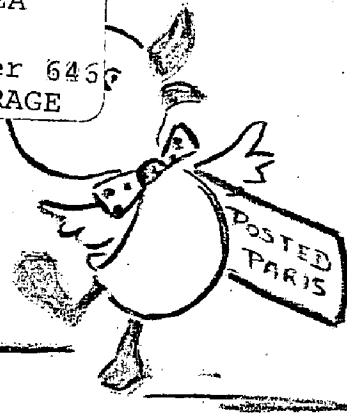


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"Extenually Yours"



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LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers:

With the Weather Bureau threatening us with snow every other day, it is hard to realize that Easter has gone by two weeks ago. Without bothering with the usual excuses, we ask forgiveness for the delay in publishing this Easter issue of EXTERNALLY YOURS.

Pat Macoun's little chicks on the cover will amuse you, no doubt. They are the main reason for this issue being called Easter 1964.

Last December, we had asked for articles on extraordinary or strange people one meets while living abroad. Most of the articles received dealt with unforgettable incidents. They were welcome just the same and we offer our sincere thanks to their authors.

We would like the next issue to contain articles on life at a post in the United States, and we ask those that are or have been posted at the Embassy in Washington, at the UN in New York and at the various consulates to send their contribution by the end of May, so that we may go to press some time in June.

"Externally Yours"

The Editors

April 10, 1964

OUR CONGRATULATIONS TO MR. HEENEY

Mr. Arnold P. Heeney, now chairman of the International Joint Commission, has for many years occupied important posts in External Affairs. All members of our Department will join us, I am sure, in offering him warm congratulations for receiving the Vanier Gold Medal in tribute to his 26 years of outstanding federal public service.

We take pleasure in reproducing in EXTERNALLY YOURS the remarks made by His Excellency the Governor General at the presentation ceremony of this award, at Rideau Hall, on January 31.

"Mr. Heeney, my dear Arnold,

"I am very happy that the Institute of Public Administration of Canada has awarded its Medal to you. There can be few, if any civil servants anywhere with a record of achievement comparable with your own.

"Your career in the service of the Federal Government spans the period of its great expansion and development. The recital that we have just heard of the high offices which you have held, in itself speaks volumes about the important and lasting contribution that you have made.

"The experts in the high art and intricate techniques of public administration have selected your achievements as deserving their highest recognition. To you, then, belongs that very greatest of professional accolades: the verdict of your colleagues.

"To their esteem there is in addition the gratitude of the many, many Canadians who have benefited by your imagination, vision, thought and devoted hard work. Unlike other professions, the civil service is conducted in silence and comparative anonymity. In it there is neither acclaim, privilege, nor wealth.

"The leaders of a profession are those who fashion its greatness. To their example of service and integrity, even more than to their accomplishments, people

look for the criteria of ethical and moral conduct that will guide other members of the calling and often, the community as well. In the public and the civil service, this pervasive influence of leaders is the greater because every citizen is and must always be directly involved in the process of government. The standards of the leaders are, therefore, of crucial importance to the healthy survival of the entire community.

"La médaille de l'Institut de l'administration publique du Canada n'est donc pas seulement la récompense de services exceptionnels accomplis sur le plan municipal, provincial ou fédéral, mais aussi un stimulant pour ceux qui désirent atteindre dans leur travail une qualité transcendante. Je ne trahirai aucun secret en disant qu'Arnold Heeney possède au plus haut degré et d'une façon édifiante la compréhension spirituelle des relations humaines qui s'exprime de façon constante sous la forme d'une participation personnelle et inlassable à de nombreuses causes, nobles et généreuses.

"I would be remiss in my duty if I did not pay homage also to one who has contributed in large measure to the lifework and success of the recipient - his charming wife. I am sad that my wife is not with us here to join in this tribute to both of them.

"An honourable man and a true servant of the public interest, it is a great satisfaction to present this Medal to my old and dear friend, Arnold Heeney."

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Vol à voile dans les Andes

UN AIGLE CONTRE QUATRE PLANEURS

Il m'a été donné d'assister hier à l'un des spectacles les plus étonnants de la nature. Nous étions montés un groupe de quatre planeurs pour pratiquer le vol à voile à flancs de montagne. Les courants ascendants y sont généralement très favorables à cette époque-ci de l'année. Notre petite escadrille, après avoir été remorquée à 700 mètres par des avions, s'était groupée et était en vol libre depuis environ 10 minutes lorsque subitement le planeur qui me précédait, ayant repéré un nid d'aigles dans les anfractuosités d'un rocher, fit demi-tour et vint raser le nid du bout de l'aile. Aussitôt un aigle de petite taille sortit du rocher, prit son envol et s'élança très courageusement à la poursuite de l'immense planeur qui avait "menacé" ses aiglons. Les trois autres pilotes se rapprochèrent aussitôt de l'endroit où le duel aérien venait de commencer.

