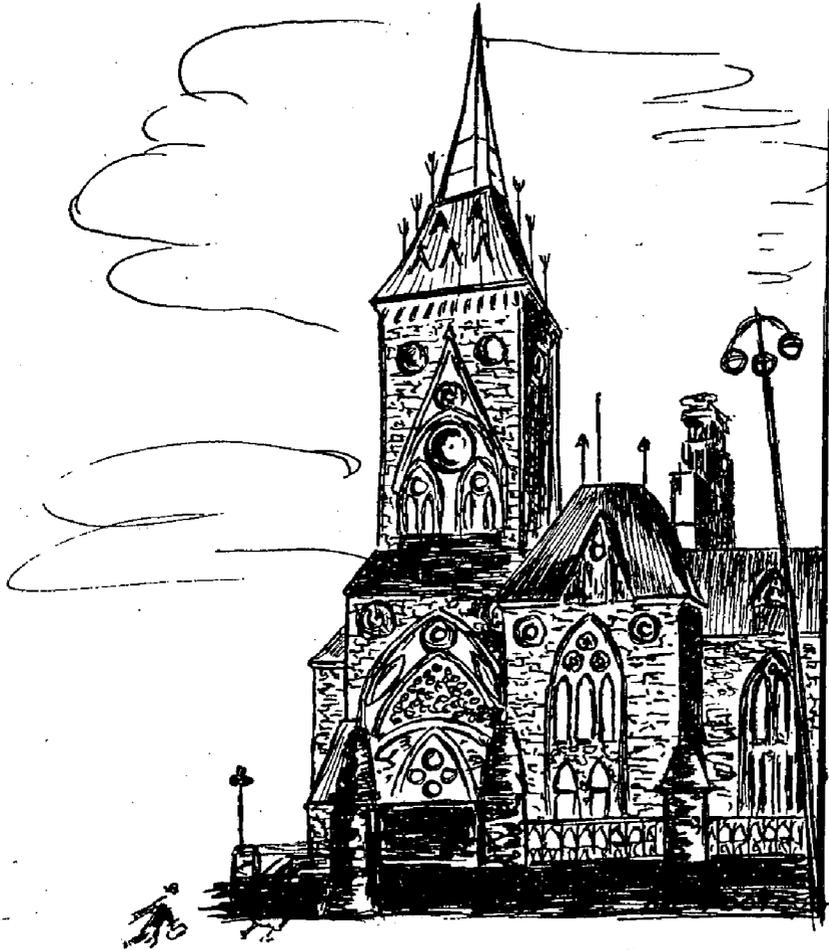


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"*Externally Yours*"

MARCH 1956

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"Externally Yours" is the result of voluntary effort and the contents are not for publication.

43-240-1112

POST REPORT ON OTTAWA

(Editor's Note: Our motherly Department, as you know, prepares reports on our various missions abroad for the guidance of members of the Department who are departing for foreign service. These reports, of course, contain admonitions on what clothing, furniture, kitchen utensils, electrical apparatus and so on it is advisable to take abroad and, since these post reports are usually somewhat historic documents, they have in general generated more rage and bafflement than any other document issued by the Department. It has been customary to give to the newest arrival in each mission abroad the preparation of the post report as his first duty before the bloom of the new appointment has worn off, and before he has had time to discover, for example, the voltage and cycle of the local electricity supply or the prices of commonly used commodities.

It seems to us clearly logical that, to make these post reports complete, there should be one dealing with Ottawa, for the benefit of newcomers to the Service leaving their native towns for the first time, for members of the Department returning to Ottawa after long years abroad and, of course, for the diplomatic community. Reluctant to be convicted of the vulgar errors which mark so many of the casual post reports on our mission abroad, we have engaged, regardless of expense, an expert on Ottawa who now submits the first part of this report which will be continued in subsequent issues.)

SECTION I - GEOGRAPHY

Ottawa is situated at the apex of a triangle of which the other two points are Toronto and Montreal. Considerable numbers of Foreign Service personnel spend their entire lives within this triangle before their first posting abroad. (By the way, it is often possible to win an easy dollar from some know-it-all character who is unaware that Ottawa is slightly south of Montreal. This is a good thing to remember toward the end of the month). The city itself is pleasantly situated near the confluence of the Rideau and Ottawa Rivers, both of which inundate considerable areas of the city each spring at the time of the annual floods. In earlier days when the population consisted of temporary encampments of a few hundred Indians, a certain measure of flood control was practised by the hurling

of maidens into the raging waters. This practice has been discontinued, but nothing has yet been discovered quite to take its place.

Befitting its dignity as the national capital, Ottawa is served by the slowest railways and by the most impassable roads of the entire country, so that both entrance to the city and departure from it must be effected in a stately manner, highly appropriate to the august mysteries with which the capital city is largely concerned.

SECTION II - CLIMATE

Ottawa is said to have a moderate continental climate. That is to say, the winters are somewhat similar to those of Central Siberia, while the summers, on the other hand, compare very favourably with the bracing summer weather of Nicaragua. There is a traditional belief that there was a spring season about 1892, but there has been none since; and newcomers to Ottawa must be prepared to abandon normal winter clothing overnight and to appear the next day dressed in summer flannels or in nylon frocks, as may be appropriate. During the winter season, which not infrequently continues from the first of October to the end of April, many residents find comfort in the thought that highly efficient airway systems have fast daily services from this area to Bermuda, and to points in the Caribbean. During the summer months, the city is almost entirely deserted, as for many years the residents have cherished the curious illusion that a temperature of 106-degrees in a flimsily-built cottage up the Gatineau is for some reason cooler than a 70-degree temperature in one of the quaint old mansions of Ottawa, which long since have been subdivided into what are known locally as flats.

In view of these observations, newcomers to Ottawa will obviously need clothing appropriate to both Arctic and Congo exploration, and to all gradations between these two extremes. Ottawa has, however, one great advantage in an extremely efficient weather forecasting system. The weather reports come from Toronto, by courtesy of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and the newcomer, after a few months of bewilderment, will no longer be astonished to hear his radio set announcing sunny skies and warm winds when, by looking out his window, he can observe that Ottawa is in the midst of a howling prairie blizzard.

SECTION III - LANGUAGE AND PEOPLE

Ottawa is, of course, a bilingual city. This means that all the people with names like Dupont, Benoit, Gouin, Papineau, Tremblay and so on, speak their native French with ease and grace, and are also equally at home in English. They may have some Scottish blood in them. The other inhabitants of the city with names like Robinson, Smith, Jones, Macdonald, Johnson and Adams, speak no French whatsoever and are somewhat inarticulate in English. Some of their ancestors may have been French. This is what is meant in Canada by a bilingual city.

The citizens of Ottawa are at almost all times amiable and well-disposed, except on three occasions. That is to say, during the morning and evening rush hours on the street-cars and buses when, by some curious transformation, they become extremely irritable and even dangerous; and again, when they put themselves behind the wheel of a motor car, when they become simply beasts of prey. Newcomers to the city are warned to be alert at these times, but on all other occasions they may go about their business in Ottawa in relative safety.

