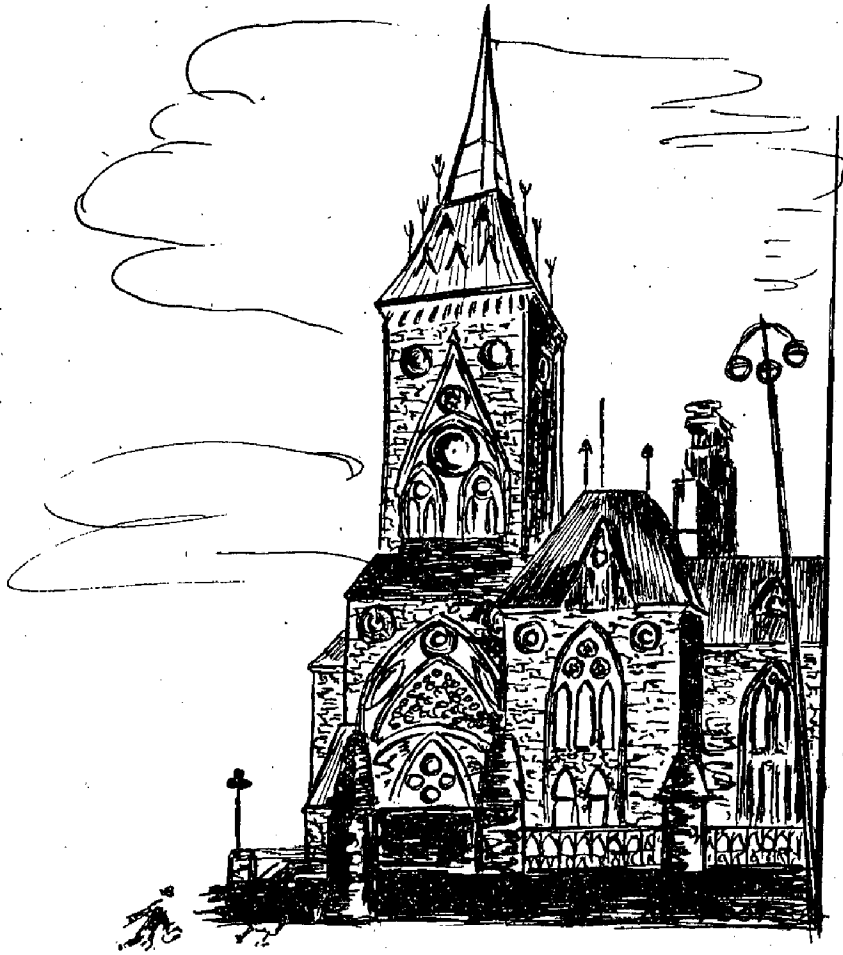


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"Externally Yours"

INDEX

	Page
The Minister's Introduction	
Ode to Grandad	
Miss External Affairs.....	1
The 24th of May.....	3
Nice Work if you can get it.....	6
Gay Blades.....	7
Pressurized Production.....	9
Zulu Elixirs.....	10
Enroute to New Delhi.....	11
French Theatre.....	16
Boston Almanac.....	17
Dust From a Diplomat's Desk.....	20
Our Bewildered Posts.....	20
Envoi to an Envoy, or Home Home on the Veldt To E.W.T. Gill.....	21
External Affairs Recreation Organization.	22
On the Move.....	25
Births and Marriages.....	27

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

We hope you will enjoy this first issue of our own House Organ, "Externally Yours", and that it will so inspire you that we shall receive a flood of contributions for future issues.

We want to say thank you to all the people who have made possible this first issue:-

- Our Contributors
- Our colleagues in Production Services upon whom our very life depends
- Mr. D.L. Foote who has illustrated the frontispiece.

With your support, we look forward to good, better and best issues of "Externally Yours".

Mary Harding,
Information Division.

"Externally Yours" is the result of voluntary efforts and the contents are not for publication.

43-240-742



The Secretary of State for External Affairs
Canada

I am very glad to have the opportunity of writing a word of introduction for the first issue of our Departmental "House Organ" and to congratulate those responsible for the initiation and carrying out of this project. It will, I am sure, make a useful contribution not only to the morale of our Foreign Service at home and abroad, but also to our knowledge of each other's less serious and, therefore, more interesting pursuits.

I understand that contributions on Canadian policy with regard to the recognition of Red China or the race problem in South Africa will be firmly rejected, while items concerning diplomatic romances or Departmental gossip will be enthusiastically accepted. So far as the Minister's Office is concerned, we will do our best to contribute an entertaining paragraph or two for each issue, though we are neither romantic nor gossipy!

With this letter go my very best wishes for the success of our little magazine in its efforts to brighten the leisure hours of members of the Service in far-off places and in the remoter regions of the East Block.

L. Pearson

April, 1954.

The next day, I felt I owed an explanation to my colleagues in the Legal Division who were responsible to the whole Department for their exaggerated faith in my charm, which faith our Recreation Association had been duly bullied into sharing. My colleagues, however, were more interested in having me concentrate on the Treaty problems referred to our Division. No sense of humour around here! Nevertheless I think you may like to hear about the excuses I had thought of the night before.

First of all, having been a lawyer for eight years, I should have been better prepared to face judges. However, while school students are trained to argue and win their cases with imagination and words, the power of charm is overlooked completely. If I lost the "Department's case" it was mainly because of this "deformation professionnelle".

