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INDIAN SUMMER 1964

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ÉTÉ DE LA SAINT-MARTIN 1964

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SECRET

LA MAISON DE VERRE

L'ensemble onusien de l'East River qui comprend le Secrétariat, les salles des Conseils et de conférences, l'immense amphithéâtre de l'Assemblée générale, la bibliothèque et le jardin avec sa promenade le long de la rivière, rivalise, comme attrait touristique, avec l'Empire State ou la tour Eiffel. Les centaines de milliers de visiteurs de toutes nationalités qui s'y pressent chaque année apportent une somme rondelette au budget courant de l'ONU.

Cet ensemble imposant constitue une oeuvre de véritable coopération internationale. Dix architectes représentant autant de pays - Australie, Belgique, Brésil, Chine, France (le Corbusier), Royaume-Uni, Suède, URSS, Uruguay et Canada (l'architecte Ernest Cormier) - ont participé à cette réalisation architecturale. Et l'on ne sait combien d'artistes ont contribué à sa décoration tant extérieure qu'intérieure. Véritable musée, on peut y admirer des tapis persans aux reflets moirés, de délicates et hiératiques sculptures indonésiennes, des tapisseries des Flandres, des tissus incas étonnants, etc. On y trouve également des contributions plus importantes. La décoration des salles du Conseil de sécurité, du Conseil économique et social et du Conseil de tutelle, a été réalisée par des artistes scandinaves. Les hauts murs du hall d'entrée réservé aux délégués sont revêtus de puissantes fresques symboliques dues à un artiste brésilien. Le Canada pour sa part, en plus d'avoir prêté à l'ONU le talent d'un de ses meilleurs architectes, a fait cadeau à l'Organisation des portes monumentales qui ornent l'entrée destinée au grand public. Oeuvre élégante d'ailleurs par une stylisation moderne des figures allégoriques évocatrices de la Paix. Le caractère international de l'Organisation n'est nulle part plus apparent qu'à la bibliothèque où les délégués peuvent consulter le texte des constitutions des nouveaux États tout aussi bien que les sages commentaires de Platon et des penseurs politiques de toutes les époques. Présence internationale également accusée par la dentelle vivante et colorée des drapeaux des 112 États membres qui flottent au vent de Manhattan et le va-et-vient autour de l'édifice et dans les couloirs des représentants de toutes les races humaines.

L'utilisation aussi déterminée et consciente du verre comme matériau principal dans la construction d'un ensemble architectural de cette envergure a-t-elle été préméditée ou fut-elle le fruit de quelque heureux hasard? Quoi qu'il en soit, ceux qui sont épris de symbolisme diront sans doute que l'Organisation des Nations Unies semble partager plusieurs des qualités du verre. En vérité, elle en a la transparence, l'éclat et la fragilité.

Le président Wilson voyait dans la diplomatie et les intrigues secrètes des chancelleries une cause aggravante de guerre. Il souhaitait que les problèmes internationaux se discutent ouvertement et que les États puissent porter plainte, si nécessaire, à la barre de l'opinion publique mondiale. Ses espérances ont été largement comblées. L'ONU représente aujourd'hui cet idéal de la diplomatie ouverte. On y trouve toute la gamme des idéologies politiques — communisme, socialisme, libéralisme, capitalisme, pseudo-libéralisme, crypto-socialisme, socio-libéralisme — et tous les degrés d'inclinations — engagés, non-engagés, neutres, indépendants, dépendants, interdépendants, les déclarés, et les hésitants. Si l'on songe que chacune de ces idéologies, de ces nuances, a son porte-parole dans la personne d'un ambassadeur et d'un personnel diplomatique, et que leur raison d'être précisément est d'engager le dialogue avec les collègues, il n'est certes pas étonnant que l'ONU soit devenue une bourse d'échanges d'idées sur le plan international et, comme la bourse des courtiers, ouverte au grand public.

On parle beaucoup à l'ONU; devant la caméra et la télévision, le micro et les journalistes. Mais cette maison de verre est aussi un club où se poursuivent des palabres sans fin dans moult coins et recoins propices aux confidences. Car ne l'oublions pas, l'ONU est le sanctuaire de l'art de la persuasion. On y encourage également la méditation, mais la petite pièce aménagée à cet effet par Dag Hammarskjöld est, disent les mauvaises langues, la moins fréquentée de toutes.

Les feux de la publicité sont toujours braqués sur l'activité de l'ONU et, s'ils en déforment souvent l'image, ils attestent par leur présence même l'intérêt que le monde entier porte à ses réalisations. C'est qu'au fond l'ONU est la concrétisation d'un des plus vieux rêves de l'humanité: la création d'une véritable communauté internationale.

