

Le bout de papier

Vol. 27, No. 1

China Takeaways

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY JORDAN REEVES

Thirty Years On: Reflections on DFAIT and the Diplomatic Prospect

BY DARYL COPELAND

Concours de photo de l'APASE 2012 / 2012 PAFSO Photo Contest



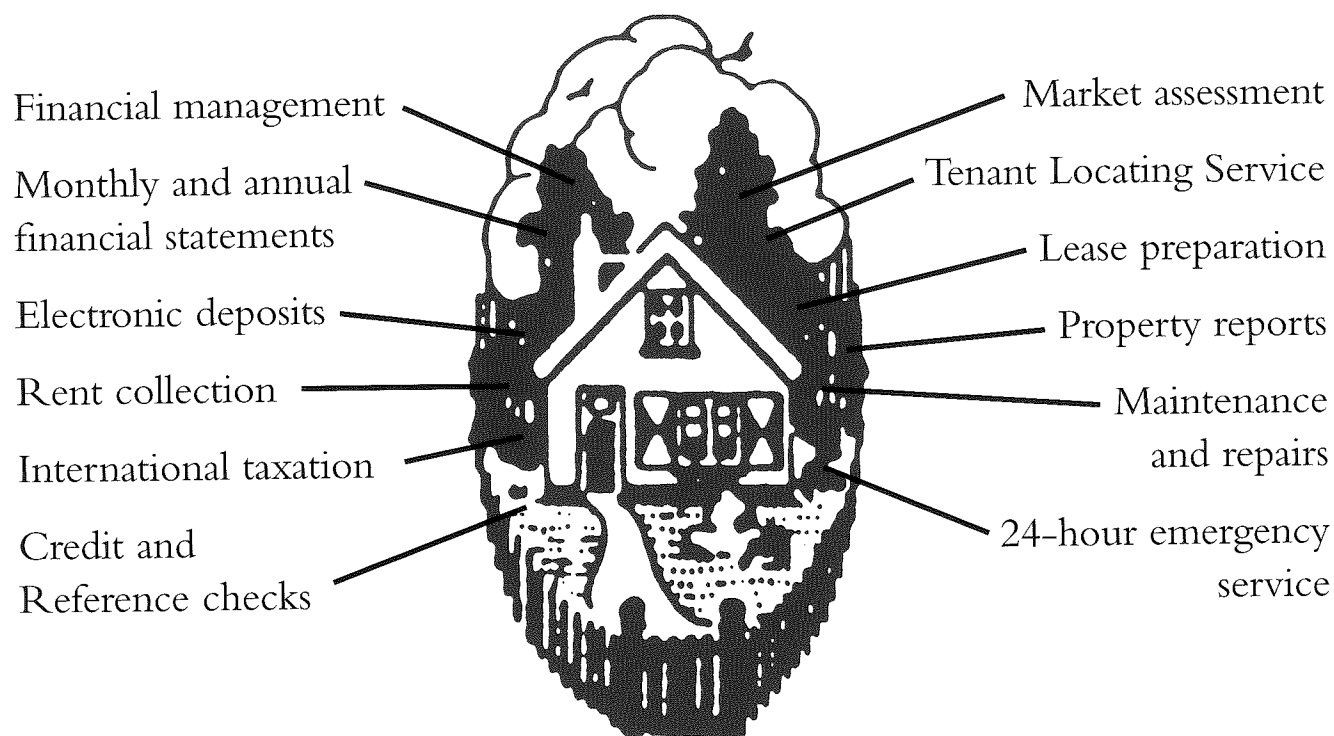
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Canada's Magazine of Diplomacy and Foreign Service
Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur



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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
Le magazine canadien de la diplomatie et du service extérieur

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HIVER 2012

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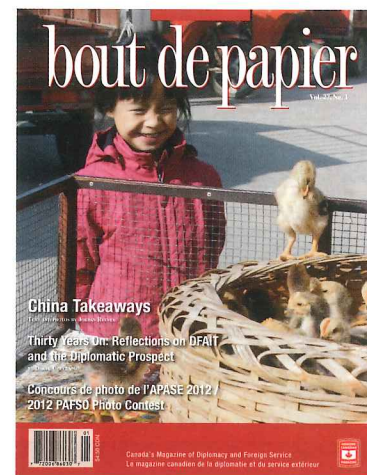
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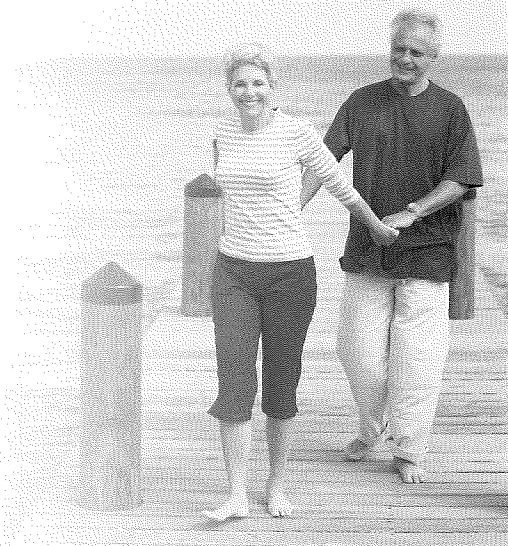
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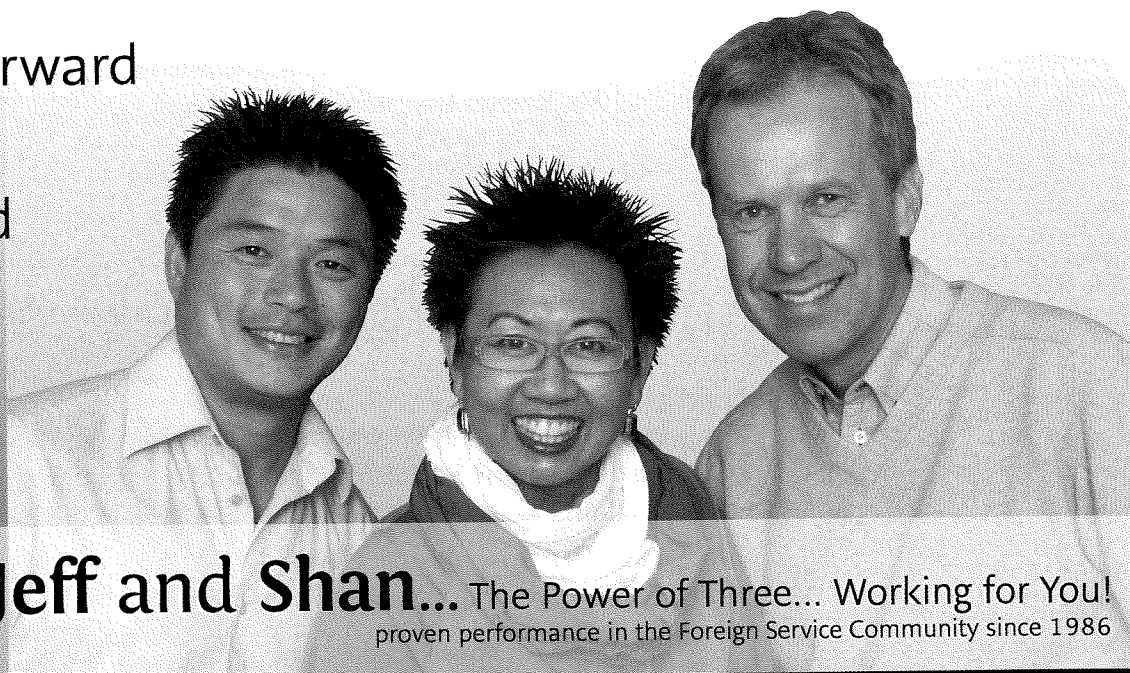
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On Voltaire and Joint Ventures

"I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

That famous turn of phrase is attributed to Voltaire. Although it borders on the melodramatic, it captures the spirit of the Enlightenment and is something of a keystone for modern democracy. Perhaps editors in particular need to hold that thought, especially when those who have the courage of their convictions are prepared to share them in writing in difficult times, as one of our contributors to this issue has done.

Given the problematic state of Canadian diplomacy today, many issues need to be aired and addressed...but recognizing the importance of such issues is not to endorse particular observations made or conclusions drawn. **bout** reflects the views of its contributors even if some readers — including members of the editorial board — are sometimes uncomfortable with the opinions expressed. If we may respectfully disagree with aspects of what some contributors have to say, **bout** believes that serving the Foreign Service community best starts with what we understand Voltaire actually said:

"Think for yourselves and let others enjoy the privilege to do so too."

Dans l'optique de la pensée par soi-même, Jade Puddington nous apporte des nouvelles sur la façon de bien faire les choses. Nouvelle recrue plongée au plein cœur de la gestion de la crise consulaire, Jade expose comment le MAECI s'adapte aux nouveaux enjeux et adopte des pratiques exemplaires. Elle nous offre sa vision de ce qui, autrement, semble être un oxymoron : une excitante affectation à l'AC! Mary Taylor, conjointe chevronnée du service extérieur, nous donne une toute nouvelle perspective des défis à relever pour élever une famille à l'étranger, ce qui nous incite à faire le point sur les efforts que l'APASE déploie pour faire amender les dispositions de la Loi relatives à la

citoyenneté des enfants nés d'agents FS à l'étranger. Les lecteurs seraient sages de saisir leurs députés de la question — peut-être en particulier les résidents d'Ottawa-Ouest-Nepean! La Chine est aussi en vedette dans le présent numéro. Jordan Reeves nous donne sa perspective personnelle des leçons apprises en matière de relations bilatérales et de commerce et de ce dont les Canadiens ont besoin pour

qu'une fois que tous les niveaux s'y sont ralliés. Selon les circonstances, il pourrait s'agir là d'un défi de taille.

En outre, il va de soi que les institutions indépendantes élaborent leurs propres cultures d'entreprise et façons de faire les choses en fonction de leurs besoins particuliers et de leur expérience; d'habitude, une nouvelle nécessité d'établir une culture conjointe ne surgit pas sans leadership

L'élaboration d'une vision conjointe peut se révéler encore plus exigeante lorsque l'un des partenaires est beaucoup plus gros que l'autre...

devenir plus compétitifs. Gar Pardy nous dit ce qu'il pense de l'œuvre de Henry Kissinger portant sur la Chine, qui explore des thèmes connexes sur la manière dont l'Occident doit s'adapter à la nouvelle Chine s'il espère saisir pleinement les débouchés qu'elle offre et mieux gérer un monde de plus en plus multipolaire.

One approach to optimizing management of Canada's own global presence is to pool resources and rationalize activities with like-minded partners, such as Australia and now the UK. In an earlier issue **bout** carried a feature on CUSO operations and prospects in Latin America (see Vol. 26, No. 1), at a time when the merger of CUSO with its large UK counterpart, VSO (Volunteer Service Organization), had just been announced. Done with a keen eye for potential synergies and based on shared goals, management at CUSO and VSO combined forces. It was designed to give CUSO worldwide presence and access, and VSO new and significant presence in the LAC (Latin America-Caribbean).

Il semble que le dossier soit encore ouvert quant au résultat et aux avantages nets de cette fusion. Au dire de tous, elle a été négociée en toute bonne foi et volonté par toutes les parties en cause. L'idée suscitait et suscite encore l'enthousiasme aux paliers supérieurs des deux organisations. Cependant, comme c'est le cas de toute grande organisation, les idées préconisées du haut vers le bas ne survivent à un changement de leadership

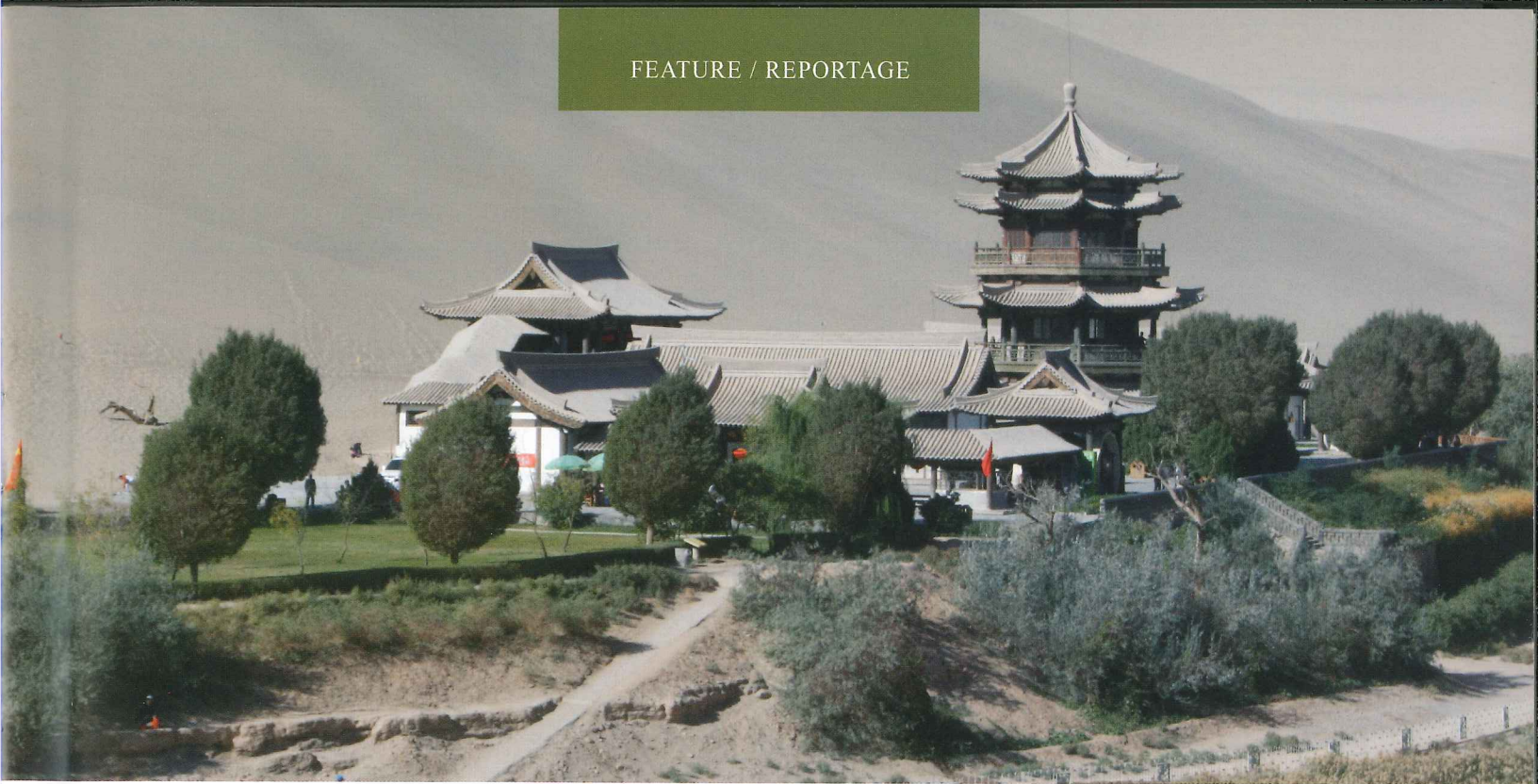
soutenu et sans que les avantages contraignants soient bien compris de la part des deux parties en cause. Si nous avons bien compris, VSO est perçue comme ayant plus d'affinités avec le FCO que CUSO n'en avait ou n'en a avec l'ACDI ou le MAECI, ce qui pourrait aussi avoir des incidences pour l'avenir. L'élaboration d'une vision conjointe peut se révéler encore plus exigeante lorsque l'un des partenaires est beaucoup plus gros que l'autre...et les « synergies » peuvent perdre leur attrait si l'un des partenaires est perçu comme étant quelque peu subsumé par l'autre sur le plan de la culture d'entreprise ou des finances.

The new CUSO-VSO venture — and any others of its nature out there — may deserve full support, but also may well bear close study as our own Foreign Ministry explores international partnerships. If memory serves, it was Winston Churchill who said that the US and the UK were two countries "separated by a common language". His message rings true today. If, as Canadians, we are to optimize our global affairs in part through joint ventures, let's be sure we do our homework first and understand our partners fully, and they us. We may guess the outcome if we don't.

The editorial board of **bout de papier** is pleased to welcome a new member: contributor and RHOMA prize-winner Joya Donnelly. Bienvenue à bord! ☺

— Stuart Hughes





China Takeaways

text and photos by Jordan Reeves

When I signed up for a posting to China back in 1999, there was still a debate going on. One of my favourite writers on the subject, Joe Studwell, pointed out that there is a long line of merchants from the days of Marco Polo to IBM chairman Ralph A. Pfeiffer Jr. who lost a lot of money there. The China dream was just that, he argued — a dream.

China was certainly an emerging priority for Canada in 1999. Two hundred million people were climbing their way out of poverty into the ranks of the middle class. The rise of China's vast, state-run economy seemed to offer possibilities for a trade commissioner. And so, I committed myself to a year on the China desk, two years of language lessons and what would become another nine years working in our missions in Taipei, Beijing and Shanghai. Having signed my life away, it was time to take the family there.

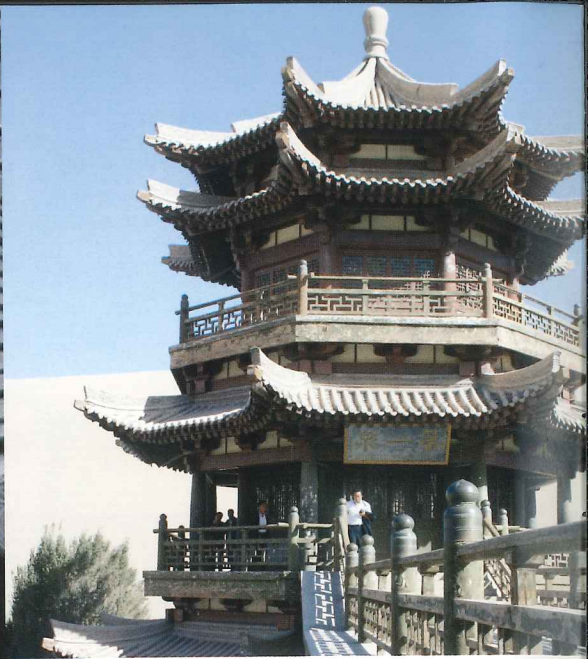
China was literally a country in the dark. By night, you could not always see the buildings, but you could feel the enormity of the place, like a sleeping, breathing dragon — or so I imagined. By day, it was grey with industry. There were old people in blue Mao suits holding bird cages, tides of bicycles flowing past steaming noodle

stalls, bamboo scaffolding, frigid buildings without elevators, and officials whose long underwear showed out the bottom of their pants when they sat down.