Secondly, I did not find any counterpart for Pygmalion's instruction on which to base my conduct. In ancient Greece, as well as in Bernard Shaw's epoch, it was relatively possible to conjure up Venus, body, soul and mind, and to imagine the full realization of all these three components - but who could ever imagine a contemporary professional woman, as serious as I am, forsaking consciousness to become a mere statue. According to the law of nature, one can add to one's personality but it is more difficult to subtract from it. This was the real challenge.

Even all the qualifications of the Legal Division proved insufficient to provide constructive advice on such a matter.

S. Barrière.

THE 24TH OF MAY

The observance this year of the 24th of May as the official birthday of Her Majesty the Queen gives added point to the schoolday rhyme which will soon be heard:

The 24th of May
Is the Queen's Birthday,
And if they don't give us a holiday
We'll all run away
And hide in the hay
And eat cakes all day!

The strict rhyme and metre of these verses call to mind the classical purity of the *Birthday Ode, 1732*, written by the Poet Laureate of George II, to wit, the renowned Colley Cibber. Should these immortal lines have faded from the memory of present readers, a short, but representative, extract follows:

Let there be light!
Such was at once the word and work of Heav'n,
When from the void of universal night
Free nature sprung to the Creator's sight,
And day to glad the new-born world was given'n.

Succeeding days to ages roll'd,
And ev'ry age some wonder told:
At length arose this glorious morn!
When, to extend his bounteous pow'r,
High heav'n announc'd this instant hour
The best of all monarchs shall be born!

....

....

Around the royal table spread,
See how the beauteous branches shine!
Sprung from the fertile genial bed
Of glorious GEORGE and CAROLINE!

The great white Queen, the celebration of whose natal day has replaced the pagan rights of spring once associated with the primordial festival of May Day, at once period in her life withdrew into the gloom cast by Prince Albert's tomb. During that extended period of mourning, courtiers and rhymsters alike be-

sought and exhorted her to appear amongst her people once more. One set of verses in this vein, which deserves better than to be obscured by time, ran as follows:

The Queen's Speech. What It Ought To Be*

My Lords and Gentlemen,
I've stay'd away from London much too long.
My error I can see, I own 'tis wrong;
So now I've come to assert the people's rights,
And not allow young ladies to dress so much in tights;
But let them take their proper female gear,
That I may see them in this bright new year....

Few occasions existed for the celebration of happy events in the life of the Royal Family during the years of the Queen's semi-retirement. Thus the marriage of the Prince of Wales in 1863 called forth even more verse tributes than usual, and one, printed in blue ink on white silk, became quite lyrical:

The bright bold blood of Denmark leaps
In Alexandra's vein!
The genius of Gotha sweeps
Thro' Royal Albert's brain!

Nevertheless, Queen Victoria always remained popular, particularly with the naval-minded of her poets. One such verse-smith offered the following tribute to his Sovereign:

A long reign to QUEEN VIC:!-- she's a regular brick
Through thin and through thick -- to her Throne
we'll stick.

It was during the lifetime of the great Queen that the modern industrial and mechanical world was born, and this material advance was also reflected in poetic tributes to Royalty. It was Alfred Lord Tennyson's successor as Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin, who wrote, concerning the typhoid fever which laid low the Prince of Wales in 1871:

Across the wires the electric message came,
"He is no better; he is much the same."

*Ca. 1863.

It must be admitted, however, that it was her beloved Scottish subjects who achieved the apex of royal adulation in rhyme. The renowned bard, William MacGonagall, penned an *Ode To The Queen On Her Jubilee (1887)* which read in part as follows:

And as this is her first Jubilee Year,
And will be her last, I rather fear,
Therefore sound drums and trumpets cheerfully,
Until the echoes are heard o'er land and sea.

MacGonagall's poetry found a ready sale through street broadsheets, and he decided to present a volume of his collected works to the Queen, to do which he made a long journey, on foot, to --

Balmoral Castle magnificent to be seen,
Highland home of the Empress of India, Great
Britain's Queen.

The Sovereign was, however, to see many more 24th's of May roll by, and it fell to another Scot, Roy Dalziel, to celebrate the *Diamond Jubilee 1897* as follows:

QUEEN VICTORIA sixty years the Monarch of our Realm
Shows the grand old lady has kept a steady helm,
She often tacked, she never backed, she always
heaved her lead,
And never turned into her bunk when breakers were ahead.

It is doubtful, however, whether this tribute gave the Queen any more enjoyment than MacGonagall's masterpiece of 1887 which concluded as follows:

And let the innocent voices of the children at home
or abroad,
Ascend with cheerful shouts to the throne of God;
Because a good and charitable Sovereign she has been.

Therefore ye sons of Britain come join with me
And welcome in our noble Queen's Jubilee,
Because she has been a faithful Queen ye must confess,
There hasn't been her equal since the days of Queen Bess.
Therefore let all her lieges shout and cheer,
God save our Gracious Queen! for many a year;
Let such be the cry in the peasant's cot and hall,
With stentorian voices as loud as they can bawl.

And let bonfires be kindled on every hill,
 And let her subjects dance around them at their free will
 And try to drive dull care away
 By singing and rejoicing on the Queen's Jubilee Day.

What greater honour could the children of her Canadian realm
 render to Queen Elizabeth II than to follow the patriotic in-
 junction of William MacGonagall as they let off their fire-
 crackers on the 24th of May, 1954?

E.T.G.

NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT DEPARTMENT

(The following Heading of Civil Service Competition
 No. 54-399 of April 1, 1954 appeared, uncensored on
 all External Affairs Notice Boards.)

"STRIPPER AND LAYOUTER"

Prevailing rates: \$2.15 an hour

Department of Public Printing and Stationery
 Toronto, Ontario.