SECTION IV - BANKING AND FINANCE

Ottawa is extremely well-equipped with several scores of banks, none of which will permit any overdrafts whatsoever. There is also the Bank of Canada, but no one in the Department need be concerned with what it does.

SECTION V - RESIDENTIAL AREAS AND HOUSING

For this purpose, the newcomer need know only that Ottawa is divided into three districts: Sandy Hill, the West End and Rockcliffe. Much more will be said later on about the Canal which, with the railway tracks, effectively bisects the capital city both physically and psychologically. For the moment it need only be stated that everything west of the Canal is known as the West End which, with the rapid growth of the city, now extends practically to Carleton Place.

The newcomer to Ottawa should realize at once that the residents of Sandy Hill spend the first ten years of their existence there in a determined effort to move to the West End.

Once there, they will spend the middle or even the remaining years of their life in a despairing or triumphant effort to get to Rockcliffe. It is not known in what haven the residents of Rockcliffe find ultimate refuge, although it is widely held that many of them continue their eastward movement and finish their declining years at Montebello. With their final destinies this study is not concerned.

After a great deal of intensive research, we have come to the conclusion that the only solution to the housing problem in Ottawa is to have had a great-grandfather, preferably by the name of Booth, who established himself in Ottawa in the middle of the 19th century, erected a stately mansion and made enough money out of the timber in the Gatineau Valley to hand on both his house and his fortune unimpaired to his descendants. Failing this solution, which admittedly will be impracticable for most newcomers to Ottawa, a wide variety of accommodation is available, much of it grim and all of it expensive.

In selecting a room, a flat or a house, the following points must be borne in mind, in decreasing order of importance:

- (a) *It must not be near a street-car line.* The Ottawa street-cars persist in running until 2 o'clock in the morning and resume again at 4 o'clock, in the vague hope of finding one more elusive fare. All Ottawa street-cars have square wheels - and, particularly in wintertime, the ends of the rails are separated by considerable distances over which the street-car appears to leap, rather in the manner of an extremely noisy whippet wearing cast-iron boots. If you wish, then, to sleep even occasionally, unless you happen to be blessed with deafness - do not live anywhere near a street-car line.
- (b) *Wherever you settle, it must be reasonably close to a laundry and dry cleaning place.* Laundry, even casual laundry, is not permitted in rooming houses; no provision is made for it in apartment houses and, if you have the good fortune to have a private house with a garden large enough for the stringing of clothes lines, you will soon abandon the practice of home laundering, thanks to the effective operations of the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railways, which, with a

number of minor but extremely smoky industries, deposit many thousands of tons of soot upon the city during the course of a single Monday afternoon.

- (c) *Be particularly alert if you undertake to rent "furnished" accommodation.* It has long since been established in Ottawa that provided there is a large framed and faded photograph of Sir John A. MacDonald over the fireplace, a door mat, a one-bulb light, and a soap rack in the bath tub, the apartment may, both by law and tradition, be described as "furnished". You will not, however, have to worry about heat, since all accommodation in Ottawa at whatever price is heated to about 100 degrees Fahrenheit from mid-September to the beginning of June.

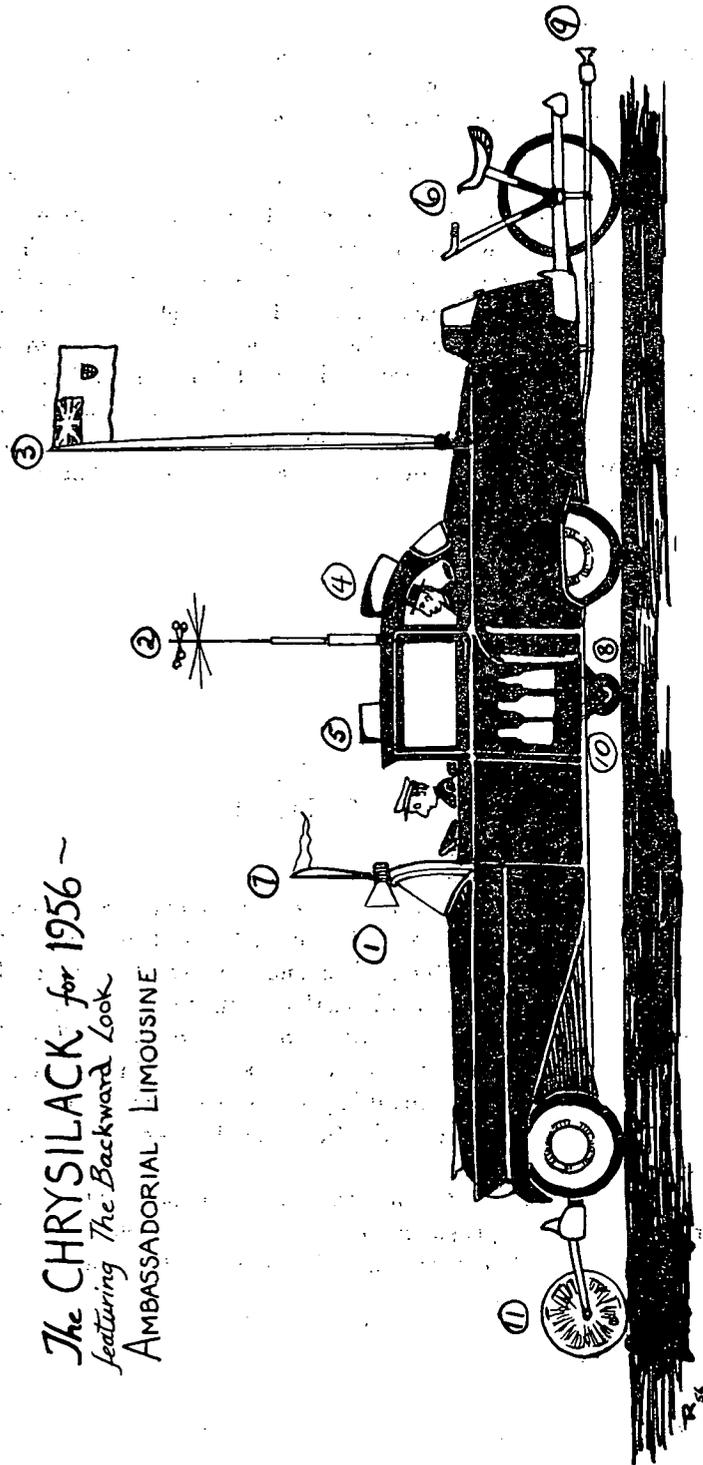
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HELLO, OUT THERE

A series of lunchtime screenings on Wednesdays of coloured slides has proved popular with SRO crowds in the small conference room of the East Block. The quality of the slides has been very good and the informal talks with the showings have helped to create a very vivid picture of each country. The full series will include slides of Lebanon, Pakistan, India, Mexico, Greece, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Japan, Brazil, New Zealand and Western Europe.

The EARO and Mardi Peden, convenor, report that those abroad may wish to be prepared on return for a scheduled one-day stand on the country where they have been stationed.