We had a skilled team of China experts promoting Canadian interests and translating opportunities into tangible benefits for Canada: people such as Susan Gregson, (later Consul General in Shanghai, whose China days stretch back to university in Tianjin and Shanghai in the late 70s), and former Ambassador Howard Balloch (who, to this day, conducts business in China wearing his trademark bow tie). Fellow trade commissioners were often adventurous. One left the embassy to farm chin-chillas near the Russian border. Others fell off camels in the Gobi desert, drove overland from Sichuan to Tibet or married Chinese recording artists and ran Buddhist charitable organizations.

There was also Mark Rowsell, kicking around the embassy when I was just getting my bearings. Mark mastered Mandarin and was invited to appear on a Chinese new year TV special. His flawless performance of a traditional Chinese comic routine impressed and flattered the Chinese. It made him a celebrity and probably one of the most recognized Canadians on the planet. (His diplomat brother Ben's article on democracy and social media appeared in **bout** two issues ago.)

By 2010, China had made impressive economic strides and was firmly entrenched as Canada's second-largest trading partner. However, many still associated China with communes in the countryside, not skyscrapers and cell phones. One senior Canadian official visiting China for his first time looked around and asked, "Where are all the bicycles?"





Chinese entrepreneurs were no longer looking for investment from Canada *per se*. They wanted raw materials, technology and managerial knowhow. In a list of the 10 most important things Canadians need to know about doing business in China, written for the Canada China Business Council, I stated that you have to see what's happening with your own eyes. To be frank, Canada was being outcompeted by the Americans, the Germans, the New Zealanders and especially the Australians. Many of our companies on the ground were being restrained by presidents and CEOs back home who had not bought into the China dream.

A fellow board member from the Canadian Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai tried to convey how quickly things happen in China to a visiting CEO over dinner. Leaving the restaurant, they saw a new bus shelter — the kind with a roof and benches — which had been installed while they had been inside talking.

My wife Jen and I would watch migrant construction workers outside our compound in Beijing. Before starting work at a new site, they would build two-storey dorms out of brick. When done, they would demolish the dorms, take the same bricks to the next site and start over again.

In two years, we watched them from our window at River Garden as willows along the viaduct disappeared and corn fields, which stretched across an arid plain toward the Great Wall, were replaced by a convention centre, a Crowne Plaza International Hotel, a shopping mall, more housing compounds and an international airport terminal. One day, big trees appeared along all the big new boulevards in our neighbourhood...after the first rain, they were all leaning at crazy angles.

While Canadians debated the viability of a high speed rail line between Toronto and Montreal, we saw China build more high speed rail lines than the rest of the world combined. And Canada won some of the business, too. There was also Shanghai's port, which opened in 2005 and has already become the world's largest.

Accomplishments such as these seemed to belittle Canada's own projects, such as our investments in the Asia Pacific Gateway and Corridor Initiative. However, few ever asked the 3,500 fishermen who left to make room for the port of Shanghai what they thought. During a tour of the

facilities, when one Canadian enquired about the environmental assessment, the Chinese response was, "Well, we looked at the water and it seemed okay."

Jen and I were concerned about the effects of air pollution on our kids playing soccer when neither team could see the other's goal. There were always food scares, no matter what precautions we took. During the melamine scare, we learned that the brand of milk we drank at home had tested positive for a nitrogen-rich compound used to make industrial resins, which had been added to the milk to cheat protein tests.

And then there were all the fake products. The CEO of a Chinese company producing most of the garden and patio furniture for big name North American chain stores told me that he got his start producing fake antiques and other items. Friends of ours bought a big amethyst cluster in China. Back in Canada, it got dusty and so they put it in a sink full of water to soak. The next morning, all that was left was sediment and some wire.

There were times when our Canadian values put us on a collision course with China. Disagreements could mean a frustrating end to good business opportunities. It could mean that the CBC website was blocked. Or Chinese friends could one day become emotional and anti-Western. With a country the size of China and so much at stake, it could be disturbing.

We never knew what would happen next. One evening, there was a call from the department's Watch Office. Canadian passengers on a flight from Vancouver had been quarantined over fears of swine flu. Questions were being asked back home. We were instructed to verify their safety, but the Chinese would not tell us where they were. As more information filtered in from the passengers themselves, we finally discovered the location. I was first on site. The quarantine officials did not know what to do with me. They eventually allowed me inside after I donned a special white body suit, gloves and mask. When the time came, I couldn't help myself: "Hi, I'm from the federal government and I'm here to help you."

Some of my best memories have nothing to do with work and everything to do with the kindness and hospitality of its people. Once, in Sichuan Province, travelling with a friend who was not feeling well, I went outside to look for Chinese



takeout. Eventually, I settled on a small place with a friendly owner who trotted out her nine-year-old son so that I could teach him English. It was very amicable. We drank a lot of tea. After less than an hour, dishes started coming out of the kitchen in blue and white porcelain bowls on wide trays held by three beautiful Chinese girls wearing traditional silk qipaos. At the insistence of the owner, who would not accept payment of any kind, I led the procession back across the darkened city on foot, over a bridge and then up four flights of stairs because there was no elevator in the hotel. My very surprised friend answered the door.

Given the lingering impact of the 2008 financial crisis, especially in Europe and the U.S., Canada's challenge now is to figure out how to take our bilateral relationship with China to the next level. The stakes are high. Our trade deficit with China persists, and many of our exports are raw materials with little value-added. Chinese investment in Canada is growing, but much of it consists of large acquisitions made by Chinese state-owned enterprises in our natural resources sector, which is raising red flags about the willingness of such enterprises to respect market fundamentals and Canadian law.

We are in a good position. Many of Beijing's priorities align with Canadian capabilities, especially the pressing need to find solutions to China's energy, environmental and health concerns. For small and medium-sized Canadian enterprises with innovative solutions that lack

both capital and market opportunities at home, China can often be the answer. Intellectual property protection in China is improving as more Chinese firms such as Lenovo seek to protect their innovations. In recent years, Canadian firms with a strategy for protecting their IP rights in China have usually been successful.

However, we do need China to open its market further to foreign companies. Canadian company affiliate sales abroad exceeded our total exports for the first time in 2009, and the benefits accruing back to Canada from our companies in China and elsewhere are increasing. It is in our interest to see China lift foreign investment restrictions and open its government procurement market to our companies.

We also need to encourage Canadian business to take China more seriously: a greater presence in China is essential if we are to significantly increase our exports of value-added goods and services. And, although Mandarin is now the most widely spoken foreign language in Canada, very few non-ethnic Chinese-Canadians speak it. Our companies have benefitted greatly from the welcome presence of Chinese students in Canada — now estimated at more than 70,000 — but more Canadians need to learn Mandarin if we are going to build greater familiarity over time.

In February, I was called back to help organize Prime Minister Harper's visit to Beijing, Guangzhou and Chongqing. A number of bilateral agreements were announced, as well as a slate of commercial deals. Our local business community

was exuberant. Mark Rowsell was there, too, as Canada's goodwill ambassador to China. It was good to be reminded of the passion shared by Canadians in China, and of the dedication and the generosity of the Chinese people.

As for the China dream, it is now a fact of life for most foreigners who live and work in China, tempered by the realities of a non-democratic government and a no-holds-barred commercial culture still learning how to do business with the West. It is the product of Chinese entrepreneurialism and the incredible changes of the past 10 or 20 years. It is the feeling that, despite challenges, nothing is impossible.

Striking out in the cold at four in the morning for the summit of Taishan, China's holiest Taoist mountain, I once joined a contingent of fellow pilgrims in rented People Liberation Army coats, all driven by the vain hope of seeing the sunrise and the famous "sea of clouds." The weather was terrible. It was raining. Just when we were past all hope, convinced that the journey was for naught, an opportunistic vender unfurled a wide photographic backdrop of the sunrise, the way it was supposed to look. For a couple of kuai, we had our pictures taken in front of it. ☺

Jordan Reeves recently returned to Canada from postings in Beijing, Shanghai and Taipei. A recipient of the 2010 PAFSO Canadian Foreign Service Officer Award, he works in the Office of the Chief Trade Commissioner.

Canadians Born Abroad

by Mary Taylor

Recently foreign service children born abroad have been in the news because of proposed legislation which would deprive their children of Canadian citizenship, if the latter were also born abroad. It made me think of my own children, four of whom were born out of Canada, each in a different country and in very different circumstances.

Our first child was born in Delhi, though not in the hospital where I had hoped to be, but in a nursing home from which earlier on my husband had been rescued because it was so inadequate. I had no choice, for when I called to say labour had started, I was told there was no bed available in the British hospital. But the nursing home, despite many unpleasant features, did have its strengths. Almost all day my son was rocked by a loving ayah, who would only pause to spit out her betel juice. It was in its own way a good beginning, though not so good was a nurse's decision to cheer up the other patients by carrying the baby round the wards, and this in the midst of a cholera epidemic. As it turned out I would have ended up there anyway, since the British hospital had to be evacuated due to floods.

Number two was born very uneventfully in Ottawa, where the nurses found it hard to believe this was my second child, since I seemed quite unfamiliar with all the standard procedures.

Baby number three arrived in the most luxurious setting imaginable, a mansion in Paris which had once belonged to Napoleon III. Her birth, unlike her brother's, was foreseen well in advance. Some time before my fashionable doctor had predicted the exact date, and when I expressed admiration for his perspicacity, he explained that this was because he would be going on holiday the following day. Despite his lucrative practice he was obviously not keen to forfeit his fee. The birth was induced to suit his convenience, though not that of her father who had to be out at the airport meeting a visiting



Delhi

Minister, an event which in those days clearly took precedence. My husband was able, however, to share with me some excellent meals accompanied by the appropriate wine. Did I also drink wine as we ate? I can't remember. What I certainly did enjoy was the Nursing Mother's beer, which I was encouraged to drink as much of as possible. No one, particularly in France, believed that alcohol would have bad effects on either mother or baby.

It was the birth of our fourth child which was the most dramatic, not because of the actual birth but of what preceded it. I had arrived in Moscow five months pregnant to discover that most Western women went elsewhere to have their babies. Russian hospitals were rough and engaged in a variety of practices, such as communal labour rooms, which Western women found alarming. A stoic people, the Russians didn't believe in using painkillers for child birth except in extreme circumstances. Worst of all no visitors were allowed throughout one's stay and this regulation, apparently designed to protect the babies from infection, could produce an almost paranoid sense of isolation in those who spoke little Russian. Despite all this,

however, I had decided to stay in Moscow. Most Russian babies seemed to come into the world fairly successfully and I was unwilling to leave my other children so soon after we had moved to a strange country. In the end however I changed my mind. What did it was the experience of an Australian friend who, for similar reasons, had decided to stay, and for whom things then went very badly. No doubt the medical complications would have been the same anywhere, but what would not have been the same was her fear and isolation as she lay unable to communicate with friends or family.

I left at midday on the first of January having spent much of the previous night at Ambassador Robert and Mrs. Ford's New Year's Party, a splendid event at which it was *de rigueur* for the staff to stay until the most senior guests had gone. Off to Vienna, where I would be with friends, I bade a wistful farewell to my family and boarded the plane, swathed in a voluminous coat. I had not told Aeroflot of my condition and they would have been perfectly within their rights if they had refused to take me. The baby was due in two weeks and all my others had come late. Nonetheless I was worried in case I should

go into labour on the plane. It was, therefore, with a sense of relief that at the end of four hours I assumed we must be almost due to land in Vienna. But to my surprise the plane flew on, until finally there came an announcement to the effect that we would be landing in Zurich in a few minutes. There was no mention of Vienna. In a very Russian way Vienna had been wiped out as if it had only existed in the imagination of the passengers, of whom, as it happened, there were very few since New Year's Day was not a popular date to travel. I huddled in my seat fighting back the tears and trying to console myself by thinking of all those who had given birth in far worse circumstances than mine. One passenger had the nerve to make a fuss and was told that because of the existing weather conditions the landing equipment was inadequate for Vienna. We could only hope the same was not true of Zurich.

By the time the Aeroflot representative arrived there were only four of us left in the airport, an American girl touring Europe, a Russian woman with a small baby and myself. The Russian was my mirror image since she had left Vienna, where her husband worked in their embassy to have her baby in Moscow and was now returning with Ala, who was a week old. We were offered a chit for the airport hotel and assured that we would be flown to Vienna the following morning. The Russian however, adamantly refused to leave the airport and finally an arrangement was made for her to stay in the nursery with her baby. Meanwhile the American and I went off to the hotel, where after a congenial dinner life began to seem a little better. After all if my baby happened to arrive in Zurich she might even enjoy the inestimable advantage of Swiss citizenship.

Early next morning we were hustled out to the airport to board the flight to Vienna. But the hours passed as the snow fell gently on the deserted runways. At lunch-time I was called to reception and asked whether I spoke Russian. My hesitant response that I knew a little was greeted with enthusiasm and I was led off to the nursery to act as an interpreter. There my feeble efforts met with evident admiration on the part of the fluently tri-lingual air hostess, who not surprisingly found it strange that one woman should leave Moscow for Vienna to give birth, while another would do exactly the reverse.



Leaving Moscow



Paris

The nurse was anxious that the Russian mother should go to have a meal while she looked after the baby, but nothing would persuade Ala's mother to abandon her. No doubt just as I was wary of the wiles of Russian officials so she too had been indoctrinated about Westerners and their evil intentions. Speaking only Russian and reading only Cyrillic, she must have led a

life of total isolation in Vienna with all the paranoia that produced. Why a meal could not have been brought to the nursery I later failed to understand. But the solution we arrived at was for all three of us to go to the airport restaurant.

Every time I looked up from my food
I was aware of eyes sliding away from
me all round the room.

Zurich airport in January was the gateway to many fashionable ski resorts and a fair number of the jet set had shaken off their New Year hangovers and were on their way to the slopes. So the restaurant was full of smartly dressed people among whom the appearance of two dowdy women, one enormously pregnant and the other carrying a tiny baby, was a mild sensation. For the first time I knew what it must be like to be a celebrity. Every time I looked up from my food I was aware of eyes sliding away from me all round the room.

It was late afternoon when our flight was finally called. I had some qualms about boarding it in case once again we flew over Vienna, but I had little alternative. Aeroflot was notoriously bad about exchanging tickets with other airlines and their representative had disappeared. How surprised my husband would be, I thought, if I reappeared at Sheremetievo airport almost two days after I had left. If that happened then I would stay. But the plane did land in Vienna, our baby was in no hurry to arrive, and I spent a delicious two weeks enjoying the luxuries of the West before the birth of my Wiener Kind.

Pregnant with my last baby, I once again fled Moscow but this time, like many others, to Helsinki. My previous children had all arrived late so I was looking forward to two weeks of shopping at that lifeline for those living in Moscow, Stockmann OY. But this was not to be. I had scarcely arrived in my hotel when I had to leave for the hospital. By then I had three daughters, and was sure this would be a fourth — ultrasound had not yet been invented — so I could hardly believe my luck when told it was a boy. The obstetrician I should have had was off skiing, so my son was delivered in the early hours of the morning by a young intern. In response to my question, "Are you sure it's a boy?", she drew herself

up and replied rather coldly, "I may not be fully qualified but I can tell a boy from a girl".

Despite this assurance, I wanted to make perfectly certain before calling my husband to pass on the good news. So once in my room I undid the tight swaddling just to check. Yes, just like the Russians, the Finns believed in swaddling — babies were stacked like little logs on the trolleys — and didn't go in much for painkillers either. There was no tender coddling here, as in Paris and Vienna, and shortly after birth I was directed down the hall to the communal shower. A room full of naked pale skinned women, most of whom had just given birth but some of whom were still to do so, was not a thing of beauty.

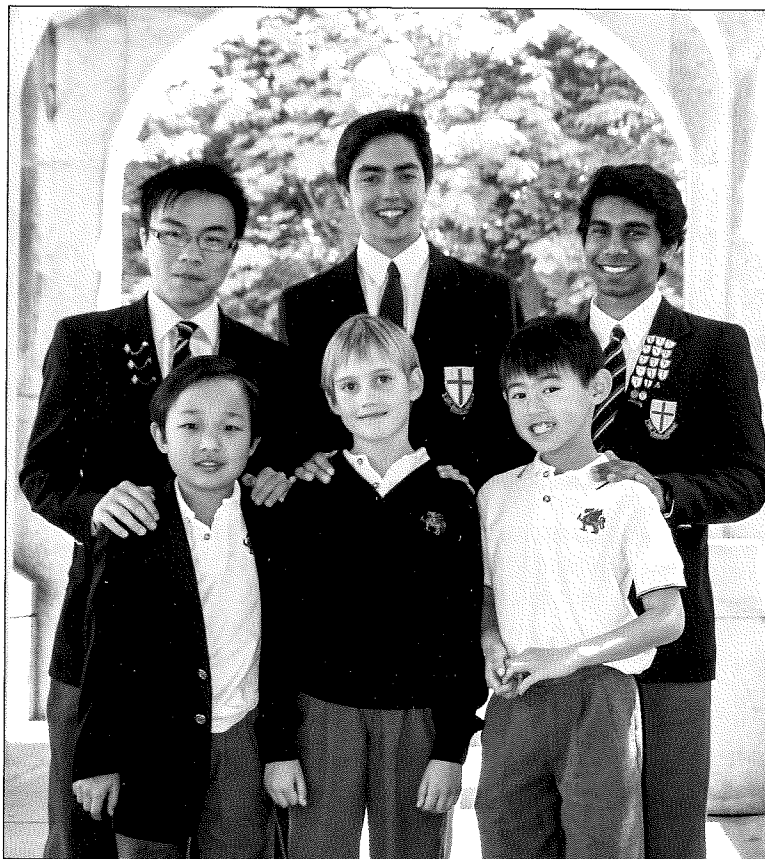
Not surprisingly many foreign service children marry foreigners and so give birth abroad. None of my five children have done so, and as it happens the only one who might have was the daughter born in Ottawa. ☺

Mary Taylor is the wife of a retired foreign service officer and the author of If Only I Had Known and A Black Mark.