Qualifications!....."Satisfactory physical condition;
 (Among others) personal suitability."

AND WE THOUGHT ECDYSIASIS WERE BANNED IN TORONTO!

LONDON

GAY BLADES

I don't want to be misleading and give you the impression
 that outdoor skating is a usual recreation in London. It is
 because it is unusual that I have decided our spree on the pond
 in St. James' Park, in the centre of London, might be of interest
 to you.

As you no doubt have heard, this winter has been "most
 extraordinary", in fact, the coldest winter since 1947 and we
 almost topped the cold spell recorded in the 1800's when the
 Thames actually froze over. This time, however, it was only the
 pond in St. James' Park.

The day we heard that the swans were having trouble getting
 about we hard-hearted Canadians started polishing our skates in
 expectation and when the B.B.C. announced that the swans were
 receiving special treatment from the Queen's Swan Keepers we
 knew our hour had come.

As you may know, there is nearly always a slight haze, some-
 times called a fog, hanging over London and this day was no
 exception. On reaching the Park we were surprised to find the
 pond surrounded by hundreds of spectators and much to our sur-
 prise there were hundreds more on the ice. What a disappoint-
 ment - "I thought this was going to be an original Canadian
 idea". Hiding my distress I sat down on the edge of a flower bed
 and started to put on my skates, watching out of the corner of
 my eye the people already skating. There were the very profi-
 cient, who obviously had been having sneak practices for this
 day at one of the indoor rinks, then there were the ones who
 apparently put on their skates once every "freeze-up" and others
 whose last time on skates must have been at the age of five.
 Everybody was having a lovely time, in their own way, and Queen
 Victoria looked down on us all from her pedestal in front of
 Buckingham Palace.

At the far end of the pond from the Palace stands the Foreign
 Office and no doubt the sight was too much for the inhabitants
 for there on the ice were our friends the Foreign Officers. It
 was quite easy to pick them out among the brightly dressed crowd,
 complete with their Anthony Eden hats, stiff white collars, and

striped trousers. The long black neatly rolled umbrella was there too, the latter proving a useful prop for the unsteady. One serious be-spectacled young man was clutching a brief-case under his arm. I wondered if he were afraid to part with some very confidential papers but I suspect he was probably disguising his sandwich lunch.

We whirled our way up the ice avoiding the prostrate figures and at the other end, sure enough, there were the swans. A special part of the pond was roped off and the ice had been broken to prevent the poor sad birds from being completely stalled. I don't know which looked more out of place, the freezing swans or the F.S.O.'s.

It was great fun and even with the unfamiliar and somehow inappropriate surroundings I think it made us all feel rather homesick. After three quarters of an hour (our prescribed lunch period) we reluctantly returned to the office but agreed that we would go out again the following day.

The B.B.C. weather report next morning - "There has been a sudden change in the weather. Many frozen pipes are now beginning to thaw. If your pipes look as if they are going to burst, put a thick coat of paint over the suspicious crack and tie a cloth tightly over it, paint again and then wait for the plumber. Please don't be impatient if the plumber doesn't get to your house for a day or two - they are rather busy these days."

That was the end of our skating for this year. The ice on the pond started to melt and now the swans have it all to themselves and the F.S.O.'s are back to their red boxes.

Pat Macoun

"PRESSURIZED PRODUCTION"

I sometimes lay awake at night,
And see a long procession,
Slip on and on and out of sight
With ne're a retrogression.
Varitype and linotype,
Monotype and plain,
Each in turn without a stop,
Great huge piles and not a blot.

I see before me now a speech,
Given months ago at least;
You'll guess the orders of the day, -
Get it out without delay.
"Wait now! Stop and hold it up!
I have a correction,
Start all over, do it now
Under my direction!"

We're dropping lines and adding words,
We're putting quotes in here,
There goes the bla.....telephone
More trouble now I fear.
In caps *IMMEDIATE. URGENT*,
in caps *AS SOON AS* too,
"Immediate", I murmur -
"I'm sure next week will do".

Speeches reprints come in droves,
Some for Morin, some for Groves,
Up Pop's lift without a stall,
All is well at helm with Hall.

Pat Howard

"ZULU ELIXIRS"

As a service to those who are not privileged to serve in the Union, I feel that I should draw to the attention of members of the Department a letter which is currently circulating among the Zulus of Natal.

The letter reads as follows:

"Dear Sir,

I would like to impress in mind upon your mind that as your customer its my duty to advise you all the time and give you some hints about my medicines which will help you to maintain a good health.

I warn you that you must be very aware of the people who write you some letters convincing you that they have very good medicines whereas they want you to buy their weak and useless medicines, which they buy from me with cunning tricks and sell them to you being increased with water....

Okipitao. If you want to be loved by the manager have this medicine. You will work nicely, work nicely with them, and your salary will increase within a very short time. Price £3.

Khalizambetha. Love Potion. This is a very good medicine for those who want to be loved by many girls. They will fall for you in tens and you will be loved by as many girls as you possible can get. Price 30s.

Oitandarum. This is a very good medicine for good luck in money. The medicine is so strong that it collects all the money to you so that all the time you have it in abundance.

By using this medicine you will be very keen in getting money out of various ways which other people can not manage and within a few days you will have as much money as you can possible can get. Price £4."

It is somewhat disappointing to note that the price list indicates the simple Zulu with his untutored ways attaches more importance to success in business than affairs of the heart.

L.H. LaVigne.

Note: In the view of Establishments and Organizations these medicines would qualify under 113.6, if requested through Head of Post.