Pendant près de 20 minutes, cet aigle minuscule comparé à l'envergure des planeurs attaqua à tour de rôle chacun de nos appareils. Il avait l'avantage de gagner de l'altitude plus vite que nous. Il volait droit vers sa proie géante et, arrivé à la hauteur de l'aile principale, il faisait volte-face et se laissait tomber les ailes fermées vers la queue du planeur, là où le pilote ne pouvait plus le voir. La vitesse à laquelle nous volions (entre 70 et 80 kms.) l'empêchait de toucher sa cible. Nous nous défendions aussi en agitant rapidement le gouvernail de direction et celui de profondeur. A deux reprises, toutefois, notre aigle réussit à s'agripper pour quelques secondes à la queue d'un planeur moins rapide. Je n'en croyais pas mes yeux.

Quelle ne fut pas ma surprise de constater en rentrant à la base que les griffes de l'aigle avaient avarié l'un des planeurs en déchirant environ six pouces de toile de l'empennage. Les anciens pilotes de notre "Club de Planeadores" m'avaient souvent conté des histoires d'aigles qui attaquent les planeurs; en fait, je ne les avais pas crus avant de l'avoir vu de si près.

Si le vol à voile est un sport exaltant, pratiqué dans le monde entier, on peut dire qu'au Chili il est rempli d'imprévus.

Santiago, le 22 décembre 1963.

Jean-Yves Grenon

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN JAPAN

For hundreds of thousands of Japanese, mountain climbing is more than just a sport—it's an infatuation. From the northernmost promontory of Hokkaido to the desolate volcanic islands off southern Japan, every year sees new legions of irrepressible hikers setting forth to poke their alpenstocks into yet another series of crags and gullies which had hitherto considered themselves safe from human marauding. Perhaps no society has the same social stratification and conformist pressures on the individual as Japan has, and for a million Japanese, mountain climbing above anything offers the opportunity to escape the treadmill of formalized routine.

With such a motivation it's not surprising that the Japanese throw themselves into the sport with an abandon that would dismay the most daring western adventurer, and hardly a day passes during the climbing period without another report of some gallant alpinist falling a thousand feet to his or her doom or, if they are luckier, being rescued, frostbitten and starving, from three weeks of inaccessibility on some isolated crag. Younger hikers set forth to climb the highest peaks with a sometimes wonderful disregard for creature comforts: their food a bagful of rice and some tangerines, their protection from the cold night blasts rarely much more than a battered poncho in which they huddle in whatever shelter they can find. If you are planning to accompany Japanese mountaineers, and you are not of such a hardy breed, be sure you choose, at least to start with, some group slightly more concerned than average with getting a good night's sleep on a full tum. Such "gentleman climbers" do exist and all Japanese mountaineers welcome the presence of unassuming foreigners in their midst.

Since the ideals of democracy have come somewhat into vogue in postwar Japan, it's not uncommon to find groups of girls undertaking mountain climbing and sometimes accompanying the boys. Japanese young men are, however, still ill-at-ease with womenfolk and on one outing I joined in, the girls were expected to retreat to a separate campfire at night. Girls accompany men's expeditions at their own peril, and the men make it a point of honour never to insult the women by offering to help carry their loads or otherwise concede to the fact that they are somewhat less than amazons.

The Japanese maintain that they go mountain climbing with an entirely different philosophy than do westerners. Their ambition, they maintain, is never

to "conquer" the mountain, but merely to "feel part of it", to become at one with nature. It's a fact that Japanese sensitivity to the beauties of their surroundings is probably more refined than westerners', but if you want to put their claims of indifference to conquest to the test, try suggesting that they stop, say, one hundred feet short of the summit. Were it not for the polite Japanese willingness to tolerate lunacy in foreigners, they would probably lynch you on the spot.

Visitors to Tokyo should find little difficulty in tracking down mountain climbing groups. Chris Spencer of our Embassy is an enthusiastic participant. No Japanese university is without its mountain climbing club and such groups as the International Friendship Club, which specializes in getting foreigners and Japanese together, has many keen adherents.

