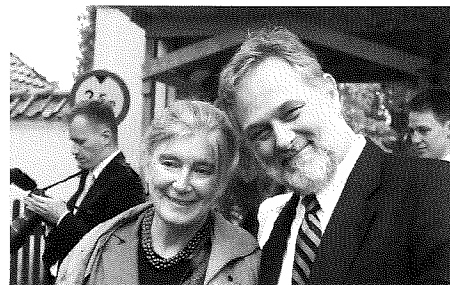
David Malone – avec un coup de chapeau à Laurel Pardy et à son nouveau livre, *Life on a Carousel* – contredit cette notion dans le présent numéro. L’ardent hommage qu’il rend aux conjoints dans la conduite de la diplomatie canadienne (certains étant eux-mêmes des clients difficiles) reprend là où Mary Taylor a laissé dans son article érudit et perspicace paru dans un numéro antérieur.

Perhaps the tendency to treat hospitality as “discretionary” parallels a broader

decline in diplomatic reporting, along with the notion that networking is incidental to the creation of DFAIT’s current “products” as a platform provider, visits coordinator, and specialized programme delivery service. Other countries’ diplomatic services appear to behave similarly. One key journalist in Turkey summed up the growing reaction to many diplomats she knows rather sharply: we are seen to be patronizing to journalists, pretty much devoid of insight ourselves, expect to pick their brains gratis, and very often offer little in return – like lunch; needless to say, a Canadian diplomat picked up that tab!

“If you want a friend, be one” my mother would have said. If we hope to restore diplomatic reporting to the best professional levels, perhaps we should rethink the trend to downgrade official hospitality – the business of making friends among those who matter (however you define that). Key interlocutors learn to trust us because we take the trouble to reach out to them warmly as honoured guests. Perhaps what Protocol and Malone teach us is that we will get nowhere if we treat key people as commodities. Hospitality is a means to an end. There is no substitute for genuine hospitality, official or otherwise, in building relationships that are the bedrock of diplomacy, “bedrock” that may have become quicksand thanks to Wikileaks. ☺

– Stuart Hughes



Editor’s Note: In our last issue a photo of the late Guillaume Sieminski (who died in the Haiti earthquake) identified the smiling figure beside him as Jeannette Menzies. Our mistake: the eulogy was certainly Jeannette’s but the figure was Guillaume’s spouse, Maka.

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A New Year

PAFSO has survived another year, and the 2010–2011 Executive is now in place. Melanie Bejzyk, David De Rose, Kirk Duguid, David Edwards, Timothy Edwards, Alyssa Frohberg, Cael Husband, Marie-Hélène Jacques, Jonathon Kupi, Keith Lewis, Svitozar Omelko, Allison Poff, Stella Sweetman Griffin, and Pearl Wierenga offer a great mix of experience, both inside and outside PAFSO and DFAIT.

which makes a great deal of sense. However, we are still looking for clarity on exactly where the career foreign service fits into the plan. Once PAFSO members have this understanding, we will know where and how we can best contribute.

One of my principal goals this year as President is to encourage a serious discussion among management, our members, and other stakeholders about the role and future

One of my principal goals this year as President is to encourage a serious discussion among management, our members, and other stakeholders about the role and future of our profession.

I am very honoured that they chose me as President for a second term. This time around, we face a number of new challenges, including preparations for upcoming negotiations (discussed in more detail by Ron Cochrane in his interview), and the possibility of Strategic Review II. We also have the opportunity to continue our work on some longstanding issues.

In my last column for **bout**, I mentioned that DFAIT was abuzz with talk of "Transformation" and the opportunities it presented for real renewal of the Department, including a dialogue on the role of PAFSO members and the foreign service writ large. In mid-November, we began to hear from senior management on the broader vision that they have for the department. It sounds like the plan involves reaching out to both traditional and non-traditional players inside Canada and beyond to apply a whole-of-government perspective to foreign policy issues. They have also identified the need for medium and long-term thinking to balance the short-term demands of the communications cycle.

This vision also calls for DFAIT to develop a management style that looks at processes according to whether they contribute to or detract from our core mandate,

of our profession. We have re-launched the PAFSO breakfast series and hope that events like these will serve as springboards for the frank exchanges that need to take place.

We must work together to develop a clear vision that engages all the expertise we have available. I hope that the foreign service community will take part in this dialogue. ☺



Pamela Isfeld, Deputy Director with the Middle-East Relations Division, DFAIT, was re-elected President of PAFSO in October 2010.

Affectée à Nairobi, Sarajevo, Kaboul et Kandahar, elle est titulaire d'une maîtrise en études politiques de l'Université du Manitoba.

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Annoying Anomalies and Other Challenges: **Ron Cochrane on PAFSO's Agenda for 2011**

Editor's Note: *The new year marks 10 years that Ron Cochrane has been PAFSO's Executive Director and 30 years that he has dealt with staff relations issues with the Federal Government; a good time for a little stock taking with a view to preparing for the year ahead.*

bout: Congratulations on your first 10 years with PAFSO; what prompted you to champion the Foreign Service?

RC: Before joining PAFSO I served for 15 years as the Chief Negotiator for collective agreements with PSAC. I needed a change and I was intrigued by the challenges faced by Foreign Service officers and their families. I believed that I could make a difference. There were a lot of unresolved issues to address back then, and there still are – it seems that we no sooner get one set resolved than a new one emerges!

bout: What does our Executive Director actually do?

RC: Good question. My role is essentially that of Chief Executive Officer for PAFSO, reporting to the President. I direct and manage the office in all its aspects and I am the Chief Negotiator in our dealings with departmental management and with Treasury Board. In addition I am also involved in a number of different forums where issues that concern FS officers are discussed. These include the National Joint Council (NJC), the NJC Executive

Committee, the Partners Committee, the Public Service Commission Advisory Council, and the Public Service Pension Advisory Council.

I am co-chair of the National Joint Council and my counterpart is Hélène Laurendeau, the ADM Human Resources, Treasury Board Secretariat. I also sit on its Executive Committee. The NJC is where provisions (notably the Foreign Service Directives) are negotiated that affect employees from the different Bargaining Agents and which have an impact on the public service as a whole. For its part, the Partners Committee was created to oversee the work of the recently established Public Service Health Corporation. There are six partners, three representing the employer and three from the unions. The two sides are responsible for the overall administration of the Public Service Health Care Plan. The third forum, the Public Service Commission Advisory Council, debates proposed changes to the *Public Service Employment Act*. The fourth, the Public Service Pension Advisory Council, covers issues concerning the Public Service Pension Plan and its members are appointed by order in council. This range of responsibilities gives me the opportunity to network broadly and to advance the interests of Foreign Service officers in a wide range of key forums.

bout: What kept you busy for the first 10 years?

RC: When I arrived, the biggest of the “unresolved” issues was pay; the Foreign Service had fallen far behind other groups in the public service. We needed not only to

make wages competitive within the public service but also to bring them closer into line with salaries in the foreign services of comparable countries. At the time the employer (and employing departments) shared the view that the salaries of FS officers were out of date. The stakeholders, including PAFSO, Treasury Board, DFAIT and CIC, commissioned a study to assess the severity of the problem. It confirmed what we suspected. I am happy to say that we made a lot of progress on the wage issue in the 2002 round of negotiations.

However, the recent reclassification of the Foreign Service in 2005 (from two levels to four) has created new anomalies that have not been effectively addressed. Tackling them is complicated by the fact that classification is not something the union can negotiate under existing legislation governing bargaining rights of public service unions. Although PAFSO opposed the proposed four level structure in the reclassification exercise (we favoured a more realistic three levels), we were powerless to prevent it.

Spousal issues also greeted me on arrival. These included: EI eligibility for spouses; spousal employment at posts abroad; the problem of one income FS families and its impact on disposable income; and, the fact that FS couples typically have one pension on retirement with only half a pension going to a surviving spouse. Those issues were joined by others. The untimely death of Glyn Berry in Afghanistan raised a number of concerns about the treatment of public service employees killed on duty. Many of those have been addressed, but they brought to

light discrepancies in the provisions made for armed forces members as opposed to public service employees, and these need to be dealt with.

bout: Going back to the reclassification of the FS, what are some of the new “anomalies” you refer to?

RC: “Anomalies” may not be the word I should use – “travesty” may be more accurate. There were three issues that surfaced during the implementation of the new FS classification standard in 2005: the length of the Foreign Service Development Program and what to do for the incumbents; the maximum rate of pay at the FS-2 level; and, the rate of pay at the FS-4 level.

The FSDP problem

As part of the new FS classification standard Treasury Board decided to shorten the length of the development program for FS employees (FSDP), from five years to three. The idea was to bring this program in line with the Management Training Program (MTP) that was used as the template for the introduction of the FSDP. PAFSO sought to protect employees already in the program, or in official language training. We advocated that they be allowed to continue in the five-year program and, upon graduation, enter at the new FS-3 level. The employer did not accept this, employees in the program with less than the requisite five years would now graduate into the new FS2 level. A compromise was reached but proved quite unsatisfactory.

In the last round of negotiations PAFSO attempted to address the problems this compromise had created. We cited, as the example to follow, the protection afforded to MTP employees when its classification standard was revised. In effect, that protection was the same solution that PAFSO had proposed earlier. Nonetheless, the employer would not accept it as a solution. Subsequently, PAFSO was caught in the tentacles of Bill C10 that legislated pay packages – the result?...*deux poids, deux mesures!*

The FS-2 Pay Issue

Among other things, the creation of a new FS classification standard was meant to address the wage disparity between FS and other occupational groups doing similar work within employing departments. For example, FS officers in the trade commissioner stream earned considerably less than their Commerce Officer (CO) group counterparts. In the 2002 round of negotiations we fixed this problem by ensuring that FS officers were paid at least as much as their CO colleagues. However, when the new FS classification standard was negotiated we ended up going backwards and FS-2 level employees received \$10,000 less than CO-2s doing the same work. We endeavoured to deal with this issue during the last round of negotiations but met heavy resistance from Treasury Board. The problem persists as we were constrained by the effects of Bill C10. We need departmental support if we are going to solve this issue.

The FS-4 Pay Issue

The new FS classification standard was intended to create a different career path for those specialist FS officers who did not want to pursue a management career within the EX group. Essentially the FS-4 level was meant to be equivalent to an EX-1. The rate of pay for FS-4 officers is now 4% behind that of an EX-1...PAFSO continues to pursue the issue with the employer.

The idea to create a new FS classification standard may have been a good one, but it has fallen short on its most important deliverables.

bout: What about spousal issues?

RC: We need to pay more attention to the recommendations made by task forces created to deal with them. The McDougall Report was tabled in the House of Commons as far back as December 15, 1981. Other departmental task forces followed, as well as an Auditor General's audit. Although all echo the same concerns, none of their major recommendations was acted upon.

That speaks volumes about how the Foreign Service is perceived by both politicians and mandarins. As long as there is no respect, the inequities will persist.

As regards the current situation of spouses, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. Three things must change: a) we need to create more real employment opportunities for spouses; b) we need to change the unemployment insurance act to end discrimination against spouses (they are deemed disqualified for benefits because they followed their spouses abroad and thus were “unavailable” for employment in Canada...yet when a prisoner is released from jail he or she is entitled to unemployment benefits – what kind of message is that?); and, c) spouses are effectively denied the right to their own pensions because working while on posting is often impossible for reasons of language, cultural differences, employment law barriers...not to mention the huge disparity in wages between Canada and much of the rest of the world.

bout: What do you see as the key issues for 2011?

RC: 2011 brings with it another year of economic uncertainty and political instability. Our collective agreement expires mid-year. We intend to pursue solutions to the problems generated by the new FS classification standard. Also, there is the five year review of changes made to the *Public Service Employment Act*. This Act governs staffing in the Public Service and created the Staffing Tribunal. The review is an opportunity to address some of the problems of the FS.

There are many other issues that need to be addressed. We need a level playing field for FS officers assigned to the hot spots of the world along with their armed forces counterparts. FS officers in Afghanistan know all too well the dangers associated with Provincial Reconstruction Team convoys regularly outside the wire. One serious challenge will be to find the time to lobby and educate decision makers so positive change can take place.

There is also the perennial problem of DFAIT and CIC trying to meet their mandates on shoestring budgets – with band-aid solutions. CIC continues to offer “training assignments” to non-FS employees on a single assignment basis for postings abroad. At last count 25% of the CIC Canada-based positions (CBS) were filled by single assignment employees. Unfortunately, the experience they gain is not as easily transferable to a public service position as it would be in a cross posting.

**At last count 25% of the
CIC Canada-based positions
were filled by single
assignment employees.**

The larger point being that CIC has had a chronic shortage of FS officers for at least 15 years and nothing is being done about it. Similarly, DFAIT recruits FS officers yet converts FS positions to

other occupational groups. It too pleads a chronic shortage of FS officers but never really addresses the issue.

The latest band-aid “solution” is the creation of a rotational pool, made up of non-rotational CO and EC employees. They would have access to headquarters assignments and would be considered for FS positions abroad on a single assignment basis – without losing their substantive position. It’s not clear why an EC or CO employee should give up a secure and substantive position for a career in a rotational pool – like the FS – jumping from position to position every two years. By the same token, this rotational pool will create fewer opportunities at headquarters for returning FS officers resulting in many cases of potential underemployment. In addition, the department could lose valuable experience gained by FS career officers through progressively more difficult assignments abroad.

To add more confusion to the mix, new staffing rules allow all employees in the department – FS and non-FS – to compete

for FS positions. That encourages employees to jump the queue, to avoid the arduous initial recruiting exercise, and the three-year training period. It makes a mockery of the FSDP apprenticeship program. None of this bodes well for a professional Foreign Service. Someone has to decide if DFAIT’s role is to deliver a first class foreign service or simply act as a platform provider for other departments that have the willingness, the budgets and the resources to pursue their own international program needs.

bout: Any last words?

RC: We need meaningful and productive consultations with the concerned departments to resolve these issues in 2011 – or any other year. We need to be heard.

bout: Much food for thought – and many thanks; looks like there’s enough here for another 10 years! ☺

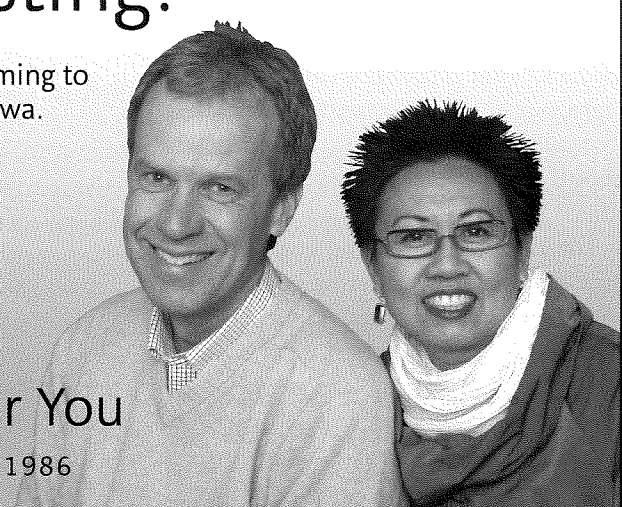
Returning to Ottawa? Heading to a new posting?

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Globetrotters: New Social Networking for the Foreign Service

by Gavin Nardocchio-Jones, Rouslan Kats, and Colleen Leminski

In the spring of 2009, a group of new recruits at the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade Canada (DFAIT) decided to create a network for the recent cohort of FSs and MCOs. In the absence of a cross-Canada tour, it was clear that we needed a forum for discussing common experiences, speaking with one voice to management and of course socializing outside work! It was from this enthusiasm for professional and personal development that the Globetrotters Network was born. Since then, dozens of enthusiastic volunteers have been involved in organizing a variety of successful activities, such as networking events, personal and professional development opportunities, an assignments fair, a wine tasting, curling and trivia events, a sugar bush outing, and much more.

Many new initiatives were also developed, including the creation of a welcome package and a buddy program, and new communications tools targeting new recruits both inside the department and on official language training.

The Network has a “hub-and-spoke” structure where the steering committee (one elected representative each from political, trade and management consular) forms the hub and the three working groups form the spokes (social, support to new recruits, and learning and development). The Network is open to participants in the Foreign Service Development Program (FSDP), the Management Consular Training Program (MCTP) and enthusiastic officers from various streams at DFAIT. We are looking into the possibility of expanding our programming to include our CIC-FS colleagues as well as other professional

streams within DFAIT that operate at Headquarters and missions abroad. We may undertake outreach activities with the Young Professionals Network to see what programming options are available across Government Departments.

Now in its second year of operations, the Network has been hugely successful in terms of creating a cohesiveness and open dialogue among members and between new recruits and senior management. Globetrotters events, like the bi-weekly pub nights and the buddy program, have been important to foster a sense of belonging to a “cohort” and for sharing personal and professional experiences as we all grow within the Department. We also boast a quarterly newsletter, a financial

officer, and continued strong participation in our working groups.

We are pioneering the use of the Wiki and Connections as part of our networking and dialogue on everything from sports leagues to serious discussion on professional issues. To find out more about the Globetrotters, simply contact any of the steering committee members or visit our Wiki page on the Intranet.

Keep on “trotting”! ☺

Gavin Nardocchio-Jones is in the Political Stream, Rouslan Kats is in the Trade Stream. Colleen Leminski is in the Management Consular Stream, DFAIT.

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*The Globetrotters trio:
Gavin Nardocchio-Jones,
Colleen Leminski, and
Rouslan Kats*

LOUIS SABOURIN

Hommage à un grand maître canadien des relations internationales

par Gilles Gingras

La carrière universitaire du professeur Louis Sabourin, maître à penser et guide épris d'idéal et de justice, s'étale sur plus de cinq décennies : une fabuleuse performance en soi. Il a inspiré toute une génération d'étudiants aspirant à une carrière dans les relations internationales, à l'ACDI, aux Affaires étrangères du Canada, dans les universités et ailleurs. Ses mérites sont si nombreux qu'il est impensable de les relever tous ici. Nos projecteurs s'arrêteront sur quelques aspects particuliers de son impressionnant parcours.

En 2006, il s'est mérité le « Prix d'excellence en enseignement » reçu à titre de fondateur du « Groupe d'étude, de recherche et de formation internationales (GERFI – fondé en 1984) » de l'École nationale d'administration publique (ÉNAP) de l'Université du Québec. Le 23 avril 2009, à l'occasion de ses 50 ans d'enseignement universitaire, on lui a rendu un vibrant hommage à l'ÉNAP, où de nombreux témoignages ont été livrés par ses anciens étudiants diplômés en relations internationales d'universités telles celles d'Ottawa, de Montréal, du Bénin, Laval, McGill, l'Université du Québec ainsi que l'ÉNAP.

En 2010, le professeur Louis Sabourin a reçu le prix de l'Institut d'administration publique du Canada (IAPC-Pierre-De Celles), pour l'excellence de l'enseignement en administration publique au Canada.

Parmi les nombreuses autres distinctions qui lui ont été décernées, il faut souligner le Prix d'excellence internationale pour la contribution à l'Afrique, un doctorat honorifique de l'Université nationale du Bénin, et un doctorat honoris causa de l'Université René-Descartes de Paris où il a enseigné pendant plus de 30 ans. Il est de plus chevalier de la Légion d'honneur, en France, et de la Pléiade de la Francophonie.

Un pédagogue des relations internationales

Louis Sabourin est avant tout un universitaire soucieux de partager avec ses étudiants et autres interlocuteurs ses connaissances et expériences des relations internationales. Ce qui le distingue le plus est sa passion de l'enseignement, sa créativité, son énergie, son respect des autres, sa probité et sa rigueur intellectuelle.

D'abord professeur à l'Université d'Ottawa à l'ère de la Révolution tranquille au Québec, il y fonde, une décennie plus tard, l'Institut de coopération internationale (ICI), véritable pépinière de vocations internationales où ont été formés des centaines d'étudiants qui par la suite ont entrepris une carrière au sein d'instances d'action internationale à travers le monde.

L'ICI compte parmi ses diplômés de nombreux ressortissants étrangers qui, de retour dans leurs pays d'origine, ont gravi les échelons et sont devenus des personnalités de premier plan du milieu politique ou universitaire notamment. Une fois au pouvoir, plusieurs ont maintenu un lien privilégié avec leur professeur canadien; des échanges qu'on peut imaginer enrichissants de part et d'autre.