Prior to the May 2011 election, a comprehensive Bill, "Strengthening the Value of Canadian Citizenship", was proceeding through the legislative process. It acknowledged the unfairness of the current situation and would have ensured that a third generation of children of Foreign Service officers was not denied its legitimate claim to being fully Canadian. The Bill died on the Order Paper with the dissolution of Parliament but it enjoyed all-party support and, as a government initiative, remains the most effective solution.

Asked about the government's plans to re-table the Bill, Minister Jason Kenney's office responded that the fall session would be dedicated to the issues they ran on in the election campaign, like the get tough on crime agenda; the citizenship bill thus would be re-visited in 2012. PAFSO then wrote to the Prime Minister encouraging him to table the bill as soon as possible in the winter session. However, the government did not address the issue before recessing in June. We continue with best efforts to get the Bill back on the Order Paper, working with other interested parties to see this through.

— *Eric Vernon is an advocacy officer with PAFSO.*



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The Foreign Service Community Association: la connaissez-vous?

by Helen Boutilier-Inglis

Established in 1976, the Foreign Service Community Association (FSCA/ACSE) is a volunteer-based organization fostering a sense of community among members from the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade (DFAIT) headquarters employees, other Canadian public servants working abroad, and their spouses.

The FSCA seeks to maintain a balance among elected members of its Executive Committee, drawing on a wide range of individuals with connections to DFAIT and beyond. These include employees of DFAIT and other departments represented abroad, spouses, and retirees; some have extensive experience at missions (either as employees or spouses), others have yet to enjoy their first foreign assignment. A list of members of the Executive Committee for 2012/13 can be found on the FSCA web site, www.fsca-acse.org.

J'ai été élue Présidente de l'ACSE en mai 2011. Après 35 ans de service à la centrale et à l'étranger, notamment à Georgetown, Bruxelles, Lima, La Havane, Islamabad et Kuala Lumpur, j'ai pris ma retraite en mars 2012, ce qui me permet de donner plus de temps aux activités de l'ACSE.

Glen Dixon became Executive Director of the FSCA in 2009. She has extensive international experience — most recently as the Executive Director of the American Business Group (U.S. Chamber of Commerce) in Abu Dhabi where she was on posting with her DFAIT spouse. Glen has lived in Turkey and has been on postings in Iran and Abu Dhabi.

The FSCA enables peer-to-peer networking and advocates for positive change. Members abroad and at headquarters are encouraged to use the FSCA website online forums to meet other members, share experience, exchange ideas, offer assistance, become involved in issues that affect members of the foreign

service community, and to add their voice and expertise to improve life at home and abroad.

We liaise and cooperate with DFAIT's Human Resources Bureau on spousal issues, making representations at the Deputy and Assistant Deputy Minister levels. We seek to improve conditions of service — changes occurring across Federal Government are expected to introduce additional challenges for members of the foreign service community in 2012/13. The latter includes proposed amendments to Bill C-37 of the *Citizenship Act* to safeguard the citizenship of future generations of children born abroad to foreign service employees.

En 2011/12, environ 400 membres de l'ACSE, ainsi que des époux/épouses et des employé(e)s ont participé à une série de séances à l'heure du midi, organisées par l'ACSE. La plupart de ces séances ont pris la forme de conseils financiers, pour aider les employés à se préparer à partir en poste à l'étranger, à comprendre les risques et implications d'un investissement immobilier aux États-Unis, les options d'investissements sans impôts pour la retraite, la planification successorale, les investissements immobiliers, et le départ à la retraite de la Fonction publique. En plus, une fois par année, l'auteure bien connue et épouse d'un Chef de Mission à la retraite, Margaret Dickenson, offre une séance qui traite de l'étiquette et du protocole.

The FSCA offers assistance to employees and spouses adapting to life in Ottawa or are new to Canada. We facilitate ad hoc meetings with groups of foreign-born spouses. Participation in this group generally increases in the Fall when employees return from assignments abroad and diminishes over the Winter as spouses settle in and find employment.

L'ACSE réunit un sentiment de communauté avec des activités de réseautage, de volontariat et de philanthropie. La Vente

d'artisanat en décembre et la Vente du printemps, en mai, offrent des opportunités aux employé(e)s et époux/épouses de vendre leurs objets d'artisanat, que ce soient des bijoux faits main, des bouquets originaux ou des gâteaux sans gluten, et d'aider ainsi la Banque alimentaire d'Ottawa. Au mois de mars chaque année, des bénévoles de l'ACSE vendent des jonquilles au bénéfice de la Société canadienne du Cancer, et en octobre et novembre organisent une Exposition d'art et un Vernissage. Ils participent aussi à d'autres activités tout au long de l'année.

The FSCA has received grants from DFAIT, Citizenship and Immigration Canada and the Canadian International Development Agency and works to maintain and expand the number of supporting departments. There is a modest membership fee. Benefits of membership include access to on-line forums, advance notice of and registration for activities and events, and discounted fees for certain events.

The FSCA office is located in the Pearson Building at 125 Sussex Drive (9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., Mondays to Thursdays). Given the new security procedures at the Pearson Building, visitors without a valid DFAIT pass are encouraged to send an email to arrange an appointment and to facilitate access. 📧

Helen Boutilier-Inglis is recently retired Management Consular Officer and the President of the FSCA.

Please visit our website at www.fsca-acse.org or contact us at fsca.acse@international.gc.ca for more information and to become a member today.

Once Upon a Crisis...

My Experience with DFAIT's New Emergency Watch Response Centre

by Jade Puddington

Bien que j'adore mon poste actuel, c'est, à vrai dire, par hasard que j'ai abouti au Centre de surveillance et d'intervention d'urgence (CSIU/EWRC).

J'ai joint les rangs du MAECI il y a deux ans et demi, et ma première affectation a été à la Direction du crime et du terrorisme, en remplacement d'une employée en congé de maternité. Cette dernière devait revenir au travail en janvier suivant, ce qui signifiait que je serais alors disponible hors cycle — période où il y a habituellement peu de postes ouverts. Lorsque mon nom a été ajouté à la liste des candidats libres, CEP, la Direction des politiques, de la planification d'urgence et de la formation de la Direction générale de la gestion des urgences, a été la première à m'appeler. Une fois fixées l'heure et la date de l'entrevue, j'ai entrepris des recherches. Jusque-là, je ne savais

même pas que le ministère comptait un centre d'opérations 24/7.

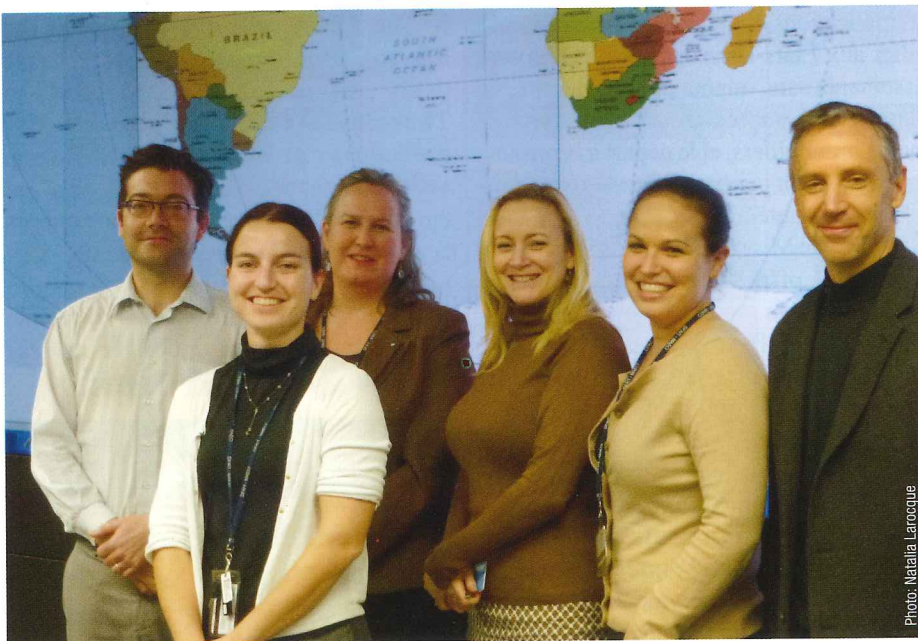
As the interview progressed, I became more convinced that CEP would be an interesting place to work. I was told the person in the position would respond to emergencies whenever they arose, would liaise with divisions across the department and be right in the middle of DFAIT's response to crises abroad. As the policy officer for communications, the individual would wear two hats. When there was no emergency, they would work on communications policy initiatives and various projects as they arose. When an emergency struck, however, the role would change.

The individual would be responsible for coordinating emergency management-related messaging and ensuring that the language used across all public DFAIT communications channels was consistent.

The main stumbling block in the interview appeared to be my lack of policy-writing experience, which resulted in numerous interview questions being skipped. Although I left the interview certain that I had been screened out, I was offered the position a week later. On January 4, 2011, I became CEP's new Policy Officer for Communications.

Prior to joining the Emergency Management Bureau I had never written a media line, and had not handled public communications. As with most new assignments in DFAIT, I was learning as I went. I sometimes joke that my division set up a great training plan for me: several days after I began in the bureau, civil unrest broke out in Tunisia, and with it the start of the Arab Spring. There was a new emergency every week and a half, and each one was more severe and complicated than the last. Civil unrest toppled leaders in Tunisia, Egypt and Libya and an earthquake, tsunami and nuclear crisis brought Japan nearly to a standstill.

The level of activity in the Bureau skyrocketed and everyone worked flat out. During that time, I had a steep learning curve. I drafted broadcast messages requesting that communications with missions be reduced to emergency messaging only. I composed media lines pertaining to emergency management — including lines talking about evacuation flights. I provided



Various members of the emergency management team — Brent Bell, Jade Puddington, Jessica Fraser, Anita Cule, Sabina Grabowiecka and Roch Dussault.

Photo: Natalia Larocque

information to update the DFAIT, Mission and Trade websites. I reviewed statements and helped draft speeches. I assembled QP notes and drafted answers for a technical media briefing. As most everything communications-related for emergency management came to me, I would find the necessary information and consult key players. It truly was trial by fire...and I wouldn't have had it any other way. To this day, some of the emergency planning officers in the division still recognize the sound of my footsteps coming down the hall when I have questions for them.

Seeing the Emergency Management Bureau in action responding to the Arab Spring and Japan earthquake of 2011 was impressive. Taskforce meetings were called any time, day or evening, and the number of people in attendance —

not only from across the Department, but across the government — was formidable. Often there would not be an empty seat. The operations officers and call centres went into full swing. Members of the Emergency

Response Community were brought in to provide extra capacity not only in answering calls and emails from Canadians calling the Centre directly, but also in proactively calling Canadians listed in ROCA (Register of Canadians Abroad). I recall walking into the call centre and seeing it full at 2 a.m. — everyone ready to answer calls. Call centre capacity was expanded by taking over neighbouring meeting rooms, dropping wires from the ceiling and setting up completely new stations.

To provide context, the Emergency Management Bureau (CED) was created in 2008 principally as a result of lessons learned from DFAIT's response to the Asian tsunami in 2004/2005 and the Lebanon evacuation in 2006. The Department has worked steadily ever since to improve its emergency and consular capabilities culminating in the Emergency Watch and Response Centre (EWRC), which opened in November 2011. Members of the Emergency Management Bureau visited crisis centres around the world to find their best features and incorporate them into the design of the EWRC. The Centre provides an area for whole of government coordination in responding to

emergencies abroad, and has the features necessary to allow DFAIT to respond more efficiently.

The EWRC has two dedicated call centres permanently set up and ready to be activated when needed. This allows the Centre to quickly ramp up its capacity to respond to sudden spikes in calls and emails triggered by an emergency. These rooms can be used for training during quiet times. The Centre also has boardrooms specifically allocated for use during emergencies so that taskforce meetings of key stakeholders can be held at a moment's notice. It has a kitchen and quiet rooms for use by all staff responding to the emergency, and it has a Response Room equipped with 26 workstations and technology allowing the latest information to be displayed. How

do these features aid in responding to an emergency? Let me explain.

Due to their sheer scale, not only are multiple DFAIT divisions involved in responding to an international emergency, but often numerous

government departments as well. As a result, the flow of information is a key factor in determining a successful outcome. With so many people engaged, it is vital that everyone, whether involved in planning, logistics, or another role, has the latest details so that appropriate decisions and actions can be taken. One way to ensure this flow takes place quickly and efficiently is to have everyone physically work together. In the past, I was located with the policy division, away from the Operations Centre. I would often abandon my desk during emergencies to go and sit with the emergency planning officers and operations officers in the call centre, occupying whichever cubicle happened to be empty.

In order to address this need for information, the EWRC is not only large enough to house all the Emergency Management staff, but the Response Room also contains "hoteling" stations for members of other DFAIT divisions as well as partner departments and agencies. These stations permit personnel to work directly in the Centre — increasing the speed at which information can be relayed and decisions can be taken.

Due to their sheer scale, not only are multiple DFAIT divisions involved in responding to an international emergency, but often numerous government departments as well.



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Another important aspect of any emergency is taking care of those working on the response — not only in the affected mission, but also at headquarters. During the Arab Spring and Japan earthquake, members of the Emergency Management team were in the office at all hours. I recall easily tracking down deputy directors for media line comments at midnight, talking to directors about statements at 1 a.m. and catching my Director General at 4 a.m. for Q&A approvals. Sometimes the arrival of food in the evening was the only way to ensure that team members took a small break. At 7 p.m., when food arrived, you

The accomplishments of the Emergency Management Bureau during the Arab Spring and Japan earthquake were striking.

could just as easily see operations officers grabbing a bite to eat as the occasional ADM and even DM. The new kitchen and quiet room facilities of the EWRC will help ensure that staff have the facilities necessary to take care of their health, so that they can continue to assist Canadians. Personally, the quiet rooms would have served me well when I needed to obtain Q&A approvals at 4 a.m. I had to be back in the office for 6 a.m. when the revised documents would be circulated, and so I only managed to get 1 hour sleep at home. Had the quiet rooms been available, I could have had two!

The accomplishments of the Emergency Management Bureau during the Arab Spring and Japan earthquake were striking.

Here are just a few of the numbers: DFAIT facilitated the evacuation of 520 Canadians from Egypt and 348 from Libya. The Bureau was involved in chartering planes and coordinating with other nations. When the Japan earthquake occurred, the call centre managed approximately 12,600 calls. During the first four months of 2011, approximately 350 DFAIT employees from across the department came in and assisted the Bureau, either by manning phones in the call centres or providing back up to the Emergency Management staff. In addition, missions located in the same time zone assisted in making calls.

Looking back I now have a better appreciation for the sheer variety of people

implicated in responding to an emergency abroad, be they MCOs, political officers, trade officers, IT specialists or others. The key thing however, is that at DFAIT you are never alone in dealing with an emergency. Emergencies can strike any time, anywhere and affect anyone. When they do, the first thing Canadians should do is call the EWRC! 🌐

Jade Puddington joined DFAIT in March 2010 after completing a year of French language training. She served in the International Crime and Terrorism Division (ICT) for 10 months before joining the Policy, Emergency Planning and Training Division (CEP).



Jade Puddington, Anita Cule, Brent Bell and Jessica Fraser in the Response Room.



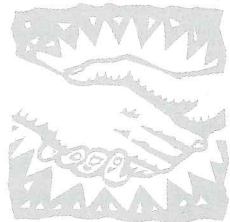
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Thirty Years On: Reflections on DFAIT and the Diplomatic Prospect

by Daryl Copeland

Editor's Note: As an independent voice of the Foreign Service, **bout** has a special responsibility to cover issues that concern the Foreign Service professionally, including those raised in Daryl Copeland's thought provoking "30 years". Daryl invites a response in his piece. Although time constraints were a factor, **bout** consulted among serving officers to provide one.

A burning platform

London cabbies are a great source of received wisdom. Over the past several years I have had occasion to focus test dozens of drivers drawn from this select group. I queried them about the reputation of diplomacy in general, and their impressions of diplomats in particular.

Their verdict?

Reduced to its most essential iteration:

Dithering dandies, hopelessly lost in a haze of irrelevance somewhere between protocol and alcohol...

For diplomatic practitioners, exposure to the mainstream view of cartoon caricatures in pin stripes or pearls riding high at public expense serves as a sobering reminder that any vestigial prestige and mystique once associated with the profession has worn off long since. More worrisome still, since at least Chamberlain's ill-starred visit to Munich in 1938, diplomacy has come to be associated with weakness and appeasement, with caving in to power.

In other words, diplomacy's debilitating image problems are matched by serious misunderstandings concerning the substance of the work. That said, however misleading the archetypes, popular perceptions of diplomacy are not entirely unfounded. Neither the profession nor its institutions have adjusted well to the exigencies of the globalization age.

It doesn't help that so few foreign service officers have a clear sense of just how their work fits into the bigger picture. Simply put, diplomacy is a non-violent approach to the management of international relations which relies upon dialogue, negotiation and compromise. Doing it well requires empathy and understanding, a keen intellect, a capacity for political communication, and a very particular set of personal aptitudes. Book learning may be necessary, but it is by no means sufficient. Adaptability, self-awareness and life skills, more easily acquired through world travel than over the course of years of formal education, are crucial.

It took me a few postings — and decades — to develop a real appreciation for diplomacy. No one at DFAIT ever talked about it much. It is not on the curriculum at the Canadian Foreign Service Institute. It is largely ignored by Canadian universities and in the press. Yet the *idea* of diplomacy should be at the core of most everything that a foreign ministry does.

At DFAIT these days, it seems nothing could be further from the truth. Policy initiatives? Strategic advice? Intelligence generation? Innovative thinking?

No, as we all know a sidelined and marginalized DFAIT spends most of its time talking to itself rather than reaching out at home or abroad. The transactional has triumphed — at great expense.



Daryl Copeland

Rethinking security

Diplomacy is crucial to running our world, but it is in crisis. As in most OECD countries, our political leaders have developed an unfortunate habit of reaching for the gun as the international policy instrument of choice. Defence departments receive the lion's share of international policy funding, while foreign ministries and development agencies struggle. This makes no sense in light of global circumstances and gives rise to serious distortions and misallocations. Western governments failed to learn the main lesson of the Cold War, namely that militaries work best when they are not used. Take the sword out of the scabbard, and it usually makes a dreadful mess.