The CHRYSLACK for 1956 -
featuring The Backward Look
AMBASSADORIAL LIMOUSINE



AMBASSADORIAL LIMOUSINE MODEL CD - XXOS (1956)

Explanation of Notes:

- 1 - Loud Hailer so that Ambassador can personally yell "DIPLOMATICO" (or suitable epithet) at refractory local gendarmes.
- 2 - Combined TV aerial and wind-speed indicator.
- 3 - Combined Radio aerial and flag hoist.

(2 and 3 enable Ambassador to keep *closely in touch at all times* [assuming silence of ambassadress]. Also to keep a close check on car's speed without *actually* having to ask the chauffeur [see 7.]

- 4 - Roof extension to enable top hats to be worn with dignity.
- 5 - Supplementary roof extension to enable passengers (probably poorer or more economical colleagues in the corps) to wear their top hats with dignity. Lower top hats or even bowlers (UK missions only) will benefit from this. The greater size of the rear extension indicates that the owner-mission has the greater dignity to be preserved.
- 6 - Fifth wheel - for Secretary (or Secretaries, since extensions are available) in attendance on state occasions (Counsellors may be permitted by the Deputy Head to ride inside *if* they are not called upon to drive. This depends of course on whether or not Treasury Board has established the position of either Counsellor or Driver (Ambassadorial).

To emphasize the agricultural nature of the Canadian economy, the Secretar (y) (ies) seat (s) is/are made in the form of a saddle, preferably Western. In the case of female F.S.O.'s, a side saddle, preferably Western, will be supplied.

- 7 - Supplementary flagpole for use when chauffeur is otherwise engaged or situation in note 6 obtains and it is desired

to indicate superior quality of driver. Length of pennant to vary directly with rank and inversely with F.S.O. grade.

- 8 - Sixth wheel to take extra weight of corpulent ambassadors or their corpulent spouses (*not* standard equipment)
- 9 - Exhaust extension - removable if junior officer is getting the full treatment.
- 10 - Loading hatches for cocktail bar built into door. In case of dire emergency they can be accidentally tripped to fall outwards against the knees of irate traffic cops not too angry to take a hint.
- 11 - Roller to iron out bumps in the road, including pedestrians.

T.H.W. Read

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BOWLING ALONG

The season's best team, when scores were totalled on March 8, is that of Roger Sauriol, captain, and Mrs. E. Payne, Miss B. Robert, Miss Beverley Murphy and Mr. Frank St.-Jean, members. Play will be underway on March 15 and the two succeeding Thursday evenings for the Pearson Trophy and the Consolation Prize, which will be given out at the bowling banquet on April 12.

Competing for the Pearson Trophy, in addition to Roger Sauriol's team, are teams captained by F.B. Smith, Keith Henry, Bernie Asselin, Andre Tardiff and Dick Ager. Consolation Prize team captains are Miss Esther McGoff, Miss Francoise Gagnon, Miss Jan Munro, Gary McSorley, Jack Hughes and Pierre Robitaille.

THE NEW CONSULATE GENERAL - EAST OF EDEN

Late in November members of the Department in the East Block probably never noticed a mass departure of friends and colleagues to open a New Mission in the Nearer East. Somewhat unexpectedly (although some had thought for a long time the move was inevitable) it was decided that this new Consulate General should be established on a beachhead East of Eden. The actual territory assigned to the new office has been quite small, but the responsibilities will be sufficient to require the services of a Consul General, several Consuls and Vice-Consuls, and numerous assistants.

The work to be done by the new Mission should approximate the normal duties of a Consular office, with differing emphasis. For example, frequent calls are expected for Consular assistance for distressed Canadians (from the Jasper Lounge). These will be dealt with expeditiously and repatriation will be arranged in deserving cases by appropriate transportation (the O.T.C.).

There should be comparatively little call on the new Mission's representational resources, as its remote location will discourage visits from higher Departmental officials (and inspection teams). Because of its strategic location close to an important waterway, there may, however, be frequent occasions when the new Consulate General will be called upon to be host to ships of the Royal Canadian Navy when they make formal visits during exercises in nearby home waters. In fact, plans have already been made for a large reception aboard HMCS Magnificent when it arrives from Kingston at this first port-of-call on its 1956 world cruise.

Issuance of passports and visas may easily be limited to expatriate members of the Department who have completed their tours of duty in quarters close by the Consulate. This should not be an onerous task, but like the related duty of arranging for reception of deportees sent down by the Department, it will have to be handled with delicacy.

G.R.H.

STRATFORD OF CANADA ON BROADWAY

"The soundest classical company in North America." That was Brooks Atkinson's verdict in the New York Times the morning after the Festival Players of Stratford had invaded Broadway with "Tamburlaine The Great". Broadway visits being so unusual in Canada's history, this report has been prepared to share the experience with the posts abroad and those in Ottawa who could not see the play in Toronto or New York.

There was drama and suspense that lasted through the evening, through the party after the show until the morning papers arrived and the great cast and the Canadian visitors learned together that Brooks Atkinson had gone all out and John Chapman in The News had been equally enthusiastic. What a jubilant shout went up! For Atkinson and Chapman - class and mass - had approved.

It was the first professional production in the United States of Christopher Marlowe's "Tamburlaine The Great". Brooks Atkinson said that the debut arrived 369 years late.

It was the first time a Canadian production captured Broadway and its critics. There have been Canadian shows before but none receiving quite such acclaim. It gave the Canadians a thrill to see the production billed as by the now world-famous company from Stratford, Ontario. With the exception of the magnificent Anthony Quayle from Stratford, England, and Coral Browne from Australia, the company of nearly a hundred were Canadians. Quickly a correction! Stratford, Ontario, did not have enough virgins so some were picked up in New York. In the production the virgins doubled as courtesans.

The show was mounted in Stratford, another Canadian first, and the Stratford Festival paid out \$40,000 for the sets and properties and costumes.

The opening was very much a Canadian night. The Red Ensign and Old Glory draped the boxes and the gallery railing. There was some discussion whether it would be The Queen or O Canada with the Star Spangled Banner. It was solved by the orchestra. A special rehearsal would be necessary if O Canada was chosen. It was fitting because without Guthrie and Quayle Canada's success would not have been.

The party before the show started at 5:30 in the residence of the Consul General with Mr. and Mrs. H.G. Norman and the Canadian Representative to the United Nations and Mrs. R.A. MacKay joint hosts. This party represented a problem in how to speed the parting guest as the apartment is on the 15th floor. There is only one elevator and it takes over 3 minutes to make the round trip. The show started at 7:30 and there were 80 guests. They included the ambassadors of four or five Commonwealth countries in Washington, the Commonwealth ambassadors to the U.N., Tom Patterson, who made his dream of a festival in Stratford come true, Raymond Massey, his wife and his beautiful step-daughter, members of the Producers Theatre group, who were backing the show, and other theatre notables.

The guests were fed well and got out on schedule, but a new and unanticipated problem developed. When about 30 chauffeur-driven Cadillacs wait around for pickups on a cross-town street in New York's rush hour, there is the material for a traffic jam and there was one.

Ambassador and Mrs. A.D.P. Heeney and the party hosts, the last to ride the elevator, passed the queue of eager spectators on the sidewalk and joined the rest of the official party in the loge half-circle just in time to see the curtain rise.

The set got the first round of applause which continued for the actors, but poor Kit Marlowe, after 369 years, came in for continued criticism.

