

bout de papier

Vol. 26, No. 4

SAFARI!

Natural Wonders in Kenya's Amboseli National Park

TEXT BY BRUCE GRUNDISON, PHOTOS BY BRUCE, KEIKO,
MEI AND LEAH GRUNDISON

John Starnes: Portrait of a Very Canadian Diplomat

BY PATRICK STARNES

Les Prix de l'APASE 2012 / 2012 PAFSO Awards



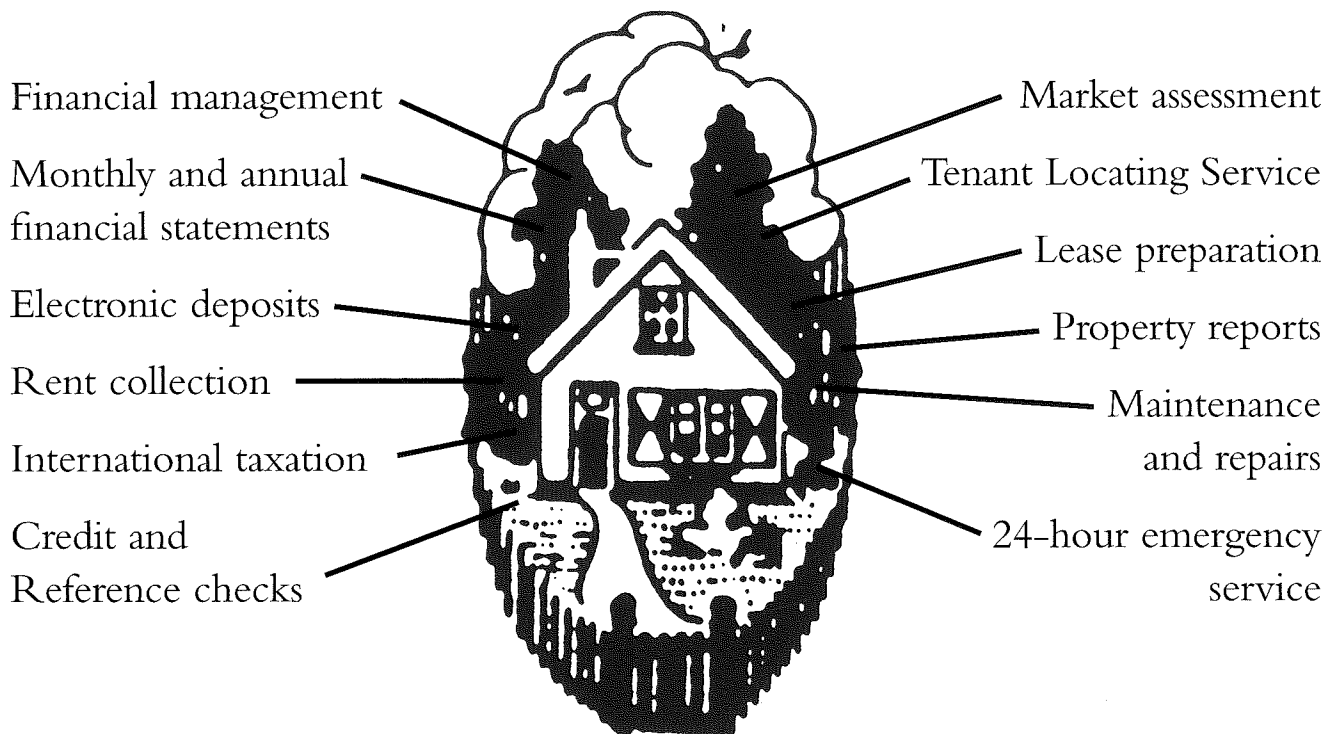
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Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur



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bout de papier is published quarterly by the Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers, Suite 412, 47 Clarence Street, Ottawa, Canada K1N 9K1 613-241-1391, FAX 613-241-5911.

E-mail: boutdepapier@pafso-apase.com

Opinions expressed in **bout de papier** are not necessarily those of PAFSO.

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bout de papier est une publication trimestrielle de l'Association professionnelle des agents du Service extérieur, pièce 412, 47, rue Clarence, Ottawa, Canada K1N 9K1 613-241-1391, Téléc. 613-241-5911.

Courrier électronique : boutdepapier@pafso-apase.com

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Subscriptions / Abonnements :

One year, \$16; two years, \$30; Overseas add \$6 per year; USA add \$4 per year. Please advise of change of address. / Un an, 16 \$; deux ans, 30 \$; outre-mer, ajouter 6 \$ par année; É.-U., ajouter 4 \$ par année. Prière d'avertir de tout changement d'adresse. ISSN 0833-9864

bout de papier

Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
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ÉTÉ/AUTOMNE 2012

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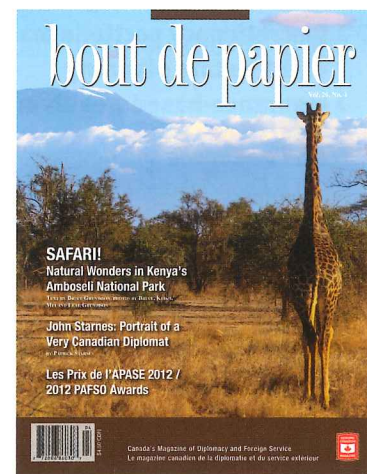
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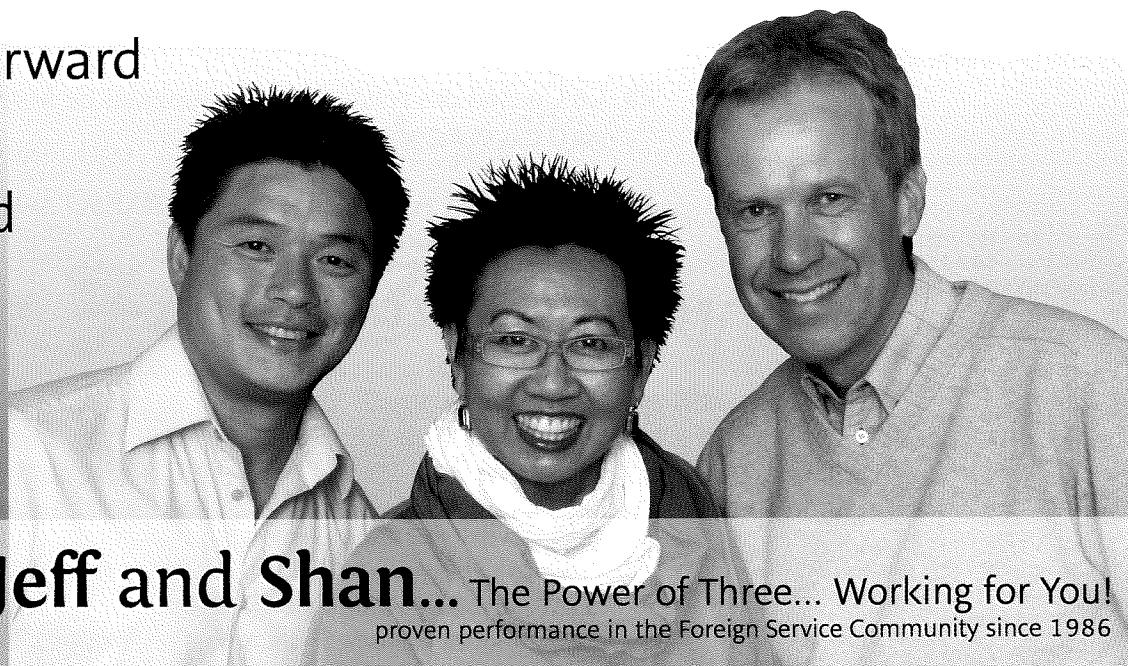


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Votre Excellence!

As the Olympics demonstrated marvellously, striving to do our level best should be the goal in whatever we undertake. That may sound hopelessly Pollyanna, but is it any less true? So in this issue we focus on excellence: individually here and now, collectively at an important point in our history, and in terms of professional lifetime achievement.

« Ici, maintenant » porte sur les prix de l'APASE pour 2012. Notre dîner du 7 juin au Centre national des Arts était mieux que jamais, la brochette de candidats, de premier plan, le processus de sélection et les commentaires reçus à son égard, fort élogieux... et que dire des lauréats? Bravo, wow, et merci à tous les participants qui font en sorte que le Service extérieur du Canada reste une institution dont le pays puisse être fier. Le président de l'APASE, Tim Edwards, a aussi profité de l'occasion pour exposer franchement les enjeux cruciaux qui se posent pour les membres de l'APASE et le Service – voir à cet égard le Mot du président dans le présent numéro.

Four officers were honoured for outstanding achievement: Sophie Auger in New Delhi for handling a daunting number of visa applications creatively and to the highest standards; Virginie Saint-Louis for her selfless and extraordinary work in Mali, notably in helping deal with the kidnapping of Robert Fowler and Louis Guay; Gary Wallace for his masterful handling of the evacuation of Canadians from Egypt and Libya in extreme circumstances; and, Terry Wood for bringing consummate skill and expertise to the nuclear control file. Anyone at the dinner could not help but be envious of such talent, and Gary added stand-up comedian to his list! While adversity may be no laughing matter, Gary reminded us that there's nothing like a keen sense of humour to see your way through the worst of it.

Au chapitre des réalisations collectives exceptionnelles, Michael Molloy nous

ramène à l'Équipe du Kampala de 1972. Cette année marque le 40^e anniversaire du sauvetage d'asiatiques ougandais de la poigne mortelle du dictateur Idi Amin. Il nous donne un compte rendu direct de la façon dont les agents d'immigration, d'autres employés du Service extérieur, l'armée, le personnel médical, Air Canada et les Canadiens en général ont collaboré pour sélectionner, traiter et accueillir plus de 6000 réfugiés dans un temps record. L'opération qui visait 10 % des personnes le plus gravement en danger est à l'origine de la collectivité ismaélienne florissante du Canada (bienvenue à Calgary!) et elle a établi la norme pour relever les défis relatifs à l'accueil de foules de réfugiés qui devaient suivre. Il est à se demander si nous pourrions répéter cet exploit avec autant de dynamisme dans le contexte actuel.

The honours for lifetime achievement go to our recently retired Senior Editorial Board member, John Starnes. Time for full disclosure: my father volunteered in WWII and served as MAO for years with External Affairs. Maurie Hughes was economical in praise for senior officers, but deeply admired Lt General Guy Simonds and, after serving in Cairo in Nasser's day, declared Starnes "his idea" of a Canadian Ambassador. Fast forward to 2010 and somehow I end up editor at **bout** when John Starnes steps down...The board discussed ideas on how to mark the contribution of John's generation (Bill Barton also retired at the time), and concluded that a feature piece on his remarkable career might be the answer. ...Patrick Starnes volunteered to write up the story

from Tuscany while brother Colin dug through family archives – storage boxes in Lunenburg – finding by "sheer luck" the shots that grace the article, of my father too. What are the odds that this story would have come to life as it has? Who knows, but the sense that the Foreign Service is a richly extended family seems undeniable.

Nous saluons aussi les lauréats du prix de l'ACMAR de cette année pour le meilleur article d'un membre de l'APASE paru dans **bout**, « DFAIT's Global Security Reporting Program », dont les coauteurs sont Ken England et Michael Kovrig. Le président de l'ACMAR, Jacques Roy, a encouragé les autres à suivre leur exemple – on ne saurait mieux dire!

In addition, this issue focuses on high-points of another order: Bruce Grundison and family in Nairobi go on safari and bring back compelling photos and impressions of sub-Saharan Africa. **bout** innovates and features the sometimes unsettling African poetry of CIDA retiree Evelyn Voigt. Ian Ferguson reports on the Class of '72 reunion with words of wisdom from the Right Honourable Joe Clark. Gilles Gingras gives us another good reason to love Montreal with his report on CORIM. David Bickford and Alex Bugailiskis focus on Mexico in our book reviews (long overdue!), while Paul Durand celebrates John Graham's recent book on the Dominican Republic that seems an excellent primer for Latin American politics writ large. Add From the Archives and A Aalto and voilà – Bonne lecture! ☺

– Stuart Hughes



As the summer assignment shuffle wraps up, a clearer picture is emerging of how the government's Deficit Reduction Action Plan will impact Canada's Foreign Service.

Le plus important développement, c'est que, contrairement à la plupart des autres groupes professionnels de la fonction publique fédérale, les employés du groupe FS n'auront pas à subir de réduction forcée de leur nombre; autrement dit, aucun des 1 400 membres du groupe ne verra son statut d'emploi modifié de manière non désirée. Il s'agit là d'une excellente nouvelle, qui témoigne de l'efficacité, de l'efficience et de l'importance des agents du service extérieur dans la prestation du programme international ambitieux de notre gouvernement. Chapeau aux gestionnaires des ressources humaines au MAECI et à CIC pour avoir réussi à positionner le service extérieur de sorte qu'il puisse absorber sans mise en disponibilité ces compressions massives de fonds et de postes qui n'arrivent qu'une fois par génération.

At DFAIT, two factors undeniably helped avoid cuts to the FS pool: chronic under-recruiting of Foreign Service officers since 2005, and the conversion of hundreds of FS positions at headquarters in recent years to the EC (economists and social scientists) and CO (commerce officers) groups. With the department's decision in 2010 to treat FS, EC and CO assignments interchangeably, the earlier mass conversion had the unintentional but helpful effect of creating an overflow basin into which dozens of FS employees could be assigned this summer. Moving forward, the department has acknowledged the need to reconcile this glaring inconsistency in job definitions and has launched a major reclassification exercise. PAFSO has long argued for this step and will offer every assistance in bringing as many of these positions back into the FS fold as their job descriptions allow.

L'été 2012 désormais chose du passé, voyons ce que l'avenir à moyen terme

réserve à la cohorte de FS : les compromis et les solutions miracles qui ont permis à CIC et au MAECI d'éviter l'envoi d'avis d'employés « touchés » ou « excédentaires » au personnel FS cette année signifient que certains employés doivent à présent surmonter d'importants obstacles à leur avancement professionnel. Bon nombre, par exemple, ont reçu l'ordre de combler des postes qui conviennent mal à leur expérience, à leurs compétences ou à leurs intérêts et qui contribueront peu à l'atteinte de leurs objectifs professionnels. Je pense notamment à des postes de niveau inférieur à leur niveau de titularisation et à l'extérieur de leur filière professionnelle ou même tout à fait hors du groupe FS.

Reversing the serious decline in morale currently plaguing the Foreign Service will depend on swift and pointed action by DFAIT's deputy ministers to restore adequate career development and advancement opportunities. The fact that the Foreign Service has long served as a training ground and crucible for the future leadership not only of DFAIT and CIC but of the Privy Council Office and other line departments makes this task all the more imperative.

Here are some key steps to getting the train back on the rails:

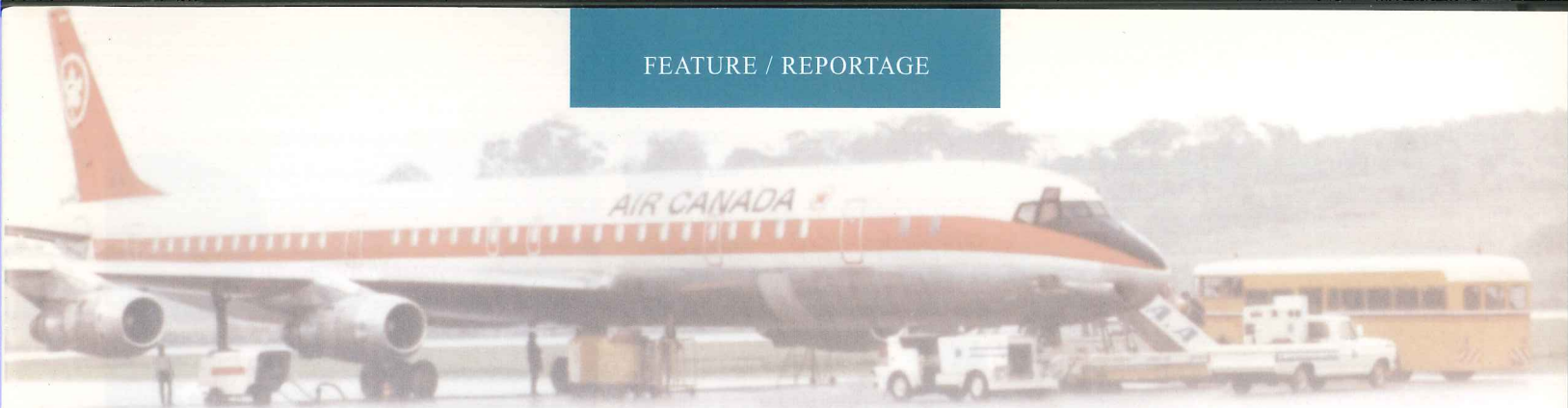
- The department's current promotion freeze – while perhaps justifiable in the run-up to Budget 2012 – has been in place for over a year and has outlived its usefulness. With baby boomers retiring in droves, it must be lifted as soon as possible so appointments from pre-qualified pools can resume and a still-significant volume of acting assignments within the FS ranks can be brought closer in line with norms in the wider public service.
- The cancelled FS-3 competition should be re-launched in order to relieve the large (and demoralizing) bottleneck at the top of the FS-2 level. The EX-2 competition should also be re-launched with FS-4s permitted to compete as EX-1 equivalents, as was intended when the FS group was converted to a four-level structure in 2005.