Defence is primarily about power. Diplomacy is about influence. The most profound threats and challenges engendered by globalization — and in my view religious extremism and political extremism do not make the A-list — are

not amenable to coercive military solutions. Generals and admirals, bombs and guns have their place, but at this point in the 21st century, it should not be centre stage. The best army cannot stop pandemic disease. Air strikes are useless against climate change. Alternatives to the carbon economy cannot be occupied by expeditionary forces.

The unresolved, transnational issues that today imperil the planet are neither territorial nor ideological. Diminishing biodiversity, resource scarcity and a collapsing physical environment afflict us all. In contrast, the probability that anyone reading this article will be caught up in a terrorist incident is slightly lower than that of drowning in the bathtub.

Bottom line? Security is not a martial art. Under prevailing circumstances, the military is both too sharp, and too dull an international policy instrument. Diplomacy, linked integrally to development, is our best hope.

Greasing the skids...

DFAIT's network of missions abroad should provide the basis its comparative advantage vis-à-vis other government departments. Instead, by running down the geographic divisions at headquarters and adopting the "international platform" model abroad, local knowledge and regional expertise have been devalued. The vital connection to *place* is wilting on the vine, while turf wars are being lost to line departments with functional responsibilities. One colleague commented to me recently that the current approach looks like a plan for turning DFAIT's facilities into a global door mat, and its personnel into a corps of overseas concierges, a slightly refined equivalent of the greeters at Walmart.

In a process which began under the rubric of *Transformation*, Canadian diplomatic missions are being remade into whole-of-government points of service overseas, with career diplomats often outnumbered by the employees of other government departments. That might be fine — except that too often those despatched are being exiled for reasons

having little to do with their personal suitability for representational work abroad.

Prior to the current round of reductions, more people were finally being moved into the field — that was clearly needed. Yet this modest shift was accompanied by a new corporate design intended to migrate certain headquarters functions out to missions, a development which will almost certainly have the unintended but pernicious effect of forcing diplomats to behave even more like international policy bureaucrats. If limited numbers of DFAIT staff are called upon to write background and scenario notes, organize meetings and provide services not only to travelling Canadians, but also internally, there will be precious little time for actually doing diplomacy. Instead, those posted abroad will be consigned to their offices — exactly where they shouldn't be — pushing paper and talking to others of their ilk about what might be going on outside.

That is a poor substitute for first hand experience, and a formula for turning allegations about the irrelevance of the foreign service into a self-fulfilling prophecy.

An unloved outlier within the firmament of government, and reduced to the role of landlord and common service provider to other government departments overseas, DFAIT is being degraded from within. Ambitious careerism, bureaucratic process and busy-work thrive, and have overtaken analysis and international policy leadership; the administrative tail is wagging the policy dog.

What, then, is left?

Substantial policy work has given way to the transactional. This has been expressed through the imposition of reorganizations; regulations; audits; performance and publications reviews; access to information and privacy requests, and so forth. Swathes of time are devoted to tasks such as the preparation of media lines and routine communications, briefing materials and parliamentary Q&As, not to mention the planning, coordination and implementation of incoming and outgoing visits. The provision of travel advice and consular assistance has become a boom industry in the wake ever more Canadian

nationals travelling and living abroad, as has crisis management (SARS, BSE, H1N1, evacuations, natural disasters) in our increasingly inter-connected world. The need to maintain the physical and information technology infrastructure, with special attention to communications security, and to support the employees of other government departments has become a significant resource sink. And while there remains a skeleton crew devoted to policy work and the minimal maintenance of bilateral, multilateral and international legal obligations, today the centre of gravity has clearly shifted.

Whatever their merits, the preponderance of these sorts of activities is eclipsing the high end of DFAIT's diplomatic potential. It is not so much that the mainstay of the business — relationship management with states, international organizations and global civil society — has disappeared entirely, but rather that it is being lost in the contemporary mix. The most recent "reform" project, Strategic Review II, whatever the packaging, proved to be little more than code for further cuts. Resource reduction masquerading as reform is disingenuous, if not dishonest, and in my experience almost never generates positive change. In pursuing such "reforms", DFAIT has greased the skids for its long slide down.

...and a case unmade

Part of the responsibility must be borne by those who have held senior management positions. This group was apparently unaware of the need not only to stand up for their country abroad, but — when required — to stand up to their country at home. DFAIT executives, for the good of all, must make their case to decision-makers. The wholesale retreat from public diplomacy (PD) is perhaps the most egregious example of the damage Canada is doing to itself internationally.

DFAIT was once a pioneer and a leader in the PD field. Now, through the imposition of the "Message Event Proposal" pre-clearance requirement in advance of all public communications, DFAIT staff have been effectively gagged. This almost Orwellian requirement is especially

debilitating as regards the use of social media platforms to connect directly with populations. Among the world's leading foreign ministries, digital, or e-diplomacy is front and centre. Not so in the Pearson Building. Whereas a decade ago DFAIT was way out in front — remember the on-line Foreign Policy Dialogue? — today it trails the pack internationally.

Clearly, something has been missed. Diplomacy can produce results by fostering genuine dialogue. When fed back into policy formulation and decision-making loops, the fruits of meaningful exchange can affect thinking and behaviour at both ends of the conversation. So it is that differences are narrowed and problems solved. Without the capacity to engage unscripted dialogue, however, diplomacy cannot deliver, and its comparative advantage over competing international policy instruments is lost.

I have seen no indication that this argument was forcefully put at a time when it might have made a difference. So, too, with the failure to articulate and advance a vision for the foreign ministry in the 21st century. Why not leave behind work on files better handled by specialized line departments in order to focus on the large, crosscutting issues such as climate change, distributive justice and management of the global commons? By rising up a couple of levels of analysis to serve as a catalyst, entrepot and network node equipped to manage the complex challenges of globalization, DFAIT could do something that is no one else's job.

None of this is on the table. With so much of its budget fenced off or attached to specific programs, across the board reductions such as those contained in the March 2012 Federal Budget can only come from the operating funds. In a department already cut to the bone, this means amputating body parts — staff, missions, representational work, and the terms and conditions of service.

Quite apart from the fact that the economies are false, it is not a formula for engineering a supportive work environment, let alone for doing more and better diplomacy. So too with regards to patronage appointments, but political appointees don't have

to be disasters, and their impact need not be corrosive. The best have contacts, experience and a skill set which can add much to achievement of larger national objectives. Two of the best bosses that I have ever worked with — David MacDonald and Stephen Lewis — were appointees, but both were very effective as advocates and able as public servants. They were not timid, had excellent personal networks at home and abroad, and — critically — knew both how the system

By rising up a couple of levels of analysis to serve as a catalyst, entrepot and network node equipped to manage the complex challenges of globalization, DFAIT could do something that is no one else's job.

worked and how to work the system. They were never afraid to pull strings in order to get things done. Like so much else in diplomacy, the sensible and judicious use of such mechanisms is very much a matter of judgment and discretion.

Continuous learning?

At a personal level, what kernels of wisdom might I have acquired during the passage? For starters:

- a diplomat's most valuable assets are relationships based upon confidence, trust and respect;
- the ability to swim like a fish in the sea of people is a hugely undervalued representational attribute; too many heads of mission flop around like fish out of water when outside their comfort zones;
- it is sometimes better to go down with all flags flying than to compromise a principle or submit to abusive authority.

More broadly, I found out — usually the hard way — that about half of the decisions that really count in terms of career

aspirations and outcomes can be ascribed to factors perhaps best described as personal and situational — who knows whom and what is going on where. Another thirty per cent or so of what happens tends to turn on matters of chance, luck and timing.

Typically, that means only the remaining twenty per cent of decisions are taken primarily on the basis of objective circumstances or on the strength of a business case. The so-called "performance management" process for executives, from which flow the coveted bonuses, works more like a popularity contest and is highly dependent upon who is present at the time. Meritocracy is not necessarily the defining feature.

A hierarchic structure, top-down social relations and resistance to change remained defining characteristics throughout my tenure. At a time of organizational flattening, there are today as many levels in the corporate structure as there were when I started out in 1981. In this rigid, cloistered environment, process inevitably dwarfs substance. Dissent is discouraged — often with a vengeance — risk is averted, while unquestioning loyalty and faithful service are rewarded.

A focus on looking inward rather than looking out means that ideas often are judged more on their provenance than their quality. Unless very senior officials are involved, failure is not treated as a learning experience. In contrast, blessing the received wisdom and running with the herd, often under the guise of team playing, leads reliably to advancement. I witnessed more than a few successful careers made by kissing up, kicking down, and specializing in making the boss look good. There is way too much fear and loathing, and not enough tolerance or curiosity on Sussex Drive.

By way of illustration, DFAIT's inadequate preparation for its stewardship of the Afghanistan file offers particularly powerful testament. The Canadian International Council has published a series of articles on the theme of "What went wrong in Afghanistan?". That organization, and the Canadian Defence and Foreign Affairs Institute have launched initiatives on "Lessons Learned". Has DFAIT addressed these issues meaningfully? The full story may never be told — with so many parties implicated there is no appetite for a

searching retrospective — but it is clear that by any reasonable measure, the objectives of the mission were not achieved.

Books will never be written about the enduring legacy of the Kandahar PRT, or the innovative leadership displayed by Canada in pursuing alternatives to defence-dominated counterinsurgency and pacification. In such a militarized environment, insecurity thrived and diplomacy was near impossible. Scarce resources were diverted, self-service rampant and criticism, for instance concerning the handling of Afghan detainees, was blatantly stonewalled. Whistleblower Richard Colvin did not suffer the same fate as Peter Van Buren at the U.S. Department of State, but by any measure this was not DFAIT's finest hour.

Tough questions go unanswered: did DFAIT officials assess carefully the disastrous implications of long-term involvement in the “graveyard of empires”, and hence to recommend against the plan being pushed by the military; if not, why not? Did they warn of what joining the *global war on terror* might mean for the security of Canada and Canadians, or of the damage to this country's once-admired internationalist brand? We certainly live with the results.

Finally, it is often remarked that some large organizations have a tendency to bend, fold and even mutilate those within them. While it is quite possible that there is something inherently twisted about bureaucracies in general, I believe that this observation is particularly apt in reference to foreign ministries. Long service and an insular culture result frequently in employees taking on the values, voice and affectations of the institution. For that reason, over time I no longer recognized the personalities of many of those with whom I started. Former friends and colleagues became strangers. Sure, people change, but regretfully this is something quite different. All of those years of slow cooking in the foreign ministerial cauldron seem to have a particularly profound effect on perceptions and behaviour — corporate cloning perhaps?

Turning the page

Too bleak? I hope so and I would be the first to welcome a comprehensive rejoinder refuting the arguments set out here.

I should add that while critical, I support DFAIT's efforts to change and evolve. The descent into genteel oblivion can be reversed, but getting there will require both budgetary support and a more strategic, determined and committed effort than has yet been attempted. Diplomatic performance can be dramatically improved, but not without gutsy leadership, radical reform and serious reinvestment. A new narrative is needed, as is an improved prescription for a smarter, faster, more supple approach to the way we work.

Happily, there are many items on the positive side of the ledger. The Professional Association of Foreign Service Officers has made enormous strides, and now clearly serves the interests of its membership rather than those of management. Salaries, benefits, and many of the terms and conditions of foreign service have improved markedly as a result. Fascinating issues and smart people abound. And the opportunities to travel, live, work, and represent Canada abroad are priceless. It was all of this, and more, that kept me coming back for three decades.

In all, quite the journey. There were many highs: Thailand was a dream come true, and I used one of my formative experiences there to construct the prologue for *Guerrilla Diplomacy*. The posting to Ethiopia in the midst of famine and civil war was like working in a theme park for the four horsemen of the apocalypse. Participation in the (long extinct) exchange program with Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Trade in New Zealand exposed me to the experience of working for someone else's government, and began close association which continues to this day in my teaching, public speaking and consulting work. Doing intelligence analysis for Central and Southeast Asia as the Cold War ended provided an intriguing window on a changing world. Winning the Canadian Foreign Service Officer Award for advancing the interests of the profession — rather

than just doing my job — has been a source of enduring satisfaction.

Securing approval for my book project — an epic undertaking in itself — and the subsequent teaching gig at the Munk Centre built nicely upon the foundations laid during my secondment as National Programme Director at the Canadian Institute of International Affairs in the late nineties.

Low points usually involved conflicts with bosses and various battles with “the system”. Even at that, the experience of taking on — often in full, frontal assaults — a number of abusive senior managers, none of whom were accustomed to dealing with (very) active resistance, taught me the importance of resilience, resourcefulness and strategic planning.

Loyal opposition is not easy...I sometimes felt like the lone ranger, riding the high sierra. But I was never bored. And I am especially grateful that those thirty years equipped me with the professional contacts, knowledge and experience required to re-invent myself for an excellent life after DFAIT.

As we move inexorably into the messy, dynamic, asymmetrical world order which is heteropolarity, governments will need diplomacy — and diplomats — more than ever. There simply are no military solutions to the vexing range of transnational issues which constitute the globalization threat set. To address these sorts of challenges, complex balancing, knowledge-based problem solving, and genuine dialogue remain the best tools in the shed. Tempus fugit: I hope a new generation of Canadian diplomats outperforms my own — we need it. ☺

Daryl Copeland, a former Canadian diplomat, is an educator, analyst, consultant, and the author of Guerrilla Diplomacy: Rethinking International Relations. He is a Senior Fellow at the Canadian Defence and Foreign Affairs Institute, and holds teaching appointments at Ottawa, East Anglia (London Academy of Diplomacy) and Otago (NZ) Universities. For more information and commentary, visit www.guerrilladiplomacy.com.

OTHER VOICES, OTHER PERSPECTIVES

Canada's Foreign Service has always had a strong culture of conformity, never more so than today. The response to Daryl's piece had to be gathered on a non-attribution basis to help ensure a more meaningful dialogue.

The simplistic view of London cabbies and others on the diplomacy and its practitioners says more about cabbies than about the profession — we are more likely to change perceptions by playing our professional role adroitly than by diverting our limited resources to those who cherish their stereotypes.

Do younger FS lack a real appreciation of diplomacy? There has been positive change: the Department is developing an impressive cadre of young officers imbued with specialized language skills, and training is more demanding — some recent recruits complain of too many courses at CFSI. The real challenge may come later: can we keep them?

The complaint that “swathes” of time are spent on media lines, briefing materials and so on is understandable (and never more frustrating than when major visits are cancelled at the last minute or painstakingly crafted Cabinet documents are never used), but these are core responsibilities — the problem is not necessarily the time devoted to them, but the lack of coordination with the centre that might avoid wasted effort.

Given that OGD representation at missions is part of the new normal, DFAIT's challenge is to maximize its potential — if lateral transfers from OGDs were required to study with CFSI prior to a posting they might prove a more valued asset for all concerned, coordinating training with departments like DND might offer other benefits.

Do we expect too much from senior management? The retreat from Public Diplomacy may be a painful issue for many, but communications today are controlled by PMO, from the Minister down, and the government is not interested in giving Ambassadors or missions leeway in communications including the social media; unless that changes, it is not a battle that DFAIT (or any other part of the bureaucracy) would win.

Similarly, is it realistic to think DFAIT could play a lead role on issues like climate change that the government clearly has decided to control tightly from the centre, or to nurture a culture of risk management when it seems equally clear that the government doesn't want it?

The question the article raises by implication is whether this reduced and constrained Foreign Ministry isn't, in fact, what the government wants? If that is not what many FS signed up for, the time may have come for them to consider their options. By the same token, if the government decides that it needs broad international support to achieve key goals, it may discover that while it cut diplomatic resources and potential, others in the BRIC and ambitious states like Turkey (whose Foreign Minister just visited Canada at the time of writing) acted otherwise and will have displaced Canada as a preferred partner at diplomacy's high table.

The aptitudes that Daryl believes need to be more thoroughly instilled in new FS (adaptability, self-awareness, life skills) need to be complemented by the most important of all (for all of us): judgment — but the more limited the FS experience becomes, the more difficult it will be to instill.

Daryl's view that “a sidelined and marginalized DFAIT spends most of its time talking to itself rather than reaching out at home or abroad” is widely shared and the triumph of the “transactional”, as he put it, is certainly a key problem in today's foreign service.

So too is the contention that DFAIT is being degraded from within, and that “bureaucratic process” has overtaken analysis and international policy leadership, ditto “resource reduction masquerading as reform”.

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La ville de Québec, point d'entrée oublié

par Robert Vineberg

En l'absence d'un rappel physique, notre mémoire collective du passé s'estompe souvent. Au Quai 21, le Canada a la chance d'avoir préservé un exemple concret d'un point d'entrée d'immigrants datant de l'époque du navire de ligne. Toutefois, l'existence même du Quai 21, amène la majorité des Canadiens à croire que le principal port de mer du Canada était situé à Halifax. En fait, à l'exception des cinq ou six années qui ont immédiatement suivi la Seconde Guerre mondiale, au moins deux fois plus d'immigrants ont accosté au port de Québec qu'à Halifax, presque chaque année, depuis la Confédération! En effet, de 1869 à 1889, 538 137 immigrants ont accosté à Québec, contre 91 910 seulement à Halifax. Même lors des dernières années d'exploitation des ports de mer en tant que points d'entrée d'immigrants, il y avait plus d'accostages à Québec qu'à Halifax. De 1966 à 1971, 81 793 immigrants ont touché terre à Québec, contre seulement 36 386 à Halifax.

Bien que le poste de quarantaine de la Grosse Île soit préservé par Parcs Canada, il ne reste malheureusement plus rien des grandes installations d'immigration au bassin Louise, à Québec qui est maintenant une marina pour les embarcations de plaisance. Par contre, en 1887, les installations venaient tout juste d'être agrandies pour faire face au mouvement d'immigration en pleine croissance. Le ministre de l'Agriculture en était si fier qu'il les a décrites dans les moindres détails dans l'extrait ci-dessous du rapport annuel de son ministère de 1889.