As Walter Kerr said in the Herald Tribune: "As of last evening, one thing was clear, Marlowe was not Shakespeare."

There were a few compliments for the long-dead author: "There is a sullen magnificence in Marlowe's cascading poetry that makes his continued fame as a playwright understandable," Richard Watts wrote in The Post.

This is the way John Chapman of The News saw the evening: "A big, loud melodrama in technicolour and 3-D, on the widest screen in town, had its opening last night at the Winter Garden and provided the greatest Canadian uprising this continent ever saw. It wasn't a movie, either, but the production by the Festival Company of Stratford, Ontario, of Christopher Marlowe's 'Tamburlaine The Great'. Cecil B. De Mille had better hurry and put it on film as his masterpiece before he retires."

"It's rousing theatre. Not Shakespeare, mind you, but perfectly swell Marlowe. Since this may be your last opportunity ever to see this landmark in English literature, a visit to the Winter Garden seems imperative," wrote Robert Coleman in the tabloid Daily Mirror under the heading: "Rip Roaring Drama."

"A gory pageant about an early Hitler," reported William Hawkins in the World-Telegram. "There is a great deal of talk but not much of it soars."

"A new high in violence and homicide, as well as a thoroughly majestic exercise in production," was the feeling of John McClain in The Journal American. "...Our Boy is a delightful 14th Century Capone."

Walter Kerr was more critical in the Herald Tribune: "Because the blood-letting rolls mercilessly on, because Tamburlaine himself betrays no complexity of mind, because spectacular feat follows spectacular feat until the play topples over from its own dizzying weight, Marlowe's nightmare has almost no power to touch us today. Seeing it is simply a matter of paying one's respect to history.... This is your chance to see what drama was like before it was drama... With that squared away, let's go on to say that in spite of the work's failure to touch a living nerve, you won't be bored. The opulent visual canvas will see to that... A cloudburst of banners illuminates every passing conquest, tumbling crowds of extras surge and break, and roll into the wings with every tread of the tyrant's foot."

No critic yielded to the favourite sport of telling the director what he should have done, and I detected only one criticism of the acting when Walter Kerr suggested that the Stratford company was not "so effective here as on its home grounds. Voices that are rich and resonant on the open platform stage lose timbre in the high reaches of the Winter Garden proscenium."

One thing is certain. An evening with Tamburlaine is stimulating, exciting and something to talk about but it is not relaxing. We were all weary when the final curtain fell and a roar of applause and a chorus of bravos greeted Anthony Quayle in repeated curtain calls and no one made a move to leave to catch the first taxi. But it was a cold night and even the presence of Marlene Dietrich and other stars, who had paid

\$25 each for seats for an actors' benefit, did not keep people hanging around the doors.

All the Canadians in the official group, all the cast and many theatre personalities were at a big reception given by ANTA, at the Carlyle Hotel. Champagne flowed and the buffet had everything to satisfy hungry actors.

One stage trick had baffled me. A conquered king had suddenly been swung aloft, a rope around his neck, his hands bound behind his back. And as he swung, was riddled with arrows from the archers on the stage. How was it done? Quite simply. He held a cord in his bound wrists and when he pulled, arrows concealed in his robes sprang up and quivered as though they had just landed in their living victim. The stage designer had another bit of realism which was too realistic even for Tyrone Guthrie. At the point when Tamburlaine kills his coward son, the dagger was to be pulled out running with blood.

I had met Guthrie in Toronto before I left for Paris when we had talked of what might be done in Stratford. Now less than four years later I talked to Guthrie again, and it seemed hardly possible that between our two meetings the unborn group had become the world-famous Festival Players of Stratford, and Stratford, itself, a railway town, the best known theatre community in Canada.

R. A. Farquharson

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THE POPE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

To be invited to a birthday party for the Pope is not too frequent an event; yet it happened to Marie Ange, the nine-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J.W. Courchesne of the Canadian Embassy, Rome. Together with children from 24 nations, she took part, on March 2, in the presentation of an 80-candle birthday cake to Pius XII and, on the same occasion, she offered greetings to His Holiness on behalf of Canadian children.

MISSION TO MOSCOW

By CPL. F.N. BRIEN

(Reprinted by kind permission of the editors of the RCMP Quarterly)

The duties of RCMP personnel are many and diversified. From earliest recruit days members of the Force learn that variety is the rule rather than the exception of Mounted Police life. Consequently surprise is an element which rarely enters into one's reactions to a change of routine. I confess, however, that a phone call I received in September from my officer commanding (Regina Sub-Division) left my aplomb somewhat rudely shattered. I had been selected, I was told, "to accompany the Minister of External Affairs, the Hon. Lester B. Pearson, to Moscow, Singapore and other countries".

With a variety of details to attend to before leaving Canada, I arrived in Ottawa on September 12, and was busy until the 30th receiving numerous inoculations and vaccinations, as well as meeting Mr. Pearson and officials of the Department of External Affairs. Mr. Ray Crepault, who was to accompany the party, was in charge of the arrangements. He explained my role was to be that of personal escort to the Minister and being in "Review Order" to be representational of Canada. I would also provide Security Liaison where necessary.

Transportation for the mission was to be by air, with departure scheduled for September 30 from the RCAF base at Rockcliffe, near Ottawa. After the usual farewell formalities, the party boarded the big Air Force C-5 at 1 p.m. and the plane took off for London, England, via Gander, Newfoundland.

The aircraft carried a crew of 17 RCAF personnel under the command of Wing Cmdr. W.G.S. Miller, CD, a very efficient and knowledgeable officer who instilled confidence in all who met him. The C-5 is a luxury aircraft, comparing favourably with any of the larger commercial passenger planes. The crew were obliging and efficient and the stewards, Sergeants Roy and Martin, continually amazed us all with the delicious meals they produced from the tiny kitchen.

We left Rockcliffe on a Friday and arrived in Berlin on the following Tuesday. En route the aircraft touched down at Gander, London and Orly Airport, Paris, France, staying two hours at Gander, overnight in London and approximately 48 hours in Paris. Official duties at these places were not too confining and I

managed a visit with Inspr. L.S. Grayson (RCMP Liaison Officer) and staff in London, and an evening seeing the sights of Paris.

The flight to Berlin took us over the famed Berlin Corridor where the ground is still pock-marked with bomb craters from the allied bombings of over a decade ago. Dr. Walther Klein, German Chief of Protocol, welcomed Mr. Pearson at Berlin's Tempelhof Airport, and accompanied him and Mr. Ritchie, Canadian Ambassador to Germany, who had joined our party in Paris, to the City Hall. I followed in a police car with Inspector Kahn of the German Federal Criminal Police, who had been assigned as security officer for the Minister. The Federal Criminal Police is not a uniformed force and the duties of its personnel are mainly investigational.

At the City Hall the Minister was met by Dr. Otto Suhr, Mayor, and signed the Golden Visitor's Book of Berlin. Later, I accompanied the Minister and Mr. Ritchie on a tour of West Berlin, which included a view through the Brandenburg Gate into East Berlin. To a great extent the bomb damage sustained in World War II is still in evidence.