- Plusieurs douzaines de finissants du Programme de perfectionnement du service extérieur, dont la nomination a été confirmée en mai, puis annulée sans explication en juillet, doivent être réintégrés avec effet rétroactif afin de préserver la confiance et la fidélité de la prochaine génération de diplomates qui en sont en tout début de carrière et se voient offrir de nombreuses autres occasions d'emploi à ce stade-là.
- Le recrutement de nouveaux agents du service extérieur lancé à l'automne 2011 devrait se poursuivre à un rythme rapide et cet exercice devrait être rétabli sur une base annuelle, de manière à rebâtir l'effectif complet de professionnels FS qualifiés dont nos ministères ont, de toute évidence, besoin. Les gestionnaires pourront ainsi éviter de recourir à des raccourcis et à des solutions miracles en RH pour asseoir quelqu'un dans un fauteuil.

Critical to achieving these positive outcomes will be to restore the long and productive tradition of meaningful advance consultation (in confidence when necessary) between departmental management and PAFSO which existed for decades prior to 2005. The DRAP has imposed extraordinarily challenging circumstances on all public servants, from the deputies on down to the newest FS recruits. We are all in this together and must tap every available resource to find the innovative solutions which will allow us to cope with the "new normal". PAFSO is committed to helping our departments minimize the impact of these cutbacks, not only on living and working conditions, but also on the operational effectiveness of our front lines abroad and our ability to deliver services to Canadians around the world. Consultation and cooperation – flowing from a discreet and trusting relationship at the top – must be the order of the day.

I and PAFSO stand ready to do our part. ☺

Tim Edwards was elected President of PAFSO in October 2011.



How Ugandan Asians Came to Call Canada Home

by Michael Molloy

"We would have been false to ourselves, false to our own ideals, false to our history, had we ignored their plight. We would not have been Canadians if we had turned our backs on them."

— Trudeau, *Toronto Star* 25 Sept. 1972



The newspaper (the Canadian) India Times made interesting reading for the Ugandan Asians upon their arrival at CFB Longue Pointe processing centre.

Roger Saint-Vincent, Attaché, Manpower and Immigration (M&I) at the Canadian Embassy in Beirut, oversaw Canadian immigration activities from Iran to East Africa, and Zambia to Mauritius. On 24 August 1972, he received a *Mission Impossible* directive from Immigration HQ in Ottawa.

You are not unaware of General Amin's decree to expel 80,000 Asians from Uganda... Your mission is to proceed to Kampala and by whatever means undertake to process without numerical limitation those Asians who meet the immigration selection criteria bearing in mind their particular plight and facilitate their departure for Canada. Your mission must be accomplished by November 8...

Indians went to East Africa in the 19th century to build railroads (thousands died in the process); 7,000 stayed on and grew into British East Africa's merchant class. They began to arrive in Uganda after World War I, where, prohibited from farming, they established cotton ginning and coffee processing industries. By the 1970s they numbered 80,000: Gujarati Hindus (50%), Ismaili Muslims (30%) and smaller communities of Sikhs, Goans and Punjabi Hindus. There was little intermarriage between communities; less with Africans.

Asians owned 80% of Uganda's businesses, 50% of its industries and comprised 50% of its professionals. Many had British travel documents but no *right of abode* in the UK. Most Ismailis had Ugandan nationality, acquired on direction from the Agha Khan.

The Asian communities, prosperous and aloof, were a natural target for post-independence African regimes. Kenyan pressure in 1968 caused 15,000 to depart. When Tanzania nationalized the import-export and wholesale sectors, 20,000 Asians left.

Ugandan President Milton Obote had carried out a long campaign against the Asian community. When he was overthrown by General Idi Amin Dada on 24 January 1971, the Asians hoped things would improve. It was not to be.



Photo by Roger St. Vincent

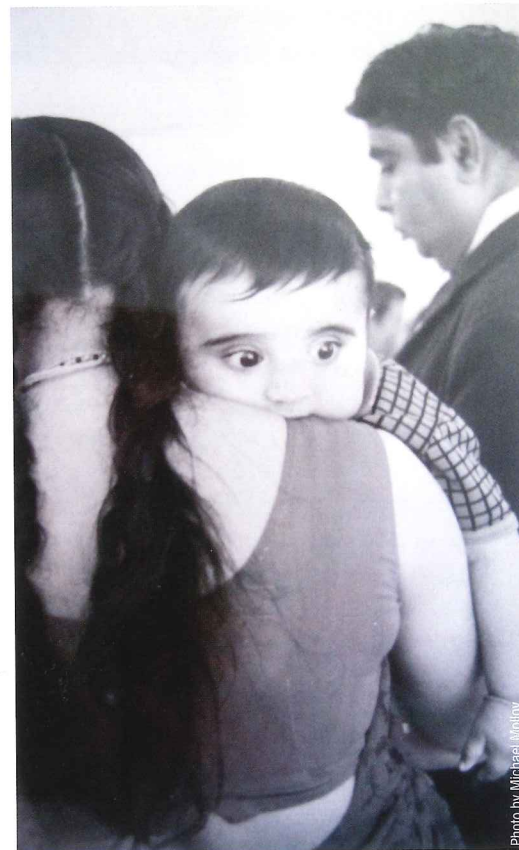


Photo by Michael Molloy

On August 5, 1972 Amin announced that 60,000 British Asians must leave within 90 days. Why the decision and why then? Idi Amin waged a war of nerves with the "British Empire", expelled Israeli military and aid missions, cozied up to radical Arab governments and alienated his African neighbours. He revelled in notoriety. Still, the announcement took his Cabinet by surprise and he himself claimed that his words had come from God. Some put the blame on his failed attempt to acquire an Asian wife.

The UK, facing a dismal economy and racial unrest, acknowledged its responsibilities to Asian UK travel document holders and appealed for assistance.

On 24 August 1972 the Trudeau Cabinet considered the British appeal. Cabinet walked a fine line between responding internationally and reassuring Canadians beset by high unemployment on the eve of an election. It decided to accept 3,000 expellees who met normal Immigration requirements and authorized Immigration Minister Bryce Mackasey to invoke the Oppressed Minority Policy if 3,000 qualified immigrants could not be found. Trudeau set the tone:

...we are prepared to offer an honourable place in Canadian life to those Ugandan Asians who come to Canada...I am sure that [they] will, by their abilities and industry, make an...important contribution to Canadian society.

Arriving in Nairobi on 28 August, Saint-Vincent met newly arrived Canadian High Commissioner William Olivier who dispatched two officers – Reg Smith (Political) and Phil Boyce (CIDA) to liaise with the Ugandans and a competent young clerk, John McNeish, to handle administration and pay the bills. In his memoir of the Ugandan Asian refugee operation *Seven Crested Cranes*, Saint-Vincent described disembarking at Uganda's Entebbe Airport:

...a tourist pointed to a bevy of birds flying low. There were seven graceful crested cranes...flying in a perfect "V" formation. As they flew past and over the control tower I thought "this could be a lucky omen".

A fighter pilot veteran of World War II and among the first immigration officers sent to Europe after the war, Saint-Vincent always kept a journal. I seldom saw him without one of those black, hard covered note books so beloved of Canadian civil servants, tucked under his arm the two months we were in Kampala. The memoir he composed based on that Journal is the most intimate and comprehensive account of a Canadian resettlement operation ever written and I have drawn heavily on it for this article.

In Kampala Saint-Vincent rented ground floor space with a shady portico in the IPS Building. He acquired telephone and telex lines, typewriters and minibuses, and persuaded a Sikh carpenter to produce 45 chairs and 10 tables in 48 hours.

The team assembled by 6 September. Jerry Campbell, one month into his first posting, arrived from London. Three young visa typists (Mary-Ellen Hemple, Ginette Leroux and Jolène Carrier) from M&I's Central Processing Office (CPO) arrived from Ottawa with Jim McMaster, a clerk to manage the files, and Minister Mackasey's political assistant, Zavier Levine. The initial medical team, Dr. Marcel Piche (Head) and Dr. Duncan arrived from NHW; Visa Officers Floyd Tufts and Jacques Drapeau, from M&I Rome and Athens. The furniture (solid teak) and I arrived on 5 September. A stunning Edmonton model visiting Kampala offered to help, our first volunteer.

With 60 days to move thousands of people we could not rely on the mail. McMaster produced a number stamping machine (packed on a whim) and suggested a number be stamped on the applications and on a slip to be given to the applicants. They would be told to come for interview when they saw their number in the newspaper. This became the backbone of a simple, secure, communications system.

September 6 was Opening Day. A ten block queue ended at our front door. The three CPO secretaries and the model staffed the reception counter dispensing blank applications and stamping in the completed forms. These smiling young women established the Canadian brand, handing out 2,588 applications for 7,764 people that day.

The Selection Unit (Campbell, Tufts, Drapeau and myself) spent every spare minute screening the incoming applications. The file numbers for interview were sent off to the *Uganda Argus*.

On Day 4 the Agha Khan Gents Volunteer Corps installed 300 chairs so our clients could sit in shady comfort. Ottawa indicated an airlift would commence 19 or 20 September.

Statistics (3,736 applications/11,208 people by 12 September) were relayed to Ottawa nightly.

By 13 September Mackasey was back in Cabinet: the original decision to accept 3,000 had been overtaken by events. It seemed that 7,500 might meet normal criteria. We could not arbitrarily refuse people who qualified. The British press alleged that

Canada was "creaming off" the best. The 3,000 target left no room for humanitarian cases. Mackasey wanted the limit on qualified applicants removed and for Canada to admit another 1,000 who did not meet the normal criteria.

He encountered resistance. Some Ministers argued that the government should treat the Ugandan Asians as a refugee movement (like the Hungarians and Czechs) so a clear limit could be set. Mackasey was reluctant to impose a quota. He thought the government should aim at taking 8,000 but would settle for less. Finally Cabinet instructed Mackasey to report if the number would exceed 6,000.

It is worth noting that Canada had just emerged from an era of race and ethnicity based immigration and we believed strongly in the new point system that was based on objective criteria. In Uganda we had a twofold mandate. First we were to take those who qualified under the point system and, second, we were to identify and accept people with no place to go. We took people from all the communities including, for example, 500 Goan families. Uganda's Ismailis often fit our criteria best on both counts: they had good leadership, were well organized, tended to be better educated, and the Agha Khan had created a fund in Canada to help with business start ups. These factors impacted directly or indirectly on the point system. At the same time they were also very much at risk: many had taken out Ugandan citizenship which was revoked by Uganda's capricious dictator.

By now we had accepted nearly 1,000 people but none had been visaed: no visa without medical clearance, no medical clearance without physical examination and no physical without X-ray and medical lab tests.

Happily, on the 13th, the Canadian Forces Mobile Unit arrived – seven medical technicians, eight tons of equipment! The techs set up in a tent which the Ugandan sun heated to over 100 degrees: you can't do blood tests (or much else) in that temperature. McNeish was dispatched for fans, air conditioners and an additional X-Ray dryer. The unit was highly skilled and



Ugandan Asians arriving at CFB Longue Pointe receive specially prepared Indian cuisine. The CAF cooks received professional instructions from Montreal's Maharajah Restaurant on the correct way to prepare different types of curried dishes.



September 11, 1972: Roger Saint-Vincent (left) presents first visa to Semin Kassam (centre), Secretary Jolène Carrier (centre right) and Michael Molloy (right).

motivated but it was late: the consequences reverberated through the next weeks. The first charter had to be cancelled.

Then followers of deposed President Milton Obote invaded from Tanzania: life became dangerous. We closed on 21 September when soldiers in armoured vehicles trained their guns on us, laughed at our reaction and roared off. The Ugandan Army crushed the insurgents in a week but rampaging Ugandan soldiers remained a menace.

Additional doctors and immigration officers arrived. We set up the Visa Transportation Unit (VTU) to produce visas, book people on charters and transport them to Entebbe airport. This critical operation was entrusted to Gerry Campbell, who, counting his month in London, now had six weeks' operational experience. The CPO secretaries shifted from the counter to the VTU and pounded out visas bearing program identifier UGX.

The Ugandan government tried to extort a 20% kickback on the Asians' transportation loans; Trudeau announced (26 September) that Canada, not the Asians, would pay for the airlift.

AC Charter #1 left on 27 September with 138 of 145 seats filled. Passengers assembled in our hotel parking lot. High Commissioner Olivier led the convoy to Entebbe Airport. Getting the passengers through the chaotic airport and onto the DC8 took steady nerves and determination, making Swahili-speaking John McNeish a key member of the airport team.

Charter #1 arrived at Dorval at 6:20 a.m. 28 September. The media was impressed by the Asians' fluent English and dapper dress. The tired but "cheery" passengers were welcomed by Minister Mackasey (distributing plastic Mounties and Oompas to the 43 children) before being bused to CFB Longue Pointe for cupcakes, tea and bed. That afternoon army cooks served up Indian food while M&I counsellors and NGO reps provided warm clothing and information on destinations and jobs.

Charter #1's arrival coincided with the final game of the historic Canada-Russia Summit Series. The Saujani family of Hamilton recounts:

...we were going through the immigration process. There were nine Black and White and two Color televisions, showing ice hockey. There were a number of army and civilian personnel. Suddenly all the white personnel started dancing, hugging and kissing each other and some to us Ugandans. We were like zombies. "He shoots, He Scores". After many years, for the first time, Canadians beat Russians at our own game.

The lag in medical processing still bedevilled our productivity: charters #2 and #3 departed with just 60 and 48 souls respectively. Our Ottawa masters were apoplectic. But the situation improved rapidly: the medical team steadily expanded the inventory of people ready to travel. The expulsion deadline was

fast approaching. Word spread of how well people were treated by the Canadian Forces at Longue Pointe. Offers of assistance from Canada poured in.

In late September the Ugandan government ordered Asians with Ugandan citizenship to have their status verified: the army confiscated the documents. One of our Asian volunteers, Nancy Di Grigorio, an Olympic athlete, was shattered to find she was no longer a Ugandan citizen. Ottawa immediately instructed us to screen-in the now stateless Asian Ugandan citizens.

The 6 October Charter #5 with 145 passengers demonstrated we were on target. The plane had arrived with three more crack CPO secretaries and the legendary Moe Benoit to work the reception counter as traffic at the counter was increasingly complex.

Over the Ugandan National Day weekend (7-9 October) we reviewed the 6,000 files initially screened-out and decided to interview 2,000, 145 interviews a day, taking us to 31 October.

The final weeks were exhilarating: seven charters in six days the week of the 22nd; ten charters the week of the 29th. Most of the team, including the hardworking medical techs and CPO team left on November 3rd.

Roger Saint-Vincent describes the final departure on 8 November in *Seven Crested Cranes*.

There were close to 1,000 Asians waiting to depart with charter aircraft from Sabena, BOAC, Alitalia, British Caledonian, and Air India. Bar none, the most impressive sight on the Tarmac was the Air Canada stretch DC8 with its maple leaf logo.

Saint-Vincent left for Beirut that day. Moe Benoit and I departed the next, him to Ottawa, me to Nairobi to process Ugandans stranded there.

In sixty days we screened 8,065 applications representing 23,392 people. Of these 4,172 applications were screened out because they did not meet the point criteria AND, more importantly, they had somewhere else to go. We conducted 3,893 interviews. Visas were issued to 6,262 people of whom 4,420 departed on the chartered airlift.

Coming a decade after Canada's immigration racial barriers came down, the Uganda Asians were our first significant humanitarian movement from a non-European source. They set a stellar example. Trudeau's prediction: "those from Uganda, will, by their abilities and industry, make an...important contribution to Canadian society" was remarkably apt.

The impact on Canadian refugee policy was subtle but profound. The refugee resettlement system defined in the 1976 Immigration Act including selection criteria, definitions and the sponsorship programs bore the stamp of the Uganda experience. Lessons learned in Kampala shaped our response to the challenge of 60,000 boat people eight years later.

But that's another story. ☺

A Little Theatre, a Lot of Good

One morning in the middle of October when we were going flat out, Moe Benoit, who ran the reception counter, interrupted an interview and said, "Mike there is someone you need to see right now!" I noticed his usually ruddy face was rather pale and agreed he could bring whoever it was. I passed the man I just accepted to a colleague to finish the formalities and there Moe was again accompanied by a very large, smartly turned out Ugandan police sergeant with a Sten gun in one hand and a chain in the other.

Attached to the chain was a slight, scruffy, unshaven and malodorous Asian man. The man croaked "You called my number" and handed me a battered piece of grey official British stationery with our four digit case number stamped neatly on the right corner. The sergeant was polite but refused to take the cuffs off so I got them to sit down – Asian in front, policeman behind.

The man then told me that his wife held Kenyan citizenship and a week before they had decided she would join her family in Nairobi given the deteriorating situation. At the border the Ugandan authorities had seized her jewelry and let her leave, but arrested him for smuggling and sent him to the notorious Kampala prison. His family had been unable to get him out until his number appeared in the Uganda *Argus* newspaper that morning. His relatives rushed to the jail newspaper in hand. They had convinced the Warden to produce the man and when the number in the newspaper and the number on the tax clearance form he had somehow managed to retain were found to match, the Warden agreed that he would be taken to our office.

There was no way this guy was going to be refused but certain forms had to be observed. Education 10 points; auto mechanic 15 and skill 7; under 45 years 10 points; English, not bad 4, an aunt in BC 5 (plus 4 for going to the Vancouver area) and as for personal assessment he'd taken a big risk to get his wife out of harm's way – 10 points. 61 points! He'd have made it without the policeman.

Our normally noisy facility was very quiet, though there was an uneasy stir each time the policeman shifted that awkward machine gun around. I explained about the need for a medical and the three of us strolled nonchalantly over to see Dr. Piche who happened to be free and agreed do the examination himself. No, the chains could not come off, so the Doctor and the man ducked behind the curtain while the sergeant and I chatted about his war service in Burma.