Mountains to climb are in unlimited supply, for the country as a whole is 94 per cent crag. The Japanese have a saying that you are a fool if you haven't climbed Mount Fuji once. It's an easy five to eight-hour jaunt, with no special equipment needed and lots of way stations provided. The mountain itself has sacred associations and many Japanese look on the climb as something of a pilgrimage. Many thousands of people from five year olds to ninety-five year olds make the hike annually, usually climbing by night with torches so that they can witness the truly memorable sight of dawn breaking from the summit. But the trip is not without its disillusion. The lava gravel is grating and irritating and the main pathways are strewn with the litter of the thousands who've gone before. The Japanese saying that starts off with "You're a fool not to climb Mount Fuji once" goes on to say "but a greater fool if you climb it a second time".

In any event, there are thousands of other splendid peaks in the Japanese Alps. Often the Japanese countryside presents startlingly varied and even uniquely oriental vistas and the adventure of climbing is an exhilarating one both physically and spiritually.

And for the real devil-may-care there's nothing like an active volcano to add to the excitement. One in particular which I can recommend highly is that on Oshima Island, south of Tokyo. It's possible to thread your way down into the crater of this volcano and grope through the steam and the sulphurous fumes, which ooze through the rock like a scene from Dante, until you are right on the edge of a sea of seething lava. You can get some photographs which you will think are wonderful, but don't expect to impress the folks back home. The only time I showed them, my mother merely sniffed and said disdainfully: "There he is, making an ash of himself again".

March 11, 1964

Geo. Cowley

SOME UNFORGETTABLE INCIDENTS AND THE UNFORGETTABLE PEOPLE ASSOCIATED WITH THEM

My first posting, some years ago, was to Indochina.

As you can imagine, I sallied forth on that long flight via the Aleutians, Japan and Hong Kong feeling the thrill and excitement, and fearful uncertainty, of a "first posting". This trip was taking me to Indochina and, as far as I knew, to Saigon. So, it was with rather a disappointed heart that I found upon my arrival there that I was to continue my flight to Hanoi. By this time I was thoroughly weary of plane travel and the idea of living behind the bamboo curtain suddenly had no appeal. However, with a couple of days' rest in Saigon the spirit of travel once more asserted itself and, as I was being driven to the airport, I was keen to carry on with my adventure. I had become accustomed, by now, to travelling in a well-appointed and comfortable aircraft. Occasionally during the long trip from Vancouver to Hong Kong, the Captain would wander nonchalantly through the cabin, pipe in mouth, stopping now and then to speak to a passenger and, to all intents and purposes, created an air of calm and security. He, like his crew, was smartly attired and this in itself gave one a feeling that the plane was under the firm control of very capable people.

So, with an air of 'everything will be fine' I boarded the plane which was to take me 1000 miles north to Hanoi over jungles, swamps and mountains. First of all I noticed that the seat didn't feel as comfortable as the one I had become accustomed to and, then, the floor had no soft carpeting. In fact, I was quite sure I could see right through a crack. However, I settled in with seat belt and once more decided that 'everything would be fine'. No sooner had I convinced myself than a man appeared, hastily making his way to the pilot's cabin. The sleeves of his white shirt were rolled up above his elbows and his dark curly hair stood straight up on end. This was the pilot! I had a moment of panic wondering whether to stay or do the sensible thing by getting off as quickly as possible. My self-reassurance had been knocked flat. I couldn't help feeling that with a plane like this and a pilot like that, there would be no hope of a successful trip. Four hours later I arrived in Hanoi - 'everything was fine'!

My tour in Hanoi proved most interesting although at times a bit frustrating. But there were always amusing incidents to liven such frustrations. By the time Xmas rolled around the Canadian staff felt something should be done to mark this

special day as we were living in a country which only observed the special days of the Moscow circuit. Behind the Metropole Hotel (where most of us lived — Indians and Poles as well) was a small protestant church, the doors of which had been locked against any wandering or wandering soul. However, through the efforts of our liaison officer, arrangements were finally made with Hanoi officialdom to permit the opening of these doors for a Xmas morning protestant service. The Administrative officer worked hard making all the necessary arrangements. The British and Canadian Ambassadors were to carry the main part of the Service; a member of the forces was to read the Lesson; and a talented young man from the British mission was to provide all the ecclesiastical music on a piano which had been obtained for the purpose and placed in the church the evening before. Enough copies of the "Order of Service", as well as the appropriate hymns, had been mimeographed for the expected congregation.