Before leaving for Moscow on October 5, Inspector Kahn introduced me to members of the well drilled and smartly turned out German Traffic Police. I also met the navigator and radio operator of the Soviet Air Force who were to accompany us to Moscow. They could speak some English and were much interested in flying in a Canadian plane. (It was said that the C-5 was the first Western plane to travel over East Germany to Moscow since the war but I was in no position to verify this).

Our flight to the Russian capital followed a route over Warsaw, Poland and the Ukraine to Vnukova Airport, 27 kilometers from Moscow. The countryside appeared to be much like parts of Canada with large farms, forest belts and numerous lakes and rivers. From the air Moscow, a large city with many shining towers reaching into the sky, appeared to be surrounded by forests.

As Mr. and Mrs. Pearson came down the ramp from the aircraft, the Minister was welcomed by Mr. Molotov and a number of dignitaries. While the more formal ceremonies were taking place, I was besieged by a number of reporters - Tass, Pravda, Reuters - who wanted to know what I was and what my job was. The Russians did not seem familiar with the RCMP uniform, but they did not ask for any leading or embarrassing statements. The arrival of the Canadian mission was televised by both the Russian and Canadian camera men and all members of the press - Canadian, British, Russian - did not appear to be restricted in any way.

Large black limousines, similar in style to a 1940 Packard, provided transportation from the airport to the city. These so-called "Kremlin cars" were so marked that they obtained the right-of-way at all crossings. The black-topped highway to Moscow passed through wooded country-side and as the cavalcade sped along one noticed a number of Russian farm folk going about their tasks with no apparent interest in the nearby traffic.

On entering the Russian capital, one noticed first the new university - a high, striking structure - and many large apartment buildings being constructed nearby. (A good deal of the labour on these buildings was apparently being done by women). The streets were clean and wide - some would hold 12 lanes of traffic - and the noticeable absence of advertising signs permitted an excellent view of the sights and gave the city a neat orderly appearance. At one point, a group of large ornate buildings, with archways, fountains and star-topped towers attracted our attention and our interpreter explained that these were part of the Kremlin itself.

It was about 6 p.m., Moscow time, and the streets presented a picture familiar in any city at that hour of the evening - heavy traffic and throngs of people obviously hurrying homeward.

The "Mansion House" had been provided for the accommodation of Mr. Pearson and his party. It was a big brick house with four large bedrooms downstairs, as well as a dining room, library and billiard-cum-theatre-projection room, as well as servants' quarters. The bedrooms provided an indication of Russian hospitality - comfortable beds with spring mattresses, double pillows about 30 inches square, large ornate desks complete with all writing materials, tables laden with overflowing fruit bowls, fruit juices, candies, tonic waters, Cognac and Vodka. A large hardwood wardrobe contained colourful dressing gowns, reminiscent of a Chinese mandarin's attire.

Mr. Moskua of the Soviet Protocol Division introduced me to the three members of the Security Guard who were to be attached to the Mansion House, Messrs. Bulionov, Ilchenko and Lopuhov. Three cars and drivers were to be at our disposal at all times and we were assured that they wished to make our stay as comfortable as possible. The Security Guard and myself were billeted upstairs and Mr. and Mrs. Pearson and the Minister's personal staff occupied the downstairs rooms. The RCAF, press and remainder of the party were lodged in the National and Soviet-skaya Hotels.

That evening all members of the party attended the Bolshoi Theatre to see the Ballerina Plesetskaya in "Don Quixote", with the Minister and Mrs. Pearson guests of Mr. Molotov. The Bolshoi Theatre is a huge place with six gilded galleries and wing boxes overhanging the main floor. The stage is about 80 feet high and about the same depth. The ballet was a wonderful performance, the dancing awe-inspiring, while the stage settings were elaborate and handled with dispatch and efficiency. During the intermission, my companions explained that it was customary for the Russians to parade around the large lobby. We went out to have a look, only to find that the RCMP uniform attracted so much attention that I thought wistfully about a remote prairie detachment.

Mr. Pearson and staff were engaged in talks and luncheon at the Spiridonovka Palace with Mr. Molotov all the next morning, but in the afternoon the Canadian party was taken on a tour of the Kremlin with its many huge buildings, assembly halls, churches and Tsar or State treasures. A number of the halls and churches were of 15th to 18th Century architecture. Some groups of tourists - including parties of school children - were also viewing the Kremlin and these people mixed freely with our delegation and made use of our guide.

The Canadian Ambassador held a reception for Mr. Molotov, Mr. Kaganovich, Mr. Malenkov and other Russian notables in the evening and later I accompanied the Minister to the Puppet Theatre production of the "Devil's Mill" - truly a work of art which lasted for about three hours. Most of the entertainment in Russia, such as ballets, operas and puppet shows, appear to be on old familiar themes or stories, but these lose nothing by repetition and are obviously enjoyed with pride and enthusiasm.

A visit to the Permanent Agricultural Fair and State Farm was on order the following day and the Minister kindly consented to let me accompany the party in civilian clothes. The Fair is a tremendous show covering some 600 acres - with separate pavilions for each of the 16 Soviet Republics - and has its own bus service. Wide promenades are bordered by huge fountains and waterworks and the entrance is marked by a great stone archway. The grain on display was similar to our Canadian varieties but the straw more hairy. Farm implements, trucks and automobiles were on the practical rather than showy side, with one car, similar in style to a 1940 Ford, about four inches higher than the average and equipped with "lug" tires. This car was designed for the North, but my immediate thoughts were of how useful it would be on some of the Prairie roads I have patrolled.

A huge banquet served to us in one of the Agricultural Fair Buildings, consisted of some seven or eight courses including caviar, hors d'oeuvres such as mushrooms, delicious sardines and relishes, boiled fish, roast duck and numerous other delicacies. My Russian meal partner insisted on drinking numerous Vodka toasts to the RCMP and Canadian friendship and I was well pleased that the huge meal served to offset any effect of this extremely potent drink. Afterwards we went to the Gorky State Farm just outside Moscow. The director, a round chubby-faced man in what resembled an army uniform was a real down-to-earth person whose face lighted up as he showed us the tall black cows, pigs, and chickens, but who felt most uncomfortable in the farm's nursery and kindergarten, especially when the little ones started to wail at the sudden appearance of numerous strangers. (Mothers leave their babies and children in the nursery and kindergarten during the day while they work on the farm.)

Later that evening I accompanied the Minister to a football game between the Spartaks and Kiev, at the Dynamo Stadium. The Stadium is a huge cement arena which holds 80,000 people and though the game was not a crucial one, the stands were three-quarters full. The Spartaks played a superior brand of soccer, quite as good as some I had witnessed at Wembley in England, and the crowd obviously enjoyed the contest, cheered, groaned and reacted in much the same manner as any Canadian, English or American crowd would.

Midnight found us aboard the Russian Express "Red Arrow" bound for Leningrad. It was a comfortably furnished train and while the cars were not as modern as our newer Canadian coaches, they were more roomy. Leningrad was reached in the morning and the Minister and Mrs. Pearson were met by A/Mayor Strzhalkovsky.