Piche, a stickler for the rules, re-appeared and announced the man had passed his medical. He did not mention, and I didn't ask, about the X-ray and Lab tests. At that juncture, Roger Staint-Vincent, in his habitual rather military cut safari suit and with the nonchalant authority of an RCAF fighter pilot, strode up. The sergeant imperceptibly came to attention. In an officer-like voice Roger instructed the sergeant that the man was to be at Entebbe for the flight to Canada at 7:00 a.m. sharp the next day. The sergeant actually saluted and in the awkward pause that followed (as Roger turned on his heel and strode away) Dr. Piche won my eternal

gratitude by offering the sergeant and his family a free medical exam if all went well. We parted as friends.

The following morning as Roger stood by the door of the DC8 a couple of police cars rolled up and the sergeant, the chain and the man got out. Roger intercepted them at the top of the stairs and ordered the handcuff removed. The man slipped into the plane and when the sergeant moved to follow (he just wanted to look), Roger told him that this was Canadian territory and politely escorted him down the stairs and back to the car.

The next morning at 9:30 the sergeant, in mufti, arrived with his tall fine looking wife and six neatly dressed children. They were ushered to the medical section with some ceremony, divided among the doctors, thoroughly examined, fed tea and biscuits, given some basic medicaments and an elaborate certificate of good health signed by Dr. Marcel Piche, Chief Medical Service, Canadian Team, Kampala. 🇨🇦

Michael Molloy is a retired Foreign Service officer (CIC and DFAIT). Much of his career involved refugee policy and operations: in the 1972 Ugandan Asian crisis he served as 2-i-c and Head of the Selection Unit and in 1979–80 he coordinated the resettlement of 60,000 Indochinese refugees. Ambassador to Jordan (1996–2000) and Peace Process Coordinator until 2003. He is Sr. Fellow at the University of Ottawa's Graduate School of Public and International Affairs. He is also President of the Canadian Immigration Historical Society which has launched a new website: www.cihs-shic.ca.



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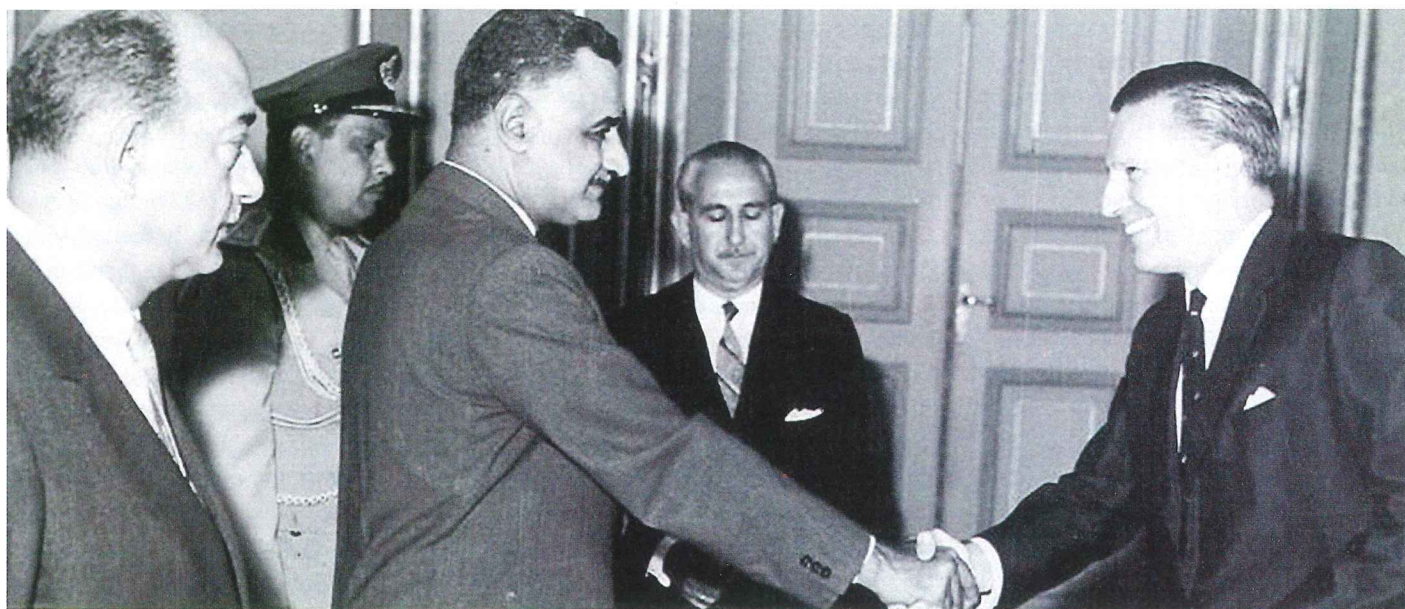
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John Starnes presents credentials to President Nasser – Cairo 1966.

John Starnes: Portrait of a Very Canadian Diplomat

by Patrick Starnes

Note de la rédaction : Il y a plusieurs mois, John Starnes, un des membres siégeant depuis le plus longtemps au comité supérieur de rédaction de **bout de papier**, a annoncé qu'il démissionnait. Sa raison est simple : du fait qu'il sera bientôt centenaire (dans sept ans) et qu'il est presque sourd, il estime que sa contribution en est amoindrie. Bill Barton, autre légende d'une génération passée, a lui aussi quitté le comité à la même occasion. Nous avons accepté leurs démissions à regret et nous avons décidé de souligner la contribution de quelques-uns de nos diplomates possédant les plus longs états de service et les plus talentueux par une célébration d'une vie bien remplie. Nous avons mis l'accent sur John, mais l'hommage vise tous les Starnes et Barton qui ont tant contribué à la force et à la fierté du service extérieur du Canada. Le fils de John, Patrick (avec l'aide de son frère Colin) a bien voulu relever le défi de rédiger cet hommage...en outre, un centre de ressources de l'École Norman Patterson de l'Université Carleton a été nommée en l'honneur de Jeanie et Bill Barton.

Imagine: London, May 1944. The Allies are daylight-bombing German cities with increasing impunity, and there are persistent rumours of an impending invasion of Continental Europe. Somewhere in a hangar in West London, a young Canadian Army officer is performing important but tedious intelligence work. Cue to Canada House. Norman Robertson, the legendary Canadian diplomat, in London with Mackenzie King for a Commonwealth meeting, repeats a previously made offer to the officer – secondment to the Department of External Affairs as third secretary to

the Canadian Legation to the Allied Governments-in-Exile in London. The offer is accepted, and so begins the distinguished public service career of John Starnes.

John Kennett Starnes was born in Montreal on February 5, 1918. His father, Henry, was a successful grain broker whose banker grandfather had been the Mayor of Montreal in 1867. His strong-minded mother, Altha, was a daughter of Frank McCrea, a prosperous businessman and federal Member of Parliament for Sherbrooke. Starnes attended Selwyn House School in Montreal where he claims to have

been bullied by the future federal minister Bud Drury and where he (Starnes) failed to shine academically but was a keen athlete. Trinity College School in Port Hope and a year at the Institute Sillig in Switzerland where he acquired decent French and played defence for the local hockey team, followed. While gaining a BA from Bishop's University, Starnes spent the summer of 1936 at the University of Munich wrestling with German and successfully developing a marked distaste for fascism.

With the outbreak of war, Starnes put aside ideas of joining External Affairs and

enlisted in the Royal Highland Regiment of Canada (the Black Watch) with the rank of second lieutenant. After training stints in Quebec and Ontario, and the longer-term commitment of getting married to Helen Robinson in May 1941, Starnes was sent to attend a German interrogation course in Cambridge, England. Thus began John Starnes's passionate and lifelong engagement in his relatively young country's foreign and intelligence affairs.

Starnes's overseas war was eclectic and involved *inter alia*: the Cambridge interrogation course, liaison with MI6 and the Special Operations Executive (SOE), seeking out possible candidates in Canadian Army units for special services, the strange affair of an ultimately fruitless plan to recruit Canadian Indians to make use of

their little known (at least to the Germans) dialects, complex dealings with the British authorities over how to deal with Canadian volunteers for espionage work abroad, and a mercifully unsuccessful attempt to get himself dropped into France as an agent. After secondment, he became involved, for a time as Chargé d'Affaires, in the multifaceted task of liaising with representatives of various governments-in-exile in London. All this against the kaleidoscopic backdrop of wartime London: blackouts, rationing, bombing, pubs and clubs and parties, friends and acquaintances going to and (not always) returning from war. Striking about this period is the sheer volume of people from all walks of life with whom he interacted. Indeed, we have here the genesis of the tradecraft which was to serve Starnes

so well in the years to come: an unvarying interest in other people and ideas, a robust sense of humour coupled with a keen appreciation of life's absurdities, and an unsentimental (read pragmatic) eye for the interests of his country.

Post-WWII Ottawa was a fine place to be for a freshly minted Foreign Service Officer with a small family fuelled with a healthy desire to learn and to thrive in his chosen profession. Importantly, he had dealings with talented and singularly dedicated public servants such as Arnold Heeney, George Ignatieff, Marcel Cadieux, Charles Ritchie, Hume Wrong, Pierre Dupuy, Hamilton Southam, Robert Ford, Jules Leger, Jack Pickersgill, Gordon Robertson. During the immediate post-war period Starnes worked as a personal assistant first to Norman Robertson, later to Mike Pearson and for a time acted as liaison between the latter's office and his then Minister, Louis St. Laurent.

Later, Starnes participated in Canada's contribution to the establishment of the United Nations and the Atomic Energy Commission in New York, and attended sessions of the International Labour Organization in San Francisco. Back in Ottawa he headed a newly created Establishments and Organization Division, where his talent for administration and appetite for the hard slog was invaluable.

In 1953 Starnes was posted to the embassy in Bonn. For the next three years he and Helen served with flair (one year, always useful with a hammer and saw, the Minister-Counsellor constructed a cowboy saloon-bar in the garden of their house for the annual Canada Day shindig) and a sensitive, forward-looking approach to a job (the public side of which they always considered a shared endeavour).

Diplomats are by definition rolling stones and Starnes's next migration was to Paris. For two years he acted as a self-proclaimed "general dog's-body" (deputy-executive secretary) to the NATO international staff, where his French was much appreciated by his linguistically challenged boss and where he and Helen enjoyed the delights of the City of Light minus the heavy representational responsibilities of regular embassy FSO's.



The Ambassador and his team – to his right: Andre Lapointe, Maurie Hughes, Bert Gordon; to his left: Egypt's Grand Chamberlain, with Arthur Broadbridge and Mitch Hamner behind and Ken Merklinger at the top of the stairs.

Defence Liaison (2) may not be the most resonant of titles for the External Affairs division which dealt with matters of security and intelligence. But, at the height of the Cold War this banal moniker belied the deadly serious duties carried out by the men and women of the branch which was to become Starnes's bailiwick on returning to Ottawa in 1958. While naturally less than enthusiastic about the seamier aspects of the job (including personnel security breaches, real or putative, sometimes involving old friends), Starnes was lucky in that he reported directly to Norman Robertson, the then Deputy Minister and a much admired chief. Furthermore, chairing the pivotal Joint Intelligence Committee, interacting with the likes of the CIA's Allen Dulles and the future head of MI6, Maurice Oldfield, along with some stimulating "junkets" certainly had their rewards; the work proved interesting, challenging and a definite eye-opener.

In the summer of 1962 at the age of 44 Starnes was appointed Ambassador to the Federal Republic of Germany and Head of the Canadian Military Mission in Berlin. This was a good time to be a "player" in Germany: Wirtschaftswunder, Germany's remarkable economic recovery, was in full swing, the obscene Berlin Wall (aka the hilariously named "Anti-Fascist Protection Rampart") had sprung up virtually overnight in 1961, and with it a host of seemingly intractable problems to be confronted by the West Germans and their Allies. The Canadian mission, quite apart from the normal complex business of being a largish embassy in a strategically vital country, had the responsibility of dealing with the multifarious needs of Canadian military personnel and their families still stationed on German soil. This latter aspect of the job was both demanding and seriously unglamorous, and it serves as a reminder (if any is needed) that not all of a diplomat's life is played out against the backdrop of grand houses, "high-level talks", clever cocktail parties and Lucullan banquets. Still, it was during his time in Bonn that Starnes, through the good offices of his close friend Bill Crean, joined the London-based International

Institute for Strategic Studies, a number of whose conferences and meetings he attended over the years to come.

Few diplomats would deny that a significant portion of the success (or occasionally failure) of their postings can often be ascribed to what might inelegantly be termed "spousal support" and this is perhaps the place to draw attention to the supportive role of Helen, Starnes's (unremunerated) consort.

Consider a typical summer's day in the life of Her Excellency: a Minister and his wife are staying in the guest-room, check that their breakfasts are served (a sub-standard boiled egg is replaced) and inquire as to their health and spirits. Breakfast with John and their two sons (both at university in Canada). A suggestion that they wash the family car is rejected on the bewildering grounds that neither Kierkegaard nor John Donne was ever required to perform such a menial chore. The princelings repair to the pool. John leaves for work. HE confers with Klaus the cook. A dinner for twelve in the Minister's honour looms, one of the racks of lamb is tainted, Otto the butler may be coming down with a cold, and the matter of his BO must be addressed. The Minister's tiresome wife wants to shop so she has to be driven downtown. Back home the flowers must be arranged. A quick call to Heidi, the embassy's social secretary confirms HE's worst fears, seating will be a protocol minefield due to confusion re the seniority of two ambassadors. John's suggestion that they be seated one on top of the other is not helpful. At the hairdresser, HE dashes off an aerogram to her ailing mother-in-law in Canada and makes a list for tomorrow's luncheon party. A quick Caesar salad at the American Club in Bad Godesberg with the home-sick wife of the First Secretary. HE changes clothes and attends a "duty" tea-party given by the monoglot wife of the Peruvian Ambassador. Another change of clothes and it is 8:00, the guests will soon be arriving and the work begins.

No diplomat is immune from the "less-than-perfect-post-syndrome", whereby for a number of reasons (usually timing) a plum posting is followed by a less desirable



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Canada Day 1966: The Starnes, Abdul, and other local staff in the garden of the residence.

one. So it was that in 1966 Starnes was posted as Ambassador to the United Arab Republic (Egypt) and Sudan. However, Arab-Israeli politics conspired to morph a seemingly bathetic posting into a fascinating, difficult, and potentially dangerous one. In addition to seeing to the daily business of the Cairo embassy, Starnes and his extremely able staff were kept busy monitoring and reporting on a very volatile situation not only to Ottawa but also to Britain for whom Canada had been acting as protecting power since relations between that country and the UAR had broken down. This may have been helped by the unusual private interview Starnes managed to wangle with President Nasser where the two men appear to have had a frank and useful dialogue.

After the Six Day War was so humiliatingly lost by the Egyptians, Starnes and the skeleton staff remaining in Cairo witnessed the chaotic and at times frightening aftermath to the conflict as bewildered and maddened crowds rampaged through the darkened streets of Cairo following Nasser's resignation speech. On one occasion the ambassador, displaying considerable sang-froid, managed to "liberate" a number of embassy staff being held at gunpoint by an ugly rabble of

"citizen volunteers" in a suburb of the capital. So much for a dull posting.

In the spring of 1967 Starnes was summonsed to Ottawa where he took up his duties as assistant under-secretary in charge of administration and personnel. He undertook this delicate and frequently thankless task with his customary senses of humour and duty until September 1967 when "out of the blue" he was made an offer which anyone with his experience, let alone understated but very real patriotism, would have found difficult to refuse. Prime Minister Trudeau asked him to become the first civilian Director General of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police's Security and Intelligence Directorate. In short, to become Canada's chief spook. After some soul-searching about leaving External Affairs and admittedly a few misgivings as to the nature of the new job, Starnes accepted.

By his own admission Starnes's time as Director General of Security and Intelligence, while certainly stimulating, was also frustrating and confusing. As the first civilian to do the job he was in uncharted waters, and after only nine months in post had to deal with the 1970 October Crisis. Nevertheless, Starnes attempted to resolve some of the very real problems inherent in establishing a viable

civilian security operation in some form of symbiosis with existing structures. The aggravations of this increasingly unrewarding task led him to resign in 1973. After retiring, though, Starnes spent approximately a hundred and twenty hours testifying under oath at various Royal Commissions inquiring into the RCMP's role in the events of 1970. Not your ideal coda to a public service career spanning more than thirty years.

However, never one to cry over spilt commissions, Starnes consulted for a number of Government departments and then – as "therapy" when testifying – turned his hand to writing, producing a trilogy of spy novels, all successfully published by a small Ottawa-based imprint. Some time later he was approached by the University of Toronto Press with a view to writing a book for them. Leery of adding to the ever-growing canon of "memoirs", Starnes wrote *Closely Guarded*, a thoughtful reflection on his life and career which was published in 1998 and makes charmingly unpretentious reading.

Apart from travel, extensive and eclectic reading, writing letters-to-the-editor, and creating gourmet meals, Starnes was always a keen participant, and at times a convenor, of the celebrated Press Club lunches where he kept up with former colleagues and checked out the current "new blood".

For the record, John and Helen currently live in an apartment overlooking the Rideau River with a splendid view of Parliament Hill, where he produces elaborate breakfasts, reads other people's obituaries and keeps in touch with family and friends via the internet. ☺

Montreal-born Patrick Starnes studied at Bishop's and Cambridge University focussing on the works of Samuel Beckett. Widely travelled, he has worked as a deck hand, librarian, aid administrator, journalist, and long taught English at John Abbott College. Patrick, spouse Christine and Border Terrier now live in Tuscany.



SAFARI!