Au début des années 1970, le professeur Sabourin participe à la fondation de l'École internationale de Bordeaux qui relevait alors de l'Agence de coopération culturelle et technique devenue depuis l'Organisation internationale de la Francophonie (OIF). Il en a assuré la présidence du conseil pendant 20 ans. Il contribue également à la création de l'École Nationale d'Administration du Bénin et d'autres institutions du tiers monde.

En 1989, il participe à la création d'une école de formation pour les agents du service extérieur canadien, laquelle il appelait de ses vœux depuis fort longtemps. Plus de 40 ans déjà que le ministère des Affaires étrangères du Canada et l'ACDI faisaient appel à lui pour expliquer aux agents du service étranger ce qui se passait au plan politique dans la « belle province » et à travers le monde.

En 1994, dans la foulée d'une grande conférence qu'il organise à Montréal sur « La carrière dans les organisations internationales », conférence qui attire des représentants de plus de 50 organisations internationales et près de 600 personnes. Louis Sabourin publie un ouvrage intitulé : *La recherche d'un emploi dans les organisations internationales*.

Partout dans le monde, Louis Sabourin se tient informé et se remet en question. En effet, il a toujours enseigné que vivre ailleurs oblige à s'interroger sur son identité, à percevoir les choses différemment, à s'enrichir de nouvelles valeurs sans pour autant négliger les siennes propres. Bref, à vivre en questionnement constant, ce qui amène à être authentique.

Un passionné de relations internationales

À la fin des années 1960, il enseignait que la Francophonie soutenait difficilement la comparaison avec le Commonwealth quand on la considérait en tant qu'élément de la politique étrangère canadienne. Le Commonwealth a été, disait-il, porté sur les fonds baptismaux de la politique extérieure du Canada alors que la Francophonie, toujours en voie de construction au sens institutionnel du terme, n'est parvenue que tardivement à constituer un élément sectoriel identifiable de la politique étrangère canadienne.

Bien que les médias québécois démontrent une intransigeance étonnante à l'égard de l'OIF, en compagnie de Paul Gérin-Lajoie, son allié de toujours, et d'un groupe d'intellectuels, il s'est révélé un ardent défenseur de la Francophonie dans toutes les facettes qu'elle épouse au quotidien.

Dans les années 1970, un mandarin du ministère des Affaires étrangères disait du professeur Louis Sabourin qu'il était « la conscience du Québec ». Pour certains, il avait l'art de déranger l'*establishment*, tant à Ottawa qu'à Québec, par ses vues audacieuses en politique étrangère canadienne.

« Le voyage est fatal pour les préjugés, la bigoterie et l'étroitesse d'esprit » – Mark Twain

En compagnie de ses anciens étudiants, il s'implique aussi au sein de la délégation canadienne lors de conférences internationales telles l'Assemblée générale de l'UNESCO en 1969, celle de l'ONU en 1992 ainsi qu'au Comité canadien d'organisation pour la célébration du 50^e anniversaire de l'ONU (1994-1995).

À ce jour, il est le seul Canadien ayant été élu Président du Centre de développement de l'OCDE, à Paris, poste qu'il a occupé de 1977 à 1982.

À compter des années 70, grand voyageur et, en étroite collaboration avec l'ACDI, il a multiplié les missions de coopération sur tous les continents, mettant en place des projets de développement et établissant des relations étroites cultivées avec soin pendant toute sa carrière. Il se trouvait récemment au Bhoutan et en Antarctique.

Mark Twain a dit : « Le voyage est fatal pour les préjugés, la bigoterie et l'étroitesse d'esprit ». Le jugement de Louis s'encombre peu de tabous et de préjugés. Infatigable au service de la paix, il pose un regard rafraîchissant sur tout. Qu'il s'agisse d'une situation politique locale, régionale ou internationale, de la dernière manchette ou du dernier livre. Il est chez lui en Afrique, en Asie du Sud-est, en Amérique latine, et ailleurs dans le monde. Il défend et fait la promotion des valeurs de liberté, d'égalité, de solidarité et d'intégrité, sans être au service d'aucune idéologie.

Auteur et éditeur de très nombreux ouvrages, il a signé plus récemment *The Governance of Globalization*, *The Social Dimensions of Globalization* ainsi que « Organismes économiques internationaux ».

Un constitutionnaliste averti

Dans ses premiers ouvrages, en particulier dans « Le système politique du Canada » et sa thèse de doctorat portant sur le « Fédéralisme et les organisations internationales », il confirme certes le pouvoir constitutionnel du Canada de signer des traités avec d'autres pays, mais il ajoute que le Québec, en tant que province, a la liberté et le droit de conclure des ententes dans ses champs de compétence avec des États, des régions et des organisations internationales.

« Plus les pays se rapprochent, plus on interpelle les compétences qui relèvent des gouvernements provinciaux », soutient-il, citant l'éducation, la recherche scientifique et technologique, l'environnement, le travail, l'énergie, la culture, les exemples de la mobilité de la main-d'œuvre, et les marchés publics (la possibilité de soumissionner lors d'appels d'offres).

Dès les années 1960, il adhère à ce que l'on nommera plus tard la « doctrine Gérin-Lajoie du prolongement externe des compétences internes du Québec ». Ce qui provoque une vive réaction à Ottawa qui, par la suite, met en place un comité de réflexion, lequel publie deux livres blancs. Étape importante dans la saga des relations triangulaires Québec, Paris et Ottawa, que le gouvernement Trudeau n'accepta jamais. Louis Sabourin aura eu le courage de ses opinions. Un de ses plus récents ouvrages s'intitule : « Passion d'être, désir d'avoir : le dilemme Québec-Canada dans un univers en mutation ».

Un bâtisseur : fondation du CORIM

Toutes les problématiques à caractère international l'intéressent. On n'a qu'à penser à celles des enjeux environnementaux, de l'économie mondiale, du commerce international, des questions de sécurité, à celles de droit international et des droits de la personne, du développement international et, bien sûr, de la politique étrangère canadienne.

Au début des années 1980, Louis Sabourin se retrouve à Montréal. S'inspirant du Rapport ministériel sur le développement de la région de Montréal (rapport Picard – novembre 1986), fidèle à lui-même, il nourrit de grandes ambitions concernant l'accueil et le soutien de sièges d'organisations internationales dans le Montréal métropolitain. À l'instar du modèle de Chicago, et appuyé par son ami Gérard Pelletier, il innove et fonde le Conseil des relations internationales de Montréal (CORIM) dont il présidera le premier conseil exécutif de 1985 à 1986.

À ce titre, il sollicite, de ses contacts politiques et de ses amis, des contributions financières en vue de la mise sur pied de cette nouvelle organisation non gouvernementale (ONG). Il mise sur le prestige et l'influence que procure l'Organisation de l'aviation civile internationale (OACI) et les 500 employés de son siège social établi à Montréal. Il est de ceux pour qui « Montréal, capitale mondiale de l'aviation civile internationale » devient un *branding* d'avenir pour la Métropole.

Vingt-cinq ans plus tard le CORIM compte plus de trois mille membres et fait l'honneur de Montréal devenue métropole



De gauche à droite. **Première rangée** : Gil Rémillard, professeur à l'ÉNAP et ex-ministre, Relations internationales du gouvernement du Québec; Michel Houndjahoué, consultant et professeur, U. du Bénin; Dominique Bourduas, présidente des diplômés de l'ÉNAP; Louis Sabourin, professeur à l'ÉNAP; Paul Gérin-Lajoie, président de la Fondation Paul Gérin-Lajoie, ex-ministre de l'Éducation du gouv. du Québec; Kim Bracken, étudiante à l'ÉNAP; Pierre Sabourin, sous-ministre adjoint, ministère des Affaires étrangères et du Commerce international du Canada, fils de Louis Sabourin; Marcel Proulx, dir. gén. de l'ÉNAP. **Deuxième rangée** : Nelson Michaud, directeur de l'enseignement et de la recherche à l'ÉNAP; Paul-André Comeau, professeur à l'ÉNAP; Jean-H. Guilmette, expert en développement international; Jean-Pierre Bourduas, juge à la cour du Québec.

des organisations internationales au Canada. La grande majorité des événements organisés par le CORIM suscitent une couverture médiatique et sont télédiffusés par le « Canal Savoir » où, pendant plus de dix ans, le professeur Sabourin a présenté l'émission : « Parcours international ».

Un homme de convictions et un bon vivant

On peut utiliser une phrase de Marcel Bleustein-Blanchet, qui décrit bien Louis Sabourin : « Heureux qui a pour passion son métier! » À son avis, pour être heureux il faut avoir des projets et persévérer en se souvenant que, selon Romain Gary, la vie est faite de 60 % de rêves et de 40 % de réalité. « Il faut agir en homme de pensée, et penser en homme d'action! », aime répéter Louis Sabourin. Les idées maîtresses qui se dégagent de ses discours sont : vision, mobilisation, innovation, détermination et leadership.

Avec son entourage et ses amis, il parle affectueusement de son épouse Agathe Lacerte, de ses trois enfants, et de ses neuf petits-enfants. Il porte toujours sur lui des photos à l'appui de leurs prouesses pour les raconter à qui veut bien l'écouter, laissant éclater sa fierté de chef de clan. Assurément, ses liens familiaux sont au cœur de ses valeurs. Dans son attachement au Canada, au Québec en particulier, on pourrait voir l'héritage d'un père agronome qui a contribué au développement de son terroir, et la confirmation du proverbe chinois : « L'oubli des ancêtres, c'est comme un arbre sans racines, un ruisseau sans source ».

En outre, partout, il laisse la marque d'un homme intelligent et efficace. Depuis 1995, à titre de Membre de l'Académie pontificale des sciences sociales à Rome, il est président du Comité sur les rapports avec les pays en développement.

Louis Sabourin est aussi un bon vivant. Fin connaisseur de vins, il est membre de plusieurs confréries d'œnophiles. Amateur de grande cuisine, il a pris plaisir à noter ses expériences

gastronomiques dans un ouvrage : *Propos et propositions gastronomiques* qu'il a rédigé sur les restaurants de Paris et de Montréal. Heureux ceux qui sont conviés à sa table. Il est aussi amateur de musique, lecteur avide et cinéphile averti.

Son héritage

Au cours des cinquante dernières années, Louis Sabourin aura formé des milliers d'étudiants de chez nous et de pays étrangers, amenant à un rayonnement exceptionnel du Québec et du Canada à travers le monde, dont des anciens ambassadeurs comme les Juneau, Bilodeau, Bujold, Lavertu et tant d'autres.

Pour ceux qui comme moi auront eu le privilège de le fréquenter régulièrement, il a toujours assuré le « service après-vente », ne ménageant pas ses conseils, observations ou même le prêt d'ouvrages de sa propre bibliothèque.

Homme d'idées, mais aussi un rêveur. Enviait-il Gagarine lorsque, en 1960, dans son cours en relations internationales à l'Université d'Ottawa, il a fait partager à ses étudiants les émotions et l'émerveillement du premier vol spatial? Si maintenant une radio le suit partout, ce jour-là, c'est un téléviseur qu'il avait installé devant nous, ses étudiants.

Comme Jean Éthier-Blais l'a si bien écrit : « Je refuse d'appartenir à une génération de morts. J'appartiens à celle des vivants ». Louis Sabourin est non seulement bien vivant...mais il laisse une trace marquante dans de nombreuses institutions au pays et à l'étranger, ainsi que dans le cœur et l'esprit de ceux qui l'ont côtoyé au fil de ses nombreuses et fructueuses entreprises. ☺

Gilles Gingras a œuvré à New York, Abidjan, Paris, Washington et Oslo. Chargé de cours en Organisations internationales à l'École de Politique appliquée de l'Université de Sherbrooke, il est aussi vice-président de l'Association canadienne pour les Nations Unies – Grand Montréal.



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HRH Princess Margriet Francisca of the Netherlands, Professor Pieter van Vollenhoven, and former Chief of Protocol of Canada, Robert Peck, with staff of 7 Rideau Gate, the official government guest house.

Habits of Hospitality: La genèse du Bureau du protocole

bout de papier is pleased to adapt and reprint an extract from *Habits of Hospitality: A Short History of the Origins of the Protocol Division* by Fred McEvoy, an Ottawa-based historian and writer, and Greg Donaghy, the Head of the Historical Section at DFAIT. The original pamphlet was released in April 2010 to mark DFAIT's centenary and the renewal of the hospitality facilities of the ninth floor of the L.B. Pearson Building. Extract and photos are courtesy of the authors and of Robert Peck, a former Editor of **bout**. Robert Peck was our 22nd Chief of Protocol, an office that – *inter alia* – has a proud tradition of shaping those critical first and last impressions of Canada for many notable foreign visitors and countless diplomats. Protocol matters fundamentally, says our former Chief of Protocol: it is the welcoming face we turn to the world.

The outbreak of the Second World War had greatly increased the workload at External Affairs, which one contemporary observer described as a “beehive of unorganized activity”. Under-Secretary of State Norman Robertson reorganized External Affairs in 1941 creating a new unit, the Diplomatic and Economic Division. Howard Measures was in charge of protocol in this clumsy entity, reporting to Assistant Under-Secretary Laurent Beaudry.

A statement of duties prepared in September 1942 reveals the broad range of Measures' responsibilities: he was the

formal point of contact for foreign heads of mission, and supervised their privileges, immunities and tax exemptions; prepared the Diplomatic List; issued various identity cards and certificates; established the precedence of the diplomatic corps and other officials; and, managed official calls by foreign diplomats and departmental officers. Measures was also responsible for determining titles, anthems, toasts, decorations and medals, and the pedigree of the Royal Family, and for sending messages of condolence to foreign governments. His duties on the ceremonial side

included the inauguration of the governor general, the presentation of letters of credence by foreign diplomats and the marshalling of the diplomatic corps at ceremonies. In addition, he organized the reception and hospitality for foreign visitors and delegates to conferences, met official visitors on arrival, and arranged banquets in their honour.

The most delicate issue that Measures confronted was the pregnancy of Princess Juliana of the Netherlands, who was given safe haven in Ottawa while her country was occupied by Nazi Germany during the Second World War. “A most capable and meticulous official,” in the opinion of his colleague Hugh Keenleyside, Measures “was also quite properly a man who performed his duties with the greatest gravity.” In order to ensure that the baby was born on Dutch territory, and so entitled to succeed to the throne, Measures arranged for the Princess's residence, her hospital room, and even the car that would take her to Ottawa's Civic Hospital, to be temporarily declared Dutch territory. As the pregnancy advanced, Measures became obviously nervous, to the amusement of his colleagues. When informed that Princess Juliana had given birth to a healthy daughter and that both were well,

Prime Minister Mackenzie King reportedly replied, "Good, good; but how is Measures?"

En janvier 1945, une réorganisation du Ministère débouche sur la scission de la Division en deux entités distinctes, la nouvelle Division diplomatique relevant toujours de Beaudry. En octobre 1946, Beaudry étant encore une fois malade et peu susceptible de reprendre ses fonctions, le sous-secrétaire associé, Hume Wrong, saisit cette occasion pour réorganiser la Division diplomatique. « À mon avis, écrit-il, il existe une ligne de démarcation naturelle entre les aspects de ses fonctions qui concernent les cérémonies, le protocole, l'accueil, etc., et celles qui traitent des passeports, des visas, des déplacements et de questions connexes. » La Division du protocole est mise sur pied sous la direction de Measures. En sa qualité de « chef du

partage ce nouveau sentiment de fierté nationale, fait valoir que « le temps est venu de se demander si les usages protocolaires canadiens... conviennent au Canada d'après-guerre, compte tenu de la multiplication des ambassades – une représentation de niveau plus élevé – et de l'importance et des responsabilités du Canada à l'approche de la seconde moitié du XX^e siècle ». Bien que le nombre de missions étrangères et du Commonwealth à Ottawa ait passé de 6, en 1938, à 26, en 1946, la pratique protocolaire canadienne, une adaptation de la pratique britannique, n'a pas suivi l'évolution du pays. Measures propose de comparer les usages protocolaires en vigueur à Ottawa à la pratique britannique, américaine, française et, peut-être, belge ou néerlandaise d'après-guerre. Le but n'était pas de faire adopter par le Canada les pratiques du « vieux monde », mais de doter Ottawa d'un protocole ayant son « caractère canadien » propre.

Measures headed to Europe in the summer of 1947, visiting London, Paris, Rome, Vatican City, Brussels, The Hague and Berne. This was no junket: the trip through war-ravaged Europe was characterized by "the headlong speed of the itinerary, the exhausting heat, the lack of safe drinking water, and the general discomfort of European travel." Measures himself was exasperated by "the leisurely habits of European officials," who studiously avoided morning appointments. He devised a detailed written questionnaire to short-circuit "the tendency of European officials to expound in a grand manner on subjects of interest to them." Despite these problems, he found the tour of great value. He was particularly struck by the informality of King George's reception of credentials from foreign diplomats; he did not sit on a dais, and held a brief, informal conversation with his visitor. Neither gave a prepared speech. Canadian practice was stiffer and much more formal, and Measures recommended that the more relaxed British style be adopted. This was done in January 1948.

Later that year Measures considered the related question of whether a Canadian Cabinet minister needed to be present when credentials were presented. This was

the case in most of the European capitals he had visited. Conscious that Canada's governor general was still British, Measures argued that the presence of a Cabinet minister would emphasize "the Canadian character of an occasion on which the diplomat brings a Letter of Credence addressed, not to the King of Canada but to the King of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas." Mackenzie King's successor as secretary of state for external affairs, Louis St. Laurent, also thought it important to have a government minister present at the ceremony to support the governor general.

In setting up his division Measures was determined that his office should make a good impression on visiting diplomats. A newly arrived diplomat's first impression of Canadian officialdom was formed at the meeting with the chief of protocol. Measures insisted that his reception room be "easily accessible and well furnished." Moreover, it should be close to the offices of the minister and under-secretary, on whom the diplomat would also call. Insisting that a wall in his office be repaired, Measures underlined that this was "the first room that these foreign Diplomats will enter in a Canadian Government building. First impressions as you know are most important, and I must confess that the wall of this room will give a false notion to these Diplomats of the conditions in which Canada does its business." Protocol offices he had visited when abroad "were housed in handsome and well appointed rooms," with good furnishings and artwork. He wanted to acquire paintings from the National Gallery but feared the gallery's director "might balk if he saw room 101 in its present state."

Measures s'inquiète aussi du niveau de dotation de la nouvelle division. Il se voyait comme « une sorte d'agent de terrain que ses fonctions obligent à s'éloigner fréquemment des activités courantes de la division pour avoir des entretiens avec des chefs de missions diplomatiques, [et] organiser des événements d'hospitalité et y assister ». En son absence, il doit compter sur un second compétent, appuyé par un effectif adéquat. Confronté à la pénurie de personnel, Measures écrit dans une note datée de



Photo: Kim Stallknecht

The Hon. Stockwell Day bids farewell to the Emperor and Empress of Japan at the end of their 2009 State Visit.

protocole », ce dernier est responsable des missions étrangères et du Commonwealth à Ottawa, et des missions consulaires étrangères au Canada; des consulats canadiens à l'étranger, de l'accueil et des réceptions pour les visiteurs éminents, de la préséance, de la liste diplomatique, des visas diplomatiques, des messages de félicitations et de condoléances; des honneurs et des prix. L'ancienne Division diplomatique est abolie en janvier 1947 et remplacée par deux nouvelles entités : la Division du protocole et la Division consulaire.

Les réalisations économiques et militaires du Canada pendant la guerre et sa notoriété croissante sur la scène mondiale d'après-guerre ont engendré un fort sentiment de nationalisme à l'échelle du pays et aux Affaires extérieures. Measures, qui

mai 1947 qu'il vit « dans la crainte quotidienne que la Division du protocole ne soit pas en mesure de s'acquitter convenablement de ses tâches actuelles et de se préparer pour ses responsabilités futures... Nous faisons de notre mieux, mais j'appréhende l'omission ou l'exécution défailante d'une tâche qui pourrait attirer à la division ou au sous-secrétaire des commentaires ou des critiques défavorables. »

À la fin des années 1940, Mesures et la Division du protocole sont bien établis. En fait, avec la publication, en 1947, de son guide à succès, *Styles of Address* (dans lequel toute une génération de jeunes diplomates ont puisé le bon usage pour toute occasion), Mesures est à l'apogée de son influence. Son principal casse-tête demeure le partage flou des responsabilités entre le ministère des Affaires extérieures et le Secrétariat d'État.