We spent a full day in Leningrad seeing its many palaces, mostly heritages from the days of Tsarist Russia. The Gulf of Finland, numerous canals and bridges, a background of huge stone buildings, the golden spires of St. Peter's and St. Paul's Church and the dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral, all gave the city a grand and orderly appearance. A tour of the "Hermitage", an art museum in the former Palace of Catherine the Great, revealed an amazing wealth of paintings, precious stones, statues and other treasures. One room contained a large collection of Rembrandt's paintings; another, Peter the Great's Throne Room, diamond-studded saddle blankets and sword; others were filled with Wedgewood china, pewter ware, teak chests and so on. Our guide told us that a complete tour would take from four to five hours. From the Hermitage we journeyed to the outskirts to visit the palace, and surrounding grounds, of Peter the Great.

The palace itself was being repaired, having been damaged during the siege of Leningrad in World War II. The grounds contained countless pathways, fountains and waterworks of every sort.

That evening the Minister and his party were guests of the A/Mayor and local Soviet at a sumptuous banquet and at the conclusion of it each Canadian was presented with a large picture album of Leningrad and surroundings. That night we journeyed back to Moscow aboard the same "Red Arrow" Express, arriving on Sunday morning.

From then until our departure from Moscow on October 12, the program included trade talks, conferences, visits to the opera and personal sight-seeing in the department stores, the Mausoleum where the bodies of Lenin and Stalin lie in state, the chandelier-festooned entrances to the underground railway system - "the Metro" - and attendance at a reception given by Messrs. Molotov, Kaganovich and Malenkov at the Spiridonovka Palace. This reception was attended by representatives from many of the embassies in Moscow.

On October 11 the Minister, accompanied by Mr. Watkins, Mr. Crepault and Mr. Ignatieff boarded a Soviet Air Force plane to pay a visit to Premier Bulganin and Secretary Khrushchev holidaying in the Crimea. Before the Minister left, all members of the Canadian party received a gift from the U.S.S.R. Government, the writer receiving an attractive hand-painted cigarette box. Next morning I accompanied Mrs. Pearson to the Vnukova Airport and with our Russian navigator and radio operator aboard, the C-5 left for Saki in the Crimea (near Sevastopol and perhaps familiar to the RCMP contingent of World War I.) There we were treated to our final Russian banquet at a pretty sea-side restaurant in the town of Yevpatoriya. Shortly afterwards we met Mr. Pearson and party and said good-bye to our Russian airmen. Leaving the U.S.S.R. we headed out over the Black Sea and then followed a route across Turkey and Iraq, passing the lights of the ancient City of Baghdad and arriving in Basra, Iraq at about 7 p.m. - and in a temperature of 90 degrees.

While I was registering at the Shatt-el-Arab Hotel, I was the innocent instigator of a rather amusing bit of by-play. It seems an "English" type noticed me standing at the desk and upon joining his companion at a bar nearby remarked that he had seen a "Canadian Mountie" in Basra. His doubting companion came out to have a look and then and there they both decided they had had enough and staggered off homeward.

It had been decided that my services would not be required after the Russian tour and I was to leave the party at Basra to return via commercial airlines to Canada. The following morning I said good-bye to the Minister and Mrs. Pearson and other members of the Canadian Delegation who were continuing on to Singapore. After waving the C-5 off into the blue, Mr. G. Ignatieff - who also left the party at Basra - and I joined Mr. Jackson, British Consul-General and Mr. Joseph Wright, British Consul for Iraq, who had kindly invited us to be their guests while in Basra. Mr. Ignatieff left that night en route to Bonn, Germany and I found I had to wait until the 16th for a BOAC booking to London.

During my stay in Basra my host, Mr. Wright, was kindness itself and introduced me to the British Club where I met some fine people and enjoyed swimming in their crystal-clear pool. The members insisted the swimming season was over for that year - it was only 90 degrees at the time. I also saw some local colour in the form of Persian dancers - quite a change from the Ballet of the Bolshoi, but equally expressive in a different way.

My pleasant stay in Basra ended Sunday a.m. when I boarded the BOAC Super Constellation bound for Damascus, Beirut and Frankfurt, Germany and London, England. En route we flew over Malta, Sicily and up the east coast of Italy, over territory familiar to members of the RCMP No. 1 Provost Company who served in World War II. I asked the captain to point out Ortona and as we passed over this Adriatic Port at a height of 12,000 feet I paid a silent tribute to my former comrades who are buried in the Canadian cemetery there.

London was reached late the same day and I left for Canada aboard the TCA Constellation two days later. After brief stops in Shannon, Gander and Montreal I found myself back in Ottawa at noon on the 19th, having travelled approximately 14,000 miles in 19 days and visited England, France, Germany, the U.S.S.R., Iraq, Syria, Lebanon and Ireland.

After reporting to the Commissioner at Ottawa I left for Regina at midnight of the 21st and arrived there the following morning. There I was met by Mrs. Brien and four little Briens and a warm welcome in which the scarlet tunic played no part. Another RCMP duty had been performed. But it was not one to be dismissed lightly nor to be forgotten easily for the privilege of serving in even a small capacity on so momentous a venture was an opportunity rarely afforded many members of the Force.

SIR JOHN A. JOINS IN FUN

AT EARO CHRISTMAS PARTY

Young lady at foot of statue yawns, stretches, looks up at JAM (Sir John A. Macdonald). Puts aside her shield and banner to relax. She is BABE.

PIGEON PASSES OVERHEAD

Jam: (stirs, raises hand to forehead, and looks about him with annoyance) Damn those pigeons!

Babe: Why, are you alive too?

Jam: (startled) I.....I... don't know my child... I just felt this empty feeling and a great thirst and ... I thought I needed a little sustenance ... and

PIGEON PASSES OVERHEAD

Jam: Damn those pigeons!

Babe: But just who are you anyway? You've stood up there all these years like a public monument to heaven knows what! and we've never been introduced.

Jam: (after a little sustenance)

Year after year I've stood here
Watching the passing parade.
Considering all that I have seen
I'm just as glad I'm daid.

Year after year the faces
Get emptier by far,
And they try and run the country
Without benefit of a bar.

(little sustenance)

Year after year I get sicker
Of those Liberals spoiling the view
And even the Tories, bless them!
Are a sad and sorry crew.

Year after year I've stood here
Watching each passing day
Considering all that I have seen
I'd sooner face the other way.

Two obvious tourists enter covered with cameras and light exposure meters, dark glasses, straw hats and chewing straw.

She: Honey, do you reckon our two Cadillacs will be safe over there?

He: Sure, these people got respect for power.

He: (*Gazing at statue*) Who do you reckon this fella was?

She: Ain't he the one they wrote that song about - him that had the farm.

He: Yeah, I guess the other one is for the guy who owns that big hotel - the Laurier.

She: Well come on, we only got 5 minutes to see the Parliament buildings and we got to get around all the other places this afternoon.

They go off and while lunchers come on right two M.P.'s pass from left to right.

A: How's business?

B: Not so loud - people might think we came here for the money.

Lunchers sit down on blankets (unobtrusively) and proceed to toss lunch papers, old newspapers, milk cartons, etc. around. One looks up and remarks that JAM is turning slightly off colour ... then chorus sings (to the tune of 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' (John Brown's Body) the following:

Sir John A. Macdonald now is slowly turning green
He's no longer as blue as he might have been.
His eyes have seen the coming of the civil servant horde
Who have feasted on the crumbs from the politicians' board.