De par sa Charte, l'ONU doit voir à maintenir la paix et la sécurité internationales et à faciliter le règlement pacifique des différends. Il est presque inutile de rappeler, tellement les journaux en ont parlé, les nombreuses opérations pour le maintien de la paix au Cachemire, à Suez, au Yémen, au Congo et à Chypre. Ces opérations à plusieurs reprises ont éloigné le spectre de la guerre.

L'ONU tend aussi à devenir une sorte de conscience collective en s'attachant à faire respecter les grandes libertés humaines. La liquidation du colonialisme, qui a eu pour résultat l'entrée à l'ONU de nombreuses nations, a donné une impulsion vigoureuse à la reconnaissance pratique de la Déclaration universelle des droits de l'homme.

Le domaine de l'esprit et celui de la culture ne demeurent pas étrangers aux préoccupations de l'ONU. Quoique discrètes, les réalisations de l'UNESCO constituent un monument à la gloire de l'Organisation. Elles attestent avec éclat ses poursuites humanistes et renouent la tradition avec la période d'effervescence intellectuelle de la Renaissance.

Si l'on ajoute que l'ONU s'attaque également aux problèmes de l'ignorance, de la misère, et mène des offensives internationales pour supprimer la maladie et de façon générale élever le niveau de vie des pays sous-développés, l'on comprend aisément que cette Organisation d'entraide mondiale constitue le grand espoir pour une proportion grandissante de l'humanité. On oublie parfois que l'ampleur des programmes d'assistance de l'ONU constitue une de ses plus grandes réalisations, qui toutes dépassent de loin ce qu'a pu faire la Société des Nations. Qui s'étonnera que le grand rêve onusien soit irisé de l'éclat des espérances qu'il soulève!

L'ONU cependant a la fragilité des constructions de l'esprit. Ces trois lettres signifient en dernière analyse la pratique de la tolérance et celle d'une certaine forme de coexistence qui reconnaît que la Paix est le premier de tous les biens. Est-il possible de transformer les tensions entre les peuples, en actes de paix et de canaliser les désirs de domination et de conquête vers des solutions aux maux réels et profonds de l'humanité? Voilà le défi relevé par l'ONU et sa fonction est de donner une expression concrète à la reconnaissance de la dignité et de la fraternité entre les peuples. Idéal fragile et précaire, peut-être, mais n'est-ce pas le propre de tous les idéaux!

Il existe donc à New-York une certaine maison de verre... Je la regarde quelques fois de ma fenêtre au moment où le soleil couchant allume le ciel d'un vaste incendie. Elle devient soudainement un gigantesque miroir, un rectangle de lumière et de couleurs dressé sur les bords de l'East River. Faut-il y voir un autre symbole? Pour ma part, je me plais à imaginer que l'ONU est un miroir de notre monde et qu'elle lui renverra toujours l'image fidèle qu'il saura lui donner.

Coauteurs: S.E.M. Paul Tremblay

Marcelle Dumoulin

GLOBE-TROTTING, WITH A DIFFERENCE

The Embassy in Argentina is not so fortunate as some regarding the number of Canadian visitors it has the opportunity to welcome and assist. A small number of business men, some missionaries and a handful of tourists for whom Buenos Aires is a brief port of call, make up the substance of our yearly allotment. The odd student, hitch-hiking through these regions, occasionally drops in to sign the book or to pick up mail, but they are few and far between. Argentina is off the beaten track; yet we have our moments.

Once in a long while we come across singular people, knights of the road who follow the call of adventure to far-off places. Thus we met Conrad Dubé, who hails from Quebec City, in March 1963. He arrived on a bicycle, his camping gear neatly stacked behind the saddle and surmounted by a staff from which drooped a medium-size Canadian flag. His bike was adorned also with printed posters giving his name, country of origin, and other pertinent details such as the number of countries he had visited (46) and the total distance he had travelled (243,000 miles), roughly the equivalent of ten times around the earth.

Appearances to the contrary, these signs were not displayed in a boastful spirit. The fact is that Conrad, a polio victim from infancy, made it the hard way from cradle to bicycle. The wheel and the open road were, indeed, the final rewarding form of therapy he encountered in his search for rehabilitation. While apparently working wonders for his health, they did less for his speech which remains very impaired. Hence the posters wisely printed in Spanish, an idiom he is not too familiar with. Not surprisingly, Conrad visited the office of the Buenos Aires Herald where he was interviewed at some length...

