"MISS EXTERNAL AFFAIRS"

ODE TO GRANDAD

Whoever sings his saga successively gets gaga For laurels few are left for him to glean. In theme anachronistic, its logic somewhat mystic, This epic tells of one whose name remains unseen.

A poet once while pensive gave birth to thought extensive, Decreed "The child is father of the man." If children not yet dental already are parental, This baby sired a père of great élan.

From cleric's crib to minister, from sports to things more sinister, The offspring quickly waxed without a wane. From pedagogic mystery to making of our history, A prodigy of might with little main.

From R.A.F. to LL.D.; from U. of T. to O.B.E., Progressed this Knight in Armour (Brothers!), From baseball bat to diplomat, from wartime vet to Cabinet, A statesman now beyond all others.

But all this high-flown glory is merely transitory When placed beside the latest triumph won, With bravos now redounding, Geneva's halls are sounding:-A famous father's daughter has a son.

But tell me, sages, truly, for I m perplexed unduly, If child is father also of the man from Guelph, As son of any mother, can Grandad ere be other Than bright prodigious grandson of himself? (This year, for the first time, the Recreation Organization decided to take part in the 'Miss Civil Service' competition. A committee of experts was appointed to choose 'Miss External Affairs' with Mrs. Helen Larkin as Chairman and Mr. S. Freifeld and Mr. B. Crane as the male critics.

The response in the Department was quite keen and 40 nominations were received. These nominees were interviewed and after a great deal of voting and discussion Miss Suzanne Barriere was selected as 'Miss External Affairs'. The runners up in the contest were Miss Dorothy Morin and Miss Annette Poirier.

Mr. Pearson presented gift certificates to the lucky three and complimented the judges on their choice.)

At that Night of Stars featuring the Miss Civil Service Contest, I was misjudged as a "snob" while, in fact, I was very shy. How could our Department be better represented!....

The "show" was held in the Auditorium. A carpet had been laid across the ice. The judges had taken their places at a table set in the center of the rink, a few inches from the carpet which was red.....Please note that controversial colour. At the call of "Miss External Affairs", I entered the rink and started walking like a somnambulist. I was told to stop in front of the judges, turn around, flash a convincing smile and walk graciously toward the end of the carpet. I must confess that I actually did nothing of the sort. I was fascinated by that carpet and not a little alarmed to find that, contrary to the trial run in the Department where the judges had looked continuously at the floor with only an occasional shy glance at the contestants. the eyes of these venerable judges wandered from our feet to our heads like the eyes of Frenchmen in the Place Pigalle. Consequently I succeeded in reaching the end of the red carpet in too short a time. Then, I heard the question "Why didn't you stop and turn round?" This woke me up and the nightmare ended.

Due of course to my misbehaviour (this I like to believe) I was eliminated from the beginning. I then undertook to cheer up our friends from the Department who had played their "claque" role with so much optimism and who now seemed rather disappointed in me.