They are a mighty army in the service of the crown
No one yet has found the secret how to keep their numbers
down.

Soon everyone who's anyone will be working for the state
And they still come marching on.

Sir John A. Macdonald now is slowly turning green
It's no wonder at all with the things that he has seen.
Now F.S.O.'s they trample where once that statesman trod
And have littered up with garbage, the capital's fair sod.

Young lady at base of statue comes forward, takes out script and reads (in an arch and cultivated voice):

Narrator: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. For some time as you already know, the Fashion Department of Supplies and Properties Division has been hard at work on styles to be worn by our staffs abroad and at home. As a special feature of this evening's entertainment we bring you a small preview drawn from the pages of the new catalogue which will be appearing shortly. Other countries have for some time published catalogues describing the correct clothing to be worn on all occasions by personnel representing them abroad, so this volume, when it appears, will serve to fill a long-felt need. Our first creation is for every-day tropical wear.

(Enter man wearing sun helmet, open-necked khaki shirt, large blue and white polka-dotted bow tie, shorts, wellington boots, carrying satchel with shoulder strap fastened with combination padlock. Half the sun helmet is painted black.)

Narrator: You will note that here we have combined the attractive with the practical. Notice the rubber boots in readiness for sudden monsoon weather and the satchel for carrying classified documents fastened with a fetching padlock. The hat is reversible for more formal occasions.

Man: (*turns hat around -- recites in a monotone*)

The sun may shine
The rain may fall
Through steamy jungles
I may crawl
But in this dress I'll always be
A credit to my fair Countree.

(He whips out small Canadian flag and moves to far side of stage.)

Narrator: Rumours of a forthcoming exchange of ambassadors with Greenland prompted the design of our next number.

(Enter man in top hat with scarf around ears, wearing 3 or 4 overcoats around the collar of the top of which is tied a large blue and white polka-dotted bow tie. He is also wearing mitts and a pair of fur lined boots.)

Narrator: Warmth is the keynote of this simple costume, note the formal touch of the headgear, indicating Canada's adherence to the old school, or the "fichez-moi la paix" type of diplomacy. The scarf around the head effectively muffles any indiscretions that the young diplomat, especially, is liable to utter.

Man: (in monotone)

Girded for my tricky task
I trudge to northern climes
And with a smile I go to ask
What's been asked a thousand times
But go I must, to try or bust
From frost to broiling heat
To ask our national question
"Do you want our bleeding wheat?"

Narrator: Nor have the ladies been forgotten by our fashion department. This design, as you see, is modelled on the lines of the male costume.

(Enter girl in a man's suit, shirt, shoes and blue and white polka-dotted bow tie).

Narrator: (becoming very lively and heated) This model cries out: EQUALITY IS OUR WATCHWORD, WE DEMAND OUR RIGHTS --- I beg your pardon --- *(resuming her cultured tone)* This model is both practical and fetching. Fetching as it does \$49.95 at Freiman's basement. *(drily)* Oh! dear.

Girl: (recites in monotone)

Since Mrs. Pankhurst made her fuss
We've gone a long, long way;
Now everything is run by us
Extremely well, I'd say.

There are a few positions
That we have still to get,
So watch it, men, Room 263
In time we'll be there yet.

(Moves towards others)

Narrator: Our designer has put his whole soul into the creation of our next number: The full dress uniform of a Canadian Foreign Service Officer.

(Enter man in tails, black waistcoat, blue and white polka dot bow tie, towel over arm, droopy moustache, hair parted in middle.)

Man: (recites in monotone)

The British are gilt and brocaded
The Frenchmen are gorgeous in green
The Danes and the Russians wear scarlet
The Indians are sights to be seen.
Wherever we go as we're sent to and fro
We find everyone gaudily dressed
But we are Canadian diplomats
And this is our Sunday best.

Narrator: And to conclude our parade of fashion, the following number was designed in answer to the great demand for a durable costume for the lean years in Ottawa. *(Enter man in barrel, wearing a blue and white polka dot bow tie.)* Not only is this costume long lasting, but the wearer can dispense with costly dry cleaning expenses by giving it a good coat of durable paint which will preserve it indefinitely.

Man: (recites in monotone)

I lived in gilded palaces
When I was overseas,
And flunkies snapped to my command
On my representational fees.
But now in Ottawa I've lost
Ten pounds and I'm not boasting,
Dear Personnel, please jot this down
(chokingly) I'm dying for a posting.

(Joins the others.)

Jan: That was interesting, very interesting. But tell me - that costume for a woman - how did it get in there?

Chappie: It all started several years ago when an aspiring young type by the name of Billy Bird took the exams and passed them. That was Day One in the new era ...

Jam: Brilliant, I suppose.

Chappie: Maybe. The only trouble was that *someone* slipped somewhere. When Billy Bird arrived in Ottawa it turned out that it was a she.

Jam: Ah! Pretty eh?

Chappie: I don't know. (JAM looks disappointed). She was what they called a blue-stocking. It was too late to do anything about her sex (*whispered*) when she arrived .. and it opened the gates so-to-speak. They just kept coming and nobody seemed to be able to stop them.

(While he has been speaking a female dressed severely arrives on stage with suitcase. Opening it she takes out a pair of shoes, an umbrella and a large stack of files. She is followed by four similar females who all sit down with a business-like manner at a table and commence to work.)

Jam: (looks aghast at the women) Did they stay?

Chappie: (looks at him with pity) Did you ever know a woman who didn't?

Jam: Well ... uh.. uh.. I imagine they were kept well in line though. Don't like authoritative women!

(JAM and CHAPPIE fade out and the women take the spotlight) They look up from their files and sing a short ditty on the way to succeed - by being competent and intelligent.

INTELLIGENCE AND COMPETENCE

(Tune: Gaudeamus Igitur)

Intelligence and competence,
That's the way we run the state:
Treaties, files, and documents
We like much better than a mate.

There's nothing that we cannot do,
The foot is in the other shoe,
Women run things better than
Any Foreign Service Man.

(Two men enter - one from each side of stage)

1st fem. Macdonald, get the Slobovian file.

2nd fem. Mackenzie, send these instructions to the U.N. delegation.

3rd fem. And tell Mowat and Blake to bring the papers for the trade treaty with Slobovia. Their delegate will be here any moment and we want the papers ready for him to sign.

Mackenzie: But maybe he won't want to ...

4th fem. We are organized and ready. It just takes a little sleight of hand, léger de main, you know. He will sign.

5th fem. Certainly!

(Both men seem ready to protest at which the ladies rise and look sternly at them - and they go on their way. Great bustle of people moving in and out and delegate is firmly ushered into his chair. The women gather threateningly around him while two of them point out in low tones the advantages of the treaty, and a third competently puts a pen in his hand. He proves unexpectedly stubborn and finally manages to fight his way out and to the door. The women are non-plussed - and at this point we hear the raucous voice of Sir John A. singing...)