Natural Wonders in Kenya's Amboseli National Park

text by Bruce Grundison, photos by Bruce, Keiko, Mei and Leah Grundison

Editor's Note: Africa rarely gets the attention it deserves, and then usually about something dire like the kidnapping of Bob Fowler and Louis Guay – a lead story in our last issue. We're back there, but on safari this time, sharing the memorable experience and great visuals of Bruce Grundison and family, as well as the African imagery and mindscapes of Evelyn Voigt's poetry.

Depuis des années, le mot « safari » fait partie de mon quotidien – à tel point, de fait, que, bien longtemps avant que j'arrive à Nairobi au milieu de 2011, l'idée d'un safari était devenue un cliché. Plus de 20 ans à voyager au sein du service extérieur avait peut-être émoussé quelque peu ma capacité d'émerveillement. Peut-être aussi que le terme a tout simplement vieilli dans un monde où les gens roulent en VUS Safari sur l'autoroute et accèdent à Internet au moyen du logiciel Safari. Mes lectures sur le Kenya m'ont appris que le terme « safari » original en kiswahili signifie « long voyage terrestre », ce qui, effectivement, semble

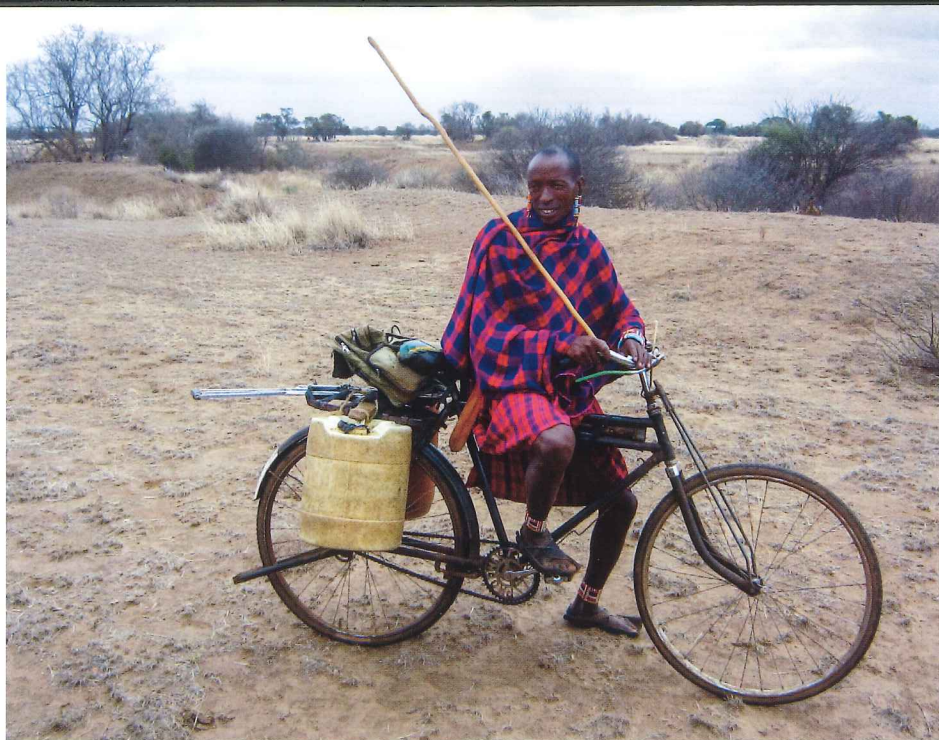
assez ordinaire pour s'appliquer à quelque chose que les Canadiens font tous les jours...

Once we actually set foot in Africa, however, the word took on a new colour. In their first few weeks at their new school, our two daughters took extended school field trips into the wild, and my wife Keiko and I became excited by stories we heard from Canadian colleagues at the High Commission. Even our new Kenyan friends seemed to retain an inspiration and excitement at the notion of a safari.

There were plenty of touring options. We decided not to wait, but to make time early in our stay to make a proper “long

overland journey”. One of the privileges of having postings abroad is the opportunity to take time to enjoy the local sights as a resident, and not to rush through a typical tourist's itinerary.

So it was that, after much research and weighing of recommendations, in October 2011, we booked a safari, and drove ourselves down the busy two-lane Mombasa highway from Nairobi to the edge of Amboseli National Park. Just when we thought we had almost lost our way, my mobile phone rang, the camp phone number showing on the display. “I know where you are; wait there,” said the voice



at the other end, after I described the shape of the landscape around us. Sure enough, a Land Rover soon appeared in the distance, at the wheel a Maasai man in a traditional red shuka cloak. That vehicle would be our transport, and our safe haven in the wilderness, for the next four days, and the Maasai driver, introduced as Jackson, would be our guide. After following him in our car for another 20 minutes along bumpy, dusty backroads lined with dried out acacia thorns, we arrived at our destination, a tented camp in the private Selenkay Conservancy.

We had chosen this place for our first safari because it had a good reputation for wildlife sightings and the camp was in an intimate setting, having only a handful of large private tents. It turned out to be even better than expected. Jackson and the other Maasai guides not only kept our family safe and well fed, but each day introduced us to something new.

Beginning that first day and continuing for four evenings, we observed the “sundowner” ritual, ending a late-afternoon game drive around a campfire with refreshments, watching the sunset. Riding

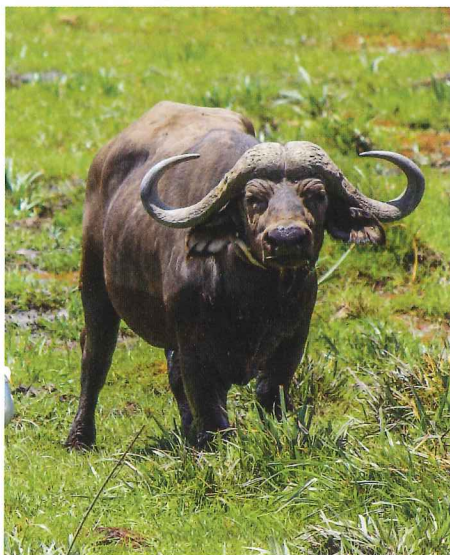
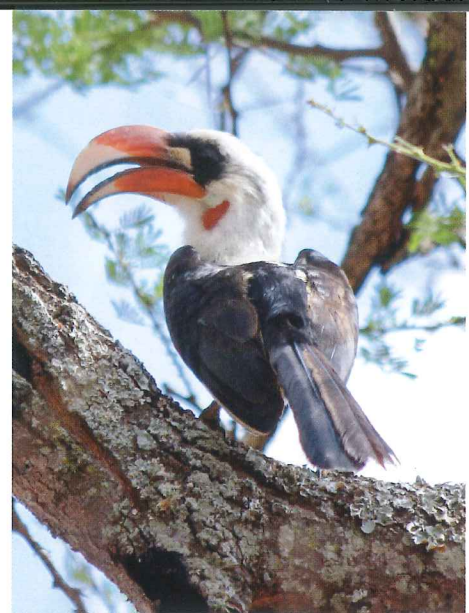
through the brush to our first sundowner, our daughters smiled as we surprised giraffes and gazelles just along the path, almost close enough to touch. But it was hearing the names of so many different animals that suddenly splashed wonder into my eyes. Jackson could rhyme off the different species and explain identifying marks: this one an impala, that one not just a gazelle, but a Thomson’s gazelle (because of the black stripe), over there a lesser kudu, and that one, eating from the tree on its hind legs, a gerenuk. What interesting names! Unfortunately, we never got a good look at the elusive dik-dik, although we heard Jackson call out that name several times during the week.

Farther along that first evening, wildebeest sparred on the plains. The sky was breathtaking. We stopped to take in the classic view of giraffe and “Kili”, as Jackson called the famous Mount Kilimanjaro. Our four cameras snapped away. We could see the shrinking remains of the glacier, looking like a small white hat atop the peak. Amid the drought conditions around us, that white sliver made climate change suddenly seem very real.

Once the sun was down, however, the breeze became much cooler, and it was time for dinner. With a second Maasai, a “spotter”, joining us and taking up a perch in a seat on the front of the truck, we drove back to the camp.

Dinner was served late, by dim lantern-light, but we were glad to eat. After dark, Maasai guards were required to escort us to our tents to protect us from the dangerous local wildlife, but there were no big cats or other predators spotted around the camp during our stay. I admit to being slightly disappointed: I was expecting to regale friends and family with stories of how brave we had been, hearing lions growling outside our tent. Alas, if lions were present, they kept silent and I have no such stories.

On the way back to the tent our second evening, though, we were surprised when the Maasai’s lantern revealed a black carpet stretched across the canvas lip in front of the tent. The “carpet” turned out to be a column of safari ants. To our relief, they skirted the outside and marched away from our tent. I got my camera out just as the last ants were turning the corner. After



that experience, I had new respect for how close we were to the wildlife, and had no desire to hear big cats outside at night.

Mornings on our safari began with freshly brewed Kenyan coffee just before dawn, in time for a pre-breakfast game drive, an ideal time for birding. I was not a birder before the safari; since the trip I am. Jackson had us identifying bird species from the first day, and before long we could spot and name different types of hornbills, weavers and bustards, as well as eagles and secretary birds. Even the ubiquitous white-bellied go-away birds surrounding the camp and the helmeted guinea fowl scurrying throughout the brush became interesting.

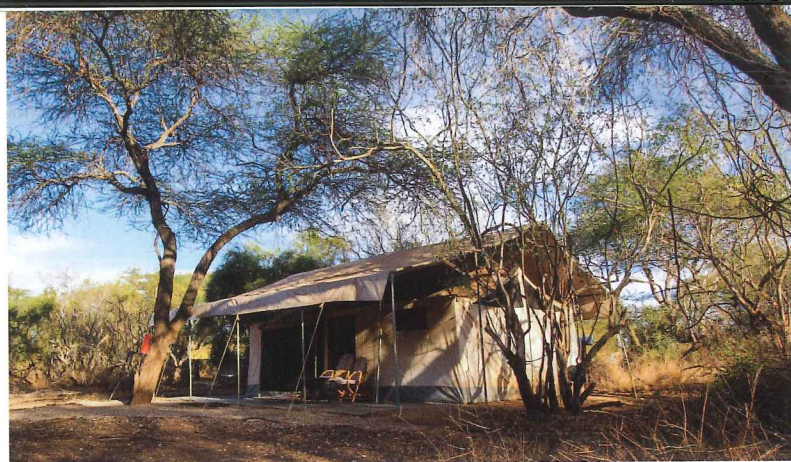
On our final morning, Jackson and another guide took us on a game walk around the camp where local Maasai villagers walk and cycle. Not 500 metres from our tent we were observed by grazing

giraffes that the our guides had tracked for us. The giraffes seemed calm and curious, but we found reminders of the dangerous wilderness, including fresh elephant droppings and a week-old leopard kill, the carcass of a small impala, still hanging from a tree branch. We learned that a watering hole close to the camp drew elephants and giraffes later in the day, when it was hotter and luckily when we were no longer on foot.

For most of the safari we stayed inside the conservancy, but on the third day we also ventured into Amboseli National Park proper, in the hope of seeing elephants. We were not disappointed. Just past the gate at around 9 a.m., in a cloud of dust in the distance a matriarch and her herd appeared, lumbering toward us. We parked; they crossed our path less than 20 metres away. Although they appeared at first to take no notice, two straggling bulls, whom the

guide said had been fighting, ambled up to the truck, turning and flaring their ears at us menacingly. We reversed the Land Rover to a safe distance and waited for them to pass, which they did. Within 20 minutes of the dust cloud appearing, all the elephants had come and gone.

Elephants are numerous but the Amboseli plain boasts both grasslands and a lush swamp that in daylight hosts various grazing animals, including buffalo. The swamp was brilliant green despite the persistent drought. Egrets and other water birds tagged along near the big game, herds of which were often grazing together. Even more than the hippo or elephants, and certainly more than the big cats, the buffalo inspired fear in our Maasai guides, who would never get too close. Personally, I will not forget the eerie crunching sound of wildebeest bones in the jaws of hyenas just a few metres away from my seat.



On our final full afternoon we visited the nearby Maasai village. It was their genuine home, but kept somewhat manicured and ready for tourists, who are expected to buy handicrafts back at the camp. The locals welcomed us; the children were very cute and showed much interest in our cameras. They were generous with their time, permitting us to take photos of their rituals and their traditional mud houses. Although every family had at least one mobile phone, and clearly they were used to seeing modern technology, there was no running water, and no electricity in the village. I wondered afterward what kind of life these children would have in another 15 or 20 years.

As we left the camp and began the six-hour drive back to Nairobi, our girls fell asleep in the back seat, tired but content. Keiko reflected aloud that she felt we were lucky to have been able to share the safari as a family, to see our kids excited again by the natural world as they had been when

they were very young. I agreed: I had felt a similar exhilaration and simple happiness being outdoors, and I feel it again whenever I look back at our photos from that special week. Thanks to Jackson and our other guides, I had renewed my appreciation for the complexity of the African wilderness. I had become fascinated with different species of birds and animals, their daily rhythms and behaviours.

Yet I found myself feeling conflicted, which often happens when I travel in developing countries. The safari had been full of new names and insights courtesy of the Maasai. I hoped on the one hand that their children, so fascinated by our cameras, would soon have access to education and modern technology, and first of all to basic clean running water and electricity. Of course, since their parents already had mobile phones, the children would probably soon have access to their own cameras. Computers and Safari-type software would not be far behind. But the standard of life

we experienced in the tented camp was still far different from that in the village.

At the same time, I also wondered if those children would stay connected to the land to become expert naturalists like our guides. Could they develop their communities, and still maintain a solid and enduring connection to nature? I hoped so. I hoped that they would not let the word “safari” become a cliché, and leave their homes only to drive SUVs on the freeway. I hoped that they would take the next step in developing their communities, and still help others like me to restore a sense of wonder, to take their own “long overland journey”. 🌍

*Since joining the Foreign Service in 1992, **Bruce Grundison** has served in Kingston, Beijing, Ankara, Ho Chi Minh City, New Delhi and CIC headquarters in Ottawa. He is currently Minister-Counsellor (Immigration) in Nairobi. He and his wife, Keiko, have two daughters.*

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African Light and Shadow

Four Poems by Evelyn Voigt

*Editor's Note: Poetry is often deeply personal and it helps to know something of the poet before you explore a poet's world. What **bout** learned: Evelyn Voigt managed programmes and projects with the Canadian International Development Agency in East Africa, the Horn, and Egypt. She was born a German prisoner of war in what is now Zimbabwe. Her mother fled Germany at 18 because she was Jewish. Her father, a young German pioneer in Africa, was ostracized by the Germans for marrying her. Both were imprisoned by the British because they were German. In 1948, the family was allowed to return to their isolated farm in Tanganyika. Outside the homestead, Africa teemed with millennia of oral traditions. Wildlife roamed the bush. Expansive vistas opened out over the Great Rift Valley below. Inside the farmhouse, without running water or power, telephone or other industrial comforts, German traditions reigned supreme: home made gingerbread cookies, Christmas trees, and Brothers Grimm at bed time. Then came British-type boarding schools, Dickensian in their rules, and ultimately Canadian citizenship. From these extremes emerged a fascination with unity in diversity, and the absurdity of discrimination, most often explored through her career in international development and spoken soundscapes fed by music. She has performed in Canada and abroad.*

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Weaverbird Dreamku

Thorn trees rake blue skies
 Busy birds weave yellow dreams
 Shadows dance

Solid rocks with gossamer wings

Out we ran each morning chasing sunshine and cattle,
 our whims, and our friends through criss-crossed footpaths
 of African childhood, bare toes curling in the dust,
 infinite adventure at our little feet,

Greetings shouted from afar, stranger to stranger.
 "Kamw e e e n e. Mngo a a a g e?" in drawn out song.
 As we passed: "O o on g o, m'noge yuveve"
 Warm. Fleeting. Human.

And always the shadowy leopard.
 Snakes, some we played with. Dank, dark earth.
 Emerald, turquoise, ruby spiders, diamonds ringed in grace,
 spanning glistening lianas. Rainbows in towering newborn
 skies, drops of dew on hairy insect backs.

Fearful yet excited, we roasted corn on windswept plateau.
 ("If you eat lying down, your mother will die."
 "If you both blow on the fire at the same time,
 your heads will fuse.")

Such freedom! Such stricture!

For, one day it seemed we were still running wild
 in tiny-footprint-exhilaration.
 The next we awoke at boarding school.
 Uniformed at the age of six!
 With drums to rise, to march, two by two,
 to eat, to class, to lunch, to supper. Lights out! Silence!
 Six months of regulation, of complications unique to a
 German child in a post-war British school in Africa:

While we wait for the teacher, my little classmates ring my desk.
 They stab accusing fingers in my direction, and chant:
 "Yah! Yah! You lost the war! Yah! Yah! You lost the war!"
 By then my English was good enough for me to know
 what it was to lose something,
 but not yet to know what it was to lose a war.
 I remember thinking that if only I could find the war,
 everything would be alright again.

Lament of the Child Soldier

In my barrel is the heart of a mother
and in my heart, like a distant shadow,
my yearning for childhood.
Am I child? I do not know.
I think I left that journey many years ago.
Or is it only days since I was torn, in screaming darkness,
from my mother's arms,
from sun-drenched corn and cattle song;
to the seductive power of the gun?
What am I now, as in the dark I
lead them to my village home?
What am I now? Am I child? Am I soldier?
Of Uganda, Or Sudan? I no longer know.
What to choose, to think, to feel? I no longer know.
Child? Man? Beast? I no longer know.
In my barrel is the heart of a mother
and in my heart, like a distant shadow,
my yearning for love.
Which is stronger: the shadow in my heart?
Or the fear of my colonel?
My trigger finger hovers...

