

at Toronto and in seeing that they are not lured away by the bucolic attractions of Queen's or the cosmopolitan allure of McGill!

If I have any criticism of our University at the moment, it is that it is too big - 18,500 students. I realize, however, that this is not anybody's fault. It is the result of the decision, above criticism in every respect, to give every returned man the chance which he deserves to catch up with his education. However, I hope that when these unusual conditions are over, Toronto will get back to reasonable proportions, that education will be less wholesale, and more retail. Twenty thousand students does not necessarily mean democracy in education. Democracy as applied to a University means, to my way of thinking, that while everyone who can pass the matriculation examination shall be allowed to enter, only the very best should be allowed to stay.

It is tempting on an occasion like this to reminisce about Varsity days, but I must try to remember that I am supposed to be talking about Canadian diplomacy. For me, it was an easy transition from the University to the External Affairs Department of the Government. I was teaching modern political history and coaching football, and that seemed to be a good combination for the practice of diplomacy, which might be described as history in action. I had spent a summer in Ottawa in 1927, where I came in touch with that great man, who, with our Prime Minister, was the architect of our External Affairs Service - I mean Dr. O.D. Skelton. He almost persuaded me to write the Civil Service examinations for the Department, but I was not quite sure when I returned to college that I wanted to do so. However, during the winter I gave a lecture in Toronto to a teacher's meeting on some international issue -- there were international issues in those days, too--and I was amazed to find two Toronto newspapers, the next day, reporting my talk under the following headlines: "Must cling closer to British Navy," says Toronto Professor, and the other "Must break away from British Empire," says Toronto Professor". I felt then that any person who could make a speech which could be interpreted in such diametrically opposite ways - both of course right - was wasting his time teaching and should be in diplomacy. I have been in it ever since.

Among the uninitiated, and that includes practically everybody, there is a very false conception of diplomacy and diplomats. I laboured under this misconception myself for many years. When very young, I had an unrealistically romantic idea of diplomacy in general and Ambassadors in particular. I thought of them in gaudy uniforms, with crimson sashes across their manly bosoms, dancing Viennese waltzes in crystal ballrooms, with beautiful ladies who invariably turned out to be spies and were always trying to worm secrets of vast importance out of their stuffed shirts. Then I became somewhat more adult, and discovered that diplomats, except on rare ceremonial occasions when they wore knee-breeches, dressed and acted like normal human beings, though somewhat more elegantly, and that their chief distinction lay in the fact that they could say "no" in such a way that it always sounded like "yes".

Then I became a diplomat myself, and learned that the members of my profession were, or should be, merely hard-working public servants, with a variety of tough jobs to do and with as much drudgery as drama to their work. In the public mind, however, the profession is still suspect. We are still supposed to be the "spats and striped-pants boys", whose main job is balancing tea cups. This is a fixed impression, I know, in the United States. It was effectively challenged by the recently resigned Secretary of State, Mr. Byrnes, in an appearance not long ago before a Congressional Committee in Washington. Mr. Byrnes, in reply to some sneers by the Congressmen at the virility of the diplomats in his State Department, replied that he had been in charge of that Department for