Les arrangements liés à l'accostage des immigrants à Québec et à leur transfert sont maintenant complets à un tel point que la description suivante peut s'avérer intéressante :

Par souci de commodité pour les navires à vapeur transportant des immigrants qui doivent accoster à Québec, il y a de magnifiques quais de toute marée des deux côtés du fleuve. Les immigrants qui ont l'intention de prendre le Canadian Pacific Railway sont débarqués au quai Louise (brise-lames), qui mesure environ 800 pieds de longueur et qui, à marée basse, a 36 pieds d'eau. Sur ce quai se trouve un hangar à bagages mesurant 400 pieds de longueur où les bagages peuvent être manipulés et chargés, mais par souci de commodité pour les immigrants qui marchent sur une plateforme en planches jusqu'à l'immeuble de

l'Immigration où les bureaux de l'Immigration et du chemin de fer ainsi que d'autres bureaux se trouvent, le Canadian Pacific Railway fait généralement monter les bagages sur des chariots de chemin de fer et les dépose sur la plateforme située devant l'immeuble pour qu'ils soient triés et vérifiés à mesure que les immigrants se procurent des billets de train. Ils sont ensuite chargés dans des fourgons à bagages, et un train spécial pour les immigrants, comportant habituellement des voitures-lits de colons, est toujours prêt à partir pour que les immigrants ne soient pas retenus inutilement. Tout ce qu'ils ont à faire, c'est d'échanger ou d'acheter leurs billets de train, de consigner et de déconsigner leurs bagages, de

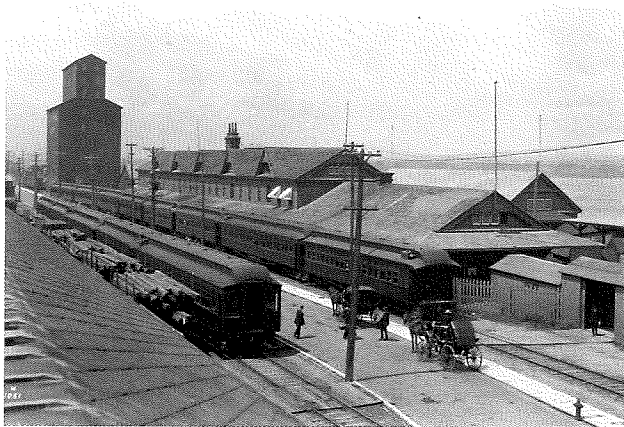
se procurer des provisions au comptoir pour le voyage et de passer de la plateforme à une voiture de colons qui les mènera, sans aucun transfert, au Manitoba et même en Colombie-Britannique. Puisqu'il y a rarement plus de 400 passagers et leurs bagages dans un train, il est fréquent que les immigrants débarquant d'un seul navire aient besoin de deux, et parfois de trois trains spéciaux.

Le centre d'immigration construit par le gouvernement du Dominion en 1887 est



Centre d'immigration, quai Louise, port de Québec, 1914.

Source : Bibliothèque et Archives Canada, a021672



Centre d'immigration, quai Louise, port de Québec, v. 1890.

Source : Bibliothèque et Archives Canada, a021357



Intérieur du centre d'immigration, quai Louise, port de Québec, v. 1900.

Source : Bibliothèque et Archives Canada, a048697

un immeuble de deux étages mesurant 400 pieds de longueur et comportant une grande véranda tout autour, de même que des sièges fixes où les gens sont à l'abri du soleil et de la pluie. Il est admirablement bien situé, car il est presque entouré d'eau vive avec de l'air pur et frais en abondance et plusieurs terrains vacants tout à côté. Durant les deux années où le centre a été utilisé, tous ceux qui y sont allés ont exprimé librement leur satisfaction par rapport à l'immeuble et aux commodités qui y sont offertes aux passagers épuisés, après que ces derniers ont passé 10 ou 12 jours dans l'espace restreint qui était disponible pour prendre de l'air et faire de l'exercice à bord d'un navire.

Au rez-de-chaussée de l'une des extrémités, il y a suffisamment de bureaux simples et doubles pour recevoir tous les agents rattachés aux diverses directions du service de l'immigration, soit les agents provinciaux et du Dominion, les médecins du port, les agents des douanes, les préposés aux billets ainsi que les agents des postes de télégraphe et de téléphone, et ces bureaux sont tous d'accès facile pour les personnes à l'intérieur et à l'extérieur de l'immeuble.

Le grand hall, qui mesure environ 250 pieds de longueur, est assez grand pour accueillir 1 000 passagers munis de leur

bagage à main. Il est bien éclairé grâce aux grandes fenêtres, et de nombreuses portes latérales le font communiquer facilement avec la véranda. Dans le hall se trouvent un long comptoir et un magasin, tenu par une personne nommée par le gouvernement, où les immigrants peuvent se procurer, à prix modique, des provisions pour leur voyage. À titre indicatif pour les immigrants, une liste de prix des articles à vendre ainsi que des tableaux de la valeur de monnaies étrangères en monnaie canadienne est affichée dans les différentes parties du hall. Ils sont écrits en français, en allemand, en scandinave [sic], en russe et en d'autres langues étrangères. De plus, des dispositions ont été prises pour permettre de changer en monnaie canadienne de l'argent apporté par les immigrants.

À l'extrémité ouest se trouve une salle à manger offrant 200 places assises. Comme il est possible d'obtenir une tasse de thé ou de café, ou encore un verre de lait avec du pain et du beurre pour 10 cents, de même qu'un repas chaud complet comprenant de la viande et des légumes pour 25 cents, on peut subvenir aux besoins de tout le monde de manière satisfaisante. Une grande cuisine, équipée d'une nouvelle cuisinière moderne, est contiguë à la salle à manger.

L'aile est divisée en deux appartements (celui des hommes et celui des femmes, qui

sont complètement séparés l'un de l'autre). Chacun d'eux comporte 6 salles de bains et un certain nombre de lavabos. Du savon et des serviettes sont toujours fournis.

Au 2^e étage, on trouve deux grandes salles pouvant recevoir 300 personnes chacune. Des sièges fixes se trouvent, tout autour de ces salles, qui s'avéreront utiles, en cas de surachalandage peu importe la cause. Du côté des femmes, 15 chambres à coucher et des quartiers pour une surveillante et une assistante sont disponibles, tandis que du côté des hommes, on trouve quatre chambres à coucher. Ces chambres peuvent être utilisées par les personnes qui souhaitent se reposer une journée ou plus avant d'entreprendre un long voyage en train ou qui attendent de recevoir des versements provenant d'amis, etc.

Si l'on tient compte de l'espace abrité de la véranda, l'ensemble des lieux permet largement de recevoir 3 000 personnes. *[traduction libre]*

Les photos 1 et 2, ci-jointes, montrent l'extérieur des installations ainsi qu'une vue de l'intérieur du grand hall. L'immeuble de Québec, qui figure à la photo 3, a été réagrandi tout juste avant la Première Guerre mondiale.

L'accostage et les correspondances vers l'intérieur de quelque 3 000 000 immigrants par l'intermédiaire du port de Québec sont une partie importante de l'histoire de l'immigration au Canada qui mérite d'être reconnue comme telle. ☺

Robert Vineberg a passé 28 ans au sein du programme d'immigration et a eu notamment des affectations au R.-U. et à Haïti. Il a été directeur général de la Région des Prairies et des Territoires du Nord-Ouest à CIC avant de prendre sa retraite en 2008. Il est agrégé supérieur de la Canada West Foundation et titulaire d'un BA de l'Université de Toronto ainsi que d'une MA en histoire du Canada et d'un diplôme d'études supérieures en administration publique de l'Université Carleton. Son livre, *Responding to Immigrants' Settlement Needs: The Canadian Experience*, vient d'être publié par Springer.

CONCOURS DE PHOTO DE L'APASE 2012 / 2012 PAFSO PHOTO CONTEST

Un regard canadien sur le monde / The World Through Canadian Eyes

La qualité des images soumises cette année dans le cadre du concours de photos de l'APASE est aussi impressionnante que jamais. La photo gagnante a été prise par Joël Monfils en Haïti. Intitulée « Des montagnes, d'autres montagnes », l'instantané capte quelques-uns des enjeux avec lesquels Haïti doit composer, notamment la pauvreté, le déboisement extrême et une topographie peu propice à l'agriculture. Le titre de l'image vient d'un vieux proverbe créole selon lequel la solution à un problème attire un autre problème. Toutefois, comme Joël le souligne, l'enfant reflète aussi la résolution et la détermination du peuple haïtien et, ainsi, une véritable lueur d'espoir pour l'avenir.



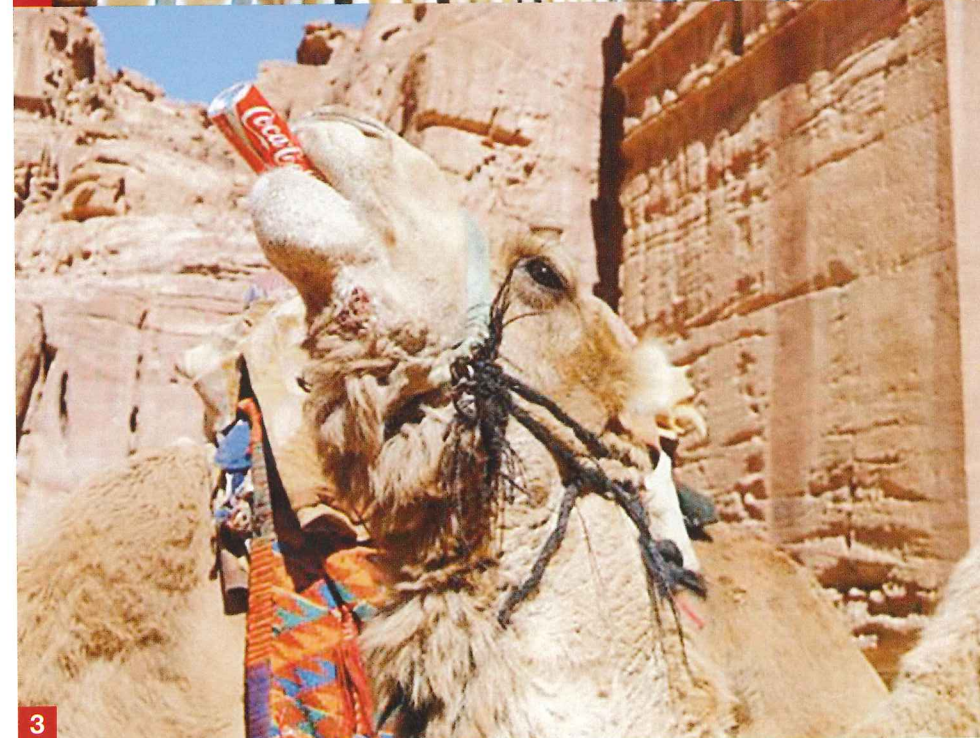
Gagnant : Joël Monfils, Haïti



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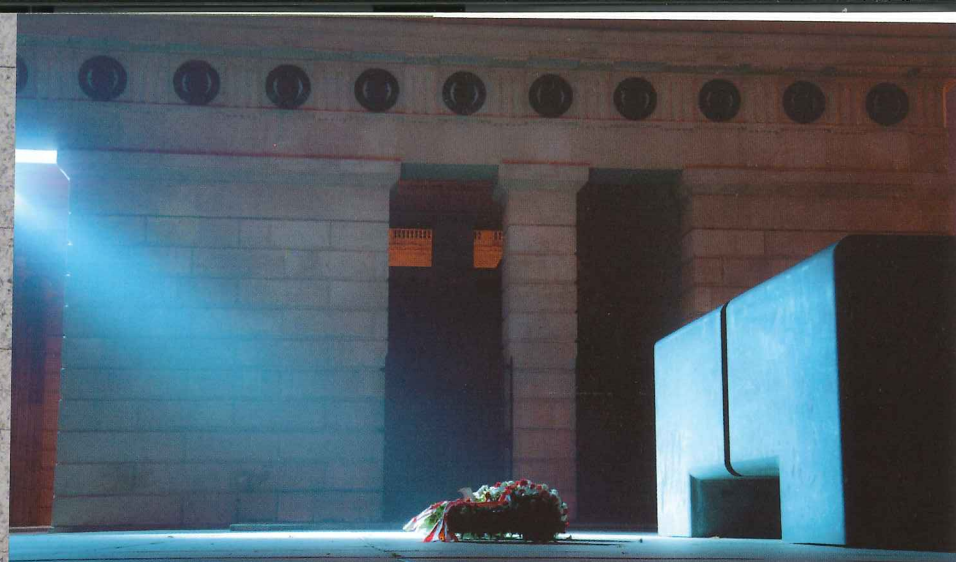
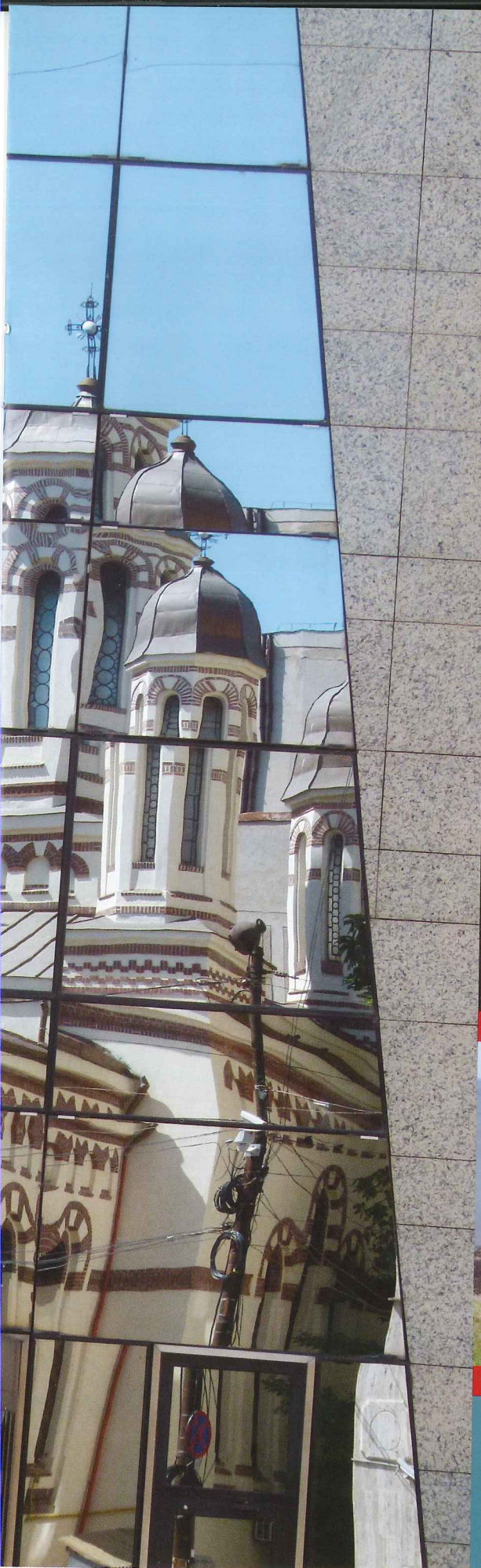
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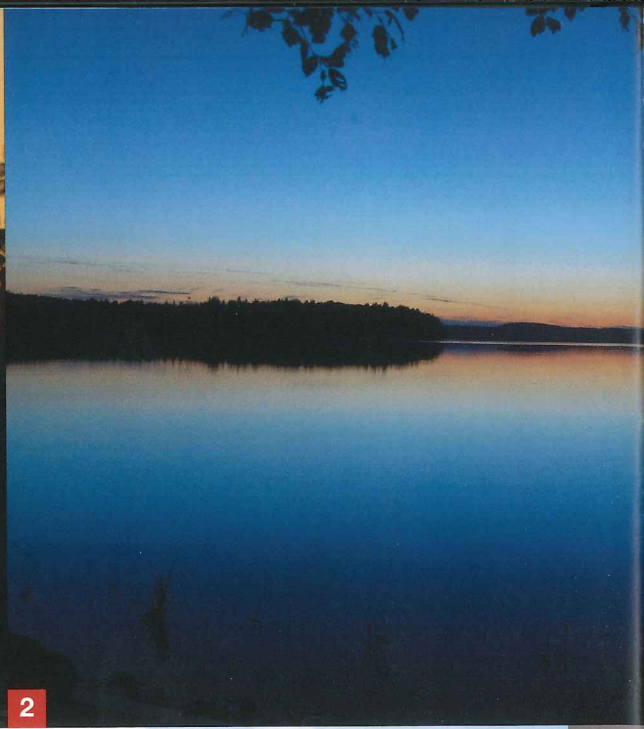
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Honourable Mentions:

1. Amy Bundy, Bogota, Colombia; 2. Chris Stewart, Athens, Greece;
3. Colleen Sutton, Petra, Jordan; 4. Renald Grégoire, Bucarest, Roumanie;
5. Richard Delisle, Vienna, Austria; 6. Laura Atar, London, UK;
7. Kirk Duguid, Aberdeenshire, UK.