ENROUTE TO NEW DELHI

(Letter from Mary Shea to Bette Brown)

New Delhi, India
dated Sunday, March 21, 1954.

Dear Bette:

Remember me? I'm the gal who used to sit next to you in D.L. (1) and promised faithfully to answer your letters immediately. Well, it's a case of the well laid plans of mice and Marys. If it's true that the road to Hell is paved with good intentions, I should arrive there any day. But, if my journey there takes as long as the one to New Delhi, I needn't worry for a year or three. Mr. Reid had decided that I was coming by way of Mars and Jupiter and had arranged for an escort of flying saucers to meet me. But I finally arrived on February 8.

After the last day at work, I went over to pick up my tickets and was told that the sailing date had been postponed again. We finally sailed on Christmas Eve and ran into the worst storm on record. But it didn't interfere with a party on Christmas Eve and I had about 90 men to keep me from feeling homesick (they weren't quite so successful in keeping me from feeling seasick.) I had a little competition with two American girls but, since their parents were missionaries, they were hauled off to bed at 9:30 so I had a clear field or should I say pond? Anyway, my head was swimming in more ways than one by the end of the evening. We tried dancing but the "Chester" was rolling so much that it was more like a game of squat tag. Anyway, they couldn't tell what a poor dancer I was because no one could stand, let alone dance. (And I'm referring to the rolling of the ship so don't jump to confusions).

We passed the Azores, Cape St. Vincent on the coast of Portugal, Gibraltar (at three o'clock in the morning), the shore of Granada, Spain, and Tunisia and Algeria, and Malta and a few other islands. They weren't too interesting - just mountain ranges on the horizon, but it was nice to see something solid and, each time, I felt like Christopher Columbus must have felt when he quit saying "Sail on, sail on, sail on and on" and instead said "Drop anchor".

On January 8th, we arrived at Alexandria after anchoring outside the harbour all night so the Egyptians wouldn't mistake us for Israelia and give us too warm a welcome. We were only there for three hours and couldn't go ashore but the whole city came out to the ship so I don't think we missed too much. They were sure a weird looking bunch - dressed in nightshirts and turbans or baggy pants with green sashes around their middle and red fezs holding their ears in place. They were a suspicious bunch and soldiers with rifles patrolled the decks all the time we were there. Dozens of them set up shop on deck but as I had spent all my money in New York, all I could do was drool. They unloaded the cargo onto barges and this simple operation seemed to require the ultimate in arguing and waving of fists. When the stevedores stopped for breath, the travelling salesman took up the chorus so there were varying degrees of bedlam all the time we were there. An argument started between the Egyptians and the Indian crew and every minute I expected to see them produce cutlasses and carve each others ears off but the only casualty was one fierce-looking guy who got his turban knocked off after thumbing his nose at one of the Indians. We couldn't see much of the city except for a few palm trees and Farouk's palace facing the Mediterranean and well supplied with pointed domes and minarets. At noon, a trumpet sounded from one of these and all the cursing stopped while they faced the East and said their prayers.

The following morning we were at Port Said and here we finally got ashore for a few hours after a violent argument with the military police who wanted us to pay for the privilege of being allowed to pass them to get down the gang-plank. We won the argument because we couldn't understand Egyptian and didn't know what we were arguing about. It's tough trying to fight with anyone who doesn't fight back so they gave up and we found out afterwards what it was all about. Port Said is a small place but quite pretty with striped buildings with tiers of balconies and lots of palm trees. As soon as we stepped on shore, we were surrounded by street vendors shoving their wares under our noses and yakking at the top of their voices. The racket attracted others half a mile away and soon we couldn't move because of the crowd so escaped by hiring a horse-drawn carriage driven by a Spaniard who said his name was Maurice and that the horse was Jim Palooka. We jogged along through the narrow streets holding our noses to keep out the stinks. Women were dumping garbage and pails of water from the balconies but they were polite and waited

until we were almost past before dumping them so we were only moderately splashed. I don't know why they bother to build houses because everyone lives in the streets, eating meals, bathing babies, getting haircuts and teeth pulled. There were bazaars everywhere selling queer-looking foods and clothing. The women were dressed all in black with veils covering their faces except for two little port-holes so they could see where they were going. It's impossible to describe these places so I won't even try and besides some of it isn't printable.

That afternoon, we headed into the Suez Canal which looked like any other canal except that there was nothing but desert as far as we could see. We saw several camel caravans and occasionally an Arab tent village, barges being pulled by ropes by gangs of men walking along the shore. The sunset was gorgeous with smoke drifting across the sand dunes from evening cooking fires in the villages. At one point there is a double canal so ships going in opposite directions can pass. Intervening sand dunes hide the other canal so it appears as if the ships were just gliding across the desert.

The next day we were in the Gulf of Suez with more desert and mountains on either side. We passed Mount Sinai about noon. At this point, summer arrived overnight and we shed our winter clothes and got into shorts. All through the Red Sea we spent the time acquiring suntans and occasionally stirring ourselves long enough to play deck tennis or quoits or shuffleboard. We spent the rest of the time watching the sharks, porpoises, flying fish, and whales. After dark, we stayed on deck watching the phosphorus shining in the water.