Dead Mothers Cannot Cry*

She speaks to her womb
Now empty of child
Now filled with acid
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Leaves
Rusting metal

She whispers to her womb
Now empty of another mouth to feed

Her mourning children gather

She strains to see their smiles
Beyond the tears

At least, she thinks,
Dead mothers cannot cry

*Titled derived from BBC documentary on
maternal mortality entitled *Dead moms don't cry*

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The 40th Reunion of the Foreign Service Class of '72

by Ian Ferguson

How do you organize a Foreign Service reunion? A year beforehand, talk up the notion when you run into former colleagues. Hope that someone takes your idea and runs with it. When that doesn't happen (surprise), start putting together a list of names and emails. Call a brainstorming meeting. Provide wine and cheese as an incentive. Get a planning team together. Have volunteers scout potential venues and track down former colleagues. Fix dates. Decide on venues and menus. Nominate a *sommelier* and a treasurer. Collect funds and get a liquor licence and wine. Have fun locating and reconnecting with former colleagues.

And so the 40th reunion of the Foreign Service class of '72 took shape and was held over the weekend of June 1–2, 2012. The dates were chosen to take advantage of Ottawa's (normally fine) late spring weather as well as special activities such as the annual Doors Open and the new blockbuster exhibits at the major museums. In the end, we located almost every officer concerned.

Getting in touch again with colleagues proved one of the more rewarding parts of the exercise. In 1972, we had all entered different Foreign Service Departments: External, ITC and Immigration. The decision to include all streams of the Foreign Service proved the right one. Besides, everyone knows that the trade people are better at parties.

On Friday, June 1 Gabriel Lessard and Corrine Paollilo-Lessard graciously hosted a reception at their residence just south of Ottawa on the banks of the Rideau River. The damp weather proved irrelevant as old friends enthusiastically socialized and caught up on news. ID stickers helped connect names with once younger faces. We were fortunate to be joined by Marc Perron and Lawrence Lederman who had been, respectively, the External and ITC assignments officers for the new 1972 recruits.

On Saturday evening, June 2, the group held a dinner at La Grange de la Gatineau,

a spectacular venue on the Gatineau River near Cantley, Quebec. The three-course dinner was served in a 180-year-old converted log barn overlooking the River. A total of 59 persons attended, with participants travelling from Washington, Florida, British Columbia, Nova Scotia, Toronto, Winnipeg and Montreal. Richard Kohler, a former Chief of Protocol, acted as MC. The evening began with the clouds lifting in time for an outdoor "family" photograph. Later in the evening, there was a candle lighting and moment of silence for six former colleagues who have passed away. The MC then conveyed greetings from those unable to attend due to health or professional obligations.

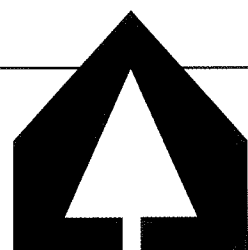
The featured speaker was the Right Honourable Joe Clark. Who could be a better choice for this group than Canada's longest-serving Minister of Foreign Affairs since the 1950s? As well as serving at Foreign Affairs from 1984–91, nearly seven years, Mr. Clark began his 24-year Parliamentary career in the same year as our group was recruited. In his remarks, Mr. Clark made a strong case for Canadian foreign policy leadership based on engagement with the world as a whole – no "gated community" approach overly focussed on NATO and trade which risked estranging us from others. He favoured a foreign policy which drew upon Canada's unique and globally recognized capacities. These included our experience in managing diversity and issues of identity. A partnership of innovation (civil society, youth, new media) and mandate (governments) was required. At the national level, Mr. Clark saw the need for revitalizing the role of political parties and House of Commons committees, as well as using new



media and other tools to engage more young people in the political system. In addition, Canadians and their leaders have lost the "habit of national conversation."

The rewards for organizing the reunion were in seeing people enjoy themselves, experiencing life after DFAIT. Yes, it was a lot of work but a great team was involved. Particular thanks are extended to Michael Brock, André Charbonneau, Ann Charles, Kurt Jensen, Richard Kohler, Hark Kroll, Brian LeConte, Gilliane Lapointe, Gabriel Lessard, Nicole Sénécal and Richard Têtu. Would we do it again? Absolutely. Well, maybe. We'll have to get back to you on that, say in 9 years, closer to our 50th. ☺

Now retired from the Foreign Service, Ian Ferguson served as Director General, Africa Bureau (2005–07). His last postings were as Deputy Permanent Representative to the UN in Geneva (2001–05) and High Commissioner to Nigeria (1999–2001).



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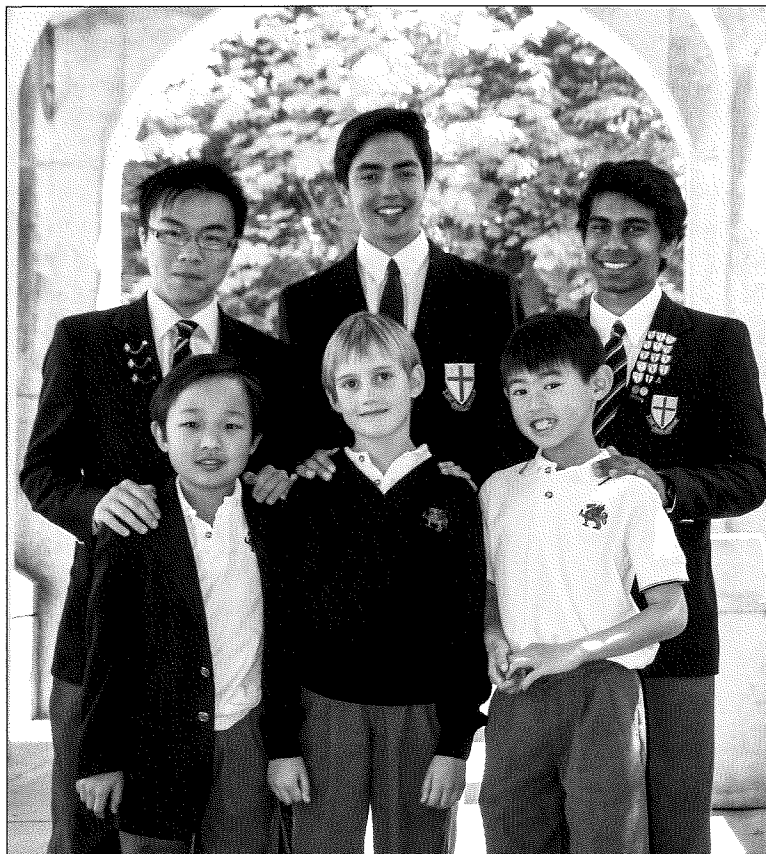
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Le Conseil des relations internationales de Montréal

par Gilles Gingras

Au début des années 1980, le professeur Louis Sabourin, directeur du Groupe d'Étude, de Recherche et de Formation Internationales (GERFI) de l'École nationale d'administration publique de l'Université du Québec et ancien président du Centre de développement de l'OCDE, met sur pied un groupe de réflexion qui décide de créer un organisme voué à sensibiliser les milieux montréalais aux questions internationales : le Conseil des relations internationales de Montréal (CORIM), organisme privé sans but lucratif et non partisan. Avec l'appui de l'honorable Gérard Pelletier, ancien Secrétaire d'État et ancien ambassadeur du Canada en France et aux Nations unies, ce forum spécifiquement dédié aux enjeux internationaux naît peu après. Le 29 octobre 1985, le CORIM tenait sa première activité en recevant le Directeur général du Fonds monétaire international, monsieur Jacques de Larosière.

Depuis cette date, plus de 550 activités auront contribué à favoriser une meilleure connaissance des affaires internationales et à susciter une collaboration plus étroite entre les divers milieux intéressés à ces questions. Qu'il s'agisse de politique internationale, d'économie mondiale, d'environnement, de sécurité, des droits de la personne ou de développement international, des centaines d'invités de tous les continents ont ainsi pu profiter de la tribune du CORIM pour partager leur expérience, leur savoir et leur vision. Chefs d'État, dirigeants de grandes entreprises et d'organisations internationales, illustres professeurs, ambassadeurs et autres conférenciers ont permis à la communauté montréalaise de mieux comprendre les enjeux d'un monde devenu de plus en plus interdépendant.



Photo prise lors d'un gala du CORIM en novembre 2009

De gauche à droite. **Première rangée :** Paul Gérin-Lajoie, président de la Fondation Paul Gérin-Lajoie, ex-ministre de l'Éducation du gouvernement du Québec; Me Louise Arbour, ex-juge de la Cour suprême du Canada et ancienne Haut-commissaire des Nations unies aux droits de la personne. **Deuxième rangée :** Me Pierre Lemonde, président directeur-général du CORIM; Me Gérald Tremblay, maire de Montréal; le professeur Louis Sabourin, fondateur du CORIM; Me Raymond Chrétien du bureau d'avocats Fasken Martineau DuMoulin, président du conseil d'administration du CORIM.

La plupart de ces activités ont suscité des retombées médiatiques et ont été diffusées sur les ondes du Canal Savoir. Cette station de télévision québécoise, gérée par un organisme sans but lucratif, est en particulier vouée à la diffusion et

huit ans. Me Raymond Chrétien, associé et conseiller stratégique chez Fasken Martineau et ancien ambassadeur du Canada aux États-Unis, en France, au Congo, au Mexique et en Belgique, préside le conseil d'administration. Il est secondé

La plupart de ces activités ont suscité des retombées médiatiques et ont été diffusées sur les ondes du Canal Savoir.

à la vulgarisation des connaissances, au sein des établissements d'enseignement postsecondaire en particulier.

Me Pierre Lemonde est le Président-directeur général du CORIM depuis

par 23 membres très impliqués dans les affaires internationales, notamment madame Louise Fréchette, ancienne ambassadeure et représentante permanente du Canada près les Nations unies,

vice-secrétaire-générale aux Nations unies, ancienne ambassadeuse du Canada en Argentine et en Uruguay et associée du Centre pour l'innovation dans la gouvernance internationale de l'Université Waterloo, ainsi que monsieur Jacques Gignac, ancien ambassadeur du Canada au Liban, en Iraq et en Arabie Saoudite; par la suite, successivement ambassadeur en Tunisie, près de la Communauté européenne, près des organisations de l'ONU à Vienne et enfin ambassadeur aux Pays-Bas.

En 2012, le CORIM compte plus de 3000 membres issus du milieu des affaires, et également des secteurs gouvernementaux, paragouvernementaux, universitaires, et de celui des ONG. Plus de 65 % des personnes qui assistent aux activités du CORIM font partie de la classe dirigeante de leur organisation (présidents et chefs de direction, vice-présidents et directeurs). De plus, le CORIM compte environ 175 membres organisationnels, et le nombre total de ses membres a bondi de 85 % au cours des cinq dernières années. Signe de leur intérêt pour l'organisation, 90 % des entreprises renouvellent leur adhésion chaque année.

Au fil des 27 dernières années, le CORIM, à l'évidence, est devenu une entité essentielle pour faire de Montréal la métropole des organisations internationales au Canada, tout en servant les objectifs et les intérêts internationaux légitimes de Montréal, du Québec et du Canada. Le CORIM, organisme unique en son genre au Canada, se prépare à lancer de nouvelles initiatives au bénéfice de tous ceux qui s'intéressent aux relations internationales. Longue vie au CORIM!

Pour plus d'informations : www.corim.qc.ca.
Voir **bout de papier**, vol. 25, n° 3, p. 10
pour un historique sur le CORIM. ☺

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

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Les Prix de l'APASE 2012 – Reconnaissance de l'excellence

2012 PAFSO Awards – Celebrating Excellence

event photography by Gordon King

On Thursday, June 7th, 260 colleagues and guests gathered to celebrate excellence in the Canadian Foreign Service at the 2012 PAFSO Dinner and Awards. Pipe Major of the Sons of Scotland, Bethany Bisailion, piped in guests for another outstanding evening in the Panorama Room of the National Arts Centre in Ottawa, and PAFSO President Tim Edwards offered words of welcome to all those attending the 23rd Awards:

"This event is above all a celebration of the dedication and excellence which Foreign Service Officers bring to their jobs

day in, day out in the service of Canada and Canadians. And this year's recipients are as impressive as any cohort in the last 23 years, selected from what I'm told by the judges was an especially strong field of candidates."

Pour commencer, Tim Edwards a présenté le maître de cérémonie de la soirée – l'éminent ambassadeur canadien à la retraite Denis Comeau. Avant de prendre sa retraite en 2009, M. Comeau a été le récipiendaire du Prix pour services insignes de la fonction publique du Canada.

Présentation des Prix de l'APASE



De gauche à droite : Zal Zarkaria (qui a accepté au nom de Sophie Auger) et Peter Sylvester, sous-ministre associé, Citoyenneté et Immigration Canada. M^{me} Auger a participé par téléphone à partir de Kiev.

SOPHIE AUGER

« Pour sa force d'âme extraordinaire et son rendement exceptionnel à titre de gestionnaire, leader, innovatrice, formatrice, mentor et négociatrice, Sophie Auger mérite bien le prix de l'APASE de 2012. De 2009 à 2011, lorsque l'Unité des visas de résident temporaire du Haut-Commissariat à Nouvelle Delhi pouvait recevoir 1000 demandes par jour – le total a dépassé les 100 000 en 2011 –, Sophie a réagi par un engagement à l'égard de la qualité du service et de l'intégrité du programme, par un soutien inébranlable à ses collègues et par une créativité exemplaire. Elle a mis en place des programmes rationalisés, comme le Programme des partenaires étudiants qui a accommodé une étonnante crête de 12 000 demandes d'étudiants en mars 2010, les Programmes « Business Express » et « Worker Express » à l'intention des plus importants partenaires indiens du Canada et le Programme « Tourist Partners ». Sophie a fait preuve de persévérance, détermination et résilience lorsque le gouvernement de l'Inde a réagi au refus de visas à des militaires et que les médias locaux ont lancé une campagne personnelle contre elle. Elle a maintenu l'esprit d'équipe, livré le programme de visas dans les délais et conseillé Ottawa sur la révision des lignes directrices. »



Sophie Auger



Isabelle Roy, Directrice, Direction de la non-prolifération et du désarmement, et Gérald Cossette, sous-ministre délégué. M^{me} Roy a reçu un prix de l'APASE en 2001. Elle a lu les remarques fournies par Virginie qui n'a pas pu assister à la cérémonie.

VIRGINIE SAINT-LOUIS

« Par sa créativité et son rendement supérieur à titre de chef de mission et son leadership à la fois inspirant et plein de sollicitude, Virginie Saint-Louis représente une nouvelle génération de leadership au sein du service extérieur canadien et elle mérite pleinement le prix de l'APASE de 2012. Son grand discernement, sa compréhension du Mali, sa discrétion et sa détermination infatigable ont joué un rôle important dans le dénouement heureux du kidnapping de Robert Fowler et Louis Guay. Elle a gardé l'ambassade fonctionnelle, évacué les personnes à charge et assuré les services consulaires essentiels lorsque les groupes rebelles ont pris le contrôle d'une grande partie du nord du Mali. En réaction au coup d'état de mars 2012, Virginie a immédiatement avisé les instigateurs que leurs actes étaient inacceptables pour le Canada et la collectivité internationale. Elle a, par sa fermeté, son leadership calme et sa bonne humeur indéfectible, su maintenir le moral et l'efficacité des employés. Elle a joué un rôle stratégique dans la promotion des intérêts commerciaux du Canada, en particulier dans le secteur minier. Elle a acquis une compréhension unique d'une société en développement complexe, qui lui a permis de surveiller des démarches d'approche innovatrices au programme d'aide au développement de 120 millions de dollars au Mali. »



Virginie Saint-Louis

GARY WALLACE

"Canada Border Services Agency's Cairo Liaison Officer, Gary Wallace, performed above and beyond the call of duty in a chaotic and challenging environment during the January 2011 Egyptian crisis. Initially without support and thanks to his leadership, communications skills and the trusting and respectful relationships he had established at Cairo Airport, he ensured hundreds of Canadian citizens and residents were promptly evacuated to safety. Gary was then sent to Libya's Tripoli Airport where conditions were desperate, unpredictable and dangerous; he was confronted with anxious, fatigued and often hostile officials and airport employees. Gary's steady demeanour and friendly approach invariably convinced the most reluctant interlocutors to provide the assistance needed for the evacuation of Canadians. Particularly noteworthy were Gary's determined efforts regarding a number of difficult consular cases involving tragic custody disputes. Gary receives his PAFSO award for exceptional courage, superior communication and organizational skills and for his outstanding performance protecting Canadians in extreme circumstances."



Arianne Reza, Director General, Canada Border Services Agency, presented Gary Wallace with his Award.



Louis Lévesque, Deputy Minister of International Trade (right), presented Terry Wood with his Award.

TERRY WOOD

"Terry Wood is Canada's recognized expert on nuclear control files. He has diligently acquired a phenomenal knowledge of the extremely complex issues that characterize this field and has a profound understanding of their evolution. Terry played a pivotal role in the negotiation of Canada's nuclear cooperation agreement with China, an exceptionally complicated and sensitive process. With millions of dollars in uranium sales at stake Terry balanced Canadian economic interests with the integrity of Canada's non-proliferation obligations and policy, never lowering his standards while convincing all concerned not to deviate from established policy. He tenaciously defends his convictions, which are based on vast experience and encyclopedic knowledge, but always with courtesy and respect for his interlocutors. For his unequalled knowledge, exceptional diplomatic skills, collegiality, grace under pressure and career contribution to furthering Canada's interests and making the world a safer place, Terry Wood receives the 2012 PAFSO Award."