One thing the article of the Herald does not reveal, although the posters supply a hint, is Conrad's unusual ability to take care of himself. On the eve of his departure, after a ten day sojourn, he was able to mail four hundred dollars' worth of pesos to his family, which left him with a mere 6,000 pesos in pocket money. One assumes that a good part of this windfall was collected in the cinema district of Buenos Aires where he could be observed astride his bicycle on an evening, neither soliciting nor refusing the cash offerings that fell into a big cigar box attached to his handle bars. To our Second Secretary who accompanied him to the bank at his request, Conrad said that he regularly sent money home. A dutiful son evidently, if a wandering one.

It is perhaps only by coincidence that we had the visit, at the end of last March, of one Bill Smith who also came to us after many weary miles from "La

douce province" (if they are still calling it that!). A man of 71, Bill hails from Montreal and travels on foot, like the Apostles. He took up globe-trotting after being retired from his job at Henry Birks in Montreal. It all began innocently with a trip back to the Old Country in 1960, to visit relatives; then the wanderlust took hold. Bill has a limited vocabulary and appears to be wearing the clothes he started out with four years ago. He travels light.

Inevitably, Bill found the Buenos Aires Herald which published a sketch of his life and wanderings. According to the story he lives on a \$65 a month pension, which he considers ample usually. We found him inexpensive lodging at the Seamen's Union but... he complains that life in Buenos Aires is costly as compared to Chile where he got by handsomely on a dollar a day. I hope, for the sake of our colleagues in that country, that word of this does not reach the D.B.S. or T.B. officials.

Although Bill Smith is not in a class with Conrad Dubé as an operator, being handicapped perhaps by age and experience, he is nevertheless not to be pitied. It is true he has less cash, but then he is blessed with a wealth of memories and a less clever brain. His strong suit is friendliness, inspired by honest and forthright look. He generates this easily, and presumably to some advantage in hitch-hiking.

Thus, each pedalling along in his own fashion, Bill and Conrad drifted in and out of our official life: an innocent pair from Quebec, one English-speaking and the other, French. There is a nice balance in this which, to be really perfect, may call for extension. It would seem appropriate for us to encounter next some knight errant from Ontario, the Prairies or even British Columbia, in March, 1965. Needless to add, we look forward calmly to this visitation.

E.R. Bellemare

Buenos Aires, April 1964

FROM JAPAN TO CUBA, VIA OTTAWA

...When I left Tokyo Jan. 26th last, I thought I would be in for the commencement of a peaceful two years in Ottawa, so I took the opportunity to fly the long way home via Europe. It gave me some new perspectives of old haunts. I was struck with the provincialism of Taiwan and I remember a superb week in Hong Kong made so by the company of the Globe's Charles Taylor and of a little princess named Yurika. India seemed unchanged, except for a somewhat ersatz 'emergency' atmosphere, I got in my first visit to Israel (although for three years I had worked all around it) and found it the world's most hospitable of countries, especially its kibbutzes and an old Tokyo friend Eli Tabori. Paris was definitely changed: its face looks more prosperous, its militia more numerous. For a while I thought it seemed sadder and more serious, until I heard the lambasting le Grand Charles got in a night club. I also paid my first visit to quiet old Dublin, made memorable by a colleen named O'Connell, the Abbey Players and the soft voluptuousness of the Irish countryside, even with or perhaps because of a foot of snow in many places. I spent a week in London, full of admiration for my sister, who has by now become somewhat of a mogul in BBC television, and for the superb London stage. If only they could find something to cut through the smog of London, the way "Beyond the Fringe" has cut through London complacency.

The longer your airticket is, the larger the detours you can take at no extra fee. Flying Tokyo-London-Ottawa is long enough to get as far south as Bermuda and the Bahamas, it seems. In Bermuda I looked up an old friend, Kit Mainguy, who can still turn out with professional bravourea the best *crêpes suzette* in Christendom, and, to make matters better, is co-manager of a hotel called 'The Briton'. Not satisfied with putting on ten pounds there, I accepted a generous introduction from Charles Taylor and headed for his father's Caribbean empire at Lyford Cay in the Bahamas. It had been well aired since Kennedy and MacMillan were there, and so was ready for more riffraff like me. "Now look here, Edsel", I said to one of the other minor guests, "I don't like the way my model T is running..."

I also was lucky enough to get in some deep-sea fishing in Nassau with a very pleasant couple called the Lavelles. We just missed a whale, but I single-handedly landed a deadly bifurcated black-eyed purple-ended pollywog, to the amazement and cheers of all aboard.