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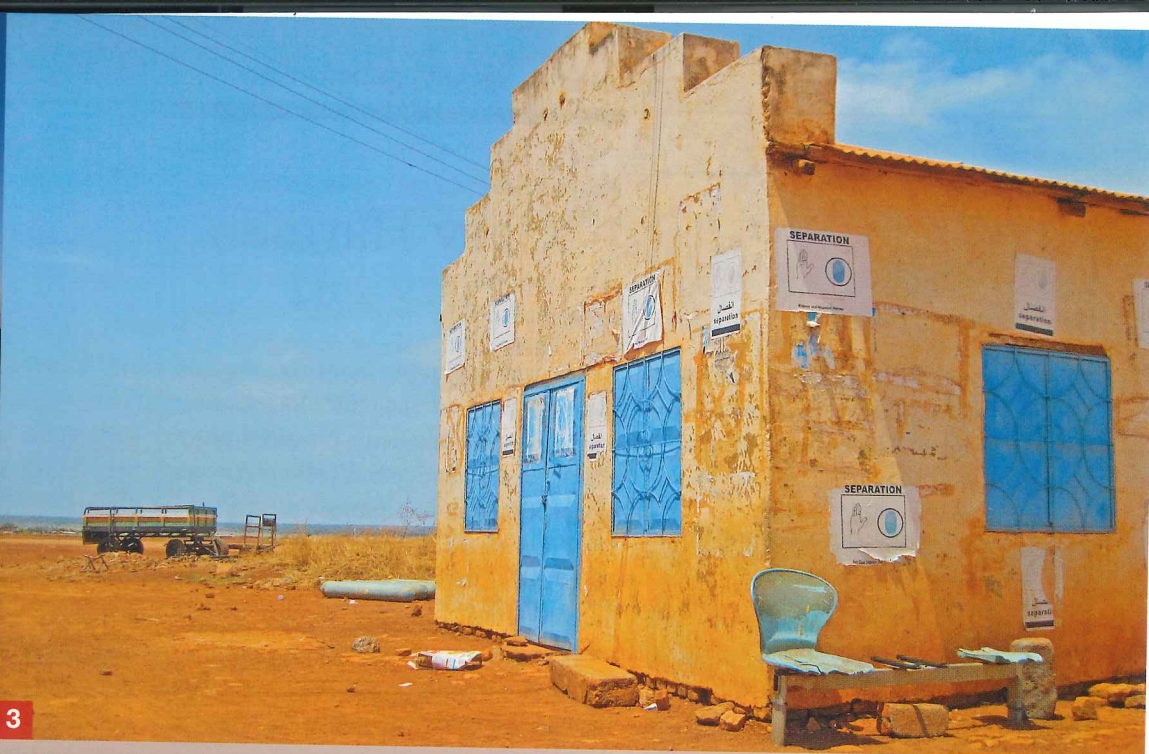
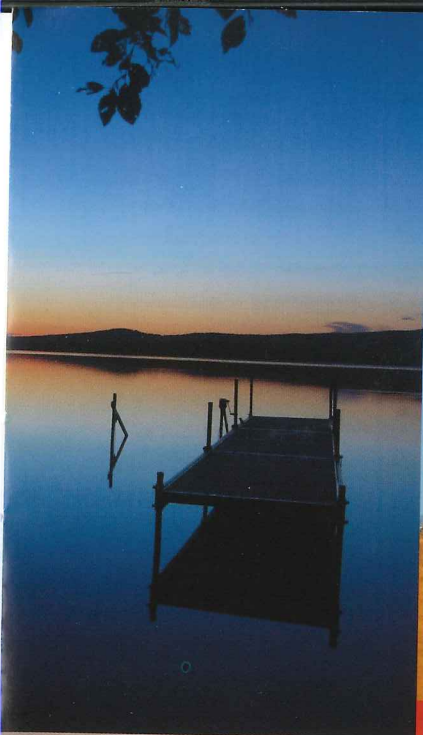
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1. Amy Colbourne, Kochi, India; 2. Émilie Revil, Québec, Canada; 3. Jeff Senior, Wau, South Sudan;
4. Judy González, Topotztotlán, Mexico; 5. Scott Giesbrecht, Chubu, Japan.

5



Gary Harman

1929–2012

Editor's Note: The following is RHOMA colleague Michael Bell's eulogy of Gary Harman at his memorial service held in Ottawa on July 28, 2012.

I have been asked to say a few words about Gary, the Foreign Service officer, the diplomat.

Gary was one of those men for whom the Foreign Service was a calling. To this calling, he brought the grit and quiet determination that a prairie upbringing engenders. His was a musical youth. He is fondly remembered by a colleague as a fellow student at Gordon Bell High School in Winnipeg, where they both played in the band. To underscore Gary's choice of the Foreign Service, it is important to know that Gary was described as a "brilliant young pianist." He could easily have pursued a career as a professional musician.

Love for Canada, and a desire to express it, within the public service, in the diplomatic corps, won out...This was a choice from which many, many Canadians benefited.

Gary went to the United Nations in 1952 under their international internship program. It was here that his life partner, Margaret, joined him.

As a young officer, he cut his negotiating and analytical teeth in Washington, Moscow, Prague and Cairo. The experience gained on each of these postings prepared him to be Head of Mission in Cuba, where he rubbed shoulders with Castro, and explored the Cuba of Hemingway, picking up Spanish, while always promoting Canadian values and interests. He served ably as Head of Mission in Amman and Damascus.

One word which came up again and again, when talking with colleagues about Gary, over the past few days, has been... gentleman. Sadly in this business, as in others, gentlemen, real gentlemen are rare. Gary knew however that this quality was often the most potent weapon in the diplomatic arsenal. He wielded it with skill and grace.

His was a genuine humility, one that accentuated rather than hid a fine intellect and a fine artistic bent, his strength of character, and his depth of feeling. Always of concern was the improvement of the Department he so loved. He knew that the best way to bring it about was through nurturing its "in house talent." Unlike others, Gary was never intimidated by the bright young officers coming up behind. Instead, he mentored them; encouraged their talents; allowed younger and greener members of the Department to shine. He took the time to teach. Criticism was always well placed but praise was never far behind.

In his drive to improve the Department and its conditions of service, he became the first Ombudsman...someone to whom one could bring concerns in confidence. He knew, like no other before him, that happy Foreign Service families allowed officers to devote themselves to the task at hand...the interests of Canada. With that in mind, he worked tirelessly, along with Margaret, to improve conditions in the Foreign Service.

For my generation, there was no better head of Personnel. He saw us all as members of his extended family...a family he wanted to be happy and productive. He was often called to visit posts where morale was a problem. After a visit from Gary, things invariably improved, for those in troubled waters, far from home.

My relationship with Gary grew when both our careers centred on the Middle East. I was in the Middle East Relations Division in Ottawa when Gary was Head of Mission in Amman: a relatively new embassy for Canada but one of growing importance. Joe Clark, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, made a swing through the region and the impression Gary made on him was positive and lasting. Some months after that tour, relations between Syria and Canada hit a very rough patch because of a terrorist incident. We withdrew our

ambassador from Damascus amid controversy. When we renewed relations with Syria, at the Head of Mission level, Mr. Clark insisted Gary move from Amman to Damascus to re-establish, on different terms, a very sensitive and fragile relationship. Joe Clark knew that this was a delicate situation and that Gary was the man for the job. The Minister's judgement was amply rewarded.

I was then sent to Amman to replace Gary. He made the handover with his usual good grace, briefed me fully and left me an embassy which was shipshape. With Gary up the road in Damascus, our two missions worked together in rare fashion to the benefit of all, often on a day to day basis. I have always been grateful for his spirit of cooperation.

It is impossible to talk about Gary's career without mentioning Margaret. Their respective strengths dovetailed beautifully. She worked for charities in the countries within which they served, most often taking a leadership role. And, of course, she ably ran the residences and acted as hostess and tour guide to visiting dignitaries. Her role was one of soft diplomacy and Gary recognized her strengths and took pride in their ability to work effectively together. Canada was the beneficiary of their devotion and talent.

Derek Burney's message perhaps sums it up best: "Gary Harman was the most decent, fair-minded boss I ever worked for. He had integrity, a real passion for the Foreign Service. He always found a way to accentuate the positive: a wonderful colleague in the trenches, an admirable Canadian public servant."

Michael Bell is a retired Canadian Foreign Service Officer. He was Canada's Ambassador to Jordan, Egypt and Israel. He is currently the Paul Martin (Sr.) Senior Scholar on International Diplomacy at the University of Windsor.

Robert Parke Cameron

1920–2012

Born in Montreal, October 15, 1920, died in Ottawa, Ontario March 12, 2012, aged 91.

"I hear you are going to Cuba," Mike Pearson said to my father, Bob Cameron, as their streetcar rumbled down Rideau Street. It was 1948, when the Ottawa civil service was still a very small world. The Undersecretary of State for External Affairs travelled to work at the East Block on the streetcar, and played baseball on the weekend with his staff; Mike Pearson was first baseman, and Bob — a new hire — was one of the pitchers. Bob had heard nothing of a posting and thought there must be some mistake, but as soon as he got to the East Block, he learned that he should be prepared to leave in six weeks. This was the beginning of the overseas component of Bob's 35-year adventure in the foreign service, one that spanned the darkest days of the Cold War, to the first stirrings of East-West détente.

Bob was the elder of two sons whose father died when Bob was ten years old. All of their mother's love was poured into her two boys, and despite the trauma of losing his father so young, Sandy grew up with an unshakable self-confidence. This self-esteem never tipped over into arrogance — he just assumed that the majority of people he met would like him. And they did. This was an invaluable gift for a future diplomat.

After serving in the Canadian Army in the Second World War and graduating from the University of Toronto, Bob joined the Department of External Affairs in 1947, at an annual salary of \$2,700. Following his return from Cuba, Bob was assigned to the European and Economic Divisions, and began to acquire the specialized knowledge of defence issues and East-West relations that helped shape his career. Over the years, Bob and his beloved wife Isobel represented Canada in Sweden, the United States and West Germany; their overseas service

culminated in Bob's appointments as Ambassador to Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Romania from 1974–77, and to Poland and East Germany from 1978–80. From 1981 to 1983, he served as Assistant Undersecretary of State with responsibility for International Security Policy and Arms Control Affairs.

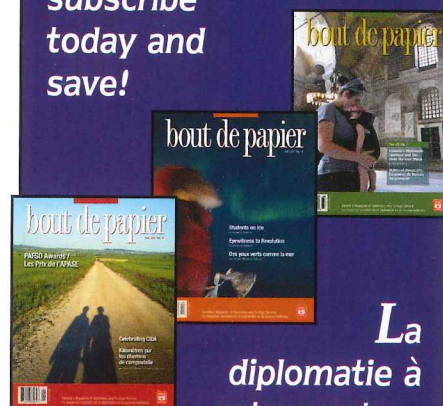
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However, while Bob and Isobel had many rewarding experiences as members of the foreign service, going where and when you were told was not an easy job, particularly since family was always extremely important to him. When he was in Washington in the mid-1960s, he was offered the opportunity to go to Vietnam as Canadian representative on the International Control Commission. It would have been a smart career move, but when the Department could not offer him sufficient assurances that his wife and children would be well taken care of should he not come back, he declined.

Not many of his colleagues knew that Bob was a gifted landscape painter, a talent that blossomed fully in his retirement. Nor that he was a fair snooker player. This dated back to his formative years in Perth, Ontario, where he perfected his skills with a cue in a pool hall above a local restaurant after school. Although Bob spent much of his life in cosmopolitan settings, an essential part of him was an unpretentious kid from a small town. And until very close to the end of his life, he was always on the lookout for a good snooker partner. 🎱

Brian Cameron

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Henry Kissinger On China

ON CHINA, by Henry Kissinger, Allen Lane Canada, the Penguin Group, Toronto, 2011, 586 pp., \$38.00

Henry Kissinger needs no introduction. For the past sixty years his has been the voice of foreign policy *par excellence*, at the perihelion of momentous events that shaped the second half of the 20th century. At 89 his views remain central to many of our major policy conundrums and it is rare that he is not consulted on large issues of public policy both American and beyond.

He has published some sixteen books on foreign policy ranging from 1957's *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* to three volumes of memoirs dealing with his years in public service. His years as National Security Adviser to President Nixon and Secretary of State to both Nixon and President Ford (1968–77) were ones during which the shape of today's world was initiated and constructed. It is on those achievements that his legacy is based.

Nowhere is his legacy more fundamental to today's world than his work on China. While he has discussed this work in earlier books, his latest, *On China*, provides a comprehensive understanding of what was wrought through the events of the subsequent forty years since the late February 1972 surprise arrival in Beijing of the typical American cold warrior. The full impact of that event remains at the centre of one of our world's most complex issues: the integration of China into the modern world's international system and its re-emergence as the second largest global economy (and soon to be first). It presents opportunities and dangers that will affect us for the rest of this century. The speed and scope of China's re-emergence means that we are still in the early days of the global and bilateral adjustments we need to make if we are to avoid the deep and dangerous fissures reminiscent of those that attended the end of the Second World War.

Kissinger makes clear that the "re-emergence" of China is the most accurate term to describe what happened since the arrival of European colonial powers along its coasts in the 18th century and the collapse of its imperial system in 1912. The first three chapters provide a tightly written

Henry Kissinger

ON CHINA



presentation of the major social, political, economic, philosophical and military elements of China before Mao started his destructive war on many of them. As Kissinger makes clear, *realpolitik* was not first a European technique but rather a central element in how the Middle Kingdom dealt with those on its borders wanting to harm it. His description of the Chinese approach to border issues provides clarity on many aspects of Chinese foreign policy and remains important today as we come to grips with this heaving behemoth.

The end of the Second World War (and the associated close alliance between the United States and the Soviet Union) gave rise to a debate in the United States as to how to deal with a Soviet Union that many westerners now saw as intent on world revolution and domination. Out of that debate, George F. Kennan (a member of the American embassy in Moscow) wrote his "Long Telegram" providing the analytical framework for American policy. The Truman Doctrine, as it became known, proposed "containment" as the guiding principle of American policy towards the Soviet Union. For the next two decades containment remained at the centre of American policy and there were few initiatives suggesting alternative approaches.

Kissinger broke with the containment policy, promoting the idea of *détente* in order to reduce tensions between the two countries. At the time, in the late 1960s, China's relationship with the Soviet Union was undergoing considerable stress with thousands of Soviet troops along its borders and regular military clashes. That, and the American policy of *détente* with the Soviet Union, provided the environment for the reconciliation between the United States and China. The United States was still embroiled in a bitter and unwinnable war in Vietnam, an ostensible close ally of China. However, for China bigger stakes were at play and Vietnam was cast overboard in the larger game of triangular superpower relations.

The three-way relationship between the Soviet Union, China and the United States post-1972 provided the basis for the management of the international system down to the breakup of the Soviet Union in 1992. All three countries played predestined roles, allowing China to make the transition from the revolutionary policies of Mao and Zhou to the boardroom approaches of Deng, Jiang Zemin, Hu Jintao, and soon, Xi Jinping. This predictability in Chinese leadership provided social stability and constancy of policy leading to its extraordinary economic gains.

The most serious exception to China's steady evolution was the uprising at Tiananmen Square in May 1989. Kissinger quotes the American academic Andrew J. Nathan on the uniqueness of the situation in China (who believed that neither the students nor the regime wanted confrontation): "Through miscommunication and misjudgment, they pushed one another into positions in which options for compromise became less and less available."

Kissinger describes the international reaction as "stark", with China an "arbitrary authoritarian state" where "popular aspirations to human rights" were "crushed" while the American relationship "came under attack from across a wide political spectrum." One side pushed for "confrontation" while another argued that progress on human rights could be better attained through a policy of "engagement." Since the 1972 visit of President Nixon the policy of engagement had withstood

philosophical differences and policy vicissitudes of varying American administrations. Through almost two decades the bipartisan approach on the importance of China to the United States ensured stability in both philosophy and policy.

Kissinger's comments on the matter have currency far beyond the example of China:

There are instances of violations of human rights so egregious that it is impossible to conceive of benefit in a continuing relationship; for example the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia, and the genocide in Rwanda. Since public pressure shades either into regime change or a kind of abdication, it is difficult to apply to countries with which a continuous relationship is important for American security.

He answers his own question by writing that "China would be a major factor in world politics, whatever the immediate outcome of the Tiananmen crisis... Isolating China would usher in a prolonged period of confrontation... [and] there were objective limits to American influence on China's domestic institutions, whether confrontation or engagement was pursued."

The Harper government in 2006, coming late to the issue, decided it did not like the government of China and engaged in a policy of low-level confrontation. However, three years later experience demonstrated that there were no benefits to confrontation. Unreserved engagement came to the fore. That change seems predictable, as Kissinger aptly notes:

The basic direction of a society is shaped by its values, which define its ultimate goals. At the same time, accepting the limits of one's capacities is one of the tests of statesmanship; it implies a judgment of the possible. Philosophers are responsible to their intuition. Statesmen are judged by their ability to sustain their concepts over time.

In his final chapter "Does History Repeat Itself?", Kissinger attempts to provide perspective on the evolution of China from 1949 with its ever increasing

political, military and economic power. He makes a comparison to the evolution of North Atlantic states where:

Divergent assessments of international issues and the means of dealing with them, even at their most bitter... retain the character of an interfamily dispute. Soft power and multilateral diplomacy are the dominant tools of foreign policy, and for some Western European states, military action is all but excluded as a legitimate instrument of state policy.

However,

In Asia, by contrast, the states consider themselves in potential confrontation with their neighbors. It is not that they necessarily plan on war; they simply do not exclude it. If they are too weak for self-defense, they seek to make themselves part of an alliance system that provides additional protection... Sovereignty, in many cases regained relatively recently after periods of foreign colonization, has an absolute character. The principles of the Westphalian system prevail, more so than on their own continent of origin.

China has land borders with fourteen countries and has engaged militarily with three of them since 1962 (India, Vietnam and the USSR). It has had unresolved disputes, either strategic or marine boundaries, with several others — South Korea, Japan, the Philippines, Cambodia, Thailand, Burma, and Indonesia. There is also Tibet. Despite more than fifty years of effort, Beijing has not been able to obtain legitimacy in the eyes of most Tibetans or the world. It is not necessarily an area of instability but miscalculation, misunderstanding, misjudgement or exploitation could quickly deepen into issues that affect interests far beyond the region.

Kissinger draws a parallel with pre-World War I Europe with its Anglo-German rivalry as "an augury of what may await the United States and China in the twenty-first century." For example, he writes that "China would try to push American power as far away from its

borders as it could, circumscribe the scope of American naval power, and reduce American's weight in international diplomacy. The United States would try to organize China's many neighbors into a counterweight to Chinese dominance."

At this stage, there is some pessimism in Kissinger's writings on the ability of most countries to deal with large scale political events. He does not see in Asia a sense of an emerging discussion bringing about regional consensus. His policy prescription is for the development of a "Pacific Community" similar to what emerged in the North Atlantic (although that was an initiative aimed at containing the Soviet Union). He sees such a community as inclusive of China and not one by which China is "contained". All of the countries of the region would be part of it, including India and Australia. Kissinger hopes that future policies and actions by the United States and its regional allies do not result in a standalone China confronting the rest of the region.

There are few signs that such efforts are underway. The recent decision — post publication of this book — to create an "Asian pivot" to existing American foreign policy (with the opening of a military base in Australia and possible reopening of bases in the Philippines) may not augur well as these initiatives are seen by most as being directed at Beijing. Kissinger has little to say on the extraordinary growth of the Chinese economy nor does he weigh the significance of converging economic interests. For the most part, he sees this development as almost a return to the days before the Taiping civil war when China's economy was larger than that of most of the other countries of the world.