Everything was working out wonderfully well. A small dining room in the hotel had been decorated in Xmas motive and our canned Canadian Xmas dinner was to be served hot from the kitchen under the capable surveillance of one of our girls.

With an air of festivity, several of us went in search of flowers from the market near the Petit Lac with which to decorate the church. Having made it as attractive as possible and with a final look to see that everything was "just right", we left to ready ourselves for the Xmas Eve Reveillon at the French Mission.

On Xmas morning we stepped forth, the girls honouring the occasion in dainty hats, gloves and pretty print frocks, and the men equally well turned out considering the small amount of personal effects one could carry to Indochina. The armed forces personnel added that little extra touch of 'spit and polish'. The church bell was tolled, perhaps for the first time in years, thanks to one of our Canadians. This was to be a memorable church service — and so it was, but in quite a different way to that which we had expected.

As we arrived at the church with a "Merry Xmas" greeting on our lips the response was, "there is no piano, and the flowers have disappeared" and, as we peered through the doorway to confirm this unbelievable story we saw a lone figure, the Canadian Ambassador, sweeping up the few odd leaves, twigs and petals which lay scattered near the improvised pulpit. The church was barren.

However, by the time the congregation had foregathered, the shock was beginning to wear-off and the decision was, "the Service shall proceed". The only thing to do, without the piano, was to have the pianist hum the note before each hymn and response. The rest of us would pick it up from there. Fine — it was all arranged. But, where was the pianist! He was not to be found and, in fact, no one

had seen him since the previous evening. Being a happy, independent type, he occasionally crossed swords with the local authorities, choosing to drive his car through the streets of Hanoi in the wee small hours of the morning when all citizens were supposed to be abed. Under such circumstances, his explanations being unacceptable, he would be politely escorted to the appropriate place to await the morning sun and the appearance of his superior officer. The latter always managed to make the necessary representation for his early release.

Our hearts sank. Undoubtedly the spirited young man had not been successful in reaching his home from the Reveillon the evening before and would now be impatiently expecting momentary intervention. Our Administrative officer, being more optimistic than the rest of us, decided that something must have happened to his car and therefore volunteered to drive over to the Englishman's residence. As he approached the villa, he found the person in question kicking the front tire of his car in sheer desperation. He explained that he had just started out, in haste, when the tire had blown. As he had all the copies of the "Order of Service" with him, the morning devotional could not have been held. The two men, much relieved at having averted a crisis, jumped into the Canadian staff car and proceeded with much haste. But, just before reaching the church the penny dropped! The famous copies of the "Order of Service" were still reclining in the back seat of the broken-down car.

After a seeming endless delay, the ceremony commenced and the small congregation partook in a very heart-warming manner. An amused, interested and quizzical audience of small and not so small Vietnamese peered through the open church door or peeped through the broken windows.

The retreating tip-toeing steps of a tall, handsome man, trying to leave the church inconspicuously, confirmed our suspicion — there was no one to read the Lesson — and a quiet search was being conducted to find the custodian of this pleasant duty. He was found, later, sound asleep in his Metropole Hotel room. Upon being awakened his explosive remarks were, "that darned alarm clock — it was for ever ringing hours ahead of time, so much so that the other day I tossed it out of the window. And now look what's happened — I have over-slept!"

In spite of the unexplainable disappearance of the flowers and piano, leaving the church in its accustomed state of barrenness with only sad, dusty pews to grace it and no instrumental music to waft through its rafters, and in spite of all the attendant delays, this particular Xmas morning service conveyed a wonderful message. Adversity had confirmed one's faith that there were better things to come.

TO HAINES POINT AND BACK

The "Dougle X" (or was it the "Lazy Susan") Riding Academy was within a stone's throw of the Potomac, listlessly winding its sullied way towards the Bay, and, therefore, often the evening sortie of the stable was to Haines Point.

My first venture in that trail was my second time "up" on a horse. The day before I had been led on a fifteen minute ride but not entrusted with the reins, presumably in case the horse ran away with me rather than for the opposite reason.

Now after being pushed abroad I was about to join a group of seasoned riders on a five mile jaunt. Cool fingers held Barney's reins. On introduction neither of us had been impressed by the other although I was amazed at his height for I seemed to be a long, long way from the hard, hard ground.