Serious trouble finally erupted in July 1950 over Mackenzie King's state funeral, which was the secretary of state's responsibility. That department, however, lacked an officer with the capability and experience to manage the funeral, and Mesures was summoned from vacation to take charge of the arrangements. The under-secretary of state for external affairs, Arnold Heeney, recommended the transfer of Mesures and some of his responsibilities to the secretary of state's department in an effort to resolve the lingering jurisdictional difficulties. This step would relieve External Affairs of some, but not all, ceremonial and hospitality duties.

Endorsed by the minister, Lester B. Pearson, the proposal sped through Cabinet and came into effect in January 1951. A new unit, Special Division, was created in the department of the secretary of state, which now took charge formally of precedence, state functions and ceremonies, conferences and formal government meetings. These would now be the sole responsibility of the department of the secretary of state but "without prejudice" to the protocol role of External Affairs in the field of international relations.

This was clearly a recipe for further jurisdictional strife. "Close and continuing liaison between our two Departments,"

Heeney wrote the deputy minister in the secretary of state's department, "will be necessary in the whole field which we have been discussing." Nevertheless, the Cabinet's decision established a better-defined and more mature institutional framework for the government's protocol operations, inside and outside the department of external affairs.



Robert Peck introducing former Governor General Michaëlle Jean to President Obama during his February 2009 visit to Ottawa.

Un autre fonctionnaire d'expérience, H.F. Feaver, que ses collègues appelaient « Temp », un surnom remontant à l'époque de ses études secondaires, succède à Mesures à titre de chef du protocole. Avocat de formation, Feaver entre au Ministère en 1930. C'est l'un des premiers agents du service extérieur. Selon l'opinion de Keenleyside, Feaver a géré « l'épineux dossier » du protocole « avec une touche de génie ». Feaver est du même avis que Mesures : comme la pratique diplomatique a évolué au fil des ans et qu'elle varie d'un pays à l'autre, il n'est pas nécessaire que le Canada suive l'exemple de qui que ce soit. Le protocole canadien doit plutôt « être élaboré de façon à exprimer, dans la mesure du possible, les caractéristiques canadiennes... la simplicité et l'amabilité du peuple canadien. »

Feaver aussi doit composer avec le partage vague des rôles entre les Affaires extérieures et le ministère du Secrétariat d'État. Il notera, en avril 1953, que « l'expérience de cet arrangement a mécontenté le sous-secrétaire (maintenant Dana Wilgress). Il a donc confié le gros de

cette responsabilité à la Division du protocole, laquelle n'a tout simplement pas un effectif suffisant pour assumer ce fardeau. » Le ministre Pearson partage ces préoccupations et, en août 1954, il propose de mettre sur pied un comité interministériel sur l'hospitalité gouvernementale, dont le travail serait coordonné par un secrétaire puisé parmi les collaborateurs de Feaver à la Division du protocole.

En février 1955, un mémoire au Cabinet justifie la création de ce nouveau comité. Notant le manque de coordination en ce qui concerne les invitations aux visiteurs étrangers et aux membres de la famille royale, il est recommandé que le nouveau comité supervise et coordonne l'hospitalité, tout en surveillant de près les dépenses. Les Affaires extérieures se voient confier un rôle influant au sein de ce comité, puisque celui-ci relève de son ministre et est présidé par son chef du protocole. De plus, le secrétaire du comité provient également du Ministère. Parmi les autres membres du comité, certains sont détachés du bureau du gouverneur général, du cabinet du premier ministre ou du Bureau du Conseil privé, ainsi que du ministère du Secrétariat d'État.

A half-century after its creation, Canada's department of external affairs was finally equipped to assume fully the nation's protocol duties. The new arrangement was not perfect. Disputes over jurisdiction continued to plague relations between the department of the secretary of state and the foreign ministry. Staff shortages too were a frequent problem, once prompting the chief of protocol to complain that his division had been reduced to "a sweat shop."

Still, the basic and essential infrastructure for meeting Canada's protocol obligations was now in place. External Affairs had a functioning protocol office, and there was an agreed division of labour with the secretary of state's department and an established interdepartmental mechanism for resolving conflicts and coordinating activities. External Affairs was ready, in the words of a future under-secretary, Marcel Cadieux, to assume the "habits of hospitality and of kindness characteristic of a new country." ☺

Canada's FOCAL:

Focussing Minds on the Americas

Editor's note: Our interview with Kathryn Hewlett-Jobes of FOCAL is the third in a series on Canadian organizations that strengthen Canada's global and regional presence (the first dealt with the IDRC, the second with the Canadian International Council). The challenges in doing so are many, from sustaining financial support in Canada to ensuring access to decision makers abroad. FOCAL's Hewlett-Jobes, our former High Commissioner to Jamaica, is determined to meet them.

bout: Tell us about the Canadian Foundation for the Americas (FOCAL).

KHJ: FOCAL is Canada's only think-tank dedicated to strengthening Canadian relations with Latin America and the Caribbean. Our goal is to build understanding of Canada throughout the hemisphere. We aim to promote good governance, economic prosperity and social justice, basing our work on principles of intellectual integrity, racial diversity and gender equality.

We research social, political and economic issues and bring together Canadian and regional experts from civil society, academia, government, and the private sector to advance understanding of crucial issues and policy options. Activities are often undertaken in co-operation with other Canadian organizations such as the Canadian International Council (CIC) or one of our network partners in the Americas.

For example, FOCAL is partnering with the Mexican Council on Foreign Relations (COMEXI) on the Canada-Mexico Initiative. Co-chaired by Hon. Bill Graham and Mexican Senator Rosario Green, this Initiative is working with both governments, the private sector and academics to

develop pragmatic ideas on how to build public support for, and re-energize, the bilateral relationship.

Other current work includes a Health and Education program that examines gaps for marginalized populations in the Andes, an Inter-American affairs program with particular emphasis on the Summit of the Americas (the next one to be held in Cartagena, Colombia in 2012), a Labour Mobility and Development program to foster dialogue on temporary foreign workers in Canada and the

development impact of diasporas, and a program on the Private Sector and Development. FOCAL also runs Research Forums on Cuba, Haiti and North America.

bout: You must be pleased that the Americas are now a foreign policy priority for Canada.

KHJ: We are – and hope that this time it becomes a lasting area of focus. FOCAL was created 20 years ago as a result of an earlier Americas thrust. At that time, Canada joined the Organization of American States (OAS) and Canadian firms, academics and civil society began to turn more attention to the region. However, it has proven difficult to sustain interest. The Latin America and Caribbean region has only slowly crept into the Canadian psyche and even now the level of awareness is much lower than one would expect.

Economically, this region deserves our attention: trade has been growing rapidly in recent decades and now exceeds \$40 billion annually, even in the context of last year's recession. This is facilitated by a number of free trade agreements (FTAs) with the region; in fact, Canada has signed more FTAs in Latin America and the Caribbean than in any other region of the world. We have comprehensive agreements with Mexico (through the North American Free Trade Agreement, NAFTA), Chile, Costa Rica and Peru, and others pending ratification (Caribbean, Central America, Colombia and Panama).

An even more significant economic rationale, however, is investment. Canadian investors have given Latin America and the Caribbean a strong vote of confidence in sectors as diverse as mining, banking and tourism. Canadian direct investment in the region, roughly \$100 billion, is *three times* that directed at Asia, including China and Japan.

In foreign policy, there is much to be gained from solidifying our engagement with Latin America and the Caribbean where, to an impressive degree, our values and interests coincide. Underneath the obvious differences, we have common linguistic, religious and historical roots. Canada could better use these affinities, and better exploit the pool of good will that exists. A good example of this is Canada's bid for a non-permanent seat on the United Nations Security Council in 1998, when *all 34 countries in the hemisphere supported Canada*, even the US and Cuba. That was a one-off affair, but one that illustrates the potential of effective regional diplomacy.

And there are numerous other linkages from active academic exchanges, growing tourism and an increasing number of Canadians opting for retirement homes in the region. However,



the average Canadian is far more likely to identify Asia as the key area of focus beyond the US.

bout: Why do you think this is the case?

KHJ: I'm tempted to say that FOCAL obviously needs more funding!

In my view, there are several major factors, each of which deserves a book to be fully discussed. Perhaps the most important is simply the dominant role played by the US in the hemisphere. The very significance of this relationship makes it difficult to see past it. As one South American colleague put it: it is hard to see over the elephant.

Another key reality is the importance of shared history and culture. Canada has deep historical connections with Europe, and Canadians can easily look across the Atlantic for resonance in culture and values. And as the world reacts to the echoes of post-Cold War power shifts and new security challenges, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) continues to be of major importance, a tendency that is currently reinforced by our joint engagement in Afghanistan.

While Canada and the countries across the Americas have compelling contemporary reasons to build deeper ties, with the exception of the Caribbean, until the past few decades our histories had evolved rather separately. I recall well the days when trade and immigration connections were few, tourism virtually unknown, and democratic governance in Central and South America was not the norm.

Today it is quite a different picture, but broadly-based perceptions are still lagging; this largely explains why Canadians often continue to make the mistake of leaving our relations in Latin America and the Caribbean on the back burner.

bout: Will it be different this time?

KHJ: It depends on whether we maintain our focus or once again lose interest.

By making the Americas a foreign policy priority, the Canadian government took a major step to establish the current importance of the region to Canada and harness the potential of deeper connections. Since its inception, the policy has racked up impressive accomplishments in bringing a whole-of-government approach to raising awareness of the Americas.

The upcoming Annual Meeting of the Inter-American Development Bank that Canada will host in Calgary in March 2011 offers an excellent occasion to highlight this new engagement.

Government efforts reinforce the ongoing and diverse activities of the private sector in the region. Canadian companies are highly visible in the resource extraction, financial, industrial and agricultural sectors. Universities across the country have programs and academic exchanges with the region and many International Development Research Centre (IDRC) programs support the deepening of ties across the Americas.

Canadian business has an active voice through its Canadian Council for the Americas, and the Canadian

International Council (CIC), the Centre for International Governance Innovation (CIGI) and some specialized NGOs that have produced special reports and commentary on Americas topics.

Spanish is now the third most commonly *spoken* language in Canada and growing immigration, increasing tourism exchange and educational connections are cultivating exciting new cultural and social ties.

However, there is a need for further steps to ensure continued and concerted attention to the many opportunities that closer ties with the Americas will bring to Canadian society as a whole.

bout: What should be done?

KHJ: The whole-of-government commitment to the Americas policy must be followed by a whole-of-Canada effort. Otherwise, it will become another example of the cost of missed opportunities.

Creating this sense of purpose calls for a range of actions. First, one needs something worth saying. Independent, solutions-oriented research has become even more important in today's world where information is more readily available, but thoughtful analysis is scarcer.

Government-produced information can be seen as lacking independence and is often brutally discounted by the key audiences. Firm-produced information tends to be viewed in an even more suspect light. Academic analysis is seen as much more credible, but frequently addresses topics in a manner that is more theoretical than needed by those seeking advice and information.

FOCAL plays a special role in integrating these diverse perspectives, ensuring that information is grounded in solid research and developing practical policy options for decision makers. But analysis is only useful when it is effectively communicated. Today's audience has neither the time nor the patience to dig up information. The central challenge for FOCAL is not only to produce useful policy advice and the information needed to substantiate it, but also to disseminate that intelligence as widely as possible.

We take the facts to those who need them by convening person-to-person exchanges of views, making it easy to connect to a range of sources through our website and social networking tools, attractively presenting information in *FOCALPoint*, our flagship newsletter that analyzes policy issues in the Americas, and by acting as the media go-to place for commentary on Latin America and the Caribbean.

So next time you see us on *The National*, or pick up one of our policy papers, you will know that we are working to build this whole-of-Canada support for engagement in the Americas, to promote good governance, economic prosperity and social justice in our own backyard.

bout: Thank you, Kathryn. ☺

Better Thistles than Wolves?

Hockey Diplomacy in Japan

*In the last issue of **bout de papier**, we paid tribute to one of our most distinguished and beloved former diplomats, Arthur Menzies, who passed away in early March. One of his least-known diplomatic involvements came during his posting to Japan in the early 1950s. At the time, Canada's experience with what is now called hockey diplomacy was rather uneven. As the exchange below suggests, at least one of the early tours by a Canadian hockey team generated more ill feeling than goodwill (at least one Canadian ambassador in Scandinavia pleaded with the Department of External Affairs to be spared the dubious honour of hosting another group of thugs on skates and dealing with the outraged local press). However, the Japan Skating Association was keen to welcome a Canadian team, albeit presumably with expectations of more gentlemanly conduct. Arthur Menzies, then Chargé d'affaires in Tokyo, and J.C. "Bubs" Britton, the Commercial Counsellor there, became ensnared in the complications of relations between national sports organizations, which evidently suffered from some of the afflictions known to diplomacy, including unauthorized interventions and lapses in communications.*

*We are pleased to note, however, that our intrepid Canadian representatives, with the support of a sports-minded minister and devoted hockey fan, Mike Pearson, were able to secure an outcome favourable to all, thanks in no small part to the exemplary conduct on and off the ice of the Kenora Thistles (an amateur team of that name had defeated the Montreal Wanderers for the Stanley Cup in 1907 before folding; since then, teams at various levels from Junior A to Senior have borne the same name). The files do not record any follow-up to Pearson's invitation or threat to have Menzies head up an "Olympic and International Athletic Division" when he returned to headquarters. As Jacques Roy recalled in **bout**, Menzies was personally more devoted to tennis than to hockey.*

*The reprinted documents come from the records of the Department of External Affairs (RG25) at Library and Archives Canada, volume 8203, file 8137-C-40, part 1. We would like to thank archivist Paulette Dozois, who has maintained a well-deserved reputation for expertise and helpfulness, for drawing these documents to our attention and for providing **bout de papier** with copies.*

Hector Mackenzie

The Canadian Embassy, Tokyo, Japan, to the Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs, Canada, Letter No. 1329, December 12, 1952.

Subject: Visit to Japan of Canadian Ice Hockey Team

Last summer the Minister wrote to Mr. J. C. Britton, Commercial Counsellor of the Embassy, about the possibility of Mr. Max Silverman, President of the Sudbury Hockey Club Ltd., Nickel Range Hotel, Apt. 1, Sudbury, bringing out a Canadian amateur hockey team to Japan this winter. Mr. Britton, who has been following hockey activities here since he came out more than 3 years ago, took the matter up with the Japan Skating Association. The Association after deliberation decided to invite Mr. Silverman to arrange for a Canadian team to visit Japan for about 3 weeks in January to play a series of about a dozen games. There was some correspondence back and forward during the summer and fall about the arrangements for the team to come out. The Mainichi Shimbun which last year sponsored the visit to Japan of the New York Metropolitan Club agreed to underwrite the venture. The terms agreed upon were that the Japan Skating Association would pay all expenses for the trip to Japan and back for a 15 member team, including coach; they should arrive in Japan on January 7 and stay for a 3 week period, playing 11 to 12 games. These games would be against university teams, company teams, all-Tokyo and all-Japan teams. A request for authorization was made to Mr. George Dudley, secretary-manager of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association,

Midland, Ontario. Some difficulty was encountered about getting the necessary foreign exchange allocation from the Japanese Government to pay travel costs. I gave some assistance in this matter, pointing out the goodwill that would be developed through a visit of this kind and it eventually went through. Canadian Pacific Airlines agreed to give some financial assistance in the matter; I think in terms of a 10% discount or 3 fares or something of that kind.

2. Mr. Britton wrote to Mr. Silverman on December 1 pointing out that a visit of this kind was of importance in building international good relations through sport. For that reason he hoped that Mr. Silverman would pick players who would be fast skating, smooth

passing and not heavy checking. A copy of this letter was also sent to Mr. Dudley, Mr. Campbell of the National Hockey League and to Mr. Pearson.

3. On December 8 I gave a reception at the Embassy attended by members of the Japan Skating Association and representatives of the various newspapers at which Mr. Takeda of the J.S.A. announced the proposed visit of the Canadian team.

4. Two days later an AP report from Sudbury said that the CAHA had refused permission for the Junior Falconbridge Wolves team to visit Japan since they had not engaged in competition this year. This newspaper report quickly upset the Japan Skating Association representatives who descended on the Embassy to see

what we could do to straighten the matter out. At the time of writing this letter our efforts are still continuing to see what can be done to untangle the snarl and get a Canadian ice hockey team out to meet the schedule. Time is passing, the J.S.A. is anxious to begin ticket sales and are naturally puzzled about the ins and outs of Canadian hockey politics.

5. You will find in the files of the Minister's office copies of telegrams from Mr. Britton on this subject. I have maintained the closest consultation with Mr. Britton in this matter but have left things in his hands as it seemed better to keep the whole matter in one channel.

A.R. Menzies
Charge d'Affaires a.i.

**L.B. Pearson to
Arthur Menzies, personal,
5 January 1953.**

Ottawa, January 5, 1953.

Arthur Menzies, Esq.,
Canadian Embassy,
TOKYO, Japan.

Dear Arthur,

Now that I have returned from New York, the holiday season is over, and I have a minute, I must write you about the unfortunate developments concerning the visit to Japan of the Canadian hockey team about which you and "Bubs" Britton are so understandably concerned.

When Britton's wires arrived, Miss Macdonald spoke to me in New York right away and, as a result, she got in touch with the President of the C.A.H.A., Mr. George, who had, as a matter of fact, already asked to see me about this matter. The attitude taken by the Association was a discouraging one, but it was not due, I can assure you, to pique on their part. I think they felt that the proposed trip on the basis of which

it was being organized would not redound to the credit of Canada or to the credit of Canadian hockey. It would, of course, have been helpful and possibly have avoided later disappointment if the Japan Skating Association had got in touch with the Association here much earlier; for example, right after Silverman wrote to Mr. Harai on October 17, suggesting that he get in touch with Mr. Dudley as, of course, the Association could not make any definite arrangements until it had received a direct and definite invitation.

When Maxie Silverman approached me in the first place, he wrote Mr. Britton an informal letter to enquire about the feasibility. He did mention also that arrangements would have to be made through the Canadian Hockey Association. When Britton wrote on July 25th to say that the suggestion had been favourably received, I replied on August 1, saying that I had sent Mr. Harai's letter on to Maxie Silverman, suggesting that he pursue the matter himself with the C.A.H.A.

I also spoke to Mr. George about Silverman's proposal and said that I thought that the tour of a Canadian team, insofar as Japanese-Canadian relations were concerned, would have good and useful results if, but only if the team were as good on the ice as foreigners expect the Canadians to be, and if they conducted themselves off the ice in a way which would bring credit to our country. Mr. George said that the Association would very much like to send a team to Japan and that they would certainly consider the invitation, and so they waited for the word from the Japan Hockey Association which, as you know, was not received until early in December.

The C.A.H.A. felt that they could not approve Silverman's team as finally selected, probably because the players had no experience in league playing this fall, nor had they worked together as a team. In view of past experience in Europe, especially with a team under Silverman's direction, they thought that more ill-will than good was created during their tour. The C.A.H.A. felt it important that a proper selection should be made this

time. Everyone here agrees with this stand, as I know you do. By the way, I did not receive the copy of Britton's December 1st letter to Silverman which you said was sent to me. In fact, I did not have any inkling until your first telegram arrived December 11th that the proper approach had not been made or that anything was amiss. Otherwise, I might have intervened earlier.

Where I think the mistake was made at this end was in not making it quite clear to you that until the C.A.H.A. approved this venture, all proposals made by Silverman or by anybody else would have to be provisional. It might, of course, have been better if the necessary sanction had been received here by

Silverman from the C.A.H.A. before we got in touch with you at all. On the other hand, if we had adopted this course, the C.A.H.A. would undoubtedly have replied that they could not give official sanction until they got the reaction of the Japanese to the proposed tour. Mr. George has now given every assurance that the C.A.H.A. would be pleased to take advantage of any future invitation offered by the Japanese Hockey Association and I hope therefore if they are still interested Mr. Harai will get in touch with him in plenty of time to arrange a tour next winter.

In any event, this was an unfortunate business and I can understand how disappointed and, indeed, irritated you must have felt

in Tokyo when things fell through at the last moment. We have also gained by this experience. Possibly the Department should stick to diplomacy and foreign affairs, and leave international sporting events to those directly concerned. You can, however, make a very good case that international sporting events have become a not unimportant part of international relations and, therefore, should be our concern. How would you like to return to Ottawa and head the Olympic and International Athletic Division!

All good wishes for 1953 to Sheila, yourself and the family.

Yours sincerely,
L.B. Pearson

**Arthur Menzies to
Hon. L.B. Pearson, Personal,
15 January 1953.
CANADIAN EMBASSY**

Tokyo, January 15, 1953.

