

Secretary of State, but Douglas Abbott, Canadian Minister of Finance.

For students of "dyadic politics" there are occasional moments of truth. "Surely", Pearson minuted in the margin of a memorandum by the author arguing, with customary cogency, the case against Portugal's membership, "we cannot insist on the exclusion of Portugal against U.S. opposition" (200).

The diplomats who thickly populate these pages are portrayed as bloodless creatures — effigies from some wax museum of statecraft, whose human side we seldom see. If, as the author tells us, the final phase of the negotiation was acrimonious, when "governments uttered veiled or open threats and counter-threats", and "tempers became frayed" (63), which among them "blew their stacks", and which "retained their cool"? What sort of chaps were Gladwyn Jebb, who (the author allows) came across as "arrogant and aloof" to those who did not know him well? The icy Acheson, to whom "arrogant" is likewise applied? Baron Silvercruys and Wilhelm Morgenstierne, whose names suggest actors sent by Central Casting to play plenipotentiaries at Elsinore? Did Dr. van Kleffens of the Netherlands consistently brim with that mordant wit displayed by his suggestion that two words only would suffice as the preamble for the North Atlantic Treaty: "Dear Joe"?

With Hume Wrong, our negotiator on-the-spot, the author waged from Ottawa "a dual . . . which lasted throughout the whole 12 months of the negotiations" (137). Their feuding was in part the product of different perspectives from headquarters and the field: "Wrong, being away from Ottawa . . . was not as conscious . . . of political necessities in Canada. Being Ambassador in Washington, he was more conscious than we in Ottawa of political necessities in the United States" (233). It was in part the product of policy disagreement: Wrong was firmly of the "Dear Joe" school of thought about the treaty, while Reid wanted it aimed as

much at Western publics as at Stalin, devoting precious time and energy to drafting moralizing preambles in lofty language that drew withering rebukes from Wrong (and Robertson). It was in part the product of temperament. Wrong and Reid were too much alike to get along — each self-confident, sure of his judgment, inflexible. Unseemly bureaucratic in-fighting ensued between them in November 1948, the two officials exchanging messages of mounting asperity while simultaneously attempting to gain the ear of higher authority: "I received yesterday from Wrong a somewhat disturbing teletype . . ." (Reid to Pearson); "Reid's changes, trivial though they may be . . ." (Wrong to A.D.P. Heeney). At one stage, one of them — Wrong — more or less apologized: "I regret that my message to you . . . was so abruptly worded". Such slight magnanimity Wrong could well afford, for he got the better of the argument — over the details of which the author has seen fit to draw a veil.

The only diplomat whose strengths and weaknesses are to any degree exposed is the author himself, and he is unsparingly self-critical: ". . . I would have suffered fewer disappointments and frustrations and accomplished more if I had played my cards better . . . I should have used less emotionally-charged language in my communications . . . I would have been more effective if I had not given the impression that my intensity was almost feverish" (228). ". . . overwork exacerbated my two chief weaknesses as a diplomat: I was a perfectionist and I displayed *trop de zèle*" (231). These are not invariably defects, even in a diplomat. It may be that Canada and the world would be in better shape today had Canadian Governments paid greater heed than they did to this devoted public servant.

Reid, Escott. *Time of fear and hope: the making of the North Atlantic Treaty 1947-1949*. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1977.

*Mounting  
asperity  
in exchange  
of messages*