Late in the afternoon of the 13th, we arrived at Aden and were there for four days. It's an interesting place to visit but I'd hate to live there for any length of time. The town is perched on the sides of an extinct volcano and, as the ground is solidified lava, there is scarcely a tree or blade of grass. We rented a car and drove up the side of the volcano and then into the crater where we visited the Queen of Sheba water reservoirs; then out into the desert past camel caravans bringing things to market; past miles of salt mills where the sea water is pumped into shallow trenches, allowed to evaporate and the salt scooped up; to several Arab villages; to an oasis in the desert where we crossed the border into Saudi-Arabia and saw a beautiful white palace out in the middle of the sand; and finally the oil refineries. Another day we got a car and went to a Bri-

tish club outside the town where we had tea and a swim in the Gulf of Arabia. Two ships collided in the harbour while we were there so that provided a little excitement. Of course, all this was very fascinating and there were queer sights and sounds and people everywhere we went but, if I attempted to describe anything in detail, you'll never get this so I'll just skim over it.

On the 22nd of January, we arrived at Karachi, Pakistan and for the first time tied up at a pier so we could wander ashore any time we liked without having to hire a launch. That same day the "City of Bristol" arrived with Jean Brazeau on board and tied up next to the "Chester". We were supposed to be in Karachi for six days but there was a dock strike so we were there for two weeks. I spent the time with Jean or the Americans or some of the officers visiting back and forth on the two ships and also the "City of Stafford", wandering around Karachi or going to the movies or to the Canadian High Commission where Jean knew some of the staff, to the Aga Khan's weighing ceremony, to the races. Once or twice we rented bicycles and rode around and twice we rented a sailboat complete with crew and went deep-sea fishing. I caught a small "whale". At least it looked like one to me.

The "Bristol" left Karachi four days ahead of the "Chester" but Jean waited in Bombay until I arrived. I was there for one day and enjoyed it very much. It's a lovely city full of life and very modern. From there, we were a day and a night on the train coming over 900 miles to Delhi. We had a double compartment in an air-conditioned car so were quite comfortable. We had collected the portable frig in Bombay and it was stocked with roast chicken, fresh vegetables and fruit, salads, cheese and crackers, candy and drinks, so we didn't have to eat the Indian food.

The whole staff was at the station to meet us in Delhi and we went to a cocktail party to meet everybody. I was amazed that there were so many Canadians there. We checked into a luxurious hotel and had one day's grace to get unpacked and organized and then we finally had to quit holidaying and go back to work. And I do mean work. It was really tough to settle down to pounding a typewriter after such a long vacation. The office is very nice but very crowded with a large Indian staff. The office station wagon with a uniformed Indian chauffeur called for us every morning to take us to work, home at noon for lunch and again at

five o'clock. Four of the girls lived at the Ambassador Hotel and another four at Man Singh Road. They all invited us to their different establishments for tea and to spend the evening and the Australian girls were also very friendly. One weekend we went to Old Delhi which is full of fascinating bazaars and the ruins of ancient temples and forts and castles. We saw one man leading a full-grown bear by a string, snake-charmers, trained monkeys, sacred cows, and carts drawn by oxen and water buffalo and camels. One night we had a slight earthquake. In the evenings, we seemed to be going to one cocktail party after another so I had a great time modelling all my new clothes.

The Prime Minister arrived on the 21st of February and we drove in a great cavalcade of limousines to Palam Airport where we rubbed elbows with Prime Minister Nehru and his daughter, Mrs. Gandhi, ambassadors and generals and air marshals and high Indian Government officials. The 16 members of the R.C.A.F. crew stayed at the Ambassador Hotel for the week so we lost no time getting acquainted with them and the reporters from the Toronto Star. We averaged three parties a night all that week and were exhausted by the time they left but nobody was complaining.

During the daytime we seemed to be following Mr. St.-Laurent around - to Gandhi's tomb for a wreath-laying ceremony where we all had to remove our shoes before entering; to the Holy Family hospital where his daughter Mrs. O'Donnell, planted a tree; to a reception at the High Commissioner's residence where we were introduced officially and met large numbers of the Canadian community who had come from all over India for the occasion; to Delhi University where Mr. St.-Laurent was given an honorary degree and where we sat behind Mrs. Pandit and finally back to the airport to see them off and then witnessed the famous accidental meeting between Mr. Nehru and the Prime Minister of Pakistan on the day the U.S. arms aid to Pakistan was announced.

That week-end I moved to Man Singh Road where I have a hutment containing a bed-room, living room and bathroom. We eat in the main building.

Since then, it's has been one round of parties and receptions after another but I'll save all that for another letter. Between the heat (it's 95 in the shade today) and all the social life, I'm just about worn to a frazzle but getting fat in spite of it. As you have probably gathered I'm enjoying life in New Delhi and glad I came.

Well, Bette, old girl, I'm getting bleary-eyed after going over this tale five times already this weekend to other people and no doubt you're getting the same way from trying to decipher this through all the xxx's and strike-overs and writing on both sides of thin paper so I can send it airmail. These Indian machines were probably imported by Marco Polo and, as you can see, they can't spell worth a darn. Maybe I can pass it off as the Hindi way of spelling but, since you can probably figure out what I meant to type, I won't wear myself out by erasing the extra letters.

So, once again, many thanks for your last letter and here's to a bigger and better one in the near future!

Mary Shea.

"FRENCH THEATRE IN OTTAWA"

French theatre in Ottawa, which after half a century of brilliant activity seemed to have disappeared abruptly from the scene four years ago, is being revived by a new company, Le Théâtre du Pont Neuf.

The last week in March 1954, the new company played "Poli-chinelle" at the Little Theatre. This three-act fantasy by a young Montreal playwright, Lomer Gouin, was directed by Yvon Beaulne (Protocol Division).

Jean-Marie Déry (Defence Liaison Division I) was cast in the title role and Pierrot was played by Jim Hyndman (Personnel Division).