The Honourable L.B. Pearson,
Secretary of State for External
Affairs, Ottawa.

Dear Mr. Pearson,

Thank you for your full letter of January 5 which gives us the story from your end of the mix-up in the proposed visit to Japan of a Canadian ice hockey team. I think a post-mortem in this case instructive as we are still hopeful that the Japan Skating Association may consider extending an invitation again next season for a Canadian team to come out.

Britton and I were disappointed when we first got the news through the papers that the C.A.H.A. had knocked on the head the arrangement that had been made for Silverman to bring out a team. That disappointment was soon erased by the success which the Japanese had in arranging for an American team to come out and fill the schedule on the same terms. The Japanese

have taken the whole thing very courteously. It is certainly better that we should have this misunderstanding before the team came out than that the wrong type of team should have come out.

The Mayhews, Brittons and ourselves attended the opening game here between the visiting American amateur team and a Japanese university team. We were very hospitably received by Mr. [Prince] Takeda, President of the Japan Skating Association, Mr. Konishi of the Hockey Division of the J.S.A. and representatives of the sponsoring Mainichi Newspapers. Even at that first game Mr. Konishi expressed the hope that next year they might have a Canadian team out. Britton tells me that Mr. Takeda said the same thing to him. I think, therefore, that with the experience behind us of this false start we may hope to do better next year if the invitation is renewed by the Japanese, as we have reason to expect. We will write further on this after the American team has completed its tour.

There are a lot of hazards in the way of trying to steer international sporting events in a way that will promote goodwill. The Japanese love

their sports; they also enjoy winning occasionally. It is quite a bit for a five-foot 100 lb Japanese to take on a six-foot 200 lb Canadian hockey player without the very close refereeing which may seem to our fellows to kill a lot of the fun of the game. However, as the Japanese are persistent in wanting to raise their hockey-playing to international standards, they will find a way to meet foreign teams and will naturally want to tackle the best, which, of course, is Canadian in the hockey world. I suppose our job is not so much to promote such events as to ensure that when they are projected they should be arranged in such a way as to cause as little misunderstanding as possible and as much goodwill as possible.

I should add to this letter that Britton has been setting up the plays in this game and has managed to do some very creditable stick-handling.

Thank you for the personal interest which you have taken in this matter and for the time Mary Macdonald has devoted to hockey diplomacy.

Yours sincerely,
(sgd) Arthur Menzies

**J.C. Britton to L.B. Pearson,
8 April 1954.**

FOREIGN TRADE SERVICE

Tokyo, April 8, 1954.

The Hon. L.B. Pearson,
Secretary of State for External
Affairs, East Block,
Ottawa, Canada.

Dear Mike:

The Kenora Thistles have come and gone covering themselves and Canada with distinction. They filled an exacting and strenuous schedule - 10 games in 15 days - without losing a game. They played the type of hockey which pleased the crowd in Japan, concentrating on smooth passing and fast skating, avoiding heavy body checking, boarding and the rugged type of hockey. I must say they exercised commendable restraint since the Japanese did a lot of hooking and slashing particularly from the knees downward and the bigger Thistle players were under constant provocation. The scores of the matches were rather one-sided but in the "All-Japan vs Canada games", as the series progressed the Japanese kept creeping up. The final game for instance finished 12-7. Seven goals is a lot I feel for a team like Japan to score against the 1953 Western Canadian Champions. The Japanese certainly learned quickly and improved as the series went along.

The C.A.H.A. sent a representative, Mr. James Dunn, First Vice President, with the team and he undertook most of the protocol associated with the tour and furthermore helped to keep them in order. The boys themselves, or I should say young men, because the ages

ranged from 24 to 37, were pretty sensible fellows. I wrote one of my tear jerking epistles before the team left Kenora, advising them that their actions, both on and off the ice, would be watched closely and their conduct more than the actual results of the matches would be the criterion on which the success or failure of the tour would depend. The members of the team showed up for functions properly attired in neat suits with ties and furthermore arrived at the functions on time.

They showed the Japanese a calibre of hockey which has not been seen here since the war and perhaps ever. The officials of the Japan Ice

future of Japan's economy which is prevailing at the moment, was perhaps another factor in keeping the attendance down. The sponsor "Mainichi" and the Japan Skating Association were unanimous in stating however that the financial loss is immaterial in view of the beneficial results to hockey in general in Japan. The Thistles made a favourable impression everywhere they played and at all the functions they attended.

I do think that the C.A.H.A. is to be commended for their choice of team to undertake the Japanese tour and the selection of Mr. Dunn their Vice President to accompany

**They showed the Japanese a calibre
of hockey which has not been seen here
since the war and perhaps ever.**

Skating Association informed me in confidence that a visit by any team other than a Canadian team in the future would be an anticlimax. The comparison between the relatively slow skating, heavy body checking foreign team which was in Japan at the beginning of 1953 was very marked. The Kenora Thistle tour was not profitable financially and I should think that the sponsors "Mainichi" lost from \$3,000 to \$5,000 on the venture. This was due primarily to the fact that it was held too late in the year. Spring-like and at times almost early summer weather prevailed and potential fans were seeking recreation out of doors. The tight money situation and the rather pessimistic outlook on the

them. If you could possibly find time to write to Mr. G.S. Dudley, Secretary-Manager of the C.A.H.A. and give him and the Association a pat on the back, it would be a well deserved tribute to the Association.

Thanks for your message which was used on the program. I also drew up one for the Prime Minister and the Ambassador, so you see Canada's elite were quoted on this occasion. I kept very much in the background and therefore the tour went smoothly.

Sincerely,
Bubs
J.C. Britton,
Commercial Counsellor,
Canadian Embassy. ☺

Canada, China and Charles Maxwell Forsyth-Smith

by Robert Middleton and friends

My cousin Max Forsyth-Smith died in December 2008. *The Halifax Chronicle* carried a brief account of his distinguished career with the Trade Commissioner Service. He was a descendent of Nathaniel Guy, a participant in Britain's conquest of Jamaica in 1626, whose heirs, after settling on the "Island", found their way to Nova Scotia by the end of the 19th century. Among them was his father and my maternal uncle, John Forsyth-Smith (1878–1933) regarded as a family hero when, just out of high school, he supported a widowed mother and her four children before taking a degree at Queen's. After subsequent jobs in Nova Scotia and British Columbia as a teacher and an editor he ended up in London in 1910 as an early member of the Commercial Intelligence Service. Max was born in Liverpool in 1919 where his father was posted.

For his part, John Forsyth-Smith played a major role in improving the pay and working conditions of our predecessors, all pre-PAFSO. According to the "Official History of the Department of Trade and Commerce" by O. Mary Hill, salaries and classifications did not keep pace with expenses. "Officers in posts abroad sent home sad tales of their financial plight. One of the saddest came from J. Forsyth-Smith in Liverpool. He called it a 'literal and dispassionate statement of a deplorable situation.' He was left with £5 after covering his living expenses including business entertainment costs out of a yearly salary of a mere £3,500."

On the death of his father in 1933, Max returned to Nova Scotia, graduating from Acadia University with a Masters in economics. He joined the army early in 1942. A captain, he served for four years in Italy and France in the celebrated West Nova Scotia Regiment and was mentioned in dispatches. I met him later that year when his training as a young infantry officer brought him to a battle school on a ranch near ours a

few miles from Vernon, BC. He stayed with us for a few days adding no end of excitement to me as a 10-year-old. Possibly this influenced my decision to join the foreign service; it could not be entirely bad if it attracted the attention of kin like Max and his father.

Joseph Varner, Special Advisor to the Minister of National Defence, served with Max in the West Novas and admired him greatly. "Max," he wrote, "was awarded his MID for 'Gallantry in the Face of the Enemy' for his part in the action of the Lamone River crossing in December 1944. He was wounded by shrapnel and recommended for the award of the Military Cross. He was a dedicated patroller and led every patrol that he sent out on the grounds that he could not order his people outside the wire unless he went himself. It was a policy he carried through the entire war. It caught up to him at the Lamone River which was a particularly hard fought battle. In true Max fashion, after recovering from his wounds he went back and carried on as he had left off – leading patrols. That is bravery."

Max joined the Trade Commissioner Service in 1946. He served in Wellington and Sydney from 1948–1955 and Hong Kong in 1956. Ottawa, it seemed, was thinking about recognizing the People's Republic of China and taking full advantage of the Chinese market. He was kept there for six years until 1962. In response to an offer from the (Canadian) Imperial Bank of Commerce, he joined their ranks until 1964. He was persuaded to return to the "mother house" and was in Ottawa from 1967–1973. He was Consul and Trade Commissioner in Dallas for a brief period, Consul General in Dusseldorf until 1977, followed by a few years as Regional Director General in Halifax. To end his distinguished career the government invited him in 1980 to serve as Minister Commercial in London where he

had lived in his youth and had attended his father's funeral at St. Martins-in-the-Field.

Bill Miner, a former ADM at Agriculture Canada, served under Max in Hong Kong: "Max was an accomplished, loyal and honourable gentleman and certainly one of Canada's best Trade Commissioners in a period when representation abroad played a key role in Canada's emergence as an important industrial nation. On his posting to Hong Kong in 1956, interest in the potential of the Chinese market in the post-war period was just emerging and Max made this his first priority. Diplomatic relations with the Communist administration had not yet been established by Canada or other Western nations, an embargo on trade in strategic materials was in place after the Korean War and the US maintained a complete embargo on political and economic relations with the new regime.

"Max was the first to act on the prospects of China making substantial imports of grain by urging Ottawa to authorize direct contact to pursue Canadian sales. He initiated discussions with the manager of China Resources Company (their commercial arm in the Bank of China in Hong Kong), who he and Gladys entertained at home. He asked permission to visit Beijing and insisted that Ottawa assign an Assistant Trade Commissioner to his office, preferably one with an agricultural background.

"Hazel and I arrived in Hong Kong in December of 1956. Typical of the care and support that Max gave his staff, he met us on board the *President Wilson*, took us for a drive in our new Chevy Bel-Air hard-top which was sitting on the dock awaiting us, toured Kowloon to view our temporary home that he had arranged, and took us to the Hong Kong Club to meet his wife Gladys for lunch. He urged us to try the best Indian curry in the Colony – that nearly blew our tonsils out – while he introduced us to his great laugh.

"Max was the first Canadian official to visit the People's Republic of China. He travelled to Beijing in early 1957 and was treated as an official guest while being reminded that his passport was not valid in China. This prepared the ground for our very productive trade relationship. That year the China Resources Company ordered 10 cargoes of Canadian wheat. My first major assignment was to meet Chinese officials to explain the qualities, grades and marketing of Western wheat. Max deserves full credit in opening the door to our valuable grain trade with China.

"These initial imports were handled by agents of the Canadian Wheat Board who were not exposed to US Treasury constraints, and conducted in Swiss Francs and convertible Sterling. After further visits by Max, by CWB officials (and myself with John Small in 1958), the first large-scale sales were negotiated. The Minister, Alvin Hamilton, flew to Hong Kong to initial a copy of the contract signed in Beijing. While he did take political credit for the first large wheat sales to China, and facilitated the trade by supporting the extension of government-backed credit, Max was instrumental in initiating the business."

Max and Gladys retired to Halifax. In recognition of his war service and the regiment's regard for him, he was asked to serve as the Honourary Lieutenant Colonel of the West Nova Scotia Regiment. He left a lasting impression on all who knew him. As Joseph Varner also wrote: "I was struck by the fact that he was always a gentleman, even when being gracious was not warranted; Max was extremely intelligent, had a great sense of humour, and like so many of his generation thought that he had been singled out for an award that others might have deserved. 'Humble' Max always would comment that 'so and so' deserved far greater recognition than he received during the war. He was a man of great personal dignity and I think carried himself very much as a diplomat should or would want to." ☺

Note: This is an abridged version of a tribute prepared by Robert Middleton and Max's friends and protégés. The full text is available from Mr. Middleton at: r.midmar@telus.ca.



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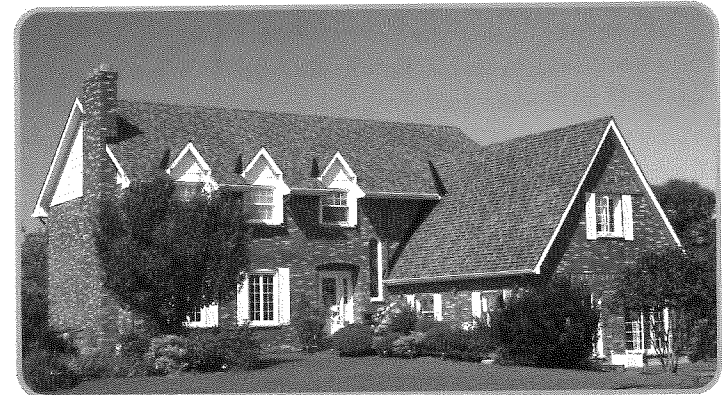
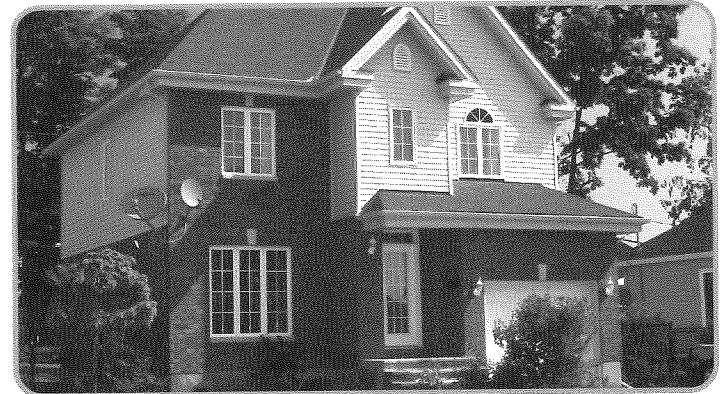
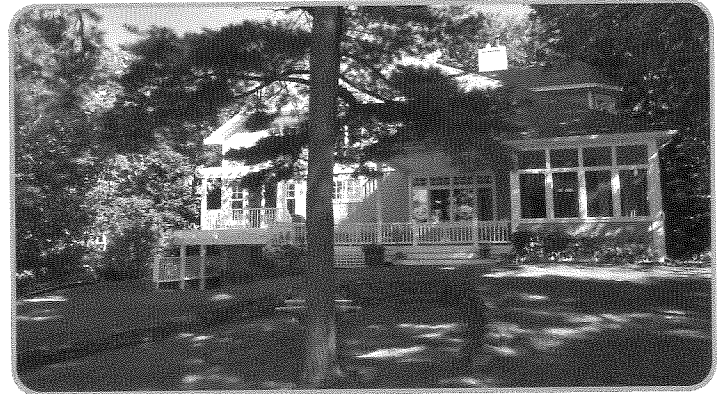


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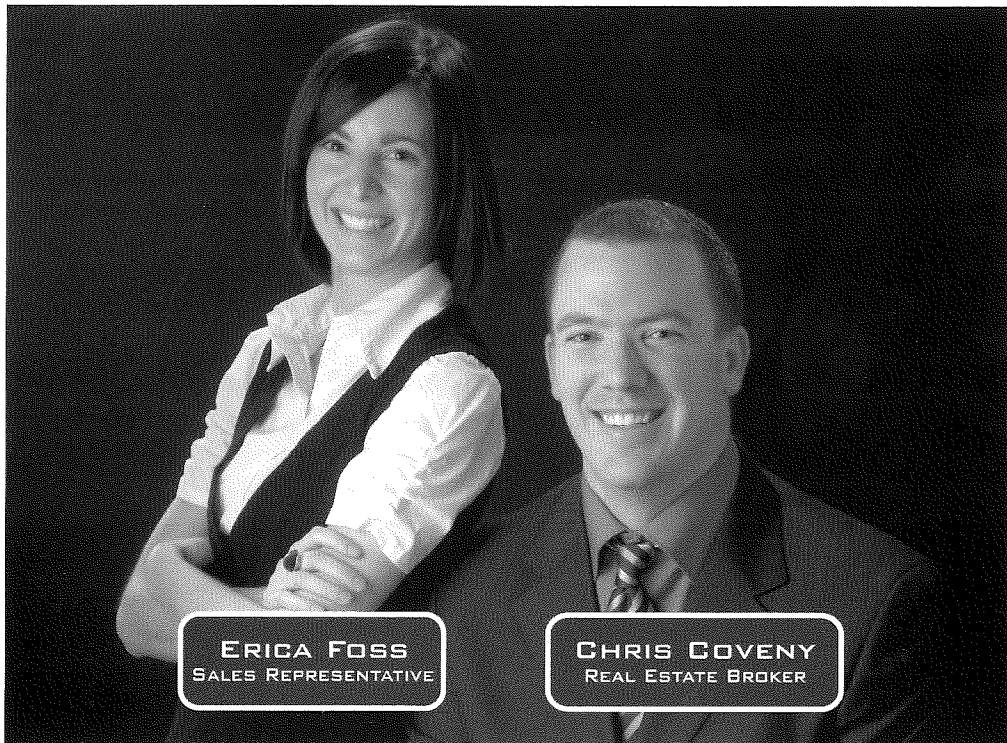
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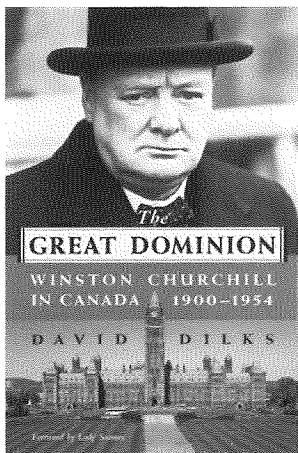
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THE GREAT DOMINION

CHURCHILL AND CANADA, 1900–1954

by David Dilks

PART II



Éditions Thomas Allen, 2005

Note de la rédaction : Dans le second article de la série sur Churchill et le Canada, 1900-1954, David Bilks, professeur émérite de relations internationales à la University of Leeds, achève son tableau d'une relation très spéciale. Il documente l'extraordinaire appui du Canada à l'effort de guerre, de concert avec les autres dominions du Commonwealth. Il trace aussi un portrait de Churchill dans l'après-guerre, bâtissant la capacité d'armes nucléaires de la Grande-Bretagne avec l'aide du Canada, mais fatigué des escarmouches et des guerres qui devaient suivre. Churchill était devenu un partisan de la recherche de solutions pacifiques aux tensions avec l'Union soviétique pour des raisons que les lecteurs d'aujourd'hui sauront comprendre, en particulier ceux et celles qui sont conscients de l'actualité au Moyen-Orient. Le professeur Bilks s'est peut-être inspiré un peu de l'état d'esprit de Churchill lui-même lorsqu'il a conclu la conférence sur laquelle repose cette série par quelques mots chaleureux : « More than fifty years on, let us in Britain say to the distinguished Canadians in this audience, and through you to a wider audience : Thank you a thousand times for all that Canada did and does ».

At the beginning of the war, the Dominions had a population of some 30 million. Of them rather more than 11 million lived in Canada. Upon this slender human base, scattered over the second largest country in the world, an enormous industrial and military effort was raised; and when we read of glorious feats performed by the forces of Australia and New Zealand, we should reflect that the population of Australia was no more than seven million, roughly the same as that of London or New York; and of New Zealand no more than 1.5 million, equal perhaps to Birmingham or Glasgow.

Together, Britain and the overseas Commonwealth put into the field more than 11 million men and women, of whom a good 2.5 million, all volunteers, came from India. There were almost 3 million from the Dominions and between 5 and 6 million from Britain herself. The governments and peoples of the Commonwealth were the only ones which fought from the beginning of the war to the end. They mourned more than 500,000 killed, including 60,000 who lost their lives in air-raids in this country and 30,000 who perished in their service with the merchant navy. The United States lost a total of 322,000 lives, a fact which I mention not in order to draw sly comparisons

but to remind us of something which in these post-war years of overwhelming American predominance we easily forget: until the summer of 1944, Britain and the Commonwealth had more divisions in fighting contact with the enemy than had the United States, and consistently fought more of the war at sea and in the air.

Although we sometimes hear assertions that victory was secured by the might of the Red Army or the irresistible strength of the United States, it was a more complicated business than that. For Commonwealth countries such as Britain and Canada it was also a six-year business. They gave everything they had and without that effort the war could not have been won. That this is one of the lesser-known, though supreme, facts of the twentieth century need not deter us from proclaiming it now and again. If a bat-squeak of British pride is still permissible, let us also recall that by 1940 this country was spending 50% of its national income on the direct needs of the war, thanks to the decisions of the much-maligned Baldwin and Chamberlain governments; a fact which even modern writing about the 1930s scarcely acknowledges, and a figure which – need I say? – had never previously been approached. By 1941,

the proportion had risen to 54%, and there it remained more or less constant for the duration. No belligerent in any part of the world outmatched those figures.