The riding master on his white horse led the long line of riders off, with a nod in my direction to one of the outriders. It was reassuring to know that I would be picked up if I became unperched.

While the others trotted and cantered I bounced in a sort of abandoned out-of-sequence way so that Barney met me half way joltingly. Fortunately each time I was three joggles from free flight, the group slowed for a walk and I was able to regain both my seat and composure. It was a long, long trail.

The return was an anticlimax. My bouncing had lessened considerably. Even with the problem of trying to keep Barney from overriding the rest of the group in his homeward flight, I was able to admire the lawn vistas, the lazy roll of the river and the sure seat of the rider ahead.

Back at the stable, I slipped from the saddle, made my good evenings and walked home on legs that seemed troubled with the flatness of the sidewalk. A half hour's tubbing was an elixir. The next evening I was ready for Haines Point again. My fellow travellers were kind enough not to comment on my initial high flying gait. I soon realized that the dusty trail provided a cover for practically anything. I remember on one occasion when there seemed to be commotion ahead, an outrider's reply to my query of "What's up?" was "Oh Hannon is hootin and hollering it up".

Barney became a good friend, through many rides to the Point and wild dashes through the dusk from Rock Creek to the Zoo. We never parted company mid-ride, although a few of the group were able to do so and sometimes it seemed an immediate possibility for me.

Ian McGilpin

FREEDOMS IN THE MATTER OF RELIGION.

To learn and to teach

To found and to preach

To express your conviction

Without any constriction

Nor suffer grief

For religious belief

To pray as you think

Without raising a stink

To kneel or to stand

As your feelings demand

To sing a hymn

Or to run a gym

To have permission

To start a mission

Regardless of parity

Between school and charity

To enjoy every right

To liturgical rite

To become congregation

Without segregation

*And start disseminating
 Without discriminating
 None should have to dissemble
 If he want to assemble
 Or feel any need
 To conceal his creed
 Nor take any blame
 For lack of same
 Or become circumcized
 Instead of baptized
 Or should ever be worried
 About how he'll be buried.*

*Note - This poem was anonymously contributed during the drafting of a
 "Declaration against all forms of religious intolerance" at the recent
 twentieth session of the Human Rights Commission of the U.N. in
 New York.*

HERE AND THERE

On February 17, the Prime Minister announced the appointment of Mr. G. Hamilton Southam as Co-ordinator of the National Centre for the Performing Arts. The National Centre is intended to provide in Canada's capital a showcase for the performing arts as well as central facilities for the various national organizations serving the arts. A National Festival is to be held at the proposed Centre in 1967 as part of the Centennial observances. Where the Centre will be situated in Ottawa is still a secret of the gods. Members of the Information Division regret Mr. Southam's departure, wish him every success in his new tasks and hope he will come back as Head of the Information Division once his work is completed.

The Spring EARO Art Exhibition will take place at Wallack's, 202 Bank Street, from April 29 to May 5. The Honourable Paul Martin, Secretary of State for External Affairs, will officially open the exhibition on April 29, at 6 o'clock. Once again Pat Macoun and Don Surtees, with the help of their committee, have organized this art show.

A cribbage tournament is on. Results are not available yet. We mention it to give some of our friends abroad a hankering for a game, remembering some of the past tournaments when they were in Ottawa.

The EARO has started a membership drive under the direction of Esther McGoff. With Esther in command, this drive will certainly be a success.

To Mr. and Mrs. David Reece, a son born in January

Some officers of our Department take their study of the French language very seriously. One of these is Bruce Keith who last January took part in a play entitled *Les deux sourds*.

N. Thatsall

ICI ET LÀ

M. et Mme Jacques Cousineau ont une deuxième fille, Bernadette, née le 30 décembre 1963.

La Presse, du 18 décembre 1963 publiait un article élogieux sur le travail qu'accomplit Mme Léona Bertrand au secrétariat du programme d'études sur le Canada français de l'Université McGill. Mme Léona Lévesque-Bertrand faisait autrefois partie de notre ministère. Nos félicitations et nos vœux de succès.

Mlle Verna Dollimore est prêtée pour une période d'un an au Centre national pour les arts de la scène. Félicitations. Nos bons vœux l'accompagnent.

E.C. Tout

Something to think about

"No passion in the world, no love or hate, is equal to the passion to alter someone else's draft."

H.G. Wells