2012 Panel of Judges / Jury de sélection 2012

The panel selecting this year's Award recipients comprised people of great distinction in their own fields:

Le général (à la retraite) John de Chastelain, président du jury, est un ancien ambassadeur du Canada aux États-Unis et chef de la Commission internationale sur la dé militarisation en Irlande du Nord. Il a été, à deux reprises, chef d'État-major de la défense du Canada. Il est conseiller principal de la Jerusalem Old City Initiative de l'Université de Windsor, membre du conseil d'administration du Forum des fédérations et membre du conseil d'administration de l'Association canadienne pour les Nations Unies.

Mr. Scott Feschuk is a partner in the speechwriting and strategic communications firm Feschuk-Reid. He served as chief speechwriter to Prime Minister Paul Martin and as a writer on *This Hour Has 22 Minutes*. He authored two books and has been a reporter and columnist for *The Globe and Mail* and the *National Post*. He currently writes a column for both *Maclean's* and the new *Sportsnet* magazine and won a second gold award for humour at the 2012 National Magazine Awards.

Monsieur Claude Laverdure, ancien agent du service extérieur, a été ambassadeur en Haïti, au Zaïre, en Belgique et, de 2003 à 2007, en France. Il a travaillé au Bureau du Conseil privé à titre de conseiller en politique étrangère auprès du Premier ministre et, en 2002 et 2003, il a été représentant du Premier ministre au Sommet du G8. Il est professionnel en résidence (Senior Fellow) à l'École d'affaires publiques et internationales de l'Université

d'Ottawa. M. Laverdure est Commandeur de la Légion d'honneur et Chevalier de l'Ordre de la Pléiade.

Ms Patricia Marsden-Dole, a former Trade Commissioner, was the first woman officer in the trade arm of the Canadian foreign service. She was Deputy High Commissioner in India, High Commissioner to Tanzania and Ambassador to Portugal. Since her retirement, she is active in the managing groups of several retiree organizations and social and political NGOs and is editing a series of books on Canadians abroad for Penumbra Press.

Madame Maureen O'Neil est présidente de la Fondation canadienne de la recherche sur les services de santé depuis 2008. Auparavant, elle a été notamment présidente du Centre de recherches pour le développement international. En juin 2011, M^{me} O'Neil a été nommée officier de l'Ordre du Canada pour sa contribution à la fonction publique, en reconnaissance de son apport au développement international, à l'égalité des sexes et aux droits de la personne.

Ms Janet Siddall, also a former Foreign Service Officer, served in India, Thailand, France, the Philippines, Hong Kong and Singapore and was High Commissioner to Tanzania. She held senior positions in Citizenship and Immigration Canada, including Director General of the International Region and Associate Assistant Deputy Minister, Operations. Now retired, she is active in the not-for-profit sector, focused on addressing the AIDS pandemic in Africa.

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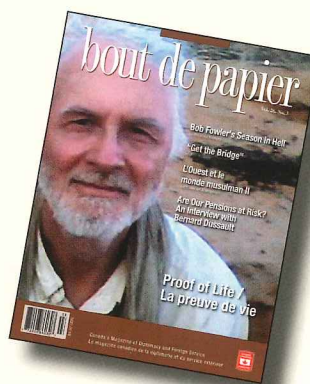
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De gauche à droite : Michael Kovrig, Ken England et le président de l'ACMAR, Jacques Roy

Prix de l'ACMAR pour le meilleur article dans *bout de papier*

Outre les quatre Prix de l'APASE, un autre prix a été décerné lors du dîner de l'APASE, le 7 juin 2012. Ken England et Michael Kovrig sont les lauréats du prix parrainé par l'Association des chefs de mission à la retraite (ACMAR) pour le meilleur article publié par les membres de l'APASE dans le magazine *bout de papier*. Leur article, « DFAIT's Global Security Reporting Program » a paru dans le vol. 26, n° 3. Les membres du jury de sélection de l'ACMAR étaient Adrian de Hoog, Lorenz Friedlaender et Robert Hage. ☺



2013

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Howard (Howie) Ross Wilson

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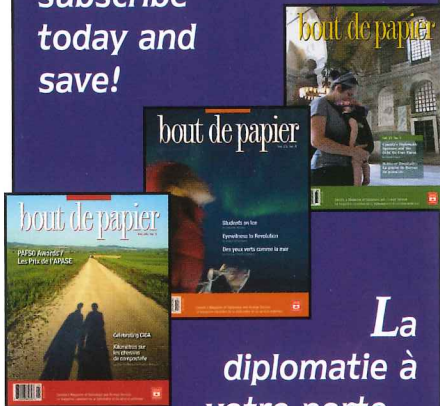
As a former colleague and dear friend, this is being written with a heavy heart and deep sadness. Howie was born in Edmonton, Alta. He graduated with honours (B.A. Economics) in 1963 and joined the Trade Commissioner Service in 1964. His postings included Lagos, Warsaw, Lima and the Permanent Mission to OECD, Paris, interspersed with appointments in Ottawa accompanied by promotions.

Howie was a quiet high flyer whose professional contributions brought honour to Canada and distinction to his accomplishments. He was the consummate public servant who was always prepared, listening, heeding, sensitive and, not least, highly valued for his measured counsel and sound judgment to Ministers or junior officers (to whom he was a revered mentor). He was respected, admired and well liked. His wry wit was served with a smile or a chuckle.

Having been promoted to Deputy Registrar General, he was subsequently selected as the first Ethics Counsellor to the Prime Minister, his most exacting professional and intellectual challenge. Again, he was credited with an outstanding performance. He was in a highly politically delicate assignment. He also made his mark at the Rideau Club. He was much esteemed by the Board of Directors, the Membership and Special Events Committees, in which he served with distinction and enthusiasm. He will be fondly remembered as Un Grand Commis de l'État. He will be missed by colleagues and friends who were privileged to know him. ☺

*Randolph Gherson is a retired Canadian Ambassador and a member of the Senior Editorial Board of **bout de papier**.*

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"Unfinished Agenda": David Bickford on Mexico

CANADA AMONG NATIONS, 2011–2012: CANADA AND MEXICO'S UNFINISHED AGENDA, edited by Alex Bugailiskis and Andrés Rozental, McGill Queen's University Press, 2012, 296 pp, \$29.95

Although Sir Wilfred Laurier asserted that the 20th century belonged to Canada, the 21st could well be owned by Mexico and a few others. While Canadians have begun to focus on the importance of China to us, have we given enough thought to India, Brazil and – even closer to home – Mexico? The excellent "Canada Among Nations" series, produced by the Norman Paterson School of International Relations at Carleton University, dedicated its 2011–2012 volume to Mexico-Canada, rather than to its normal thematic studies of Canada in the world. *"Canada and Mexico's Unfinished Agenda"*, edited by Alex Bugailiskis and Andrés Rozental, undertakes to provide greater understanding of what is a key relationship for Canada that has remained too long below the radar.

Much has been written on the themes exposed in this volume, but it is scattered about. This volume offers students of international affairs and policy practitioners alike, one-stop-shopping on the complexity of a bilateral relationship that stretches from traditional areas such as trade to new fields including security and energy. It offers a variety of thought-provoking policy options for the future, which should spark rich debate. The editors, both long-term practitioners in Canada-Mexico affairs, have assembled an impressive list of contributors from governments, the private sector and academe, most of whom have studied, or nurtured, bilateral relations for many years. The volume notes that Canada-Mexico relations have reached a plateau, and seeks ways to renew growth.

This volume also should be of interest to readers of *bout de papier* because many of its policy prescriptions are applicable elsewhere in the hemisphere, and perhaps further afield. As the Americas strategy



evolves and deepens, Mexico-Canada should serve as a blueprint for other bilateral relationships. The Americas strategy is, after all, a how-to-build-a-strategy-on-a-shoe-string approach, which only works if a wide spectrum of actors is engaged. This has occurred with Mexico.

"Unfinished Agenda" amply documents how bilateral relations have burgeoned to the point that its depth and breadth are not matched in any of Canada's other partnerships, except for that with the USA. Several contributors rightly assert that NAFTA's entry into force in 1994 transformed the bilateral economic and political relationship. While I agree that Mexico's political opening began in 1994 when Ernesto Zedillo became president, the election of Vicente Fox in 2000, with a peaceful transition of power after 71 years of one-party rule, placed a seal of approval on the relationship. The compressed time frame between benign indifference and strategic partner makes the achievement truly impressive.

However, the analysis could have included a look at attitudinal changes within Mexico itself over time. When I was first posted to Mexico (1975–77) society was inward looking, suspicious of outsiders – particularly Americans – with a closed

economy based on the import substitution model. Canada was a distant blip on Mexico's radar – despite several assertions in the volume that relations were substantial before 1994. For example, Prime Minister Trudeau's visit in 1976 was the cause of much head scratching as we searched for something significant to sign. In the end we signed a cultural agreement, since that was considered innocuous and would not commit either side to anything but good intentions. When I last served there (1999–2001) Mexico was a convinced free trader, with a well-travelled middle class almost the size of Canada's total population, self-critical, and open to outside influences. Fast-forwarding to the current day, Mexico is the world's 13th largest economy, with a maturing democracy, anxious to play a larger role in the world.

The asymmetry between levels of development constitutes an impediment for Canadian engagement and should have deserved closer examination in the volume. As the "developing partner", Mexico's definition of "cooperation" generally means cash and expertise from Canada in return for some nebulous benefit. For example, in 2000, Mexico floated a trial balloon for a North American solidarity fund to help finance development in Mexico's poor south, but why should the Canadian taxpayer pay for this when Mexico ought to be taxing its rich to finance its own development? There has to be some short-term concrete benefit for us too.

The authors agree that bilateral and trilateral relations have stalled, not the least because NAFTA has reached its limits and needs an overhaul if North America is to compete with other major trading blocks. The authors assert that relations between Mexico, Canada and the USA require a kick-start, and they present an ambitious road map, but there is no bilateral or trilateral consensus here. Mexico's current vision for North America is aimed at establishing a North American economic community that would even out social and economic disparities in North

America. However, I doubt that most Mexican patriots would agree to common fiscal or foreign policies, to name one. Readers may recall the furor when US Congress sought oversight over the US\$1.4 billion in funding allocated to Mexico for its anti-drug campaign: the Mérida Initiative. Mexico's screams of anguish and accusations of interfering in Mexico's domestic affairs were strident, if not xenophobic. Imagine Mexico's response to US control over a common currency?

That Canada has not bought into Mexico's proposal is portrayed here, and elsewhere, as timidity or a lack of vision on our part, and it has created bilateral frictions. To me, Mexico's overall approach is top-down, legalistic, in the most part with limited public consultation, and based on signing a plethora of agreements with the expectation that some sort of action will flow. In the past, this didn't work, and many agreements were stillborn or became moribund. Canada and the USA prefer a bottom-up approach with gentle nudges from governments to improve the enabling environment for the private sector. Finding a middle ground will remain difficult, but it is essential if progress is to be made.

If we can decide where we are going, how do we kick-start a new phase in the relationship? Many analysts suggested in 2000 that elections in all three NAFTA countries gave leaders strong mandates, which were reinforced by the close rapport that had been established among leaders. This was seen as an auspicious moment for bold new initiatives. Notwithstanding, relations continued to evolve incrementally. National goals did and will remain paramount. Partners will tend to treat issues on a bilateral, rather than a trilateral basis. Rather than bold thinking, it is more likely that the trilateral agenda will consist of small steps to improve the regulatory environment, transportation policy and infrastructure, border facilitation and alternative energy.

Where are we headed? One study suggests that by 2050 Mexico will have a population of 148 million and a GDP of US\$6.6 trillion, against Canada's 45 million people and GDP of US\$3.2 trillion. Even if this analysis is exaggerated, we had better get used to the fact that Mexico will become

one of the big kids on the block, and it behooves us to remain on good terms. On the bilateral commercial side, however, Mexico could benefit greatly by opening its stagnant and inefficient energy sector (petroleum and electricity) to Canadian and other companies. This is an enormous problem for Mexico, which this volume understates. The Canada-Mexico commercial and political agendas need the sustained attention of cabinets at the national and sub-national levels but, to achieve this, the agenda must be substantial – officials and the private sector must do their homework before engaging ministers.

At the foreign policy level, much is said in this volume about common priorities and worldview. I see a strong affinity in terms of economic policy and building a more equitable trading system that, by all means, we should cultivate. In multilateral organizations, we can certainly cooperate on issues such as institutional reform. I am less convinced about substantive cooperation on the human rights and democracy files. Experience with Mexico in UN human rights fora and at the OAS suggests that slavishly invoking the doctrine of non-intervention in the domestic affairs of other sovereign states remains part of Mexico's foreign policy baggage and an obstacle to substantive joint action.

It is positive that several of the Mexican contributors to this volume had once been strong defenders of the non-intervention mantra, but are now talking in more interventionist terms. The volume also suggests that Mexico has a better understanding of, and closer ties to, the region than does Canada. I would dispute this. By joining NAFTA, Mexico was seen in many countries as turning its back on the region. Its attempts to build commercial relations with the region have been mixed, and its relations with Brazil remain distant. With limited trade, and no significant aid or military relations with the region, Mexico has few tools to work with. Nonetheless, regular, formal, comprehensive, bilateral exchanges of views on hemispheric relations would be a useful starting point for official and academic Canada.

I am also sceptical about closer relations with Mexico's military. Until

Mexico's insular and somewhat xenophobic military embraces an internationalist vocation, including participating in UN peacekeeping operations, real cooperation with Canada or the USA on security issues is unlikely to occur. However, that doesn't mean we should give up.

At present, the key question is whether Canada remain a strategic partner of Mexico now that the PRI has regained power? President-elect Peña Nieto may have to be convinced of the value of the relationship. In 2000, Canada hosted all key members of Vicente Fox's shadow cabinet during the interregnum, to good long-term effect. As a starting point, we should offer the same opportunity to the new players. Peña Nieto has suggested he will try to privatize at least parts of the state-owned oil monopoly PEMEX, and this could be a boon to Canada's energy sector and North American energy security. On the other hand, the PRI is likely to return to the more traditional foreign policy approach that emphasizes non-intervention in the internal affairs of other states, and probably will place less priority on foreign affairs in general. This will create challenges for Canada-Mexico cooperation in the hemisphere.

Whatever the outcome, we can all agree that the tone of our discourse on Mexico's trilateral vision needs to change. Canada should begin to talk the trilateral talk, even if it is less willing to walk the walk. We should think in the context of North America, even if our actions are eventually bilateral. At a minimum, Mexico and Canada should inform each other of what they are doing with the USA and share lessons learned. *"Canada and Mexico's Unfinished Agenda"* offers some highly thought-provoking material for those committed to building a better North America. ☺

David Bickford is a retired Foreign Service Officer and former analyst with the International Assessment Staff at PCO. He spent most of his career in Latin America with postings to Mexico, Brazil, Venezuela, Chile and Peru; never bored and rarely recalcitrant, he once shook hands with Chilean President Pinochet.

In Conversation with Alex Bugailiskis

bout: Congratulations on *“Unfinished Agenda”*. David Bickford leaves no doubt that it is required reading for anyone dealing with Canada-Mexico relations, but if there were one key message you mean to convey, what would it be?

AB: It is that Mexico has and will continue to make an important contribution to Canada’s prosperity agenda. While Asia, and particularly China and India, are at the top of every country’s economic priority list, this book reminds us about the dangers of being capricious. Having invested considerable time and resources into NAFTA – and having reaped such dividends – why would we move on before exploiting the full potential of this trading bloc? That does not mean saying “no” to the obvious economic attractions and potential provided by the Chinese or Indian markets, but we need to build our own house and neighbourhood if we want to compete effectively in the global market.

bout: No disrespect, but aren’t you overselling Mexico a little?

AB: Mexico is a robust and growing market for Canadian trade and also a complementary partner. To compete successfully with China or to sell to it, we need to increase our productivity and competitiveness. The complementarities between the US, Mexican and Canadian markets have yet to be fully tapped. If we can combine our strengths, (cheap, secure energy, combined with educated but low cost Mexican labour and a highly innovative US market), NA will become a much more competitive economic player.

bout: David expressed concern about the “asymmetrical” relationship between Canada and Mexico, would you agree?

AB: Yes and no. He is right to identify the issue, but I see the glass as half full. In this volume, Mexico’s former Ambassador to the UN, Enrique Berruga, contends that a partnership between a developing Mexico and developed Canada can be very influential in pushing any number of global initiatives or issues. He sees such asymmetry as a real asset in the world of global politics. Others in the volume make a similar case: David Parks explores it from a sub national level; Isabel Studer notes that asymmetry can enhance our joint competitiveness and allow for leadership in promoting regional capacity and governance; while Jennifer Jeffs promotes a joint research agenda in areas such as energy, climate change, global health and food security.

bout: David notes that “Officials and the private sector must do their homework before engaging ministers” – are we?

AB: This is always a challenge, particularly when everyone seems mesmerized by Asia. The book highlights a number of “success” stories including top performers like Bombardier, Scotiabank, Palliser, Redline and Goldcorp. However, there is much more that could be done by the private sector in engaging government ministers on both sides. We now have a Brazil-Canada CEO Council (headed by Scotiabank CEO Waugh) but not in Mexico where Scotia, and Canadian companies in general, have an even larger presence – our “homework” could start right there.

bout: The PRI has been re-elected to the Mexican Presidency. David notes the party’s long history of looking inward and very mixed record on governance but also suggests there may be

important opportunities to pursue, notably in the energy sector – how do you see the future?

AB: I’m optimistic and prefer to focus on the future. Twelve years is a long time to be out of power. Mexico has changed since the PRI last ran it. President-elect Peña is an avowed pragmatist. He and his party were elected on the basis that he would focus on strengthening the economy and enhance security by building a more durable social peace in Mexico. The country needs both; I hope Canada will work closely to consolidate the progress made under previous governments.