Britain's painfully-rebuilt reserves of foreign currency were mainly exhausted in the first year of the war; precious assets in North America had to be sold, often at lamentably low prices, because the need for dollars was overwhelming. Only lend-lease enabled the war to be carried on at its full pitch of intensity. Nonetheless, Britain's debts to Canada were accumulating by 1941 at the rate of more than \$1,000 million a year. Pearl Harbour transformed the outlook, political and strategic. In the immediate aftermath of the disaster, the President made a deeply significant telephone call to the Prime Minister of Canada. "There will have to be a Supreme Council," he said, "and I am determined it shall have its headquarters in Washington." It was there that over Christmas, 1941, Roosevelt, Churchill and the military staffs agreed that the first object of Allied strategy must be the defeat of Germany, and that the USA and the Commonwealth should combine their resources and wage the war together. A few days later, Churchill delivered a celebrated speech in Ottawa, the first to be broadcast from Parliament – "Some chicken; some neck" – and dined with King at his home, Laurier House. After a struggle of conscience, King had allowed cocktails to be brought in from a neighbouring club. Asked what he would care to drink, Churchill replied – we must imagine out of sheer mischief – "Tomato juice". Over dinner, his host said "Canada plans to make an immediate gift to you of one billion dollars." Like most people in those days, Churchill was not accustomed to "billion", and thought he must have misheard. He had to ask again. "We are going to give you a billion dollars" the Prime Minister of Canada repeated.

Not long afterwards, the debts owed by Britain to Canada for war expenditures of no less than \$700 million were converted into an interest-free loan. The handsome gift of which Mr. King had spoken was exhausted in a twelve-month; whereupon the government of Canada bought, at a cost of \$200 million, the factories built in Canada at British expense for the manufacture of munitions. Canada undertook to pay directly for no fewer than 35 squadrons of the Royal Canadian Air Force serving in Europe, at \$185 million a year. Soon after that, the government of Canada announced that it would provide further supplies to the United Nations – which in practice meant mainly to Britain – to the tune of another 1 billion dollars. Surely, we may exclaim, this must mark the limit even of Canadian generosity? Not at all; later in the war there followed another donation of \$800 million and then, though it is scarcely credible, a further gift of \$2,000 million.

Canada had bled herself white for the cause and in the spring of 1946, when our need in this country was desperate, she made yet another loan of dollars on modest terms. The burden for these purposes carried by individual Canadian taxpayers was between three and four times as great as that borne in the USA. Let us also notice that although some accounts of lend-lease suggest that the munitions and money flowed in one direction, we in our turn were generous to others through reverse lend-lease.

We must turn to the subject of atomic weapons. In that field the British possessed a good deal of knowledge and scientific expertise. The United States had not only distinguished scientists but invulnerability to air attack and vast reserves of cash. Canada held some of the indispensable minerals. Here was the North Atlantic Triangle, sometimes thought of as mere theory or aspiration, working well in practice, despite early bickerings and misunderstandings. Here was the war at its most secret; even the codename "Tube Alloys" was struck out of the telegrams circulated to members of the War Cabinet in London. The Deputy Prime Minister himself, Mr. Attlee, knew scarcely anything of the enterprise; whereas Mackenzie King knew everything and in the person of C.D. Howe had a hard-driving and highly-respected minister with a seat on the Board which controlled the project.

At the end of his tour in 1929, Churchill had described British Columbia, somewhat in the style of his exclamation at the station in Montreal, as "a wonderful possession", as if it were British territory. While it would be foolish to place undue weight on this or that remark, it is broadly true that Churchill in the earlier part of the war accepted without enthusiasm the facts of Dominion independence. The formalities of the position he understood well enough: but the surge of support from the Dominions arose from no neat reading of contractual obligations; Britain's own contribution was inevitably and properly the largest; in most theatres the Allied forces stood, until the entry of the United States into the war, under British command. It was not until the conclusion of the second Quebec conference, in September 1944, that Britain's High Commissioner in Ottawa could write privately to London of the great pains which Churchill had taken to keep Mackenzie King and his colleagues informed:

...his attitude with the Canadians is far better now than it was up to eighteen months ago. He is friendly and generally approachable, gives them lots of confidential information, and is more or less ready to discuss patiently and reasonably any question which they wish to raise. This makes them feel that he regards them as real comrades. They used to admire him enormously, but from a distance and with a certain sense that they were naughty children whom the headmaster saw occasionally with no particular pleasure. They now admire him at least as much as they ever did, not only as a great but forbidding leader, but also as a friend and good companion. Relations between him and them are really excellent. Of course, it doesn't do any harm with them when he indicates clearly, as he did at his meeting with them the other day, that he thinks they have done a really magnificent job and hopes that they will be returned to power again at the next Election!

At the end of the meeting he made a very sincere and moving speech to Mr. Mackenzie King and his colleagues about Canada's war effort and the position of greatly enhanced importance which this has given the Dominion in world affairs. Mackenzie King replied with some equally sincere and moving words about Canada's admiration and affection for Winston. It was a good show.



Pacific War Council at the White House, Washington, DC, June 1942.

Let us now stray forward into peacetime. Churchill returned to 10 Downing Street, a month short of his 77th birthday, in the autumn of 1951. He discovered that the Labour government under Attlee had built, but had not had time to test, an atomic bomb; developments which had been assiduously concealed not only from Parliament but from most members of the Cabinet. The large sums required had been ingeniously smuggled through by presenting false estimates year after year. As Churchill remarked afterwards to President Eisenhower, Britain was becoming an atomic power “thanks to Attlee’s somewhat unconstitutional exertions”.

Because the United States had broken off collaboration with Britain in these matters, both as to information and materials, shortly after the war, the British bomb had been built through a heavy duplication of effort, not to mention expense. Churchill’s first thought on regaining office was to set off for Washington and Ottawa. Here was a scene far less favourable than everyone had hoped in 1945; rather, here was a world on the brink of another catastrophe, a fact which he confronted squarely in his speech at the Château Laurier. The Prime Minister’s Private Secretary, Jock Colville, seeing his master’s exhaustion, prepared a draft. Churchill, lying in bed at the Governor-General’s residence, read it through: “This is very good”; and then, after a pause, “too good”. Another silence fell. “I may feel bound to use it...” Then he suddenly threw aside the bedclothes, summoned a “young lady” of respectable age and dictated a script of his own, saying that he could not bring himself to play a deceitful trick upon the Canadians by reading out the words of someone else.

The interpreter of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in Montreal, whose task was to render Churchill’s oration into French for the population of Quebec, was thus obliged to tackle his task without a text. We may spare a thought for him. What to say when the Prime Minister lamented “Peace does not sit untroubled in her vineyard”? Little wonder that a silence ensued in the translation or that “*La paix n’est pas encore assurée*” has the sense without the magic. Here is a part of what was heard by

the largest audience which had ever listened to a broadcast in North America:

Tonight in our gathering we make a valiant and, I believe, unconquerable assertion of the spirit of our combined identity and survival. We have surmounted all the perils and endured all the agonies of the past. We shall provide against and thus prevail over the dangers and problems of the future, withhold no sacrifice, grudge no toil, seek no sordid gain, fear no foe. All will be well. We have, I believe, within us the life-strength and guiding light by which the tormented world around us may find its harbour of safety, after a storm-beaten voyage.

This year will mark the 85th anniversary of Canada’s confederation. A magnificent future awaits Canada if only we can all get through the present hideous world muddle. When I first came here after the Boer War, these mighty lands had but 5 million inhabitants. Now there are 14 million. When my grandchildren come here, there may well be 30 million. Upon the whole surface of the globe there is no more spacious and splendid domain open to the activity and genius of free men, with one hand clasping in enduring friendship the United States, and the other spread across the ocean both to Britain and to France. You have a sacred mission to discharge. That you will be worthy of it I do not doubt. God bless you all.

The sharp of hearing may catch the low tone of Mr. St. Laurent, Prime Minister of Canada, saying in his clipped style “Very good” and Churchill’s modest rejoinder “I did my best to keep it going.”

In that epoch collaboration between Britain and Canada in many contexts – the Commonwealth, the Colombo Plan, NATO – counted for a great deal. The British economy began to revive; the atomic bomb was successfully tested; Stalin died, unlamented outside the admittedly numerous ranks of the gullible; the French forces lost ground in Indo-China; the British still played a substantial, and sometimes independent, role in the world. Churchill longed above all to test the ground with the new regime in Russia. After suffering a severe stroke in the summer of 1953, he fought his way back to passable health, but lived on a lowered level of vitality. When he paid his last visit to Washington as Prime Minister in the summer of 1954, a few weeks short of his 80th birthday, he did his best to minimise the sharp differences of view which had emerged over Indo-China and urged upon President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles the need for talks with the Russians.

This latter purpose at least could be openly avowed during the brief visit to Ottawa which followed. To seek some agreement with Russia was not necessarily what we should expect from him. Nevertheless, it was the project to which he devoted the last two years of his political life. He was desperate to get on terms if some tolerable truce could be reached; or at the very least to show that everything possible had been done before the prospect of another war, more devastating than the last, had to be faced. In other words, his reasoning was very like that of Chamberlain in 1938. When he presented the argument at Bermuda in December, 1953, Eisenhower had declared that Russia was a harlot, whatever dress she might wear; America

intended to drive this whore off her beat into the back streets. Six months later, the President's line proved less absolute. Because the recording of Churchill's lengthy press conference in Ottawa has survived, we can listen to his unrehearsed explanation of what he called his policy of double-dealing:

People say to me, aren't you asking to have it both ways? If you are trying to build up fighting strength and organisation, unity of the great vast confederacy of which we are a part, isn't it impossible to hold out a friendly hand to Russia? Isn't it trying to have it both ways? Well, I am trying to have it both ways. I think when two things hang together, as they do, there is no harm in trying to have things both ways. In fact, you won't get them any other way than having them together. Peace through strength means that you will keep a friendly alternative before the eyes of your principal opponents...the Russians might very likely be content to have a good time instead of another phase of torture and slaughter...They haven't had much of a good time, the people of Russia, with whom I have no quarrel – never had, always great sympathy – but I assure you if the capitalist democracies had to go through the sort of life they have to lead, there would be lots to talk about at the general elections which would occur.

**"Peace through strength means
that you will keep a friendly
alternative before the eyes
of your principal opponents."**

That is delightfully put. We discern that Churchill conceived not only of a North Atlantic triangle but of a quadrilateral, because of France. It was doubly appropriate to say so in the presence of a Prime Minister of French Canadian descent. When Churchill talked of a "confederacy" being built up, he meant not only NATO but the Commonwealth countries. All that was public property; but there was one piece of deeply concealed business, for without the assistance of Canada Britain could not manufacture the hydrogen bomb. It would be comic to record, were it not sad, that the Prime Minister of Great Britain learned of the American possession and testing of the hydrogen bomb from a report in *The Manchester Guardian* in February, 1954. He immediately rang up in turn the Secretary of the Cabinet, the Foreign Secretary and each of the three Chiefs of Staff, none of whom had any knowledge of this momentous event. "It's lucky that at least one person in Whitehall reads the newspapers" Churchill observed.

An immense project, rendering all previous weapons of mass destruction obsolescent, or as Churchill expressed it placing us as far from the atomic bomb as we used to be from the bow and arrow, had been matured without consulting the United States' closest ally. Shortly before Churchill arrived in Canada, he and a few fellow-ministers had decided that Britain must make the

hydrogen bomb. Since the government of the USA would share neither the expertise nor the materials, much turned upon Canadian goodwill; for the process required tritium, which Canada could supply and Britain could not. On June 29, 1954, Churchill dined with the Prime Minister and C.D. Howe, now Minister of Defence Production. Colville, who was present, recorded in his diary "A most secret subject discussed with apparent success"; so secret that when he came to edit this document 30 years afterwards, Sir John Colville imagined the subject to be the American threat to use atomic weapons in Korea. In reality, the deadly question was whether Canada would supply Britain with the tritium? The Canadian Cabinet agreed to the transaction on the next day.

The Canada with which Churchill had made acquaintance more than half a century before, with a tiny population, much of it poverty-stricken, unsure of its capacity to sustain an independent existence alongside the giant to the south, had become a country playing a leading part in international affairs, a major trading and industrial power, the help of which was now indispensable to the manufacture of weapons so destructive that, as Churchill hoped, nations would at last judge war between them to entail ruin on such a scale as to be self-defeating.

With deep reluctance and far behind schedule, Churchill drove to the airport outside Ottawa. A large crowd sang "For he's a jolly good fellow" under the guidance of that devoted friend of this country, Brooke Claxton, about to retire as Minister of Defence. Lord Moran recorded that the Canadians regarded Churchill as belonging to them and had a feeling that they might never see him again, that he had descended out of history to say "Goodbye". A politician cast in conventional mould might have remarked at Rockcliffe that night, "We have exchanged views frankly with the government of Canada and are grateful for the understanding attitude which we invariably find here", or something to that effect. Openly emotional, a showman and an artist through and through, striving for effect, Churchill printed his distinctive stamp upon the last words which he spoke in Canada:

It has been a short but wonderful visit and I can't begin to tell you how much I have enjoyed it. As an aged Privy Councillor I have been honoured to sit with your Cabinet and [he added with a touch of mock solemnity] can report they take their responsibilities most seriously. I am very proud to be in the rare position of a Canadian Privy Councillor, enjoying Cabinet confidences. Canada is playing a great part in today's world under your remarkable and distinguished Prime Minister. Canada stands high in influence and authority in the councils of the nations.

I know you will continue playing your part in keeping bright the shield of freedom and justice. ☺

David Dilks is former Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University, Professor of International History, and member of the Canada-UK Cultural Relations Committee.

OBAMA'S WARS, by Bob Woodward, New York: Simon & Schuster, 2010, 441 pp, \$34.99.

Gar Pardy retired from the Canadian Foreign Service in 2003 following assignments in India, Kenya, the United States and Central America. He can be reached at garp@rogers.com.

Bob Woodward is no stranger to anyone intrigued or fascinated by the American political process. Since he entered the world's consciousness in 1972 with his riveting account of the Watergate scandal in *All the President's Men*, he has produced on average a new book every two years. These have ranged from the inside workings of the American Supreme Court (*The Brethren*), to the death of John Belushi (*Wired*) to Ayn Rand's disciple Alan Greenspan (*Maestro*). But most of all Mr. Woodward's *métier* has been the Presidents of the United States or as they have been known to writers of fact and fiction, POTUS. Nixon's troubled presidency warranted three books, but Reagan only one and that, indirectly, as it mainly dealt with the CIA under William J. Casey. The first Bush produced one book as well, but his successor Bill Clinton was the subject of two. The second Bush, given his troubled epoch, resulted in three books. And now less than two years into his Administration, Obama has his first dedicated volume.

All of Woodward's books are consistently formulaic. They depend on wide-ranging and intense first person interviews with all of the players (over 100 for *Obama's Wars*, recorded and transcribed and some running more than 300 pages) and wherever possible the personal accounts are supported by extensive documentation (National Security Council meeting notes, personal notes, memos, chronologies, letters, PowerPoint slides, emails, reports, government cables, calendars, transcripts, diaries and maps) much of which is labelled secret and beyond. It is a winning combination and has become more so over the years as many who are directly involved in leading and managing American affairs see Woodward as contributing to their perceived personal legacy.

Obama's Wars follows this script and in its dealing with events that are still not

history it is a valuable contribution to our understanding of the past decade and hopefully to the implementation of more appropriate policies. While the decade is over, its outstanding issues are still with us and there is little evidence they will recede into history anytime soon. The issues are numerous but mainly they centre around three questions – why is the Western world still bogged down in Afghanistan after nearly 10 years of war with little expectation of improvement? Why are we still unsuccessfully chasing Osama bin Laden and his cohorts around the mountains of northwest Asia? And, most elusive of all, what can be done to reduce the impact of our policies in Afghanistan on regional and international instability and the security of western cities?

Obama came into office with the high expectations associated with his successful election slogan of "Yes we can." Central to his appeal apart from the uniqueness of his person was his early and consistent opposition to the war in Iraq and a willingness to look at the excesses and shibboleths of the Bush administration with freshness and energy. While his credentials on Iraq were well known, the "war of choice" in his own words, Afghanistan, had been side-tracked by the Bush administration, and from his earliest days in office Obama was lumbered with his characterization of that war as "one of necessity." That differentiation, made early and in clear language, would more than anything else overshadow his consideration of policy on Afghanistan.

As Woodward notes, the differentiation between the two wars became more acute as the American surge of troops into Iraq in 2006 and the collective decision of many Sunni leaders to back away temporarily from support for Al Qaeda in Mesopotamia, provided the first glimmer of hope that the withdrawal of American troops could be seriously contemplated. At the same time Obama reminded his advisers, "There is an economic crisis...and it would have to get most of his attention." It is in this arena of pessimism, hope and expectations that Obama began his efforts to craft a new Afghan policy which took some 18 months and is the focus of Woodward's book.

The diagnosis from his military advisers right from the beginning was the traditional one. The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Michael Mullen

advised that, "The Afghanistan War has been under-resourced for years." "In truth there was no strategy" but "with the proper resources...they could succeed." That advice set the theme of all of the subsequent advice from the military. Nowhere in the book is there so much as a hint that, despite the experience of the previous eight years, there could be an alternative approach to Afghanistan. More troops and Afghanistan could be won.

The book is rich in how Obama selected his closest aides, cabinet secretaries and other senior officials. At Defence, Bob Gates was persuaded to stay on while at State, in a move Machiavelli would have approved, Hillary Clinton joined the team despite the recent bitterness on the campaign trail and the hesitation of some advisers. In a less successful move, Marine general James L. Jones was persuaded to come out of retirement to become National Security Adviser, a move, according to Woodward, that he came to regret. A more activist general, Stanley A. McChrystal, was made commander in Afghanistan while General David Petraeus remained as Commander of Central Command which had overall responsibility for both wars.

It was these people, Clinton, Gates, Mullen, Jones, McChrystal and Petraeus who formed the core for the development of a new American policy on Afghanistan. For the most part they created the ultimate outcome of the policy debate which saw 30,000 additional American troops flow into Afghanistan, a flow that was only completed a few months ago. Only the Vice President, Joseph Biden, consistently provided the President with differing advice on Afghanistan and offered a perspective that more troops was not the answer. He argued there was a need for a less military-based policy. Biden lost the debate despite vigorous opposition to the very end.

As reporting at the time reflected, and Woodward details, the policy development process stretched over most of 2009 and was subject to ongoing criticism for its duration. Even before Obama was sworn in, in January 2009, Bush and his advisers were fully aware of the direness of the situation. Woodward quotes from an assessment done by Army Lieutenant General Douglas Lute and presented to the NSC in late November 2008. Woodward

quotes Bush as saying when he received the report, "I'd rather not be reading this," especially in light of one of the opening lines: "We're not losing, but we're not winning, and that's not good enough." Lute's review concluded that the "US couldn't prevail in Afghanistan unless it resolved three large problems. 'First, governance had to be improved and corruption curtailed. Bribes and embezzlement were rampant...Second, the opium trade was out of control...And third, the Pakistani safe havens had to be reduced and eventually eliminated.' " Woodward quotes Condoleezza Rice as not agreeing with the report and Bush punted – "I don't want any public rollout," Bush said. "There won't be any rollout plan. The rollout plan will be up to the new administration coming in, because this is going to be their bailiwick now." In subsequent advice to President Obama, Lute expanded the list of problems to include the probability that the Afghan National Security Forces – army and police – could not be cured with a massive decade-long training program and that international support for the Afghan war was in peril.

The diagnoses of the problem did not change with the Obama administration. In February Obama approved the sending of 21,000 more troops, a request that was not acted upon by the previous administration. In the same time frame Obama reached out to Bruce Riedel, a former government insider from the CIA, the Pentagon and the NSC staff to do a strategic review of Afghanistan and Pakistan. Within days Riedel completed his report; he had a few months earlier published a book *The Search for Al Qaeda*, expressing the view that Pakistan was the " 'most dangerous country in the world today, where every nightmare of the twenty-first century' converges – terrorism, government instability, corruption and nuclear weapons." If that was not enough, General McChrystal in his early days in Afghanistan reported that "Afghanistan was much worse than he had expected. His 60-day assessment would be highly critical...and if the situation is not reversed soon, it might be irreversible."

