

Friday and Saturday, August 5th, 6th, 8:30 p.m.  
 "The Bridge" - by Joseph Schull

Friday and Saturday, August 12th, 13th, 8:30 p.m.  
 "The Good Woman of Setzuan" - by Bertolt Brecht

Friday and Saturday, August 19th, 20th, 8:30 p.m.  
 "Yerma" - by Federico Garcia Lorca

Although no definite plans have been made for the 1956 Festival the Board of Directors hope to resume next year and to carry on for many years. It is felt that this year's art classes have laid the foundation for a permanent summer school. It may be possible to include a School of Ballet in later festivals and to extend the concert season to cover each weekend of the season.

The initial Festival was necessarily an experiment but it is a great satisfaction to note that the first season ended without debt. The splendid cooperation of the Federal District Commission which placed the grounds and buildings of Kingsmere at the disposal of the organizers was basic to the success of the project. The Ottawa Citizen on August 25 paid tribute to the Festival calling it a good example of what a community venture can achieve when approached with a combination of vision and determination. The article concluded by hoping that the hard work of organizers and performers has laid the groundwork for an annual festival of high artistic calibre.

B.E. McGregor

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#### WEDDINGS

Our best wishes also to Joan Galligan Hudon, Mrs. A.M. Bryson Cosby, Mrs. B.E. MacLean Yates, and Margot Peters Whist.

## CLERICAL CALL-UP FOR CAMBODIA

(A military officer out in Phnom Penh views External doings through a sharp pencil)

My heart missed a beat as I awakened from a sound but restless sleep. Through half-open eyes it seemed I was surrounded with a gauzy vapour. A cool breeze was wafting over me. I was naked.

Where was I?

Then, as I gradually awakened to my full senses I noticed two lizards cavorting in the vapour above me. And realization dawned. I was in my bed in my room in a hotel in Phnom Penh, Cambodia. The gauzy vapour was a mosquito net over my bed. The breeze was caused by a large 4-foot fan hanging from the ceiling.

As I stirred, the lizards scampered down the edge of the mosquito net and disappeared into the slats under the mattress. Friendly little fellows - we've shared my bed for 10 months now and I've never heard a complaint out of them.

It was in late August 1954 that I was rudely uprooted in Ottawa, Canada, and sent to this land of dusky maidens to serve as a clerk for the Canadian Delegation to the International Supervisory Commission for Cambodia. I had been working as a teletype operator in the Department of External Affairs. I was, of course, a logical choice for clerking duties. No amount of pleading arguments could change their minds.

I was to be a clerk in Phnom Penh, Cambodia. Me! A nineteen-year-old embryo career diplomat!

I remember my first day in the office in Phnom Penh. It had been decided to combine the administrative staffs of the Army and External Affairs. In the room where I worked was an Army Sgt. Major, an Army Sgt., an Army Cipher Clerk, a DAA and QMG (whatever that is) and an Army Staff Captain. In an inner room was an Army Colonel (Deputy Military Adviser) and an Army Major-General (Military Adviser). In still another room were the members of my team, the Commissioner and the Political Adviser.

My job was clear to me. The Commissioner and Political Adviser were too busy to take on the responsibility. I must instruct these Army fellows how to run an External Affairs