AUTHORITATIVE LADIES

Authoritative Ladies,
They think they got us beat,
They think that being officers
Is quite a clever feat.
They act like sergeant majors
They try to run the earth,
All they've done is made themselves
The butt of jokes and mirth.

while the men push their smirking faces in from the sidelines.

Our girls are not slow on the up-take. They look at each other, the light dawns, and they do a quick strip (from jeans or other unfeminine attire) to something more fetching

while the record player comes out with something sexy and Latin American. Two of the more talented members loosen up for a shimmy while two of the brawnier ones leap for the floor with shrieks of ...

We'll get him.

3rd fem. Alive, please.

(There is a file thrown at her head)

(The Slobovian diplomat is dragged in by force and comfortably installed with cushions, etc. One female lovingly puts slippers on his feet. Another offers him food and drink. A third ruffles his hair. Fourth and fifth shimmy. Then all sing "Ain't he sweet?")

AIN'T HE SWEET

Oh watch our stuff,
If intelligence ain't enough
We'll fraternize, glamorize, completely dazzilize
That poor tough.

Oh ain't he sweet,
Oh boy he's just our meat,
With womanly wiles and feminine guile,
That treaty will be complete.

At end of which two install selves in lap. Third puts pen in his mouth. Fourth holds trade treaty ... and he signs. At this all kiss him and usher him out.)

Jam: The 19th century had its faults, but - O where's my bottle? (takes sustenance). Ah! that's better. Now here comes a type who doesn't look as if he had women on his mind. A fine upstanding pioneer! What are you looking for, friend?

(Enter Davy Pickersgill in coon-skin hat, etc.)

Davy: My name is Davy Pickersgill
And I'm king of the Wild Frontier
That follows the forty-ninth parallel -
Listen, folks, I'll tell you why I'm here:
I've tramped my way from Newfoundland

To the coasts of old B.C.,
From Toronto to Hudson's Bay
And back to Moosonee.
I've looked in bars and nursery schools
Asked the boys in Petawawa,
I've inspected public swimming pools,
Even distant towns like Ottawa!
I've asked a friend in the CBC
To make some special announcements,
I've interrogated my colleagues in other
Government Departments
I've hunted high and low, my friends,
I've done my level best;
I've hunted far and wide, my friends,
From the East coast to the West.
I'm licked, I'm beat, my feet - they slay me!
O, where, tell me where, is a Canadian baby?

Indian band: (Howls, drums, etc.)

Davy!
Davy, Pickersgill! (Drums, howls, etc.)

1st Indian: He's a scholar and a gentleman,
And a cabinet minister too,
He's a white man, not an Indian.

All: Then why all the ballyhoo? (Drums, howls, etc.)

2nd Indian: Because in spite of all his knowledge,
Despite his high position,
He is forced now to acknowledge
An embarrassing condition.

Davy: O the shame of it!

All: In all this broad fair continent
This Dominion from sea to sea
He can't find the right sort of infant
HE CAN'T FIND A CANUCK BABY (Drums, howls, etc.)

Chief: Ugh! Hail, Paleface!

Davy: Ugh! I mean, how do you do!

Chief: O.K., old chap,
But why so sad
Things can't really be that bad.

Davy: O woe, I've staked my reputation
As minister for immigration -
Without a Canadian baby, true blue
I might as well resign, I'm through!

Chief: Hold on old sock! I think I've got
Just what you are after.
Have you had the chance to meet
Minnie Hotstuff? - that's my daughter.

Davy: But are you absolutely certain
She's Canadian through and through?
That her mother's not behind the Iron Curtain
Or born in Timbuctoo?

Chief: Now listen, Paleface,
That's enough.
I'm through with rhyme
And all that stuff.
Don't cast aspersions on my parentage
If you want the truth, here goes!
If you want to know our heritage
We'll tell you in plain prose!

All: WE'VE BEEN HERE A HELL OF A LOT LONGER THAN
YOU HAVE! ! (howls, drums, etc.)

Chief: (Introducing Minnie)
My Minnie she's got a pedigree
As old as the French fur trade
May I introduce my Minnie
A real Canadian baby! (clinch)

Davy: O joy, O rapture, O perfection!
Now I'll win the next election!

All: (in chorus, to the accompaniment of drums)
Minnie, she ain't got the vote
But Minnie didn't come by boat
Across the broad blue ocean.
Minnie didn't come by plane
Or bus or bicycle or train
To Canada's fair shore.
No! Minnie used no transportation
She's had no truck with immigration
For she was here long, long before
Confederation!

EARO ACTIVITIES

Two duplicate bridge nights have been held this winter
under H.C. Kingstone.

⊕

March 13, a theatre night at the Little Theatre for "The
Moon is Blue", presented by a professional company from Toronto
of CBC television players.

⊕

The annual bonspiel is on March 22 for all experienced and
inexperienced curlers. The EARO definition of an "experienced
curler" for this bonspiel "is one who has played at least three
or four times and is full of confidence, probably quite un-
founded, that a stone delivered by his or her unerring hand has
a fair prospect of arriving somewhere in the general neighbour-
hood of its intended destination."

⊕ ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

SKETCHING

Sketching classes began on February 9, under EARO aus-
pices, with an enrollment of 18. The convenor, Miss Georgette
Boudreault, reports that after a few Thursday noon hour classes
some slight mastery of the techniques of still life, perspec-
tive, etc., can be seen.

BIRTHS

Frances Renata, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A.J. Pick, Rome, October 17, 1955.

Richard Simon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey L. Hearn, Ottawa, November 21, 1955.

Mary Martha Jane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. St. L. Durdin, Ottawa, December 3, 1955.

Vivien, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H.H. Carter, The Hague, December 7, 1955.

Christopher James, son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth C. Brown, Ottawa, January 6, 1956.

Peter James and Grant Albert, twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. J.G. Harris, Canberra, January 15, 1956.

Margaret Kathleen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W.A. MacKay, Ottawa, February 13, 1956.

Lesley Diana, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G.R. Harmon, Ottawa, February 16, 1956.

Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. D.C. Arnould, Ottawa, February 22, 1956.

Joseph Rene Daniel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice C. Miller, New York, February 29, 1956.

Michael Cargill, son of Mr. and Mrs. G.H. Southam, Ottawa, February 29, 1956.

Paula Maria Jacoba Isabella, daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Frans J. van Agt (Elspeth McGregor), The Hague, March 6, 1956.

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MARRIAGES

Miss Joan Howlett to Mr. J.M. McLean, Ottawa, December 9, 1955.

Miss Marie-Jose Clift to Mr. Guy Choquette, Montreal, December 10, 1955.

Miss Adriana Kilsteege to Mr. E.T. Galpin, Colombo, January 12, 1956.

Miss Anita Comtois to Mr. Marcel Cadieux, Quebec City, January 12, 1956.

Mrs. D.M. McLean to Mr. Merrill Harwood, Ottawa, February 4, 1956.

Miss Joan Peady to Mr. Thomas Conway, Ottawa, February 11, 1956.



Dominion-Wide Photo

Miss Lise Allain of Registry who was chosen Miss External Affairs on March 9, centre, with Miss Madeleine Lavoie, left, of United Nations Division, and Miss Leonne Laurin of Communications, right, the runners up.