The review process took on a surrealistic air and soon was reduced to two questions: what were American objectives in the war and, even before that question was

satisfactorily answered, the debate shifted to troop levels. Woodward's account on the debate surrounding the purpose of the war centres on the initial question raised by Obama: "Do you need to defeat the Taliban to defeat Al Qaeda?" Most in the military were not prepared to answer that question and instead promoted a counterinsurgency strategy in Afghanistan that when all of the counting was finished would require at least 85,000 additional American troops. It was only when they were disabused that such numbers were not even possible, let alone discussable, that the debate centred on the eventual outcome of 30,000 additional troops with the possibility that by mid-July 2011 some withdrawals would take place. Even before all of the 30,000 were deployed, General Petraeus, who assumed command in Afghanistan following the public meltdown of General McChrystal, publicly questioned the possibility of any withdrawals by mid-2011.

Woodward draws no conclusions from the debate and the corraling of a President by his advisers on the issue of the war in Afghanistan. He quotes from Obama's Nobel Peace Prize acceptance speech: "So part of our challenge is reconciling these two seemingly irreconcilable truths – that war is sometimes necessary and war at some level is an expression of human folly." Increasingly Obama is learning the hard truths that Johnson and Nixon had to learn in Vietnam. Vietnam is referred to frequently by Woodward – military leaders are loath to signal retreat when there is a possibility that more soldiers can be sent into a war.

As a footnote, by any measure Canada has been deeply involved in all things Afghan since the heady days of late 2001 when JTF2 troops became part of the effort to drive the Taliban from both Kabul and Kandahar. In the intervening years Canada has been part of every iteration of the Afghan saga with the past four years involving combat units chasing Talibanis around Kandahar province with little success but with enormous loss of life both Canadian and Afghan. This Canadian involvement reflected the worse of all policy muddles. There were too few troops trying to carry out a flawed policy. Sometimes in such situations it is possible to envisage that if the troops were sufficient it might be possible to have some measure of success even with a

bad policy. But as recent months have demonstrated even with the influx of significant American troops into the area, there are few signs that they will have any greater success than the Canadians did.

But do not read *Obama's Wars* with any sense it will have much to say about Canada. While there are occasional references to NATO, for the most part these relate to the possibility that NATO countries could flesh out the number of American troops that was being debated in Washington during the second half of 2009. There were only two specific references to Canada. The first related to a report commissioned by the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade containing the "depressing observation that some locals felt safest by bribing the Taliban." The report noted that "Many city residents [Kandahar] believe that currently the most effective protection against the Taliban insurgents is not the number of police or international forces, but the payment of protection money, a practice that is already widespread." Needless to say that report was not shared with Canadians by the government of the day. The second reference to Canada again relates to American troop levels and states, "The fourth US Brigade would replace the departing troops from the Netherlands and Canada." *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

BENNETT: THE REBEL WHO CHALLENGED AND CHANGED A NATION, by John Boyko, Toronto: Key Porter Books, 2010, 504 pp, index and bibliography, \$34.95, cloth.

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Richard Bedford Bennett, who served as Canada's 11th prime minister from 1930 to 1935, was savaged by the unemployed and destitute during the grimmest years of the Great Depression. They denounced him as uncaring, unthinking and undemocratic, and the labels stuck. For most Canadian historians, busy charting Canada's happy transformation from colony to modern North American nation, Bennett's attachment to imperial Britain and raw capitalism were

old-fashioned and dangerous follies. They dismissed his last-minute efforts in 1935 to fashion a strong government response to the dislocation of the Depression, his "New Deal," as cynical and opportunistic. Historian John Boyko thinks it's time we tried harder to understand Bennett a little better.

Boyko's new biography celebrates Bennett. He relies heavily on early histories and Bennett's own papers to recount the future prime minister's litany of youthful accomplishments. Bennett was clearly a man of prodigious intelligence and indefatigable energy, who made his own way in the world. As a teenager, he marched steadily up the ranks of the teaching profession in rural New Brunswick, where he was born in 1870. Part-time law school at Dalhousie and weekend articling followed, before Bennett headed to Calgary in 1896 to join James Lougheed's legal firm as junior partner.

Bennett thrived in Western Canada. The individualistic ethos of the harsh frontier capitalism that he encountered there suited him. A shrewd and skillful lawyer, he enjoyed steady work as legal counsel for the Canadian Pacific Railway, the region's most important economic force. In a tough and competitive environment, he added a host of corporate clients to his firm's roster, using his connections to profit from land speculation as immigrants poured into Western Canada and the region boomed. Bennett was soon a wealthy man.

Politics in turn-of-the-century Alberta was also a free-wheeling affair, and Bennett embraced them with enthusiasm. He was active in the struggle to attain provincial status for Alberta, enjoyed some initial success as a provincial politician, and was elected to the House of Commons in 1911. Bennett ran as a Conservative. As Boyko argues, and this is central to his reassessment of Bennett, the Calgary lawyer was deeply attached to the British Empire and drew large elements of his Conservative political philosophy from British Toryism, with its long tradition of active and benevolent state intervention in the economy for the community's overall benefit. For Bennett, there was apparently little contradiction between supporting a vibrant *laissez-faire*, free-enterprise economy and backing firm government measures to protect the welfare of the worker, the farmer, and the poor.

Boyko leaves this fundamental contradiction at the core of his portrait of Bennett largely unexplored. Instead, as he traces Bennett's career through the First World War and his tempestuous relationships with prime ministers Robert Borden and Arthur Meighen, Boyko documents his subject's steadfast support for government intervention in the Canadian economy. Demands for tariffs, an early call for a central bank and government control of monetary policy, and support for unemployment relief and old age pensions are cited as evidence of Bennett's modern, even advanced, view of the role of government in an industrial society. Incredibly, Boyko describes the mishmash of platitudes and generalities cobbled together into the Conservative Party's platform during the 1927 convention that elected Bennett leader as "marvelously visionary." (p. 165)

Headstrong and impatient, Bennett drove his party forward to victory in the 1930 federal election, wresting power from Mackenzie King's Liberal government, just months before the onset of the Great Depression. The new Conservative prime minister, Boyko argues in the final parts of this biography, marshalled his "Red Tory" beliefs for an assault on the ills of the Great Depression, "channelling the ideas of [liberal economist] John Maynard Keynes." (p. 366) Like the great American President Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Canadian leader employed public works and relief for the unemployed to help Canadians. Why then, Boyko asks plaintively, is Roosevelt praised, and Bennett reviled?

Bennett's tenure, Boyko goes on, resulted in even more public goods. At the Ottawa Conference in 1932, the prime minister embraced a new set of British Empire tariff preferences, turning his back on his North American neighbour and crafting a real response to slumping trade. His government created the CBC, imagined the St. Lawrence Seaway, and established the Bank of Canada, all icons of modern Canada. Steadily, inexorably, consistently, Boyko insists, Bennett marched throughout his life towards the high point in his political career. In early 1935, the Tory prime minister unveiled his "New Deal" for Canadians. It promised unemployment insurance, minimum wage laws, better pensions, workplace and corporate reform, and measures to improve farm marketing.

Canadian voters were unimpressed. They doubted the prime minister's reform credentials and they sent him packing.

Boyko's *Bennett* is a wasted opportunity. Bennett, whom we sometimes glimpse as a sympathetic figure in the biographies of his contemporaries, undoubtedly merits reassessment. There may even be much in Boyko's insights about the Tory origins of Bennett's ideas that is worth retaining, but the case advanced here is wholly unconvincing. Boyko's explorations of Bennett's ideas are too often rooted in preoccupations about the present, and lack sufficient historical context and detail.

Boyko's favourite form of argumentation, that Bennett was a modern and forward-looking thinker because his ideas were sometimes consistent with the ideas of Progressives, or were echoed in legislation passed 30 or 100 years later, is profoundly ahistorical and misleading. Support for old age pensions, unemployment insurance, and a central bank was widespread across the political spectrum in early 20th century Canada. The differences were in the details – vitally important details. Bennett's Bank of Canada, in which private banks held shares and influenced policy, was fundamentally different from the entirely state-owned Bank established by the Liberal government after 1935. In the same way, Roosevelt's use of public works was more strategic, liberating, and visionary than Bennett's.

This book has other shortcomings. Its purple prose is over-burdened with adjectives and clichés. Virtually all Boyko's heroes are "ruggedly handsome" or in "bracingly good health," while his villains are inevitably "mashed-potato soft." And can any writer still claim with a straight face that "A star had been born" or that "Wall Street laid an egg"? The research is sloppy and fatally limited. Lester Pearson was not a "small" man and Dean Acheson was never Roosevelt's secretary of state. And surely Bennett's foreign policy role in British Empire affairs and Canada-US relations demanded research in the rich archives of London and Washington.

Canada's forgotten prime minister deserved better. ☹

Canada's Diplomatic Spouses

and the Debt We Owe Them

by David Malone

While away writing this past summer, and always on the look-out for something as far removed as possible from my usual topics, I cast my eye over Laurel Pardy's *Life on a Carousel: A Non-Diplomatic Memoir* (Trafford Press). It is a collection of reminiscences of a life largely spent adapting to and partnering in her husband Gar's career which took them to India, Kenya, the United States and Costa Rica (where Gar served as Ambassador), with extended periods in Ottawa in between. Many *bout* readers will find much that is familiar in these tales and in the related theme of how much changed over the Pardys' career span with respect to Foreign Service spouses (then mostly women, today a more evenly balanced contingent). I recommend the book. It contains reflections of an intelligent and dedicated, altogether unsentimental, foreign affairs spouse on a joint career of which she writes, in her concluding line, that she would "not have had it any other way".

Life on a Carousel rekindled my own recollections of extraordinary spouses I had known earlier in my career. It was commonplace to criticize the spouses of Heads of Mission (HOM) then as both superfluous and sometimes overbearing. Their role in overseeing a large official household providing frequent hospitality was seen by some as un-Canadian (while the same individuals often wondered why they were not invited more often). Their subordination to the career of husbands not generally superior to them, and often starkly the reverse, struck many younger colleagues as an outrage or at least a waste. And because of Canada's modest budgets, very few of them were likely to capture the title in the "hostess with the mostest" sweepstakes in their capitals of accreditation no matter how creative they proved to be.

And yet, I knew from observing the consorts of my own HOMs what talent these women had, and how helpful (while occasionally intimidating) they often were to young and green officers setting out abroad with limited cultural sensitivity and rudimentary social graces. In an earlier era, my Australian mother had been one such. She was tremendously helpful to my much



Maria-Elena Déry (left) and Boutros Boutros Ghali, then a mere Minister of State, Cairo, 1980.

more reserved, introverted father. She was mostly responsible for their wide network of acquaintances and friends in their various postings – some prominent, others mainly interesting. The ability of Canadian diplomatic missions to advance the country's interests depended very much on these networks. Entrepreneurial, younger officers were encouraged to replicate them at their own levels, yielding in the aggregate a large field of "friends of Canada". But not all of us knew how.

Although, in male fashion, I neglected to observe my mother at work with sufficient curiosity, I did register that the manner in which social interaction was designed and managed mattered a lot – particularly in a Canadian "official residence" (OR). Whether the experience was pleasant enough for guests to wish to return was a matter of real import, especially in capitals where the influential were much courted. It was largely due to such factors that key visitors from Ottawa either benefited from local attention, or did not.

Reaching my own first foreign assignment in Cairo 35 years ago as an enthusiastic but not particularly thoughtful young blade, I was soon to learn quite a bit. My first ambassador was a highly intelligent arabist from whom I was shielded by being on language training while we overlapped in Egypt. He suffered from a serious illness that made him impatient and dismissive on good days, worse on bad. By today's standards he would have been considered abusive, well beyond tolerable limits. Indeed, his wife seemed long-suffering (both are now deceased). But those were different times, when strong personalities perched on high could often get away with abuse and when bad behaviour was not yet blog-fodder. Fortunately, the political counsellor at the mission, Ian Mundell, and his dynamic wife at the time, Elizabeth, made up for this as did several younger colleagues.

Just as I joined the embassy, a new Ambassador, Jean-Marie Déry, was appointed. With him arrived his dynamo of a wife, Maria-Elena, and two delightful young daughters. The



Visiting Outer Mongolia. Thereza Ford with a local Head Llama and Donna Wright, 1979.

atmosphere at the OR changed from funereal austerity to one of passionate engagement with Egypt and of great fun in the process. Maria-Elena, a Mexican, was drawn to young people and included several of us in many an interesting event. She entertained superbly in the previously gloomy, now welcoming OR she re-decorated to her standards, with many treasures picked up on their earlier assignments, two of them in Africa. Their timing was good: President Sadat had recently launched his peace initiative with Israel and as it happened, Jean-Marie had earlier served in Israel (a rarity then among diplomats serving in Arab countries). Consequently, the Canadian OR soon became the port of call obligé for Egyptians involved in negotiations with Jerusalem and for visiting Israeli negotiators and journalists.

Over all of this the Dérysts presided with great panache. Maria-Elena was also thoughtful in ways that were then unusual: when my same-sex companion, a foreign correspondent, was reassigned, Jean-Marie and she insisted on hosting a farewell dinner for him, and this at a time when the Canadian government was still formally discriminating against gays. My great embassy friends, Margaret and Chris Greenshields, of whom the Dérysts were very fond (now representing Canada in Ramallah), were tremendous company in the exploration the social side of junior Canadian diplomatic representation and made many friends in Cairo, as did I.

Later, in Jordan, my first ambassador was Keith MacLellan. His wife, the Belgian Countess Marie-Antoinette LeGrelle, was widely viewed as “redoutable”. M^{me} MacLellan (as she would always remain to me), and Keith affected permanent hostilities with each other, at least when others were around to intermediate and to channel communication between them through third persons at the dinner table – a distinctive touch. They were on their third and final HOM assignment, Keith’s adventurous diplomatic career having been interrupted by a run for parliament. King Hussein, a proud soldier, was tremendously taken with

Keith’s dashing past as a World War II sharp-shooter behind enemy lines. He was man of great learning, always advanced in a self-effacing manner, and quietly generous to young upstarts like me. I had been tasked by Ottawa to enter into contact with the Palestinian political organizations then clustered in Amman and Damascus, which Keith was not permitted to do. He would have loved to, but rather than resenting this interesting aspect of my portfolio, he proved hugely supportive, providing much good advice on my dispatches.

M^{me} MacLellan was well suited to her role, possessing a great sense of style and displaying considerable personal flair – rooted in supreme self-confidence in the face of lesser beings. I sometimes wondered what she thought of Amman, and its (to me) endearingly relaxed royal court. American-born Queen Noor’s glitzy style clashed with the admirably restrained, quietly elegant style of the Queen Mother and other Jordanian royals. The MacLellans liked Jordanians and, as is nearly always the case, their sentiments were reciprocated all over town. Alas, they also are both deceased, but Wikipedia contains a terrific page on Keith detailing his singular war-time service in the UK’s SAS.

In mid-1985, Gary Harman, an accomplished former Ambassador in Cuba and ADM at External headquarters, and his wife Margaret, succeeded the MacLellans in Amman. Their style was much more low-key, but they also were highly successful in Jordan. Margaret had developed a prototypically Canadian way of entertaining in a welcoming, understated way. She volunteered for a Jordanian charity benefitting impoverished women in a mixed Christian-Muslim region to the South of Amman. Over time Jordanians took notice and much admired her for it. At one point we had a senior Canadian visitor, a woman, who was keen on liaising with local feminists. We had to respond that there weren’t any in the Canadian sense of the term. Word came back (in age-old Ottawa fashion) that they would simply have to be found. Margaret and I were disinclined

Margaret had developed a prototypically Canadian way of entertaining in a welcoming, understated way.

to mount a local Potemkin feminist operation. Working together, we concluded that professional women, lawyers, doctors and such, were our best bet.

In due course, a group of them agreed to meet with our VIP. I heard remarkably little about the session. Margaret was mute. And questions about it seemed to pain my Jordanian friends who had participated. Much later one of them told me that their Canadian interlocutor had exhausted the meeting with jeremiads denouncing men. She little understood (or cared) that the struggle for women's equality in Jordan involved bringing male relatives, of whom they generally were fond, to accept the need for greater women's participation in the economy and in the leadership of society, rather than creating a war of the sexes that was never going to get them far. Margaret had remained serene throughout, much to the admiration of the Jordanians involved.

The Harmans could see I was dead keen on my work – a truly fascinating job. They were clearly pleased that I had acquired a wonderful circle of Jordanian friends and some foreign ones too, not least by entertaining a great deal. My representational allowance did not stretch far in high-cost Amman, but my trusty Egyptian cook, Abdu, was up to the challenge. He had served several generations of Canadian diplomats in Cairo before coming to me there and later to Jordan. I was happy to subsidize myself the frequent dinners at home as they were lots of fun beyond being professionally useful, and I learned something about the value of a diplomatic spouse by having to play both roles myself!

By my next assignment, a few years later at the UN in New York, there was no longer a HOM spouse (except for a year at the outset with the terrific Yves Fortier and his wife Carol). Louise Fréchette arrived a few months before I myself succeeded Philippe Kirsch as the Deputy Permanent Representative. Both Philippe and I were granted ambassadorial designation, largely because we chaired one of the UN's committees. So, once Philippe left, the mission had two single Ambassadors, the real one, Louise, and a junior facsimile. Louise, not so many years older than me, was tremendously self-confident and successful in everything she undertook. She managed her household and the punishing entertainment load with effortless ease. At my less exalted level, I tried to emulate her. And, from observing her, I learned that however much I had benefited from HOM spouses, a single HOM also could cope – and in Louise's case, superbly.

She and I did notice one change in the Foreign Service that handicapped younger colleagues. While tremendously bright and hard-working at that mission, some had acquired only a very

approximate sense of how and why entertaining was an important part of our job. One evening, Louise, having agreed to host a reception for the members of an important UN committee, was surprised when our excellent young colleague responsible for that body turned up very late, and ready to party. Meanwhile, Louise and I improvised with delegates neither of us knew – none too thrilled. It was obvious that whatever passed for pre-posting training no longer took in protocol or other aspects of the representational side of our work!

The considerable amount I learned throughout my career from HOM spouses and then from Louise, was to be extremely useful to me much later. I had spent a number of intervening years either toiling in the arid vineyards of HQ or on leave from DFAIT (as it had become), returning in 2004 to exciting work first on Africa and the Middle East and then on Global Issues. I was eventually asked whether I would consider a HOM assignment of my own, and, if so, where. "India," I replied unhesitatingly and, lo, six months later, I was on my way to Delhi. The beautiful OR there, one of the most elegantly proportioned colonial-era "bungalows" in India, would prove a wonderful home, and a tremendous setting for guests. But I knew that juggling my job at Canada's largest diplomatic mission and the heavy entertainment requirements at the OR, would prove a tall order. And I wanted also to tend to the many houseguests I hoped would visit. And they did, in a glorious, unending stream, including many Indian resident outside Delhi.

Some months earlier, *agrément* having been sought, I took advantage of business in the area to drop into Delhi to consult my predecessor, Lucie Edwards. She and her husband, Tom Roach, are old friends. Tom had served as household manager while simultaneously tending to his scientific pursuits. For



Thereza Ford at home among the Egyptian gods, conversing with a lesser mortal (the author), Upper Egypt, 1979.

One of DFAIT's very positive characteristics over the years has been an ability to pull together, particularly abroad, providing support for those colleagues needing help. I certainly hope this does not die out.

some time he had been reconfiguring the OR staff such that it be headed up by a full-time modern manager, with all the accounting, computing and other skills required today. I am very grateful to him. The hero of the piece was Francis Mangalam, the elegant, unflappable, resourceful and resilient OR manager (and formerly butler), abetted by his trusty deputy, Gabriel Rajan. Of course, I offered ideas on the types of events I thought worked best in Delhi and on catering arrangements. However, my contributions were rather modest relative to the overall effect, which was impressive. Thus was I able to perform at least a mildly convincing impersonation of a High Commissioner needing to discharge spousal functions himself.