Other members of the cast were civil servants from The Department of Immigration, The National Film Board and announcers over C.K.C.H., Hull.

"BOSTON ALMANAC"

Dec. 25. My first Christmas in Boston has been spent quietly with friends. Last night went to see the merry-making in Louisburg Square on Beacon Hill. Perfect night for it, cold enough but with just a light drift of snow falling to make it really look like Christmas Eve. The candlelit houses picturesque, as were the carollers and bellringers, who vied with each other and the crowds of sightseers in rousing the echoes. Place I gather is full of tradition and history; am somewhat confused as to which contributed most to the fame of this select spot: William Dean Howells, Jenny Lind, or the violet colored windows.

Jan. 21. Began my museum education today. Started with Harvard, and I gather could continue with the museums at this University for some time to come. But the little we saw was interesting: Inspected models of Cambridge from first settlement to modern time. One of 19th century models showed house I live in, old Dana farmhouse, built circa 1810. Went on to Blaschka glass flowers--amazing--perfect reproductions, some life size others much magnified. Secret of process now lost. Then downstairs to anthropological museum, where primitive American, primitive African and primitive European stood or lay about in horrific array.

Feb. 11. Museum inspection again today. But this time to the Gardner Museum, which is less gloomy and more to my taste than the skeletons of ancient man. Heavenly flowers to enchant the eye and nose, and music for the ear. The house itself is a Venetian palace, filled with works of art Mrs. Gardner spent her life collecting. Closing time came all too soon.

March 17. "How much does Canada pay England in taxes?" Answered that question six times today. People simply don't want to believe Canada is independent. Day may have something to do with it, St. Patrick's Day and also Evacuation Day, anniversary of the time the British were forced to leave. Big parade in South Boston, much waving of flags and display of the shamrock.

April 19. Patriots Day: Paul Revere rides again. Dawes too.

May 19. Saw my first major league baseball game today. It was fun and my team won. To The Meadows for dinner in celebration. Told the waiter I wanted only the main course and he said, "Fer

heaven's sake, lady, your steak'll be a nournahaff, so you might's well have all the courses coming to yuh." Somehow I feel he won't last long.

June 2. Friends arrived in town for a visit yesterday so this morning I took them down to Durgin-Park restaurant. We skipped breakfast and went about 10.30 so that we could see the "quaint" marketmen in their "quaint" straw hats come in for their lunch, and also so that we could avoid having to queue up for a table. A good crowd even at that early hour and my guests were fascinated by the noisy bustle of the place, with the diners being herded in and shooed out, and the waitresses charging at full speed from kitchen to table, arms loaded to the shoulder with great platters of steaming food: Enormous steaks; inch-thick slices of roast beef; lobsters; oysters; corn bread; clam chowder; Indian pudding; strawberry shortcake. Managed to acquit ourselves reasonably well, and slipped the remains in a paper bag to take home for the neighbour's dog. Our table by a window overlooking Faneuil Hall, one of the birthplaces of the Revolution, and the present home of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

June 17. Sultry day, with hint of rain, so reverted to status of tourist and went on conducted tour around Boston, to absorb a little history. Saw Paul Revere's house and his grog cup, pistols and flintlock and his wife's cooking pots; the Old State House; the new State House; site of the Boston massacre; the "Constitution" (Old Ironsides); the Old North Church where Revere hung his signal lanterns, and Bunker Hill monument on Breed's Hill. It was a journey of absorbing interest, even without the guide's explanations and attempted humour, but at times I had a strange feeling that my U.E. Loyalist ancestor was looking over my shoulder, and that if I turned around quickly enough I might catch him shaking his head dolefully over the perfidies of his former friends, the revolutionaries. An eerie sensation.

July 13. Finally mustered up courage to explore Filene's Basement. Previous excursions to this fine old Boston institution have only resulted in a hasty retreat before the dense crowds of females fighting over the bargains. Today discovered that they really are bargains: everything from fur coats to children's shoes at fantastically low prices. Probably a good thing it's a cash-and-carry operation or I might be tempted beyond my means or needs. In the evening drove down to the Esplanade to listen to the Boston Pops Orchestra in one of their outdoor concerts.

It was pleasant to listen to the music in the open and feel the benefit of faint breezes from the Charles.

Aug. 1. Wow, was it hot today! Doubted I could get back to the office after lunch, but as I trailed through the Common under the trees, I overheard part of a conversation: "But after all you're only supposed to kiss *friends!*" For some reason this cheered me for the rest of the day.

Oct. 21. To the Berkshires today, and a lovely day it was. The coloring of the trees is magnificent. Autumn is truly New England's best season. Winter is definitely unpleasant with its biting winds and damp cold air and snow and sleet and icy streets; and Spring has hardly a chance before summer with its stifling heat takes over. But in the Fall the air is crisp and yet the days are warm enough and the nights deliciously cool. Really worth waiting for.

Dec. 14. Winter is here again. Tonight tried for what seemed a long time to get across the ice on Massachusetts avenue, but each time I darted out I was forced by the onrushing traffic to scurry back to the safety of the curb. Finally a truck driver saw my plight and, bless him, he pulled his truck right across the road effectively blocking traffic, just so I could make it in safety. Who says New Englanders are cold and unfriendly? To dinner at Locke-Ober's. Peeked in the window of the downstairs men's restaurant (women not allowed) to get a glimpse of the nude hanging over the old bar. Mild calendar art, from my brief glance at it, and not to be regretted. Food lived up to its reputation, though.