Kissinger closes his book with an observation on a meeting with Premier Zhou Enlai whom he quotes as saying: "This [Nixon's visit] will shake the world." He goes on to say: "What a culmination if, forty years later, the United States and China could merge their efforts not to shake the world, but to build it." As with events in the Middle East, "Inshallah." ☸

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

Demystifying Food from Farm to Fork

DEMYSTIFYING FOOD FROM FARM TO FORK, by Maurice J. Hladik, iUniverse.com, 2012, 256 pp, \$20.79

Reviewed by Richard Kohler

Despite a “prosaic” title, Maurice Hladik’s recently published book is a fun read and an iconoclastic *tour de force*. His guided tour through the labyrinth of truths, half-truths and worse, is an eye-opening journey that serves to debunk — or at least question — some of our most earnest assumptions about what we eat. He covers a lot of ground: food safety (*Listeria* scares, lurking salmonella and creeping e-coli), joins a host of perturbing issues from alleged dangers of genetically modified foods, risks of non-organic farming and disappearance of family farms to “eating local”.

The author writes with authority. A retired DFAIT HOM who served in Germany, China, Thailand and South Korea, his early days started on an Alberta farm — by the time he was in high school, he could operate heavy farm equipment, shear sheep, deliver lambs, milk cows, repair fences and do basic welding. He ran trap lines in winter to protect sheep from coyote, skinned them and prepared the pelts for sale — becoming a registered trapper with the Hudson’s Bay Company.

With graduate degrees in agriculture, Hladik began his multifaceted Foreign Service career as an agricultural attaché and progressed to broader responsibilities (though always including agriculture and food). Post-DFAIT he held executive positions in an agriculture-based company. He attributes the impetus to writing *Demystifying Food from Farm to Fork* to his partner Sharon who urged him to put down on paper what had become the animated subject of so many dinner-table discussions.

Using well-documented research backed by years of experience, Hladik tackles false assumptions and disinformation without being corrosive. He urges

open-mindedness and willingness to ask basic questions within the gospel of agriculture’s so-called truths and confronts received wisdom, systematically, with his own disclaimers. He also recommends readers assess objectively the accuracy of arguments against genetic modification and in favour of organic farming:

The Family Farm is a Thing of the Past. According to the 1997 U.S. census there were 1.9 million farms of which 86.9 per cent were designated “individual/family, sole proprietorship (farms)”. A census ten years later showed no substantial change.

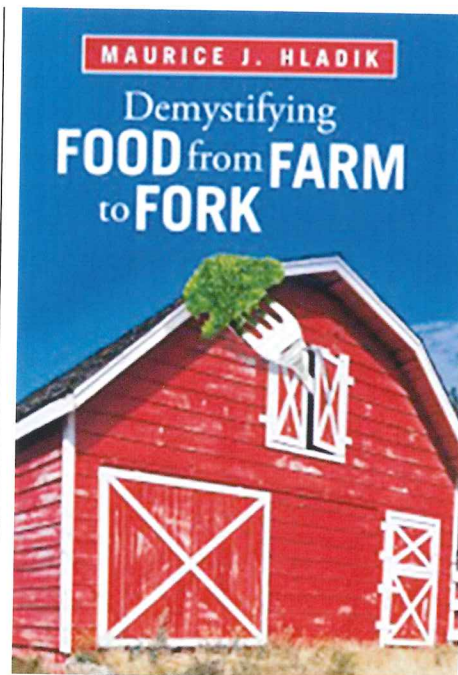
He also recommends readers assess objectively the accuracy of arguments against genetic modification and in favour of organic farming.

Corporate Farms are Taking Over. In 1997 0.4 per cent of farms were considered non-family; in ten years, this increased to 0.5 per cent. While factory farms tend to be large, they account for only 15 per cent of all food produced; family operations yield 85 per cent.

Farms are getting larger. Census data show small farms in the U.S. have actually increased over the last measured 10-year period.

The farm population is declining. In fact, over the most recent surveyed 10-year period, farm population has stayed the same. Interesting twist: the number of women as principal farm operators, has increased by 50 per cent — today, one in six is a woman.

Fertilizer use is increasing. Recent data confirm clear declines in fertilizer use, 50 per cent less nitrogen used between



1980 and 2005 with similar drops in phosphorous and potassium use per bushel between 1990 and 2005.

Organic farming makes a significant difference in the overall supply of food. Only 0.6 per cent of agricultural land in the U.S. is utilized by organic farming — it remains a niche industry.

Organic foods are produced without chemicals. Organic farmers may use chemicals deemed “natural” but, misused, *pyrethrins* derived from chrysanthemum type flowers and can pose significant risks to humans and the environment. According to the U.S. EPA they can cause more insecticide poisoning than any other class of insecticides outside of organophosphates.

Organic Foods are nutritionally superior to their conventionally grown counterparts. A UK-based London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine study has determined “...that, from a nutritional point of view, organic foods are *not superior* to conventionally grown and raised products”. The book’s chapters on Food Safety and Animal Welfare cover in detail concerns regarding additives,

processing aspects and treatment of animals that surround conventional produce.

GM Food is Bad. An official European Study is quoted: “the main conclusions from 130 research projects involving more than 500 independent research groups is that biotechnology and particularly GMOs are not, *per se*, more risky than e.g. conventional plant breeding”.

Food Miles Matter. Hladik shows through arithmetic and economies of scale that only food delivered by air is worthy of concern as this normally applies to up-market perishables — discerning individuals can avoid these at will.

The Food System is Broken. Not so: according to the FAO, the global percentage of undernourished has fallen from 33 per cent of all humanity in 1969 to 16 per cent in 2010, while the world’s population increased from four to seven billion.

Hladik’s book may seem U.S.-centric; about half of his statistical data are drawn from U.S. sources, but he points out differences where they matter. Also, Supply Management doesn’t get a mention but in the bigger picture this is more an exception than a rule. Some may find the topic-range too broad but Hladik prefers letting readers choose items of interest in comprehensive, “stand-alone” chapters.

Demystifying Food from Farm to Fork is best when it promotes a level playing field for both camps. Recognizing the advantages of organic farming and manifest public concern about genetic modification, Maurice Hladik suggests a science-based “best practices approach” balancing high yields with human health and environmental concerns. He says he “doesn’t trust any organic farmer with more than 30 acres” and adds: “to a hungry person, food from GM crops is immensely better than no food at all”.

He believes the world can feed itself — our main challenges are in governance

and politics. The curse of obesity in the developed world lies in poor choices and the abuse of food products (as in the one third of the “goodness” of wheat that we throw away every time we supplant whole grain bread with white).

In his chapter on Weather, Climate and Food, he waxes poetic on the magic in life...the beauties of photosynthesis, the abundance of gases from the atmosphere and energy from the sun without which the “bounty and variety of food and living conditions for all creatures would not exist”.

It is available at Amazon, iUniverse, Chapter’s and Barnes & Noble. ☺

Now retired, Richard Kohler’s 35 years in the Foreign Service included stints as Chief Information Officer; Ambassador to Brazil; Chief of Protocol of Canada and Consul General in Sydney. He later served as ADM International Relations in Ontario Premier McGuinty’s Cabinet Office and represents RHOMA on bout’s Senior Editorial Board.

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Questions extraordinaires?

Candidates for the Canadian foreign service in 1949 could be forgiven for concluding that the examination process was an elaborate form of torture inflicted on the unwary for the amusement of the examiners, who clearly were a nasty lot. To enable their successors to appreciate the ordeal endured by those who aspired to a diplomatic career in what some have since called the "golden age" of Canadian diplomacy, we have reproduced below the first two (of three) papers from the written examination for that year (we will later reprint the final paper).

In format and scope, this test still followed approximately the template of the fiendish quizzes devised by Oscar Douglas Skelton for the first competitive entrance examinations in 1927, though the content reflected more recent events and cultural influences. In fact, the questions posed (and presumably the answers anticipated) reveal a great deal about contemporary social, cultural and political attitudes and assumptions. Moreover, the selection of topics and the expectations of prior knowledge indicate clearly why academic backgrounds in history, political science and/or law were disproportionately represented in the new entrants to the foreign service at the end of this process.

This examination was given to the editor by the late Arthur Blanchette, who was a frequent contributor and a stalwart supporter of *bout de papier* as well as a successful survivor of this trial. Unlike my distinguished colleague A. Aalto, I offer no prizes for correct answers, though more recent entrants may still be grateful that they were not subjected to this distinct form of assessment.

— Hector Mackenzie

CIVIL SERVICE OF CANADA

FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER, GRADES 1 AND 2

Department of External Affairs

WRITTEN EXAMINATION — PAPER ONE

1949. Time: 3 hours

QUESTION 1 (75 marks)

Discuss in an essay of not more than two thousand words the thesis:

"The necessary balance between the need for revolution and the rights of the human person, between the community and the individual, can only be found in a Christian philosophy of life."

You are free to discuss this proposition from any point of view you wish. The purpose of the essay is to test your capacity to analyse a theoretical problem lucidly. The examiners will base their judgment on the manner in which you present your views, not on the nature of the views themselves.

QUESTION 2 (25 marks)

Read the following passage carefully and answer the questions based on it as briefly and succinctly as possible. Not more than two or three sentences are expected in answer to any of the questions — except (c), which calls for one or two word synonyms in each case. This is a test of your ability to analyse a prose passage and determine its essential points.

"It may, if anybody likes to have it so, be a good distinction that Force is the principle of the State, while the life and principle of a Church is Belief. For that matter both Church and State rest alike upon a shifting *Tertium Quid* of Authority, — say, an infallible Pope or an *impregnable* Book. The political affinities of religious and ecclesiastic creeds offer to the historic student some of his standing puzzles. (How comes it, for example, that the fatalism implied in Calvinistic Protestantism has been the nurse of some of the most strenuous, active, energetic, and independent natures in political history?) There is many another case of national temper and outward circumstance bearing down the most *stringent* of logical arguments.)

"Our own day offers a singular *kaleidoscope*. Men thought it a crushing scandal in the sixteenth century when Francis I was suspected of making terms for himself with the arch enemy of Christian mankind, the Khalif of Turkey. Richelieu, one of the half-dozen sovereign names in the European record, systematically worked with English and Dutch against popish Spain for the same reason that made him relentless against his own Huguenots, namely that they were foes of monarchical unity in France. The *paradox* is not absent in our own time. We see Roman Catholic Austro-Hungary the pledged confederate of what we are assured by her own oracles is Protestant Prussia. One third of Prussia, to be sure, is Catholic, but Catholicism in standing contact with Protestant culture and liberalized institutions, as the American Union and our own Quebec are enough to show, is not like the same communion in Latin systems. Then the Sovereign who is head of the Church of England, is the ally of non-Christian Japan. The King-Emperor of India — the first European ruler who has ever put on the crown in Asia — is neutral and indifferent to the faiths of all the old consecrated practices of the *myriads* of Hindus, Mahommedans [sic], Parsees. Politics are admittedly as if from the necessity of the thing, or privately for the sake of decency, supreme; and it may be, whether men wish the process well or ill, such events do more to dissolve dogma and sap its hold, than any number of *infidel* books.

"Sympathy, again, in principles of government and forms of government, is treated as no more to the point in settling the friendship of States, than sympathy in theology. The balance of power is supposed just now in the diplomatic chanceries to be maintained in Europe, by firm co-operation between a secularized Republic in France, and an absolutist Monarchy that is half *theocracy* in Russia. Ecclesiastical historians themselves have taught us how constantly church machinery has been used as a source of power for the statesman's objects. They point to the war against the Albigensians as having for its real purpose the strengthening of French monarchy; the persecutions in Bohemia, as designed to fortify German dominion over the Czechs; the Spanish Inquisition, as set up and worked to overcome the disunion of race and history, for the sake of the Spanish monarchy. In these and an untold host of other cases the State was Force, and Belief was not the only point. If we must quantify, it has been said of the long religious wars in France, that in one-fifth of them religion was the cause, in four-fifths it was only the pretext. To search for the secular politician behind an army of spiritual crusaders is no cynicism. The enthusiasm, no doubt,

is the more attractive and exciting to reflective minds. Yet policy, hidden or avowed, may be a master-key.

"According to some scientific historians with a right to speak, history does not solve questions; it teaches us to examine. We often hear that our understanding of history is spoiled by knowledge of the event. A great event, they say, is seldom fully understood by those who worked for it. Our vision is surer about the past; there we have the whole; we see the beginning and the end; we distinguish essential form [sic] accessory; time foreshortens. To contemporaries events are confused, obscured by passing accidents, mixed with all sorts of foreign elements. Even men of the *compass* of Caesar, William the Silent, Cromwell, Chatham, pursued resolute general aims, subject only like all men's aims to the uncounted *traverses* of fortune, and to "leadings" that were half out of sight. Both contemporaries and historians, more often than they suppose, miss a vital point, because they do not know the intuitive instinct that often goes farther in the statesman's mind than deliberate analysis or argument. A visitor of Bismarck's once reminded him that Schopenhauer used to sit with him at dinner every day in the hotel at Frankfurt. "No, I had no business with him, I had neither time nor inclination for philosophy," said Bismarck, "and I know nothing of Schopenhauer's system." It was *summarily* explained to him as vesting the primacy of the will in self-consciousness. "I daresay that may be all right," he said, "for myself, at least, I have often noticed that my will had decided, before my thinking was finished." Improvization has far more to do in politics than historians or other people think."

- (a) State in your own words the main proposition offered in the passage as a whole.
- (b) Extract the sentence or part of a sentence which in your judgment most nearly summaries [sic]
 - (1) the central thought of paragraph 1; and
 - (2) the central thought of paragraph 2.
- (c) Give synonyms for the words in italics.
- (d) What is the paradox referred to in paragraph 2?
- (e) From internal evidence, about that [sic] time would you say this passage was written?

* * * * *

WRITTEN EXAMINATION – PAPER TWO**1949. Time:** 3 hours

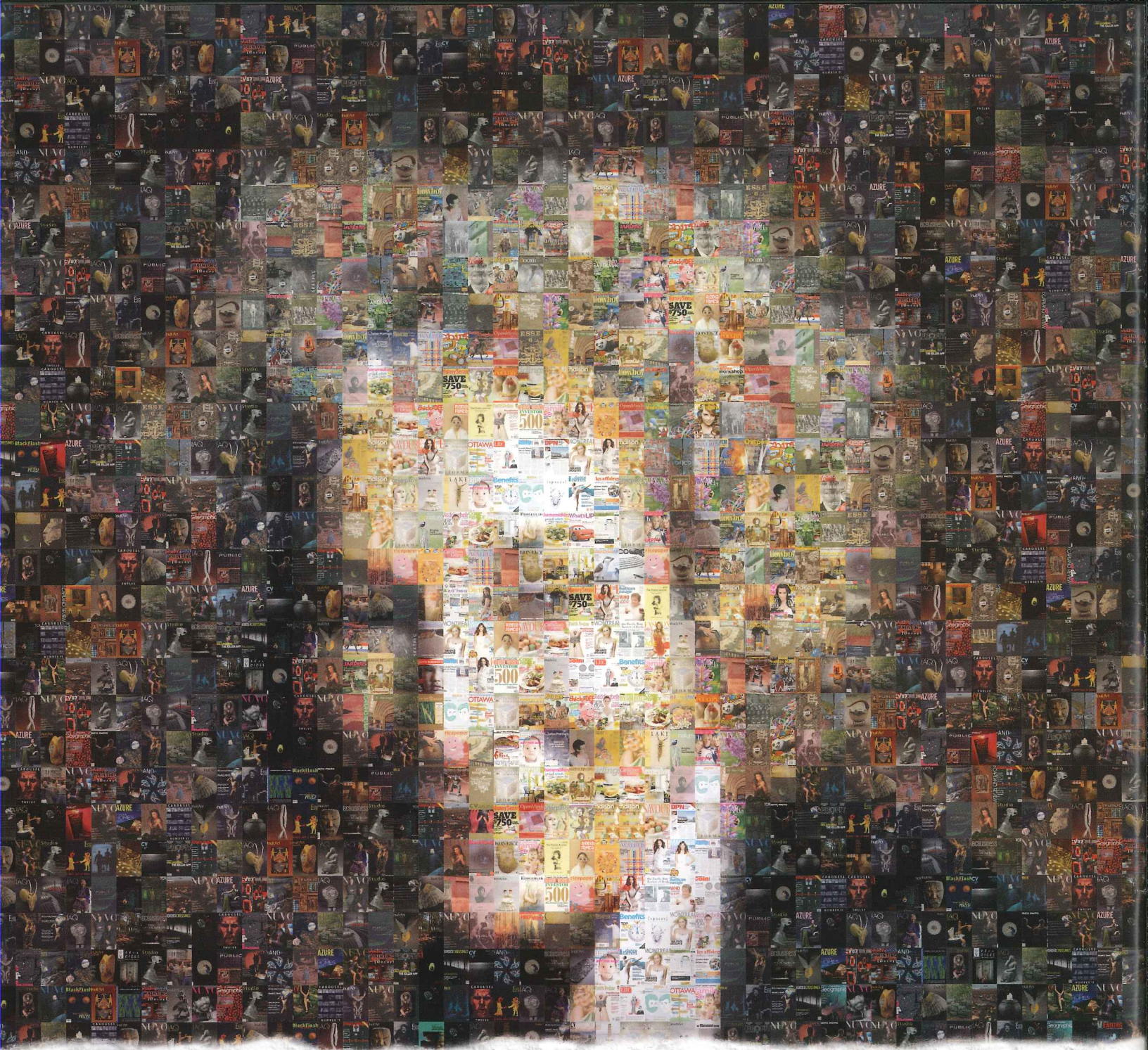
The purpose of this paper is to test both your interest in, and understanding of, fundamental Canadian and International Problems and your ability to discuss them clearly and in a logical fashion.

PART A – CANADIAN AFFAIRS(Answer *three* questions only in Part A)

1. Discuss any one important legal decision or piece of legislation since Confederation in the light of its effect on the constitutional development of Canada.
2. Discuss and trace the major developments in the Canadian economy between 1900 and 1948.
3. What cultural factors have tended to form the Canadian character in the last fifty years?
4. Discuss briefly one notable measure or policy introduced under the administrations of each of any three Canadian Prime Ministers since 1900. (Three measures or policies in all to be dealt with.)
5. Sketch briefly the development of Canadian government representation abroad from its beginnings and relate it to our national growth.
6. Discuss the role played by the teaching of history in the evolution of nationalist sentiment in Canada.
7. Discuss the usefulness to Canada of the St. Lawrence Waterways project.
8. Discuss generally the distribution of the legislative, judicial and executive powers in Canada.