During my years in Delhi I often thought of my former HOMs; what would they have done in my shoes? I also thought of their spouses, whose creativity, personal touch, warmth and sensitivity had done so much to complement their husband's attributes, and whose approaches I often adopted to the best of my ability. Several other HOM spouses were also on my mind: Inge Paynter returned to stay at the OR – with her new husband Daniel Molgat – for the first time since she and her late husband John had left India in 1995. She had hired the key members of the household staff during her tenure, and they were thrilled to see her again. Inge and John's tenure in Delhi had been a huge success, as I was often told with fond remembrance. Carol Walker, during the assignment of her husband Peter, redecorated the OR with an elegance echoing the style of the 1950s and early 1960s. Its colour scheme was ideally suited to the local climate, in tones that radiated heat in the winter and refreshed on contact during the many hot months, including those of the monsoon. It was quite an accomplishment, and one much admired by Indian guests. (Having delayed redecoration during my years, Kumru Caron took this on in 2008–2009 with stunning results, another signal contribution by a Foreign Service spouse.)

I joined External very young, needing a job and having, by luck (it seemed), passed the dread Foreign Service exam. I was quick, imaginative, hard-working but also unsteady, emotionally immature and inclined to over-hasty judgments and rash decisions. These latter traits lingered for a number of years, notably during my early postings. I did not handle stress particularly well then (indeed, disastrously sought to medicate it through alcohol). My enthusiasm and enduring optimism helped pull me through. But my colleagues and HOMs exerted a salutary influence, and so did their spouses in those areas where their interventions could be helpful. I also had several very supportive personnel officers at key junctures.

One of them, Jim Judd, fundamentally reoriented my career at a difficult time in my life, taking the risk of challenging rather than coddling me. He sent me to work for the demanding team preparing the discussions of the first G-7 Summit to be hosted in Canada, at Montebello. They included David Lee, Derek Burney, Paul Thibault, and, at my side, Jonathan Fried, who, while still an FS-1D, was able to produce erudite speeches for the PM at the drop of a hat. All of us were toiling for Allan Gotlieb, never an easy task-master, but constant in demanding high standards. I never looked back. Thus, I rate highly the contributions of colleagues, senior and otherwise, in recalling my happy career. One of DFAIT's very positive characteristics over the years has been an ability to pull together, particularly abroad, providing support for those colleagues needing help. I certainly hope this does not die out.

Today, Canada's diplomatic spouses are caught in a grey zone between making important unrecognized contributions and being seen as anachronisms. I realize I was fortunate to have known several exceptional HOM spouses in an earlier age when their role in contributing to the mission's overall success was more widely appreciated. I learned so much from them that turned out to be vital not just to my ability to represent Canada as a single man, but also in equipping myself to love every minute of the experience. ☺

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Two formidable women meet up: Jihan Sadat, wife of then Egyptian president and Maria-Elena Dery, 1979.

Prior to departing for Egypt in 1976, I was given letters of introduction to a number of prominent personalities by R.A.D. Ford and his wife Thereza, friends of my parents. They were in the latter stages of a 16-year tenure in Moscow and had represented Canada in Egypt. The letters proved invaluable, launching me into the inner circles of the remaining Nasser-era purists (including Nasser's brilliant propagandist, Mohamad Hassanein Heikal, and his wife Hedayat, both still friends) and of the stylish but dilapidated remnants of a fading aristocracy.

At my instigation, Thereza visited Egypt for the first time since they had left. She stayed with the Dérays, whom she much enjoyed. As a Brazilian she found a kindred soul in the fun-loving and elegant Maria-Elena. I travelled with Thereza to Upper Egypt and learned how well attuned she was to Egyptians, pretender prince and pauper peasant alike. She had a rare gift of being able to adapt to local concerns and perspectives. Her visit was celebrated with gusto by the Fords' many friends in Cairo (while many intervening ambassadors left nary a trace).

Largely a self-made professional as a young woman, Thereza was no less a snob and could be severe. Justly feared by the hoi-polloi, there was much to be learned from her regardless. I once accompanied her to see a Canadian Foreign Service spouse who operated in loud whine mode, complaining non-stop of her wretched circumstances in what was indeed a drab apartment. As we got up to leave, Thereza wondered whether she might have some flour and water, which she expertly mixed. Paste in hand, she jumped up on a chair and briskly reapplied the wallpaper which hung in dispiriting strips. Elementary task completed, she sailed out having made her point – it's bad enough being miserable, but displaying incapacity is far, far worse.

Never particularly sentimental about colleagues, Robert and Thereza very much liked young people. Two favoured couples adorning the Moscow embassy when I visited in 1979 still have fond memories of the Fords, even of anxious times at Thereza's side: Donna and Jim Wright, now in London, and Liz and Scott Heatherington now in Riga. Donna remembers junior couples being

asked to join in parties – one of them being summoned to join the table in order to fill out the gender balance while the other was served a tray in the library. Presentable young people were at the OR to work (presumably the less fortunate were not invited at all to the grander occasions), not least to guard the Fords' treasured objects during parties when thieving company from "lesser nations" might be about.

"My husband is the Ambassador. He has to shake your hand. I am not, so I don't!" – Thereza Ford

Thereza was a stickler for protocol and etiquette (when it suited her). Donna recalls that a certain uncouth ambassador lit up a cigarette early during a dinner hosted by the Fords (it was acceptable at meal's end at elegant tables in those days). Thereza jumped up, announced that clearly dinner was over, and invited the guests "to retire to the salon for coffee and liqueurs"! Thereza also enjoyed telling the story of her verbal joust with Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev. After the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968, she claimed to have told him in a Kremlin receiving line: "My husband is the Ambassador. He has to shake your hand. I am not, so I don't!" Anyone who knew her can believe it.

Jim, like Donna, remembers how warm and generous Thereza was with those she liked (they were many – only those assessed to be slothful, untalented, craven or worse were cast out). Robert was an austere poet, elegant draftsman, acute analyst and great connoisseur of art and literature. He had been seriously handicapped by polio when young and faced growing complications as he aged,

and only ever really relaxed in her company. She never ceased to electrify him; "he loved her for that. And so did we," says Jim. Liz Heatherington recalls that they relied on younger men in the embassy for the physical strength to help the Ambassador move around. Both Scott and Jim cut the handsome figure that Thereza and Robert thought required. Of course, those two couples (and, by luck of parentage, I) were

treated fondly, with a degree of intimacy, or in Liz's words as "nephews and nieces"; we felt privileged that it was so.

Robert and Thereza's era now seems so distant. They retired to a *pied-à-terre* on "*ne plus ultra*" Avenue Foch in Paris and to the imposing (but hardly heart-warming) Château de La Poivrière near remote Vichy on the edges of the forbidding Massif Central. Thereza died soon thereafter, and Robert was forever bereft, if brave. The extraordinary standing he had created for himself in the Soviet Union and in the history of twentieth century diplomacy – reflecting so much credit on his own country – faded in the blink of an eye. It is revived, from time to time, but only in the pages of Cold War scholarship. The last time I visited him at La Poivrière he was living in the gatehouse; I found him unbowed, handsome as ever, engaged and engaging, but an icon of the past. It was a tremendously moving but sad farewell. He needed Thereza to make him and his own world whole. And without her, his world was barren of pleasure.

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Our Travels with *Monty*

by Michael McCaffrey
photos by Victoria McCaffrey

The crazy things people will do for their pets is a truism that reaches new heights of absurdity for Foreign Service officers overseas. I confess not to have undertaken any persuasive research to support that contention that would withstand scrutiny by even a newly-minted FS: rather I want to believe I am not the only person suffering from this dementia.

It all began innocently enough. At the end of our posting in Moscow in August 2005, Elizabeth and I were preparing to move to Amman, near to where we had begun our FS career in Cairo. Our eldest, Victoria, had left the nest back in 2002. After a year in Toronto and another at Herstmonceux, England, she was now settled into Queen's University. Twins, Carolyn and Graham, had completed their IB studies at Moscow in June and were setting off to Trinity College and Queen's, respectively. After 20 years of raising children, Elizabeth and I were facing a new challenge: living as empty nesters abroad.

The nest wasn't empty for long. Our SQ in Sweifieh, in Amman's western suburbs, was within walking distance of a wonderful neighbourhood shopping strip. At one end was al Diyar bakery where you could buy oven-fresh pita at all hours; at the other al Hammoudeh restaurant that made

hummus to die for: a match made in heaven. Somewhere in the middle was a pet shop, A Shark's Tale. We ventured in one October day and, past the budgerigars and fish tanks, there was a rather lonely and scruffy African Grey parrot. He was engaging and pathetic at the same time. Elizabeth was quite taken with him, despite her previous bad experience with my late aunt's cockatiel, Pepper. Pepper's jealous attacks had led Elizabeth to swear off birds forever. Seeing my hesitation, the owner told me he would be receiving a consignment of younger birds in a couple of weeks. When we returned to the shop, we found our "Chosen One" – a very engaging specimen with a beautiful red tail. After some ritual haggling, he was ours for the princely sum of 350 Jordanian dinars. We named him Monty, in honour of the infamous dead parrot sketch, and Lord Mountbatten. The latter was a bit of a stretch: neither of us could recall if Monty ever made it to the Hashemite Kingdom, but there was desert nearby and we didn't want to have always to explain our love of Monty Python to the uninitiated.

Monty quickly became part of the family. He would stand dormant vigil on our bedroom door nightly and wake us with a bite to the sheet-covered toes precisely at 6:50 every morning. If he especially liked what was prepared for dinner, it would be cold before I would be allowed to eat his leftovers from our communal plate. Over his three years in Jordan, he acquired a vocabulary of 150 words, including some colourful phrases that he would insist on

sharing with the visiting chaplain. His signature tune was, fittingly, the refrain from Eric Idle's song "Always Look on the Bright Side of Life."

When it came time to leave Jordan in the summer of 2008, it was a given that wherever we went, Monty would be coming with us. After 13 consecutive years abroad, a return to Canada was reasonably in the cards. Unfortunately, Jordan had reported two isolated cases of avian flu back in 2006. Although Monty had not come into contact with any other birds, there was no denying he was one himself. The Canadian Food Inspection Agency was very clear: as a bird who had resided in Jordan, Monty was a parrot non grata! The only escape clause would be for him to reside for at least 90 days in our personal possession in a country free of avian flu – if only immigration to Canada were that simple! After confirming with the Mission Administration Officer that Monty would be welcomed in Cuba, we accepted an assignment to Havana. Professionally, it would represent my first assignment as manager of a full-service immigration office; personally, it was our first brush with Latin America and within a short flight to our children in Toronto. Above all though, it would give Monty Cuban nationality and allow him forward to Canada at the end of our posting.

Cross-posting formalities went well; too well in hindsight. Shortly after our household effects were packed up in early July, we received an email from Havana telling us that the Cubans would not





accept Monty, again by reason of a history of avian flu in Jordan. We learned that the earlier assurances we had received had not involved speaking to the competent authorities in Havana. What a quandary! It was too late to step back from an assignment because of an inadmissible pet. I decided that I would respond to the challenge using the same natural justice principles that had been drilled into us for years as visa officers: when you convey concerns to the applicant, the applicant must be given the opportunity to disabuse you of those concerns. What was good for the goose had to be good for the parrot, too, I reasoned.

We set about to prove that Monty did not have avian flu. We called on the local vet, who looked at a perplexed Monty through the slits of his travel box and pronounced him healthy. Elizabeth and I felt this would not likely be enough, so we asked the doctor where we could have Monty tested. He gave us the number for the veterinary services division of the Department of Agriculture. After several calls, we learned that their offices were vaguely in the desert south of Amman, so we set out with Monty in search of his proof of good health. The Jordanian officials were very sympathetic to our plight. All they asked was for some fresh droppings. Little did we know that the trauma of a long car journey would give Monty constipation: the box was spotless. It took three of us, three pairs of hands and a king-size Q-tip to do the necessary, but

two hours later we were motoring back home with Monty's clean bill of health in hand.

We translated the health papers and I wrote a compelling rebuttal *en español* to Cuba's denial of admission to Monty. Elizabeth's church group lent their prayers. Roman Catholic friends, Jordanian and expatriate American, turned their saint statues in the direction of Cuba. Whether it was the strength of my appeal, divine intervention or a combination of both, by early August we received confirmation that the Cuban authorities had reconsidered their position in light of the new evidence: they granted Monty conditional admission. Praise the Lord and pass the pomegranate seeds!

Our reservations on Air France through Paris direct to Havana were notated "Pet in cabin – OK". When we presented yet more translations of Monty's papers to the airline, we were told that "pet in cabin"

I decided that I would respond to the challenge using the same natural justice principles that had been drilled into us for years as visa officers: when you convey concerns to the applicant, the applicant must be given the opportunity to disabuse you of those concerns.

only referred to dogs and cats. IATA rules decreed that other animals could only travel in the hold. Furthermore, because of bird flu in Jordan...What next? We brainstormed various scenarios, including Elizabeth following with Monty by boat. Readers who know how much Elizabeth dreads the idea of being at sea will understand what a sacrifice that would have been. Perhaps we could drive overland to Paris, where Elizabeth could spend three months with Monty surrounded by friends from our earlier posting there. Eventually, Carolyn, the Google queen, found that Aeroflot Russian Airlines was not yet in full compliance with the new IATA rules and would accept Monty in cabin. There was a possible routing from Damascus to Moscow and directly on to Havana: a much longer flight, but we decided Monty would forgive us. We had to obtain our Cuban visas from their embassy in Syria in any event, so it appeared the Fates were smiling on us at last.

We smuggled Monty by land across the Syrian border. We whisked him by the concierges at the Four Seasons Hotel, although the empty birdcage in our accompanying baggage might have been a giveaway. There was a beautiful coffee table book on Old Damascus waiting for us to mark our tenth stay, so we took that as an absolution for our beloved stowaway. At Damascus airport for our flight to Moscow, the security detail asked for Monty's papers. We didn't have any for Syria! I reasoned that since he was leaving the country, they shouldn't care. Fortunately, and perhaps due to the late hour, the customs officer agreed. One final hiccup at the boarding gate, and Monty took wing in a way he never imagined. The Russian flight crew and many of the younger passengers fawned over him. The flight attendant was moved to tears that we would undertake this odyssey out of love for a

bird. We arrived in Cuba, cleared veterinary formalities and Monty moved into his new home. He was released from quarantine after 21 days and we looked ahead to his next move to Canada with confidence.

In May 2009, I was granted a leave of absence from the Foreign Service to accept a new career opportunity that required an early move to Toronto. It was well before the two years we planned to spend in Cuba, but more than the three months Monty needed to be able to come home with us. We would have preferred to find a condominium at this stage in our lives, but CFIA rules stipulated that only a detached house would qualify for household quarantine. I found a nice, small place on a house hunting trip in April, but it wouldn't be finally approved until early May.

We knew that Air Canada would not allow Monty in cabin but prayed that Cubana de Aviacion would do so. Armed with an email exchange to that effect, we made ready our travel to Canada. The

check-in went well. The airport veterinarian was kind enough to escort us through the security wall, where the Customs officer insisted that Monty either had to go through the x-ray in his box or be removed from it as the box was scanned without him. Following a dressing-down from the veterinarian in unrepeatable Spanish, common sense prevailed. As we waited by the gate, we met the purser William, who was surprised when we recognized him from an earlier flight. He inquired about the travel box, and proceeded to tell us that only dogs and cats could fly in cabin. He suggested perhaps there had been a cat in the box, but that Monty had eaten him. Kind nonsense, really, but at the eleventh hour we would go along with anything.

After we had taken our seats, William came by to confirm that according to Cubana rules, Monty could not travel in cabin. In reply I produced the email exchange, suggesting that Monty could sit with us. After a few tense moments, William came back and told us that the

captain had exercised his discretion to allow Monty to remain with us. Eight hours later, after clearing customs formalities at Pearson Airport, Monty emerged from his prison unscathed, into the room that would be his quarantine for the next 45 days.

Monty is free to roam the house now. He is thrilled that Carolyn and Graham have moved back home. Growing flocks are a status symbol for parrots. We don't know where our Foreign Service career will take us next: all we know is – are you listening, Assignment Division? – Wherever we go, our beloved Monty will be coming with us. ☺

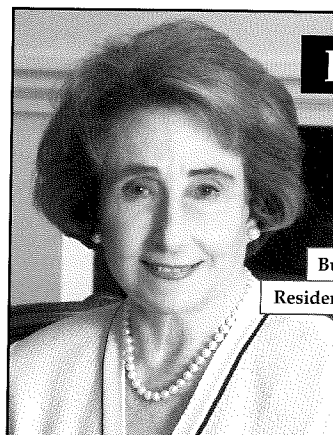
Michael McCaffrey joined the Social Affairs stream of the Department of External Affairs (now the Immigration Foreign Service) in 1986. He and Elizabeth had assignments in Cairo, Athens, Colombo, Paris, Buffalo, Moscow, Amman and Havana. He is currently serving as a Member of the Refugee Protection Division of the Immigration and Refugee Board.

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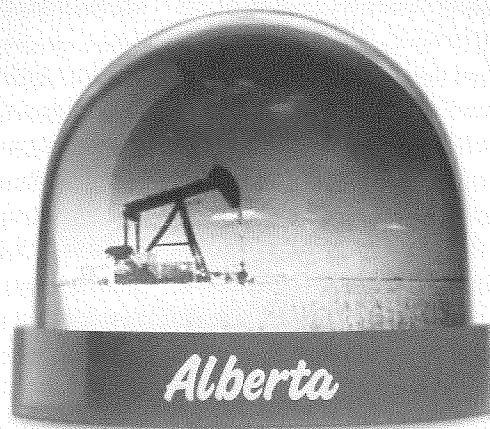
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Liebnitz at the Doors of Perception

Flonking your dwile with A Aalto

Liebnitz set his tankard down. "They say, if you can remember the 60s, you were never really there. The trouble with my brother Leo is that he fell head-first into 1968 and has yet to come up." He gazed with rueful fondness across the low-beamed room at a figure in bell-bottoms, paisley shirt, beads and gray-blond hair to his shoulders, who was talking avidly to a bemused old man trapped in a corner table. "Leo's convinced that Jim Morrison of The Doors found an immortality potion and has been hiding here since faking his death in '71. The story about Morrison is rubbish but, weirdly, the potion may be real."

The Doors of Perception Inn stood just far enough from London down roads just bad enough to discourage the Sunday lunch crowd. Outside the bow window where they sat, aproned barmen roped off a square enclosure in the courtyard, while people gathered before signs reading "Dwile Flonking Today". In the taproom, Liebnitz was surrounded by his crew: Hamish MacBannock, Felix Africa, Inspector Wa, Don Gordo, Esmeralda, Manitoba Jones and others. Past the bar sat Rialto Sleazewagon amidst the likes of Papa Jack Paridy, Billy van Salmon and Bertha de Kuhl.

"What are they, and for that matter we, doing here?" asked Hamish, a last-minute substitute who hadn't been briefed. Liebnitz replied, "Sleazewagon thinks some wizardly weaponry was dug up in the 19th century and is still hidden in the inn. He also believes this dwile flonking nonsense plays a role in uncovering the treasure. We have to stop him, since our sources indicate that the trove may be both real and dangerous. After he convinced all the other teams to go elsewhere, Sleazewagon realized he needed someone to play, so he hasn't opposed our coming."

The innkeeper, a grizzled ancient named Solomon Grits, stuck his head into the room and called, "Here y'go t'gither! The dwile's a-waiting. Flonkers to the courtyard!" The two teams strolled to opposite sides of the enclosure while Grits addressed the crowd. "Gentlefolk all. I be the jobanowl, the referee of today's flonking and I call the teams into the square for the first of four snurds of play. Let the captains of the Centre and the Sleaze approach for the toss."

Liebnitz and Sleazewagon strode up in traditional attire, complete with porkpie hats and hobnailed boots. Grits tossed a sugarbeet in the air, asking Sleazewagon, "Roots or tops?" Sleazewagon called it

correctly and chose to girt. The Centre's first flonker, Hamish, stood in the centre of a ring of Sleaze, who linked hands and began to shuffle clockwise. MacBannock dipped his three-foot drivelling stick into the beer bucket at his feet, to pick up the wet cloth dwile. Raising the driveller, he begun to spin the other way from the girters. Dizzy, he let the dwile slip off without aiming. It sailed over the girters and nailed a passing cow in the buttocks, causing no little ribaldry and a surprised bellow from the animal.

The jabanowl grinned. "The first flonk is a swadger. Sir, that means you must drink the penalty." He handed a chamber pot to MacBannock, who looked askance. "There's only beer in that gazunder," Solomon assured him. "But the container bodes ill for its quality," replied the Chief, before quaffing the lot in a single long swallow. The crowd cheered and the girting began again. MacBannock's second flonk hit Sleazewagon full in the face (A wonton! Three points!) and his third took Papa Jack in the backside (a ripper for one point).