Dec. 25. My dinner guests have gone and I can relax. A different Christmas from last year, when I was newly arrived in a strange land. All in all it has been a good year, and I have learned a lot. Why, a year ago I had never been on a subway, and didn't even know the difference between the Boston Common and the Public Garden! Now when I get lost I can almost understand directions to find myself again, given in the strange flat accent of the Bostonian. I think I should apply for my language allowance.

Edith Laidman
Boston 1951.

DUST FROM A DIPLOMAT'S DESK

Memo for Administrative Officer:

"I'd rather your reports to me
End Q.E.E. not Q.E.D."

There are parts of the world where the bowels of one's
compassion tend to be dried up by compassion for one's bowels.

When a diplomat ceases to "Have the Honour to Be" he remains
merely "Your Obedient Servant".

Doubtless one must make allowances for those who make us our
allowances.

Extract from Obituary Notice:

"If his despatches had a fault it was that they
were too frequent and too long".

M.S.

* * * * *

OUR BEWILDERED POSTS COLUMN

The Department's administrative machinery was rolling along
at top speed, with all functions dove-tailing perfectly, when
suddenly sand got in the wheels. The evidence is to be found in
the following letter from one of our offices abroad:

"We were very surprised to learn from your letter of
March 21 that you had not received our monthly report
for November, particularly since you were kind enough to
acknowledge receipt of the report by your letter of
February 15."

To E.W.T. Gill.

ENVOI TO AN ENVOY,
OR, HOME, HOME ON THE VELDT

Cry aloud a loud hosannah!
Twirl aloft an envoy's bannah!
Drink a toast in potent likker!
Evan's off to South Afrikker!

Make the willing welkin ring!
Rockcliffe Park to Mafeking!
A new ordeal has just been dealt:
Should Union feel like Union veldt?

Set each goose to take a gander
At this new-born Afrikander,
Who well-adorned with wondrous wife
Grown-up kids and home-town life
Struts forth now as High Commissioner
Ears agog to each petitioner.
The local duck no longer heeds
Basso whispers in the reeds.
The jeering trout comes up for air
Flaps its gills cause Gill's not there.
Every golfball breathes more easy;
Clouter Gill is ocean queasy.

He flits from every daily *crise*
Towards the gay Antipodes;
Personnel to Head of Post;
Utawa's tide to Capetown's coast;
No longer thinks of me or you -
His thoughts are now of darker hue.
Can he stem the racial war?
Predestined else an eternal Boer!

May life be long and life be merry,
From here on in to Charon's ferry,
Honors grow and stations vary,
Cash to spend and some to carry,
Banquets few, and speeches nary,
Nor hairy shirt nor hara-kiri.

Just mediate with proper leaven-
Four points east of Rene Plevan,
Four points west of Labor's Bevan,
Down the middle of any seven,
And Envoy Gill is bound for heaven!

Cry aloud a loud hosannah!
Twirl aloft an envoy's bannah!
Drink a toast in potent likker!
Evan's off to South Afrikker!

T.F.M.N.

EXTERNAL AFFAIRS RECREATION ORGANIZATION

The advance of spring has not only brought out crocuses on the lawns of Confederation Square but has enticed numerous members of the Department, clad in equally colourful attire, to emerge from their winter hibernation to see what the recreation activities are all about. The hope is that they will not wilt as soon as the crocuses.

Interest in softball has been revived to the point where for the first time in several years External Affairs will be entering a team in the Civil Service R.A. League. At least one other men's team will be drawn up for less formal competition, and a number of energetic ladies are making plans for a women's team. The women's group will not be playing in a league but seems to have as its sole ambition the defeat of the men's team. Mrs. J.M. Hughes is organizer of softball, with J.C. Desjardins, Keenan Spence, Jean McDonald and Doris Scott as committee members.

Another activity for the strong and the brave has been broomball. For those who have not participated in this hybrid game, it should be pointed out that the players borrow their rules from hockey and use the same kind of rink. They wear tennis shoes instead of skates and use a basketball instead of a puck. They borrow a broom from heaven knows where and with it try to whack the ball into the opposing team's goal. Let's not ask why! The External Affairs Broomball Team possessed in great measure the many skills required for this game and reached the playoffs of the C.S.R.A. League before being defeated. The coaches were J.C. Desjardins and L. Kingsley; Captain, D. Larkin; and Assistant Captain J. Charette.

Bowling continues to be the most popular activity. Every Thursday night from September to April, 80 members of the Department take over 16 alleys at a downtown bowling centre. The final playoffs for this year have just been held and the annual Pearson Trophy has been won by

Miss A. Cole Mrs. E. Mead
Miss L. Lacombe Mr. D. Larkin
Mr. B. Morin (Captain)

The Trophy and other prizes were awarded by the Acting Under-Secretary at the annual banquet held on April 29, 1954.

The free-for-all that was honoured with the title of "External Affairs Bonspiel" was held at the Glebe Curling Club early in April. Forty members of the Department put in a strenuous two hours in the competition, many of them learning the game as they went along. Some of the men players almost sent the rocks through the end wall; some of the ladies had difficulty getting the rocks beyond the mid-point of the rink; but with practice all began to get their rocks closer to the magic circle. The few expert players served as "skips", with Mr. MacKay providing emergency instruction here and there as required. The winning team was skipped by John Sigvaldason and included Helen Larkin, Neil Currie and Stan Daley. The prize for the most spectacular sweeping went to Dorothy Little. Other skips were Frank Ballachey, Charlie Campbell, Morley Coleman, G.C. Crean, E.W.T. Gill, John Holmes, R.M. Macdonnell, Joe O'Brien and L.A.D. Stephens. A bean and salad supper at the rink followed.