Mexico also is becoming an active and effective global and regional player. In the past two years they hosted and ably chaired the COP16, the G20 and the new Community of Latin America and the Caribbean (CLAC); like ourselves, Mexico has recently joined the Transpacific Partnership. There exists excellent potential to further strengthen collaboration on regional and international issues in which we share a common interest.

David rightly notes the need for Mexico to open its stagnant and inefficient energy sector to Canadian and other companies. During the election the PRI indicated its support for new efforts to “reform” the oil sector. Two well known energy experts – Dukert and Melgar – lay out a compelling vision for a continental energy bridge that would strengthen mutual energy security while providing new opportunities for investment and research.

bout: Was it fun co-editing the book?

AB: Fun might not be the operative word but I enjoyed the challenge. An editor’s main role is to attract the right, thought-provoking contributors. You also need to draw out common threads or themes. I was fortunate to have as my co-editor Andrés Rozental. Together we managed to assemble an impressive group of Mexican, Canadian and American contributors from diverse backgrounds in government, academe, media and the private sector. The book includes two former foreign ministers – the Honourable Bill Graham and Mexico’s Rosario Green, not to mention Minister Baird who provided a short foreword. We were also honoured to have Robert Pastor contribute his vision for North America. There is an interesting exchange between Marina Jimenez of *The Globe and Mail* and a Mexican journalist (Carreno) on stereotypes and the need for Canadians and Mexicans to better understand each other; a former Deputy Minister (Reid Morden) writes on the issue of regional security, etc. No one learns more from such an exercise than the editors – what more could I ask for?

bout:...perhaps that we take time to read it?! *Muchas gracias* to you and David Bickford for giving **bout** the chance to air this dialogue on one of Canada’s most important international partners. ☺

Alex Bugailiskis is the former Executive Coordinator for the America’s Strategy and ADM for Latin America and the Caribbean (2007–10). She was Canada’s Ambassador to Cuba (2003–07) and also served in Guatemala (1991–93). During 2011–12 she was a Senior Distinguished Fellow at the Norman Paterson School of International Affairs. Alex is currently the Chief Negotiator for the Canada-EU Strategic Partnership Agreement.

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Stepping Back from the Precipice

Stepping Back from the Precipice by John Graham, published in the Dominican Republic (in Spanish) by "Fundación Cultural Dominicana", 2011. An electronic version in English is available from the author at jwg@magma.ca

The Author

One could not find a better chronicler than John Graham to interpret the political events that rocked the Dominican Republic in 1994. A career Foreign Service officer, Graham's association with the Dominican Republic began with his first posting, to Santo Domingo, in 1960. First postings create a powerful, emotional link with the country, one that usually lasts a lifetime – and Graham's affection for the DR is evident throughout the book.

This connection was resumed in 1988, when Graham was appointed Ambassador to Venezuela, with concurrent accreditation to the DR. From 1988 to 1992 he visited the country on a regular basis. Then, as head of the "Unit for the Promotion of Democracy" in the Organization of American States (OAS), he was appointed to lead the OAS mission to observe the 1994 elections. He has returned many times on a variety of missions (including the production of this book), and his knowledge of the place and its personalities is fresh and deep.

The idea for the book originated at "Funglode", a Dominican think-tank established some years ago by Leonel Fernandez, current president of the DR. In 2007 the Funglode Director approached me (I was then resident representative of the OAS in Santo Domingo), about Graham's availability, explaining that they were concerned that the 1994 electoral experience had not been properly documented. This constituted an unacceptable gap for Dominicans who take their history seriously. The choice of Graham, a foreigner, was courageous and controversial. However, he had been at the centre of the action and could be trusted to be objective; few foreigners would pass such a test.

The book covers a lot of ground that has not been addressed before, except in



partisan fashion by those with axes to grind. It provides original insights, especially into the aims and objectives of the various protagonists. A keen observer of Latin American politics, Graham understands what is significant in both the Dominican and the regional context. For a short publication (101 pages, with notes and appendices) it packs a lot of punches and will be appreciated by the general public, but even more so by academics, practitioners and Latin America specialists. It will be of particular interest to those many Dominicans who are obsessed with their politics, their history and the shortcomings of their political system; this book offers a valuable addition to their political narrative.

Graham writes with the skill and ease of a lifelong professional, and the authority of one who knows his material well. Occasional humorous asides add colour and levity – a welcome addition to a tale of unrelenting political malfeasance.

Overview

The author provides an insider's view of the political crisis that erupted in the Dominican Republic following the fraudulent electoral process in 1994. He describes the attempts to ensure clean elections in the lead-up to the vote, and introduces us to the myriad characters involved on both sides of the fraud divide. His long acquaintance with the principal actor in this drama – the octogenarian President Joaquín Balaguer

– provides a fascinating glimpse of a cagey politician and a master manipulator.

From the day of the election on May 16 – when the first indications appeared that something was seriously wrong – to the final resolution three months later, readers have a ringside seat to a messy, chaotic struggle for power. Balaguer was determined to retain the presidency using any means available, including character assassination, electoral manipulation and outright fraud. Graham describes all this in detail, as well as the allies who became friends, the murky behind-the-scenes operators, and the atmosphere of threat and recrimination. He puts the events into historical perspective – from the DR's shaky recovery from the Trujillo dictatorship, to the concerns in Washington about instability in the DR vs removing the dictator from next-door Haiti. There are many more villains than heroes in this story.

Play-by-Play

The Setting and Signs of Trouble: The OAS team led by Graham arrived in early May 1994, just a few weeks before voting day; they were joined by a number of electoral observer groups whose presence and cooperation were essential. Although there were ominous signs (obstruction in the Central Electoral Agency [JCE]; vilification of the main opposition candidate for his Haitian roots; hints of rigging the electoral lists) it was not yet evident that this would be the most difficult election in the OAS experience and probably the worst in even the Dominican Republic's chequered electoral history.

May 16 – Voting Day: Voting began deceptively well and with great enthusiasm – turnout was eventually calculated at an extraordinary 87.4% (a sad commentary on Canadian participation rates). By mid-morning, reports were coming in that large numbers of citizens were being turned away because they did not appear on the JCE-prepared voters' lists. Not coincidentally, the vast majority of these were supporters of the opposition PRD. A preliminary result issued by the JCE indicated that

Balaguer had won by some 22,282 votes, yet it appeared that as many as 45,000 opposition supporters had been disenfranchised. Temperatures were rising, crowds were gathering and violence was expected. The observer teams issued statements pointing to irregularities while trying to avoid language that would further incite violence.

Post Election – Dangers and Dilemmas: As the press in the US and Latin America picked up on irregularities in the DR, talk began of the need for OAS sanctions. Graham's challenge was to blow the whistle on electoral fraud without shattering the increasingly tenuous stability of the country. One of the unknowns was the position of the military – a significant force in Dominican politics – whether it would intervene, and if so on which side. Heightened security concerns caused the National Democratic Institute (NDI) to withdraw its observation team, which returned to Washington.

Peña and Balaguer: Graham met frequently with the two main party leaders in the hours and days after the electoral debacle. Peña Gómez, leader of the PRD, restrained his followers from violence, but with difficulty and against the advice of senior party apparatchiks. Graham's previous, positive relations with Balaguer were used to good advantage, as he appealed to the 87-year-old's better instincts. This relationship kept Graham in the job, as Balaguer refused to allow him to be substituted by the former Secretary General of the OAS as proposed by the OAS.

Foreign Intervention? This possibility was always present in the Dominican psyche; the country had endured American occupation from 1916 to 1924 and military intervention in the civil war of 1965. Direct intervention, however, was not a serious option for Washington in this period; it was "out of fashion", and they preferred to work through the OAS.

The Verification Commission – a Road to Nowhere: This credible and reasonably balanced commission conducted a technical analysis of the voting system and concluded on July 12 what was already known – that about 45,000 voters had been disenfranchised. Talk began of a negotiated solution to resolve the crisis, initiated by Leonel Fernandez, head of a smaller third party, the

PLD. Balaguer, stalling for time, waited for the JCE to pronounce him winner; this took place on August 2 and "all hell broke loose", with the prospect of a general strike and renewed civil disorder.

The US Role – Pressures and Suspicions: Graham's experience as a career diplomat served him well in dealing with the US ambassador and other American diplomats, both in Santo Domingo and in Washington. They were able to approach issues with the same professional understanding, and developed a constructive collegial relationship. Despite more immediate concerns with Haiti, the US was on the right side of the issue and pressured Balaguer to show flexibility and negotiate a solution to the crisis. At this time Graham discovered that a sophisticated eavesdropping system was in place, and all telephone conversations had to be considered compromised. He also learned that Balaguer supporters (other Latin American ambassadors to the OAS) were pressuring the OAS to replace him, and here the US again stood its ground, insisting that he stay.

Deadlock and Extrication – Ten Days in August: Graham and his allies now focussed on arranging a face-to-face meeting between Balaguer and Peña. Peña and his supporters were reluctant, fearing that the wily old fox would somehow pull a fast one (a well founded suspicion). Peña insisted on fresh elections and would discuss nothing else. Balaguer, ever gracious and patient, waited. Choosing his moment, he reminded Peña that the elections had ended in a virtual tie, and enquired, "Why don't we split the cake – two years for me and two for you?". They shook hands, and the meeting ended in confusion.

The following day Graham informed Balaguer that the OAS would not support the arrangement, as it was essentially undemocratic. Peña then arrived and, after he informed Balaguer that the "agreement" was off, the two sat down with their legal advisors and hammered out a deal; its essential elements were two: new elections within 18 months, and non-reelection of an incumbent president (the 18-month period was subsequently changed to two years by the Balaguer-controlled senate). This "Pacto de la Democracia" would end the

crisis, ensure Balaguer another two years in the presidency, and eventually prove tragic for Peña, who lost the election in 1996. In a bizarre twist, he was defeated by a little-known leader of a small party, Leonel Fernandez – who won because Balaguer threw his support behind him. So the old fox, nearing the end of his career and his life, had found one final way to betray and defeat his opponents.

Epilogue

Graham defends the role played by him and the OAS mission as a balancing act between exposing the fraud and maintaining civil peace. It was a difficult challenge, but both of the main contenders criticized him for being too soft on the other which tends to validate his objectivity and the eventual compromise that ended the crisis. He ends by evaluating Balaguer through a Machiavellian lens, concluding with a qualified but positive assessment. (My own would be less generous – I firmly believe that Balaguer could have taught Machiavelli a thing or two.) The 1994 election continues to resonate in Dominican politics. Flawed as it was, it set the country on the path of the imperfect democracy that prevails today.

An update: the party of Leonel Fernandez, the PLD, easily won the 2012 elections; Leonel, who was constitutionally barred from seeking another consecutive term, put his wife on the ticket as vice-president. This ensured a PLD victory through his reflected popularity and established a place-holder for him to run for the presidency in 2016. Unfortunately, this means of circumventing term limits is all too common in Latin America – most egregiously in Argentina. Also, by connecting today's political winners to the election of 1994, it demonstrates that, somewhere in the Dominican body politic, the pulse of Joaquín Balaguer still beats. 🌀

Paul Durand was a colleague of John Graham's for many years. He served as Ambassador to Costa Rica, Honduras, Nicaragua and Panama, to Chile, and to the Organization of American States; he was also the resident representative of the OAS in the Dominican Republic.

Reading Between the Lines of Farewells – Formal and Informal

Readers of **bout de papier** need no introduction to John Wendell Holmes, who was long associated with the Department of External Affairs and whose official correspondence has graced the pages of Documents on Canadian External Relations as well as those of **bout**. Holmes was an elegant, thoughtful and witty author and speaker whose contributions enhanced any project with which he was involved. When he left DEA, he was only 50 years old and an Assistant Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs. That abrupt departure was explained to former colleagues by references to fatigue and stress, though Holmes was actually a victim of the “gay purges” conducted by the Security Service of the RCMP under the authority of the Security Panel. This subject is discussed in my article “Purged... from memory, The Department of External Affairs and John Holmes,” which was published in the *International Journal* in its Spring 2004 issue (Volume LIX, Number 2, 375–86).

The Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs, Norman Robertson, who had known and often worked closely with Holmes for nearly two decades, helped to arrange an academic appointment for Holmes at Duke University (while still on the payroll of DEA) before he formally resigned and returned to the organization with which he had worked (as National Secretary) before joining DEA in wartime, the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. After his return to the CIIA, Holmes boosted its credibility with his well-informed and articulate commentary on world affairs from a Canadian perspective (his biographer, Adam Chapnick, dubbed him “the voice of Canada”) and he also played an invaluable role for DEA as a liaison with the scholarly community in Canada. Holmes was also a distinguished scholar

and teacher. When he died, he was still serving as the chairman of the editorial board for the official history of the department, the first volume of which was appropriately dedicated to his memory by the author, John Hilliker.

Throughout the difficult and stressful process, Holmes understandably made no reference to the reason for his departure from the public service and consequently there was later speculation about why his career was terminated at its peak. Undoubtedly the personal toll taken by this episode lent credibility to the story that his health was responsible for his decision to leave.

As Professor Chapnick and others who have examined his papers can attest, John Holmes was better at keeping incoming correspondence than his own letters. Those reproduced below, his formal letter of resignation from the department and a note to one of his closest friends in DEA, both come from the Historical Personnel Records preserved at Library and Archives Canada. Robertson certainly knew why Holmes was obliged to resign and it is possible that his good friend Charles “McGuff” McGaughey knew as well, so that there is a special poignancy to these letters.

As so often, we are indebted to the dedicated archivists at Library and Archives Canada, whose work not only preserves the essential documentation of our past but also makes it available to scholars, students and others with an interest in Canadian history. In this instance, we would particularly like to thank Paulette Dozois and Brian Beaven, who were characteristically helpful.

– Hector Mackenzie

J. W. Holmes to N. A. Robertson, 23 March 1960.

Room 408, Library
Duke University
Durham, N.C.
March 23, 1960

Mr. N. A. Robertson,
Undersecretary of State for External Affairs, Ottawa

Dear Mr. Robertson,

As I informed you some weeks ago, I have been offered an appointment as President of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. After long deliberation, I have decided to accept the appointment and to request you, therefore, to accept my resignation from the Department of External Affairs.

For me this will mean a return to an institution with which I was associated before joining the Department [sic] and in the work of which I have maintained a continuing interest. It presents, I believe, a challenging opportunity for service in the field of international affairs complementary to the work of the Department of External Affairs. As you are aware, there are also reasons of health and family obligations which have affected my decision to take an appointment in Toronto.

I hope you will understand, nevertheless, the deep regret I feel on leaving a service to which I owe so much in rich experience and in the friendship of a remarkable company of men and women. It is reassuring on departing to realize that there are so many of this company brilliantly qualified to carry on the work in which I was engaged. I was proud to be a member of the company, and I shall watch with confidence and pride the growing strength of the Department.

I have been asked to take over my new duties at the end of June. As my health is improving steadily in North Carolina, I would like to remain at Duke University until the end of the term in late May as I have been invited to do by the Commonwealth Studies Centre. The date when my resignation should become effective I am happy to leave to the convenience of the Department.

Would you be good enough to convey to my colleagues my great regret at leaving them, my gratitude for their constant help and companionship, and my hope that our association and collaboration may continue in my new work. To you personally I acknowledge a special debt of gratitude and my rare good fortune in the many years of association with you in the service.

Yours sincerely,
John Holmes
[J. W. Holmes]

J. W. Holmes to C. E. McGaughey, 21 April 1960.
[handwritten]

Dear McGuff,

Thank you for your kind words. I shall miss my colleagues in the Department more than I can say, and no one more than you. You have cheered my life and lightened the burden, and you have been awfully good to lean on. And that goes for Jessie and the boys. However, I have no intention of cutting my ties, and I see no reason why I should not see more of you — all from Toronto than I ever would from my postings in Lagos or Ulan Bator.

My new job does attract me very much. It allows me to settle down in Canada but to travel a good deal, an arrangement which suits this temperament better than permanent residence abroad de luxe. I shall be near enough to London to fulfil some family responsibilities I have been neglecting and close to a flock of nieces and nephews in whom I have — *faute de mieux* — an increasing avuncular interest. The Institute does provide a very good opportunity for me to carry on in the chosen field without the constant crises which ground me down. I don't suppose it is a job which would appeal to most ambassadors-to-be, but I have always considered ambassadorship a game I could never learn to enjoy. I hope my departure will not cause any discouragement in the ranks or be interpreted as dissatisfaction with the regime or working conditions or failure to get the post in Helsinki. If so, I hope you will point out that my reasons were personal and had much to do with my family obligations and my disinclination to inhabit embassies.

Thank you for your very satisfactory explanation of the satisfactory arrangements for leave and superannuation. I have already had a letter from Fred Roger about it. I plan to stick out the term here, if the heat isn't too much for me, and take over the new job in late June. In between I shall be in Ottawa settling my effects and seeing old friends such as you.

Thanks for everything,
As ever,
John
[J. W. Holmes] ☺

Old School, New Wave

An enigma with teeth from A Aalto

I am writing this down because there are things I want to remember. Outside, there are guys in dark suits and shades, guys not completely unlike Tommy Lee Jones, so I must be ready for the neuralyzer, what can wipe memories faster than three Bar Nun tequila slammers.

It starts at dusk two days ago. I am sitting behind my desk in Hairy Harry January's Excellent Emporium for Undersourced Merchandise, looking over an asbestos bucket of gilded jalapeño tofu I am wondering how to move. The Emporium, that's me and my daughter Rhya Dee, since my wife runs off with a door-to-door foxtrot salesman.