The first snurd ran through the whole Centre team and then the driveller passed to the Sleaze. What with frequent penalties, both decorum and coordination deteriorated

rapidly. Sleazewagon put all three of his flonks into Don Gordo's belly for two-point marthers and was booed for taking cheap shots. In the second snurd, the jabanowl began calling randomly on the girters to reverse direction. Collisions were increasingly frequent.

In the halftime interval, Sleazewagon walked over to Liebnitz. "My old colleague," he said to the ace logician, "Thank you for coming. You're going down, or course, but that will only add to my pleasure." Liebnitz replied, "I know why you're here, Rialto, and we're going to stop you. And we're only three points behind." Sleazewagon laughed. "This is the autumn equinox, the day it comes together. You won't be able to stop us, because we're going to win." "You always were a flat-whacker, Sleazewagon."

The third snurd was marked by increasing rowdiness among players and spectators, as kegs emptied and spirits rose. While the teams changed for the last round, Grits strolled over and bent to inspect the dwile. Liebnitz saw him pour something into the bucket from a small crystal bottle. Then the innkeeper backed away and pulled out an old-fashioned pocket watch. Nodding, he gestured to start the final snurd.

From the off, it was different. The players began to glow, the Centre team in ice-blue and the Sleaze in pale green. The jobanowl flickered like worn-out neon, strobing in and out of visibility. From Hamish's first flonk, the beer dripping from the dwile remained suspended in the air, forming a spiral tracery overlaid by each successive flonk. Soon the enclosure was filled with a crystal lattice that the sun turned into a mesh of rainbows. Felix said, "Mother Macree, I've got to take a case of this stuff home." And that was before he noticed the Sleaze were girting a hand's breadth off the ground.

The crowd was going mad. Liebnitz ended the Centre's last half-snurd with the team 29 points ahead, but the Sleaze still had their own innings to come. The Centre began girting clockwise, but the jobanowl, staring closely at his watch, told them sharply to reverse direction.

Startled by the shift, Papa Jack put his first flonk between Don Gordo and Esmeralda, causing the immense *caudillo* to rear back,

knocking Manitoba Jones into a manure spreader and snapping its brake lever. The cart began rolling backwards down the hill. Jones struggled to his feet only to be brained from behind by a low branch, dropping head-first into a cage on the moving Ferris wheel in the adjacent travelling fair, tumbling from there onto a water-flume which shot him out and straight through a paddock of bemused sheep, bouncing off a trampoline in the playground behind the inn and into an empty keg. The keg twirled like a top back into the square, rebounded off Don Gordo's recumbent form and came to a halt upside down. The spectators gazed in silent awe and then cheered wildly as it rose smoothly to reveal Manitoba's bowing form.

Liebnitz covered his eyes with one hand. Solomon consulted his watch and ordered everyone back into play. Leo, who had been lounging on the steps of the inn, looked around and crept surreptitiously into the building. Minutes later, Don Gordo, using a barbeque fork to probe the freezer for a pie, shorted out the power (lighting up his electric "Kiss Me in the Dark" tie), but it was quickly restored.

The Sleaze picked up the driveller and the pace. The Centre's girting was masterly, the crystal lattice grew and began to pulse with light. The jabanowl reversed direction again and again. The breathing of both teams grew rougher as more and more beer was topped from the gazunder. The score narrowed. It came down to Sleazewagon's last flonk, with the Centre only one point ahead. As he spun, the glow around all the players intensified to a blinding brilliance. Then Papa Jack reverted to type and tried to foul the girting. Without missing a step, Esmeralda hip-checked him onto the playground round-about, in turn flipping Bertha de Kuhl up and over the square. Sleazewagon's flonk, heading for Don Gordo's stomach, caught the heel of Bertha's Manolo and was flung back into Rialto's face. Beer dripping from his pencil-thin moustache, he watched the crystal lattice shatter in a rainbow of sparks. An answering flash lanced from the Inn's upstairs windows.

Surrounded by drunks whopping and pouring beer over each other from the pewter trophy or, like the Sleaze, being

carried out unconscious, Liebnitz found himself unaccountably sober. So was Solomon Grits, who stared at his watch, a smile of relief on his face. The ace logician strolled over. "Perhaps a word, now that what had to be done is done." The innkeeper paled as Liebnitz continued. "It occurs to me that jobanowl is close to Djeb-anullah, which would mean 'guardian of the mask'. Specially if the mask was the Djeb al-Huki, the 'mask of annihilation' I've been reading about. Which is maybe...upstairs?" Solomon's face took on a pensive look. "You know enough to be dangerous but you seem an honest man. Maybe I should tell you the rest and plead for silence." Liebnitz signalled to Esmeralda and Manitoba Jones, the least blitzed of his team, and followed Grits up the stairs to the second floor, where the innkeeper punched into the electronic lock hidden behind a tapestry of Queen Victoria.

The group stepped into the vast 10-sided expanse that filled the second floor. The room was a jewel-box of dark wood, sensuous line and colour saturated with hints of malice and menace: the pre-Raphaelites on bad acid. Each facet of the wall but one featured a door, each decorated differently: gold with a writhing dragon picked out in garnets, plain whitewash with a yellow rose spiked to the centre, a full-length mirror reflecting the room darkly, a long-haired naked woman looking regal on a white horse, a long-haired naked man looking abashed on a pink rhinoceros, a magus with a tarot deck holding up the Hanged Man, a rabbit in a waistcoat playing chess with a flamingo, plain plywood with a sign reading "This Way to the Egress", and a street scene with strongman, acrobats and a juggling mime. The tenth facet featured a carved fireplace that put out a welcome heat.

In the middle of the room, Solomon Grits sprawled in one of the dark padded chairs surrounding a huge old table. Motioning the others to join him, he spoke without preamble. "The story begins in the early 1860s. A farmer down the road was plowing his field when the blade hit something and stopped dead. Going forward to calm the horse, the farmer noticed a gleam of metal. With a lot of work, he pried a heavy chest out of the ground. Being a long

way from his croft, he ran to the inn, where he persuaded the keeper and his sons to help him carry the chest back. After closing the inn, the four men used an axe to open it on the taproom floor."

"Inside – treasure, but not the usual. Gold, Roman gold, sure. But two more important finds as well. First, as it turned out, that potion of immortality everyone remembers. It's gone now, the younger son drank it on the spot, thinking it old wine. And secondly a fancy bronze helmet with a full face-mask. The Djeb al-Huki, as I learned from my studies. The farmer and the innkeeper started to fight over it and things went downhill. By the morning, the inn was a pile of rubble and three men were dead, torn to shreds. The younger son was the only one left alive. He was injured too, but recovered, the potion doing its work."

Esmeralda said, "What a great storyteller you are, señor. It is just as if you were there." "I was, young lady," the old man replied, "For I am that younger son. But I didn't know the words that gave the potion its full effect. Instead of eternal youth, I got

permanent old age. So I have been 70 for a century and a half." Liebnitz shook his head. "What happened then?" "I used the gold to rebuild the inn, renaming it from Blake, that line in the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. And I created this room to hide the mask – I couldn't let others find it. A computerized system – I keep up with the technology – shuffles it randomly among the crystal mazes behind those doors, so not even I know where it is."

"Why the mumbo-jumbo?" asked Manitoba Jones. "What happens when you put it on?" Solomon lifted a piece of paper from the table. "Sir John Tenniel's illustration for Lewis Carroll's poem *Jabberwocky*, a depiction of the dreaded monster itself. You remember: 'Twas brillig and the slithy toves' and so on. Carroll and Tenniel visited the inn around 1870. The place was full, I was away and my wife, not knowing, gave them this room. The poem and picture come from their nightmares. As soon as I saw the print, I recognized the monster my Da became when he tried on the helmet, killed his best friend and my brother, then turned on me. The bravest thing I ever saw, him

already dying, tearing off the mask before he could be forced to finish me."

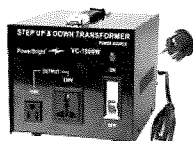
"I see," mused Liebnitz. "*Jabberwocky* was the closest Carroll could come to the name Djeb al-Huki he heard in his dream." Grits went on, "After Carroll's visit, I knew I had to do more. I already knew from trying that there was no way to destroy the mask. And I couldn't do anything dramatic without attracting attention. I found old records of rituals to sedate the beast, involving ring dances and holy water. So I invented dwile flonking. Good thing, as it turned out the beast had become stronger from drinking my family's blood and was almost able to manifest without anyone wearing the mask."

"You mean Sleazewagon was right for a change? The game really is a magic rite?" asked Esmeralda. Grits nodded. "But he was wrong about the purpose. It is not meant to release the trove but to confine it. The whole thing was easy to set in motion. The country in that era was in search of new 'authentic' English rites. I just had to 'discover' an apparently ancient manuscript about an obscure but traditional

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harvest festival and write down ridiculous rules that would make people carry out the ritual unawares. Every 10 years or so, I hold a flonking here, spike the beer with water from the font and make sure everyone drinks enough to forget any odd special effects."

"People really fell for this nonsense?" asked Liebnitz. "Why not? They were having fun. To keep the custom from dying out, I pulled off the same 'discovery' in the 1960s and nobody caught on then either. Now there are dwile flonking websites, God's truth."

The door with the "Egress" sign crashed open and Don Gordo forced his bulk into the room. "Has anyone seen Leo? He was supposed to meet me downstairs for a snack but no-one has seen him since the end of the game. He told me this morning he had figured out where Señor Morrison was hidden and would soon bring him back to the world. And Caramba! I'm faint with hunger." The ex-dictator attacked a bowl of fruit from the centre of the table, as Liebnitz whirled and glared at the old man.

"OK, Grits, where's my brother?" he snarled. "No idea," was the reply. "But if he came up here, his presence would have registered." He plucked a doily off what looked like a family Bible on the lectern near the fireplace. He booted the laptop inside. "Yes. He entered half an hour ago and hasn't left." They scanned the room, but there was no place to hide a full-grown man. The innkeeper sighed. "If he was looking for Jim Morrison, there is some basis. He did visit in the late 60s. The Doors were named from the same Blake quotation and I think it tickled his fancy. I told him a bit of the history and showed him this room. But I know he left alive, since I took him to the airport myself."

"Where's Leo?" repeated the ace logician. Grits mused, "The only place he could be is through one of these doors. The one to the hall is always electronically locked, but that was knocked out when Don Gordo blew the fuses. Your brother must have walked in just before it kicked back in. If he found the one with the Jabberwocky, he's probably dead. But either way, if we try to enter any door but the one he used, the mazes will all self-destruct and he'll be lost forever."

Esmeralda broke the silence. "Is there any way to know the one Leo's behind?" The old man pointed at the fireplace. "Look at the pillars of the mantelpiece." Carved in the dark wood, they saw a column of symbols arranged in two rows of three clusters, one on each side of the fire. On the left side were:



And on the right:



"What does it mean?" pressed Esmeralda. "No idea," said Solomon. "That carving wasn't there when we came in. The presence of the Jabberwocky makes reality a bit fluid." He tapped at the keyboard. "The computer knows what happened. It won't tell us directly – that would be a security breach – but it can give us a hint." A printer hidden in the lectern spat out a grid chart and the following instructions.

The words defined by the clues below fit into the skeleton grid. Each answer contains the name Alice or a word that sounds (more or less) the same. The numbers in parentheses indicate the number of letters in each word of the answer. Note that two answers contain apostrophes that fill a separate space in the skeleton. The answers come out in alphabetical order (ignoring the apostrophes) for ACROSS and for DOWN. In the skeleton grid are two letters (A and P) to help siting the answers. There are also 15 symbols (* etc). To read the inscription over the fireplace, replace each carved symbol there with the letter that falls on that symbol in the skeleton.

ACROSS (alphabetical order)

- 1 Cry of despair (4)
- 2 1935 Katharine Hepburn / Fred MacMurray movie (5,5)
- 3 Horseshoe-shaped hair retainers (5,5)
- 4 Azure dress worn by 7 down or Sinatra song about it (5,4,4)

- 5 Enduring rocker who sang 13 down (5,6)
- 6 2010 Tim Burton film (5,2,10)
- 7 The girl Lewis Carroll wrote for (5,7)
- 8 Town in central Australia (5,7)
- 9 Arlo Guthrie eating spot (7,10 including a separate apostrophe)
- 10 Tractor maker Chalmers (5)
- 11 Soundtrack album for 6 across (6,5)
- 12 Quebec *chanteuse* from the 30s and 40s who made a comeback in the 90s with *Laissez-moi encore chanter* (4,4)
- 13 Countess of the Vexin, 1160–1220 (4)
- 14 What Jefferson Airplane told us to go and do in *White Rabbit* (3,5)
- 15 Noir DC comics character introduced in 2005 (5,5)
- 16 2005 TV drama set in 8 across (3,5)

DOWN (alphabetical order)

- 1 She ran 9 across, in the song and real life (5,5)
- 2 Gertrude Stein's life partner (5,1,6)
- 3 1974 Scorsese film with Ellen Burstyn (5,7,4,4,7 including a separate apostrophe)
- 4 English star of this year's movie *She's Out of My League* (5,3)
- 5 Seattle hard rock band since 1987, first big hit was *Man in the Box* (5,2,6)
- 6 Jackie Gleason's Ralph threatened to send her "to the moon" (5,7)
- 7 She said "If you haven't got anything good to say about anybody, come sit next to me" (married name – 5,9)



- 8 Patrick Senécal's Montreal fantasy novel of 2000 (5)
- 9 Nevil Shute's 1950 novel, later a movie, set in 8 across (1,4,4,5)
- 10 Popular UK children's book by Jean Ure, with sequels (3,5)
- 11 1969 comedy drama about a semi-liberated foursome (3,3,5,3,3,5)
- 12 Military outpost in Sri Aman, Sarawak (4,5)
- 13 Song about a tough woman, from the album "Muscle of Love" (4,7,5)
- 14 Fourth track from 11 across, identification by Shinedown (3,4,2,5)
- 15 Town in northern Vancouver Island (4,5)
- 16 Protectress of the blind and the paralyzed (5,5)

Liebnitz rubbed his jaw. "Some references are a bit obscure. This laptop have an Internet connection?" Solomon nodded. The ace logician quickly filled the skeleton and deciphered the carvings. Striding over to one of the wall-panels, he tugged at the door handle, to no avail. Turning, he asked

for help. Manitoba Jones rushed across the room, slipped on a kumquat peel Don Gordo had tossed and slammed head-first into the panel, which burst into shards. Liebnitz shook his head. "A lock-pick would have been fine, but open is open. Thanks."

A tall paisley figure staggered over the ruined threshold. His dazed face brightened when he saw Liebnitz. "Louie, I knew you'd save me. Look what I found!" He held out a dusty reptilian figure the size of a large zucchini. "It's a mummified iguana. You see, I was right, the Lizard King was here!" He collapsed in a snoring heap. Solomon gingerly plucked the dusty reptile from the recumbent figure's hand. "Hell, this was the Jabberwocky. It must have just started manifesting when we flonked that last dwile. We and your brother had a narrow escape, but the mask should be quiet for another decade." He carefully placed the figure in the fire and they watched as it flared up and disappeared in a cascade of blood-red flame.

Leo snapped open his eyes and lifted his head. "Oh, and Louis," he said. "On

reflection, I've decided that Mimsy and the Borogoves would be a terrible name for a heavy metal band."

Can you duplicate Liebnitz's feat by deciphering the six words carved in symbols on the fireplace? And can you say which of the room's panels they pointed out as the one where Leo was trapped? **bout de papier** will choose the winner by drawing one entry from all those with correct answers submitted by March 15, 2011. The prize will be a book autographed by A Aalto.

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto continues his efforts to impersonate a Canadian Head of Mission. The Doors of Perception Inn is made up, but dwile flonking is real and played more or less as depicted. The Doors really were indeed named from the William Blake quote (Morrison was an English major before becoming a rock star) and Carroll published Jabberwocky in 1871, the same period as his Alice stories. The puzzle offers homage to Terry Pratchett and Tim Powers, who do this kind of story a lot better and are highly recommended. Although they don't include puzzles.



Fifty & Fabulous

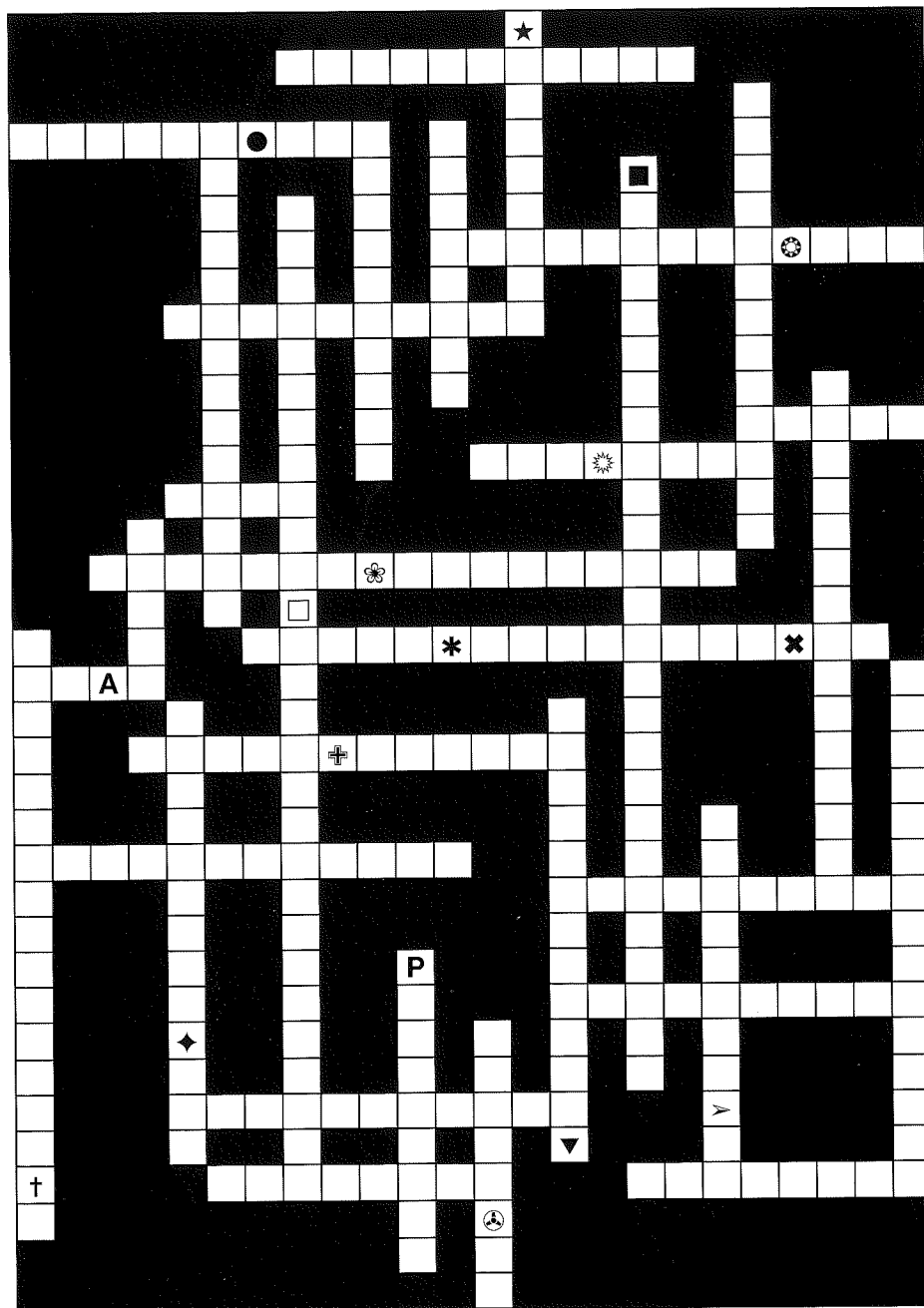
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Shamus Dikk and the fallen star

Answers to Vol. 25, No. 2

NO WINNER (alas)

The poker hands in the painting spell out "FARTHEST END FROM DUBHE". Dubhe is the common astronomical name for the star at one end of the Big Dipper. The star at the other end is "Benetnash", from which you get one answer, BENNETT NASH.

Similarly, the hands on the table spell out "AUDEN THE UNKNOWN CITIZEN SUBTITLE". The subtitle of W.H. Auden's dark 1940 poem *The Unknown Citizen* is "To JS/07/M/378 This Marble Monument Is Erected by the State". This gives the release code JS07M378.

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