Several bridge nights have been enjoyed by those who prefer to display their athletic prowess in card playing. These sessions have been held at the R.C.A.S.C. mess on Sparks Street. The competition has usually been so warm that many players have had to take advantage of cooling potables available nearby. Participants were able to watch TV when the game became too much for them. High scorers at the last session were Mary Macdonald and Peter Robitaille. During the winter Brian Crane was bridge convenor, but this responsibility has now been assumed by Sheila Weir.

Plans for the future call for a spring dance to be held in late May under the chairmanship of Guy Beaudry and a series of square dance sessions to be organized by Jack Maybee and Jack Zoubie. There was some thought of a theatre party but this has been put off until the autumn. It is possible that several noon-time activities, including sketching and public speaking courses, will be instituted shortly.

Plans for the annual picnic, golf tournament and other activities are also in preparation.

Elections for the 1954-55 Recreation Committee took place early in March. This 17-member Committee provides the framework of the External Affairs Recreation Organization, and in turn it

asks each Division to appoint a representative. (At a fee of 50¢ per year) Membership is open to every one employed by the Department. The External Affairs Recreation Organization has a close relationship with the Civil Service R.A. but is entirely distinct from it. The composition of the 1954-55 Committee is as follows:

President	- Bruce Keith
First Vice-President	- Mrs. Helen Larkin
Second Vice-President	- John Holmes
Treasurer	- P.J. Morrissey
Secretary	- Mrs. Helen Beckett
Members	- Guy Beaudry
	Gordon Brown
	Miss Mary Dench
	J.C. Desjardins
	J.M. Hughes
	C.E. McGaughey
	Miss Jan Munro
	Jim Nutt
	Miss Joan Slack
	Roger Plourde
	Jim Hyndman
	Miss Julia Groves.

B.A. Keith

ON THE MOVE

Miss Ann Drew-Brook:

From Economic Division to International Co-operation with The Canadian Delegation to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

Mr. K.J. Burbridge:

Promoted from foreman of the jury in the Legal Division to Counsel for the defence at The Canadian Delegation to The North Atlantic Council, Paris.

Miss M.V. Carpenter:

Escaped from behind the Iron Keyboards of the Transcribing Unit to Helsinki, Finland.

Mr. B.A.S. Crane:

From the Christians in the U.N. Division to the Muslims of Pakistan.

Mr. J.J.M. Côté and Miss J. Robertson:

From the confines of Personnel Division to the enclave of The Canadian Embassy, Moscow.

Miss B.W. Farmer and Miss B. MacLean:

At Eastertide, from the East Block to The Far East. (Japan)

Miss A. Grinstad:

From Economic Pressure in the East Block to "Wonderful Wonderful Copenhagen".

Miss Marion Greenwood:

Operation Information most successful. Will be strengthening in Bonn.

Mr. C.J. Hardy:

From the sidewalks of Chicago to the Mosaics of Rio.

Mr. M.H. Hebert:

Left the Passports of Consular Division to be Vis-a-Vis with Rio de Janiero.

Miss Jean Horwood:

From the security of Defence Liaison Division (2) to the Hazards of Chicago.

Miss Edith Jarvis:

From Training in the Department to Beetling in Belgrade.

Mr. W.J. Kirkpatrick:

Checked out of Ottawa for the Czechs in Prague.

Miss B. Lalonde:

From the Statutes of The Legal Division to the Statue of "Mannikin Pis", Brussels.

Miss Yvonne Marleau and Mr. K.C. Brown:

Orderly withdrawal from the Charge of Havana to Defence Liaison Division (1) lines, Ottawa.

Miss Andrée Monet:

From the circumference of the World with the Prime Minister to the circumscription of the American Division.

Mr. D.W. Munro:

Transposed from a "Rhapsody in Training" to an "Irish Melody in Dublin".

Mr. A.S. McGill:

From the Freedom of home leave to the enthrallment of the United Nations Division.

Miss M.P.A. Poirier and Miss M.R. Vezina:

After cultivation in the Department, sprouted to Brussels.

Miss K. Reid:

Flight from Belgrade gives new Miss to the Swiss at Berne.

Mr. T.H.W. Reid:

New Zeal for the Consular Division from New Zealand.

Miss E.D. Saunders:

Supplied to Bogota from Supplies and Properties.

Mr. J.H. Vincent:

Some brio from the Consular Division to sombrero in Mexico City.

Miss J.E. Weiss:

Lowered from the East Block on Parliament Hill to the Polder land of the Netherlands.

BIRTHS AND MARRIAGES

(We cannot guarantee that the following lists are complete. If all married members of the Department will try to inform Personnel Division of the arrival of new babies in their immediate family, and if all spinsters and bachelors in the Department will notify Personnel Division when they wed, no doubt the list will be more accurate in the future.)

BIRTHS -

LePan, Donald Noailles - son of Mr. and Mrs. D.V. LePan, born January 5, 1954.

Côté, Marie Marguerite Lucie - daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E.A. Côté, born March 17, 1954.

McCordick, Joan Alexandra - daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J.A. McCordick, born January, 1954.

Peebles, Dana Ann - daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L.H.B. Peebles born April 5, 1954.

Malone, David Michael - son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Malone, born February 7, 1954.

Gorham, Patricia Marie - daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R.V. Gorham, born April 25, 1954.

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MARRIAGES

Miss Catherine Ann Jamieson now Mrs. C.A. Davidson

Miss Lilla Francis Mable Leedy now Mrs. L. Zakshevski.