Rhya comes dancing down the stairs from the apartment and says she is going out. We talk a little about this, a little about that. She is happy with her new job as puzzle editor at the Centre. She has a small bandage on the left side of her neck but I do not think much about it at the time. She is my angel and bright and beautiful and I am happy.

A noisy cavalcade pulls up outside. A black Ferrari Testosterossa, a car I am not seeing much since maybe the 80s. And four NightShadow motorcycles, custom models like big cats on wheels. Young bikers in black and purple silk, steel jewellery and make-up that would flunk you out of embalming school. The man in the car is middle-aged, white-haired and slick from head to toe in cobra leather. Rhya kisses me, turns, smiles up at him and gets in the car. I grit my teeth, but we have a deal. The horde moves off.

As I fume, others creep out of an alley and scurry to my door. My friend Shamus Dikk, along with the world's driest mouthpiece, D Essex Mackinaw, and some bozo in a tweed suit. Shamus says,

"Harry, we need to talk. About those guys who just drove off with Rhya." "And about the peace and prosperity of our city," adds Mackinaw, "In which I have many influential clients with a lot of money invested." Now I myself have a certain interest in the city keeping on an even keel, my own clients wishing to lead a quiet life under the radar, but even more I am hearing what they say about Rhya, so I invite them in. The third man turns out not to be Harry Lime, but a professor named Bram Harker.

Shamus is first out of the gate. "You'll have noticed, Harry, that the supernatural is everywhere you turn these days. People dressing up like vampires or watching movies about werewolves or going to zombie parties." "Yeah," I reply, "Last night I see some yokel dressed up as the Blob trip on the curb and slip down a sewer grate. But I recall even weirder things from the acid I drop in the 60s. And my daughter goes round with a pretty strange mob, which does not seem to hurt her."

Mackinaw takes over. "Mr January, these trends are backed by troubling facts. The economy is suffering because people get sick, people quit work, people just disappear. No one knows what is going on, but people are nervous. The city is quietly collapsing. And, curiously, blood-banks have been empty for weeks." The lawyer stares at the pile of dust gathering on the floor around his chair. The prof speaks up. "Actually, I know exactly what is going on. The city is being over-run by monsters. They are more clever now than in historical times. Today, before they move in, they create a culture that makes people more accepting of their existence. This enhanced level of belief allows the supernatural to manifest."

"Think of it, Mr January. An upsurge of vampire books, films and TV shows makes them seem noble, romantic, attractive. These are essentially immortal bipedal leeches, but people are coming to admire them, copy them. And then there are the wonderful werewolves and the legions of zombies and the ghosts and ghouls and the whole supernatural Zeitgeist. Meanwhile, the real vampires are back among us, buoyed by our belief in them and hidden in a crowd of wannabes, but ever seeking human prey. The battle is still being fought, of course. Particularly by the so-called Men in Black – the movies are documentaries, you know – forces trying to erase knowledge of as much monster-related incident as possible, to sap the belief levels that are sustaining the enemy. But such an uphill struggle."

"The vampires are a really big threat, Harry," bursts in Shamus. "They have undead converts in key positions all over the city, including the whole Civic Council, the Mayor, half the Police Department and all of Homeland Security. Plus a lot of top CEOs and right-wing media. They plan to stage a midnight coup within a few days, create chaos and take over openly under cover of 'restoring order.'"

I look at him and say, "This is of course terrible news, but you are telling me exactly why? You are planning to put the bite on me before they do?"

The shyster coughs. "A committee of influential citizens has formed to stop this walking plague. At great cost, we have determined the identity of the leader, the Count as he calls himself." The prof snorts. "But we have no idea how to find him. When anyone tries to follow him, he just disappears into the mist. We can't get anywhere near his car. But he has one weak spot. He appears to have fallen in love."

The hair on the back of my neck goes up like a bottle rocket on the 4th. "I am still not hearing any way that I can help you." Shamus' voice is gentle. "The Count was that guy in the Ferrari, Harry. And the one he has fallen for is Rhya. She can help us find his lair before it is too late."

I give them the fish-eye. "If you think that I allow my angel to mix any more with those creeps, you are crazy as automatic socks. After tonight, she does not go near them, if I have to chain her in the cellar." "Thus becoming," Mackinaw points out, "the kind of person with whom you fear to let her associate." I blow. "Listen, mothballs-for-brains, there is no way I let her near enough to that snake to get bit."

Shamus speaks. "It's too late Harry. That bandage on her neck isn't covering a hickey." I fold and the prof takes up the story. "I am sorry, Mr January, but this means your daughter has only a couple of days before she becomes a vampire herself." "Isn't there any way to change her back?" "Only one. If the vampire, known as the Master, who creates a new vampire is itself killed, then all the vampires it has created die with it. Then all their creations die and so on down the chain. This is why we're seeking the local Master, because all or most of the vampires in the city are its descendants." "But what about Rhya? She is not a vampire yet." "No, and if we can kill the Master before Rhya's conversion is complete, she will revert to full humanity."

I sit up. "OK, I catch your drift. What exactly do you want me to do? Find some way to plant the Count for keeps?" Mackinaw lifts a finger. "Not so hasty, young man. We're not even sure that the Count is the Master. The real Master is never identified to outsiders. What Rhya has to do is twofold. First, find out the identity of the Master. Secondly, put a tracking device in that Ferrari. We'll handle the rest."

I nod. "OK, but this is not an easy job. Rhya has a mind of her own and she is loyal to her friends." Shamus says, "We're asking a lot, Harry, but you and Rhya are our last chance. You'll just have to be persuasive." This is of course easy for him to say. Rhya in fact pops her cork completely, accuses me of playing father like a heavy out of Warner Brothers. But she is not stupid, she trusts me and when I tell her about the vampires, it is like she already knows in the back of her mind. The clincher is the double bite under the

bandage, of which she has no memory. After shouts and tears, she agrees to help.

While she is spying on the coven, I have other things to do. Like a visit to High Calibre Hector to get a gat and ammo. HiCal does not ask questions, which is wise for a man in his line of work. I also find a tiny tracer, which I give to Rhya one night when she comes home late from clubbing with the Count.

The next night, Rhya does not come home and her cell phone stays off. In the morning, I am pacing the shop when a tall black woman in leathers and shades comes in, drops an envelope on the counter and says, "We found this on Rhya's desk. It's a puzzle she was working on for us, but the envelope's addressed to you. Just after dark last night, this guy drove up to the building. He called her from the desk and she went down. Really dragging her feet, but she went. She didn't come back." She splits and I hear her motorcycle roar off into the distance.

In the envelope is a puzzle chart and clues. I am out of my depth as a virgin in Vegas, but I am also out of time. So I call Shamus and he promises to come right over. Waiting, I turn on the gizmo that tracks the tracer and the map shows a red dot. I hide the tracker as Shamus comes through the door. I hand him the envelope.

Each clue below relates to a horror or monster-related production (cinema or TV) whose title fits into the row of blank squares with the same number in the chart, one letter per square. The string of numbers in the square brackets at the end of each clue gives the year of release or first broadcast, then the number of letters in each word of the movie's or program's title. The central column of letters (marked with a ▼), read vertically, provides a message to the concerned reader. Note: some of the initial articles "the" and "a" have been omitted in the movie titles, others not.

- (1) Mia Farrow learns the joys of motherhood. Not. (1968: 9-4)
- (2) The first major Dracula adaptation, German silent. (1922: 9)
- (3) Karloff and Lugosi do Poe, nevermore. (1935: 3-5)
- (4) Lupine horror with Lon Chaney. (1941, remade 2010: 3-4-3)
- (5) Sarah Michelle Gellar stakes out a claim to fame. (TV 1997: 5-3-7-6)

- (6) Gene Wilder comedy with Peter Boyle as a made man. (1974: 5-12)
- (7) Cannibal cut-ups on the Rio Grande, now a film franchise. (1974: 5-5-3-8)
- (8) Leroux novel filmed many times, coming up with Tom Cruise. (first in 1925: 7-2-3-5)
- (9) Influential Romero zombie epic, remakes and sequels to 2010. (1968: 5-2-3-6-4)
- (10) What possessed Linda Blair and can Father Damian help? (1973: 3-8)
- (11) Jack Nicholson does Stephen King. With an axe. In the snow. (1980: 3-7)
- (12) *New Yorker* cartoons to TV to film with Raul Julia and Anjelica Huston. (1991: 3-6-6)
- (13) Freddy Krueger slashes a tree-lined road. (1984: 1-9-2-3-6)
- (14) Improvised hunt for the supernatural in Maryland woods. (1999: 5-5-7)
- (15) Just when we thought it was safe to take a shower, Mr Hitchcock. (1960: 6)
- (16) Who you gonna call? Murray? Aykroyd? Ramis? (1984: 12)
- (17) Vampire film series, most recently "Breaking Dawn". (2008-2012: 3-8-4)
- (18) Anthony Hopkins nearly does in fine dining. (1991: 7-2-3-5)
- (19) Pixar comedy computer animation redefining corporate scare tactics. (2001: 8-3)
- (20) Karloff as an Egyptian who gets unwound. (1932: 3-5)
- (21) Something puts the bite on Shaw, Dreyfuss and Scheider. (1975: 4)
- (22) Post-Potter Radcliffe faces a haunted house. (2012: 3-5-2-5)
- (23) German expressionist silent film with Conrad Veidt as the monster. (1920: 7-2-2-8)
- (24) RL Stevenson split-personality tale, filmed with Fredric March. (1931: 2-6-3-2-4)

Shamus solves this puzzle in two minutes flat, with help from the Internet. "Some of the titles are obscure," he says, "but you don't need to get all of them – even if you miss a few, the vertical text is clear enough." The hidden message tells me most of what I need to know.

Shamus figures I am not planning to wait for the citizens' committee and is tooling up to go with me. He is not of the sunniest disposition when I tell him I do not need his help. We tussle. I feed him a large knuckle sandwich and leave him contemplating the ceiling.

The tracker tells me where the coven is holed up. I race over in my Reo and am soon outside a mansion which clearly has a lot of spondulicks invested, but maybe not so wisely. I am thinking that Rem Koolhass with bats does not really work. But I apply a finger to the buzzer, which screams like the A train going round a hard curve. The door swings open on a goombah with a face like last month's pastrami. He says nothing, which I am thinking is probably just as well.

He shows me to a big room on the second floor, with windows overlooking a graveyard that I know for a fact does not belong. For one thing, it is night out there, but it is noon at the front when I arrive. "Good effects," I say to the Count as he stands up from behind a long table.

"Mr January," he says. "How nice of you to call. It saves us the trouble of tracking you down and ripping your heart

out in public. Such bad PR. But you know too much, and here we can arrange to extinguish your soul like gentlemen. Meanwhile, let me introduce my associates." He gestures. "Laura Accord, Ulan Curd-Taco, Occult Ruanda and Aunt Dora Cluč." They smile and I watch their needle teeth grow longer.

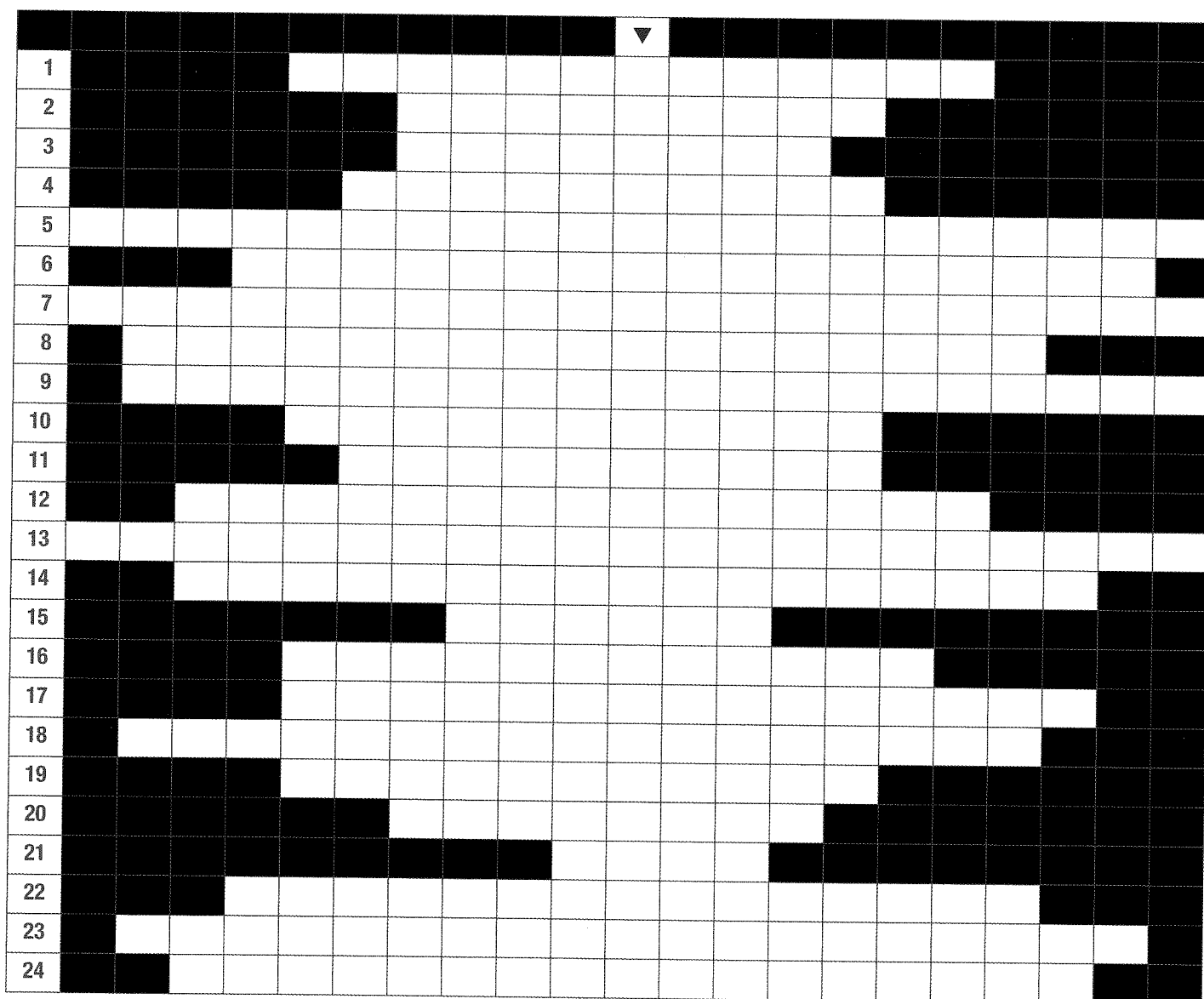
So I know my target. I pull out the gat from HiCal. The Count just smiles. "Firearms? How quaint. First, they can't harm us. Secondly, even if they could, you wouldn't have time to get us all before the survivors tore you limb from limb. And besides, as part of the general slaughter, you would have to kill – dear Rhya."

A curtain parts and my angel walks in, wearing a white dress stained with blood trickling from her lips. Her eyes are like coals in a fire pit. "Oh yes, she crossed over about an hour ago. She was...so hungry. Fortunately, we had someone on hand to

slake her needs. You humans are so weak, so predicatable. You cannot kill the daughter you love, yet she will kill you at a single word from me. So why don't you put the gun down and we'll sort this out. I'll even let you pick your grave – for as long as you choose to stay there."

I figure I have one shot. I look at the count and I look at Rhya. My eyes sting. I close them, say a prayer to St Damon and make my choice. The Master looks faintly surprised as a ragged hole appears over its heart and does not quickly heal. "What..." it starts to say. I rasp, "Silver buckshot, soaked in garlic. Punching it old school." Its body whispers slowly into dust. The other vampires also fade to black. Outside, the graveyard is now children playing in the park. My own child lies dying at my feet.

I kneel and cradle her. She is human again but fading fast. "Angel..." I say. Her



mouth twitches. Maybe she tries to smile. But the light in her eyes goes out and she dies with her head in my hand.

I pick up the gun and lift it for one more shot. A big burly figure barrels through the door and slaps the gat away from my head. "I slipped a tracer in your pocket when we fought. You're not the only one who uses them." Shamus wraps his arms around me and I am not saying there are no waterworks.

That is three days ago. The Men in Black are cleaning up. No one but me remembers – Shamus, Mackinaw, the prof, even HiCal, they all draw a blank card.

And Tommy Lee is coming up the stairs.

*Can you duplicate Shamus' feat and provide the five-word message hidden in Rhya's puzzle? **bout de papier** will decide the winner by drawing from a box containing all correct entries received by November 30, 2012. The winner will receive a book autographed by A Aalto. ☺*

*Free-lance prestidigitator and ardent Tuvan nationalist **A Aalto** has been serving as a diplomatic migrant worker for the last year. He thanks Mrs Aalto for her eagle eye, among many other good features.*

2-D or not 2-D Another questionable quiz from A Aalto

Answers to Vol. 26, No. 3

**Winner: Charlene Petersen,
Nanaimo, BC**

The activation code is **ANCHOVIES
AND MAPLE SYRUP**.

The link-up of the quip halves is as follows: A-17, B-11, C-14, D-22, E-16, F-3, G-19, H-21, I-26, J-15, K-23, L-4, M-18, N-24, O-5, P-12, Q-20, R-25, S-2, T-8, U-7, V-10, W-13, X-9, Y-1 and Z-6.

The three Canadian quotes are E-16 (Charlotte Whitton, first female mayor of Ottawa), U-7 (Maryon Pearson, wife of Lester) and Z-6 (from a sketch by Wayne and Schuster). F-3 is also notionally an exchange between two Canadian actors in *Star Trek*: William Shatner and James Doohan.

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