PART B – INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS(Answer *three* questions only in Part B)

1. What special light does any one of the following throw on the particular issue or personality with which it deals?
 Winston Churchill: *The Gathering Storm*.
 Henry Stimson and Bundy: *On Active Service in Peace and War*.
 J. Wheeler-Bennett: *Munich*.
 Galeazzo Ciano: *The Ciano Diaries 1939 to 1943* (by Hugh Gibson).
 R. [sic] Orwell: *Animal Farm*.
 A. Camus: *The Plague*.
 V. A. Kravchenko: *I Chose Freedom*.
2. What in your view are the historical and contemporary reasons for the political instability of France today?
3. Discuss H. G. Wells and Rudyard Kipling or Mauriac and Sartre as representative of English or French thought.
4. How would you estimate the economic consequences to Europe of the destruction of German industry?
5. Outline the significant events in Czechoslovakia since the establishment of the Republic.
6. What important economic problems are raised by an expanding Canadian defence programme?
7. Sketch the story of the struggle for liberty in Russia before the Revolution.
8. Discuss the historical significance of events in 1848 in one European country. ☺



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Last Tango in Turku

A Fight to the Finnish by A Aalto

Felix Africa sat by the window of Café Engel, watching Senate Square. His face lit up and he laughed. "What?" said Bugbyte. "He's finally shown?" "No, but the sign on that streetcar said 'Arabia'. Just think of getting on in Finland and getting off, I don't know, in the Kasbah." "Very romantic, boy wonder, but here in Helsinki, Arabia is just an old ceramics factory." Felix stirred his coffee.

A roguishly handsome man approached. He said, "Bond. James Bond. Let's go upstairs." Out a back door, he strode across a courtyard and up a rickety staircase into a room with thick doors. "Should be safe to talk here. We just swept the place. Good to see you, Bugbyte." Bugbyte nodded. "Felix, this is Agent 111. It's the binary equivalent of 007. Her Majesty tries to keep up. Mr. Bond, why don't you brief us on Project Iron Pyjamas?"

Bond winced. "Very well. Roughly a century ago, a British fund named Consolidated Benevolence floated a perpetual debenture to finance purchasing a wilderness preserve in Finland. The offering had two unusual features. First, it had no maturity date, so it would never expire. Second, if any attempt was made to alienate the wilderness to other purposes, every holder could claim a parcel of the tract specified in his or her debenture. Things stayed quiet until recently, when Consolidated Benevolence got taken over by Amalgamated Greed Inc. Then, a vast lode of mcguffium ore was discovered under the preserve. Mcguffium is vital for cyber-electronics, and the only source 'til now is the Islands of Langerhans, run by a man named Sleazewagon." Felix and Bugbyte exchanged a swift glance.

Bond continued. "Our governments want a second source opened up and AGI

would be delighted to do so — for the usual eye-watering price. The preserve cannot be wound down until the CB debentures are found and retired. AGI now has them all save one bearer debenture, originally purchased by the Lederers of Vienna, which has not been seen since the 1930s. The default acreage for that debenture is right above the thickest deposit of mcguffium. AGI can't assume it lost, lest the bearer show up and either block conversion of the preserve or claim the best part of the lode."

"A three-way race has developed to find the last debenture. The company continues its efforts, legally and otherwise. Sleazewagon wants to block the creation of a rival mine. Our governments are looking for a bargaining chip. And we just found out where it is. Now, how about a nice cup of tea?"

Bugbyte looked seriously ready to draw her Glock. Bond chuckled. "Couldn't resist. Fleming was always so deadpan. Well, the key turns out to be the Lederer family. As the Nazi menace grew in the years before *anschluss*, the Lederers took precautions. One was to hide important papers inside their extensive art collection. The debenture was cached in the back of a Schubert portrait by Gustav Klimt."

"After war broke out, the painting wound up held in Schloss Immendorf by a Wehrmacht baron. The castle was set ablaze by retreating German forces in 1945 and the Klimt was assumed destroyed. But it turns out that the baron's deputy, one von Pickelhaube, had smuggled it out just weeks before. It was next seen in Argentina, where von Pickelhaube had established a new life. The painting was the icon of the family enterprise, a combined business school and music academy called "Tomorrow's

Lieders". Unfortunately the Klimt is kept in a vault and we don't have time for the legal proceedings to repossess it."

"But von Pickelhaube fell in love with the tango, which gives us a handle. The old man is dead but his son Hans is leader of an international tango federation. He's also chairman of the current Finnish tango festival. This year it's in Turku. And Hans has brought the painting to show potential European buyers." Felix exclaimed, "So we go to Turku, find the painting, extract the debenture, case closed!" "Quite," replied Bond, "except that we have competition, armed competition. The Langerhandful and AGI are heading for Turku too. We need an edge, so I've arranged to see the Service's armourer." "The legendary Q?" breathed Felix. Bond replied, "No, he's retired. The position is being filled by one of your chaps, on interchange. Interesting man. Code name G." Bugbyte blanched.

Shortly, they faced the white-coated bulk of Don Gordo Beluga. "Bienvenido, mis amigos!" he exclaimed. "This is a marvelous place. I haven't had so much fun since I burned down the palacio. Let me show off my new toys." He strode over to a gleaming Aston Martin, pulled a banana from his pocket and pointed it at the car. Which promptly exploded in a rain of small parts. "That's odd, it was supposed to change colour. I definitely need a new banana. OK, how about my escape belt? Manitoba Jones was just about to test it." Jones appeared, wearing a belt with a large ornate buckle over his usual camos. Don Gordo shouted, "OK, you're on a plank over a shark-filled tank, surrounded by head-hunters with poison-dart blowguns, and the villain has a bazooka. Rev her up!" Jones flashed a

grin and punched the buckle. He shot straight to the ceiling, bounced hard off a light fixture, ricocheted off a wall and landed on his feet with a bow. Don Gordo clapped. "Fantastico, no?"

But the belt wasn't finished. Manitoba pitched violently backwards to the floor and bounced wildly onto a nearly bench, where spilled chemicals ignited in a fireball. Whooping like a bronco buster, he bent into a ball and started rolling randomly around, knocking down equipment, until finally careening into large vat. It tipped over, sloshing aquamarine slime across the room, where it put out the fireball but absorbed the remaining chemicals, came to life, grew stumpy legs and engaged the screaming technicians in battle.

Don Gordo shrugged. "This also may need a little fine-tuning. But it would foil the plans of your villains, Mr. Bond." Bond replied dryly, "Especially if I could get them to wear it. Do you have anything else to help us in Turku?" Don Gordo nodded. "These two watches might do." He handed Bond and Bugbyte plain-looking timepieces. "This one makes anyone within 50 metres unable to stop whatever they were doing when you twisted the winder. The other one creates an entanglement field at ankle height across the floor. Neither will affect anyone close to the wearer." Thanking him, the three agents headed to their car. On the way out, Manitoba Jones slipped Don Gordo's belt to Felix "so you won't be the only one without a gadget." Felix fixed it around his waist under a long jacket.

Later that day, they reached the medieval castle in Turku. Bright banners proclaimed the Tangomarkkinat. Music blared from speakers along the ancient walls. "Wait," said Felix. "The tango? In Finland?" "And why not, my foreign friend?" asked a lilting voice. He turned and locked onto the sky-blue eyes of a young woman with short blond hair. "It has been big here since the '20s. We have more tango fans than anywhere else outside South America. Besides," she added, "we have to do *something* to keep warm in winter." Glancing past his shoulder, the woman smiled broadly and exclaimed, "Ah, the timeless Mr. Bond," going over for an embrace. Bond said, "Bugbyte, Felix, this is our local contact Sari. She can brief us on her advance scouting."

Strolling away from the crowd, Sari did so. "Von Pickelhaube has taken over large

areas of the castle. The Klimt is in a small room off the main hall, no windows, one door heavily guarded by apes with guns. The Langerhandlers and AGI are here but haven't made their move. The big dance starts soon and will probably be our best chance to get to the painting."

The team walked casually into the hall, where an accordion ensemble was tuning up alongside a large crowd practicing elaborate steps. Sari led them to a heavy door at the far end. As they approached, a man and woman in identical dark suits, bowler hats and furled black umbrellas braced the two guards, whipped out small aerosol cans, sprayed them in the face and led them docilely out of the room. "AGI clone assassins," whispered Sari. "Hurry before they come back." Turning the key left in the door's lock, she led them into the room. They faced a dramatic canvas on the wall, beside a roaring fireplace. "Magnificent," breathed Felix. "Must be worth millions." "Not even counting the debenture," agreed Bond, as he lifted the canvas from the wall, laid it flat on a table and pulled out a miniature toolkit. Carefully untacking the backing, he extracted a long sheet of paper. "Too new to be the debenture," he observed tensely and unfolded it. "Cipher," he said, swearing under his breath.

16-7-1-6-8-10-1-5-2 15-1-15-15-4-5-1-5
9-3-10 16-7-4-14-8-6-1-10 2-9-3-2 6-1-18-7-
1-2-3-7-21 17-7-1-22-9-5-1-19 18-4-11-12-10
12-3-21 3 13-7-1-3-2-9 4-5 2-9-1 2-4-14-17
4-20 2-9-1 11-5-15-5-4-13-5 6-4-12-10-8-1-7
8-5 9-1-12-6-8-5-15-8. 17-11-2 2-9-1-7-1
8-6-5-2 4-5-1. 6-4 2-9-1-21 18-4-19-1-7-1-10
2-9-1 16-12-3-23-11-1 4-5 2-9-1 3-17-6-2-7-
3-18-2 14-4-5-11-14-1-5-2 2-4 6-8-17-1-12-
8-11-6 3-5-10 11-6-1-10 2-9-3-2
8-5-6-2-1-3-10, 13-8-2-9-4-11-2 2-1-12-12-
8-5-24 2-9-1 7-11-6-6-8-3-5-6. 3-20-2-1-7,
2-9-1 18-1-7-1-14-4-5-21, 17-7-1-22-9-5-1-19
6-3-8-10 2-4 15-1-15-15-4-5-1-5, "2-9-1
19-1-12-19-1-2 18-11-7-2-3-8-5 4-19-1-7
2-9-1 16-12-3-23-11-1 17-12-1-13 3-6-8-10-1
3-5-10 8 6-3-13 2-9-1 5-3-14-1 6-8-17-1-12-
8-11-6. 13-3-6-5-2 9-1 4-5-1 4-20 21-4-11-7
13-4-7-12-10 20-3-14-4-11-6 18-4-14-16-4-
6-1-7-6?" 2-9-1 16-7-1-6-8-10-1-5-2 7-1-16-
12-8-1-10, "3-6 3 18-4-14-16-4-6-1-7 9-1
13-3-6 13-4-7-12-10 20-3-14-4-11-6, 17-11-2
3-6 3 6-4-12-10-8-1-7, 11-5-15-5-4-13-5."

16-3-5-15-15-8 16-8-3-22-22-4-12-12-3:
ETHODRAINS

"So where's the debenture?" demanded Felix. Bond was about to reply when Bugbyte put a finger to her lips and pointed to the door, where the handle was being slowly turned. Bond slipped the painting back on the wall and turned innocently as three men in lederhosen and Hawaiian shirts pushed a fat man in at gunpoint. "Sleazewagon!" exclaimed Bugbyte. "And his usual line of hench-dolts," added Bond. Sleazewagon sneered. "Good, an audience always adds spice to one's villainy. Now, von Pickelhaube, where's the debenture? Stop stalling or the Klimt goes into the fire." The fat man straightened, "I keep telling you, I don't know. We found it tucked in back of the painting when we reframed it. Research told me what it was and what people would pay. My son lodged it with a bank here in Finland, close enough to retrieve but safely stowed while I bargain. I have no idea which bank. But the bankers need an eleven-digit number before they will hand it over. The bank name and number are hidden in a cipher where the debenture used to be, but I don't have the cipher-key, which protects me from pressure. Top bidder gets the ciphertext and, once I am safely away, the cipher-key by email."

Sleazewagon tore the painting from the wall. Slashing the back with a stiletto, he snarled, "Nothing". Von Pickelhaube looked astonished. Sleazewagon shouted to his men, "Kill them all. We'll work the rest out later!" As the goons raised their guns, however, in rushed the bowler-hatted AGI clones, who whipped clear glass sabres from the shafts of their umbrellas and disarmed them. "I think not, Sleazewagon," mocked the woman. "Not 'til you or Mr. Bond tells us where the debenture is. But let's retire to someplace less public where questions can be asked. Everyone please proceed through the main hall, remembering that our swords are exceedingly sharp. Knowing your propensity for unexpected gadgets, Mr. Bond, you and your teams will be particularly careful to keep your hands in my sight. Understood?"

As the group walked into the hall, the band struck up and the floor was suddenly awash with dancers locked in the sultry rhythms of the tango. Tightly herded by the clones, the group edged through the crowd toward the entrance. As they waited for a busload of dancers to clear the doors, Felix murmured to Bond, "I'm wearing Don Gordo's belt." Bond whirled and punched

him hard in the stomach. Felix turned green. Then his pants fell down. He bent double at the waist, rose two metres in the air and started to spin, mooning the entire room. Surprise turned irresistibly to laughter, even Sleazewagon and the clones breaking down. But the crowd danced on.

Unguarded, Bond and Bugbyte pulled back their sleeves and activated their watches. Bond's emitted a piercing whine and a sharp green light. The dancers reeled even more tightly into the tango, pulling in the clones, Sleazewagon, the henchmen, von Pickelhaube — everyone except the small group around the British agent. Then Bugbyte's watch kicked in, strand after strand of sticky pink elastic entangling everyone's feet and creeping up the walls. The obsession ray kept them all in motion even as the strands coiled tighter. "No, no, stop dancing, you fools, you fools," screamed Sleazewagon as he swirled away in the arms of a lady with the build of a linebacker. The hall shook as the tension in the bands increased. The accordions played faster and faster, driving the dancers to ever greater slides and spins. Finally, with a great TWANG, the congealed terpsichorean mass burst through the doors and flew off down the hill, gathering tempo as it caromed off the castle stables and slammed into a grove of trees, shedding random patent leather pumps. It upended a large ice cream truck to the delight of every child and dog in southwest Turku before disappearing off a low cliff into the river to faint cries of *Caramba!* and *Olé!* in strong Nordic accents. The special effects fortunately wore off in time for the dancers to drag themselves to shore, but the Langerhandlers and the clones had disappeared.

The team gathered around a picnic table. "But where," asked Sari, "is the cipher-text?" With a flourish, Bond pulled it from his boot, saying, "What good will it will do without the key?" Felix smoothed it on the tabletop and said, "the cipher isn't all that sophisticated. I'm pretty sure it uses a constant number-for letter substitution, since there's no number above 26, the number of letters in the alphabet. Just count how often each number is used and compare the results with the letter-frequency tables. The letter E for example is almost always the most common; letters like A, T, I, O, N, S and R also show up near the top, but ones like Q, X, J and Z are rare. You can also look for words of one or two letters — there

aren't all that many. The last line, in red, probably uses the cipher from the paragraph, to give you the name of the bank (numbers into letters) and the bankers code (letters into numbers). Minutes later, Felix had a clean text. Bugbyte thumped him on the shoulder.

After returning to Helsinki and picking up the debenture, the team gathered in the Café Engel. Felix was explaining to Sari how he had spotted the "Arabia" streetcar. She looked at him strangely. "But that tram has not run for 20 years. There are people who say...but that's nonsense." Bond cut in, "Before we go our separate ways, Felix, allow me to compliment you not only on your ciphering skills, but also on your bravery at the castle. It would have gone hard if you hadn't distracted them."

Sari nodded her agreement but turned to Bond. "So, master of financial lore, do you have time for another accountancy lesson, maybe that double-entry stuff?" Bugbyte swiftly appeared on the British agent's other side. "If it's double entry, maybe I should go along too." Sari curled her lip, "Mr. Bond prefers young and beautiful women." "So do I, sweet thing, so do I," Bugbyte retorted. Bond interceded, "Ladies, ladies, I'm sure we can reach an accommodation to everyone's, ah, satisfaction. Why don't we adjourn to somewhere more... intimate to discuss it."

The three stood up and headed for the exit, Felix abandoned. But at the door, Bugbyte put a hand on Bond's arm and returned to the melancholy young man. "Don't eat yourself up, Felix. We both know you love Esmeralda too much to put it at risk. You'd hate yourself. I know it hurts to see two women go off with the other man and leave you behind. Been there, done that, got the T-shirt with the big bloodstain over the heart. And I'm sorry to be on the other side this time. But, well, he is what he is. And besides, it's his birthday, y'know?" She glanced to the entrance, where Sari was pushing Bond out the door. "Gotta go before I lose my hot date. But tell me you're going to be all right."

Felix looked up with a rueful grin. "You're right about me — on all counts. But thanks for the straight talk. Esmeralda's incommunicado on Project Indigo Pretzel until next month, so there's no point in going home right away. Maybe I'll just stay and learn the tango. And spend my evenings here at the Engel, waiting for the Arabia tram to show up again." Bugbyte ran a hard

black finger softly down his cheek and said, "Sounds like a plan, boy wonder. Good luck." Then she was out the door and into the night.

Can you duplicate Felix's feat and decipher the line in red (bank name and number)? **bout de papier** will declare a winner by drawing from all correct answers received by February 28, 2013. The winner will receive a book signed by A Aalto. Not necessary to enter, but can you also work out the plaintext for the full paragraph? ☺

Free-lance prestidigitator A Aalto continues to plug holes in the dikes of Canadian diplomacy. This puzzle is dedicated to eagle-eyed Mrs. Aalto and to Finnish colleague Pekka Ojanen, who told him the story in the ciphertext. 2012 is the 50th anniversary of the first Bond film (Dr. No) and 2013 the 60th anniversary of Fleming's first book (Casino Royale). Happy birthday, Commander. Klimt indeed painted a picture of Schubert, but it was probably destroyed in 1945. CP issued perpetual debentures from 1889. Although there is no land-based default, they have a similar kicker: they may have to pay two ounces of gold (worth \$40 at issue and almost \$3500 now) annually under some conditions. The tango is popular in Finland, although the Tangomarkkinat is always held in Seinäjoki. Turku castle exists. And the #6 Helsinki tram in fact still runs through the Senaatintori, past the Café Engel, on its way to Arabia.

Old School, New Wave

An enigma with teeth
from A Aalto

Answers to Vol. 26, No. 4

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Joyce Dunn, Ottawa

The vertical message reads **REAL MASTER IS OCCULT RUANDA.**

That is therefore the vampire Hairy Harry shot.



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