

did not want to risk spoiling another discreditable tale, one to which he devotes five pages. His elderly witness is the widow of the High Commissioner who succeeded Norman. They found, she maintains, a residence that reeked of treason. The cook couldn't cook but eavesdropped in both French and English. She and the gardener had been able to help a neighbour open a sticky safe. They asked questions about private lives, and Norman had answered. He had also been careless with his papers and the key to his filing cabinet. And "if that isn't treason," the widow asked me on the phone, "what is?" Diefenbaker had retired her husband early, and Pearson, although "an old friend" had refused to reopen the case. In view of the fact that Pearson never helped "old friends," Barros implies, here and elsewhere, he must have had a reason other than friendship for his stubborn defence of Norman. What could it have been? Barros, might be advised to read a few pages of John English's fine new biography of Pearson to ascertain just how friendly the friendship between Pearson and the High Commissioner had been (114-5n).

All this is so silly that I often wondered why I was giving No Sense of Evil a serious read. The trouble is that too many readers, including Professor Jack Granatstein, consider the book to be respectable history. And David Kilgour M.P. has written the Minister to complain that I have not given the elderly lady a fair hearing. Incidentally, shed no tears for the twice deceived Pincher. His page on Norman features sixteen errors, eight of them gross. And not all of them came from his Toronto co-chaser.

Barros habitually relies on single witnesses, providing they contribute something derogatory about Pearson or Norman. If any one contradicts Norman, he or she is automatically right. Another elderly single witness who earned over five pages was Emma Woikin, the Doukhobor lady who, while a cypher clerk in External, was exposed as a spy by Igor Gouzenko, and served a prison sentence. According to her biographer, June Callwood, Woikin was nearing death when interviewed and living largely on orange juice and alcohol. For years she had enjoyed startling friends by little boasts, such as having been a personal friend of Pierre Trudeau. The story that excited Barros was described by Callwood as "probably an old woman's fantasy" one that "strains credulity." Nothing daunted, Barros insists on telling at length the tale of how Emma entertained to dinner Lester Pearson and Herbert Norman. The account starts on a slightly speculative note but, as so often with Barros, it suddenly leaps into established fact, and is so treated in several references late in the book.