It was 95° in Nassau and when I stepped off the plane in Ottawa it was 15° below. I had nothing with me but the suitcase full mostly of tropical gear that I'd left Tokyo with: the rest of my chattels were on their way by sea. Far

Eastern Division welcomed me warmly, though, and ushered me into my own office with my name on the door and tatamis on the floor: I was all set to take over the 'Japan desk'. Then one of those coups d'esprit for which life in a foreign service is famous exploded: someone was needed in a hurry in Cuba, and my old friend Ray Robinson, who'd been billed for the role, unfortunately fell ill. How would I like to be Our Man? "You should at least give it a night's thought", said the head of personnel as I arrived at his office five minutes later in white ducks, topee and false beard...

When I left for Cuba in mid-March, the only way in from the West was via Mexico City, which still let the Cuban airline land twice a week if the wind were right. I suppose the Cuban atmosphere starts right at the line-up for the plane to Havana. The same Mexicans who welcomed you so casually and hospitably when you got off the plane from Canada now took photographs and even sometimes fingerprints of everyone bound for Cuba. Even passports are photographed and stamped with an ominous "DEPARTED FOR CUBA", which would certainly make it a bit trickier for some nationalities to go home again. But even the most serious of Latin-Americans can't be straight-faced all the time: as well as the official photographer there was a second flashbulber, who looked as if he were working freelance, and accidently took some people several times and missed others altogether. Finally he started taking a suspiciously large number of the pretty airline stewardesses; the Cuban stewards complained and the Mexicans hustled him off the tarmac.

Our course skirted way round the north of Cuba,... and then dipped south into Havana after dark. It was a hot and sultry tropical night, almost identical, I was to discover, with every night during the four months I was to spend there. Tom Hammond pried me through customs and immigration like a shoehorn manipulating an old heel, and took me to the Hotel Capri, which still, at least from the outside, looks like a model tropical luxury hotel, 18 svelte storeys with a pool on the roof.

I did notice, however, a few differences from the picture-book Palm Beach hotel one is used to. Firstly, of course, a rather sullen-looking negress, looking a bit like a Russian lady wrestler, in her shapeless gunny-sack mufti and toting a very modern Czech 'burp' semi-machine gun, was alternately guarding the entrance and bantering with the usual hotel-front procurers. Inside, the lobby

was crowded with earnest-looking Communist technicians and somewhat less-earnest but more lecherous-looking Cubans. The paint was peeling here and there and had been covered up with encouraging Communist slogans such as "Long live the death of imperialism!" One elevator was kaput, and the two elevator men were now running the other one together and said there was not a hope of getting the first one going until the Yanquis ended their blockade. Similar troubles beset the water pumps and try as they might the management couldn't seem to get more than nine inches of water into the rooftop swimming pool.

But the biggest surprise awaited me next morning when I gave up seriously trying room service and came down for breakfast. "Well you're in luck", said the waiter cheerfully, "I can let you have some beets with your red beans and rice". I thought this was a new and interesting idea for breakfast, until I was a little late for lunch and missed out on the beets, but got the rice and beans, and then was more than ten minutes late for dinner and missed the beans as well, and got nothing but a plate of rice. It probably would have been good for me if I'd had all my meals in the hotel restaurant, but I found out there were others about which are given more variety of food, to pass out at incredible prices to soak up the extra purchasing power now that all luxuries have vanished from the official market. In particular there's one restaurant thirty floors up or so in a huge apartment building, called La Torre, which is reserved for diplomatic staff and other people who might go home if they lost weight, where one can still get a meal almost the equal of yesteryear's if one has ten or fifteen dollars to spare. I even took six guests there once and watching my centavos managed to get by with a bill for \$92, plus tip.

Diplomats have other privileges to help them preserve their "wastelines"; too — for example, we are allowed to import our own food, and when Gaby Warren, our new Third Secretary, arrived, he brought with him what looked like a grocery shop he'd won in a crap game, some \$800 worth of red-blooded Canadian food. I moved in with Gaby...

Communications are erratic in Cuba, and one of my more agreeable jobs there was to look up Canadians in odd places to make sure they were all right and see if there was anything we could do to help them. Fortunately, although the Cubans limit journalists to the city of Havana itself, they haven't yet restricted the journeys of Embassy people, and I was able to travel from one end of the island to the other without much danger...

Cubans as a rule are the friendliest and most gregarious of characters. The main difficulties travelling were once again more likely to be food and lodging. A really bad drought, something I for one had never associated with Cuba, hit the island this year and water supplies all over the country went dry. Most city houses were limited to a bucket of water a day from a truck which might or might not arrive. Hotels in provincial towns, if they'd accept you at all, would ration you to a tumbler of water a day for everything, including plumbing. But since most hotels had long since been nationalised there wasn't much profit in an extra guest for the hotelkeeper anyway, so like as not they'd tell you they were simply full up. If some kind-hearted Cuban along the way didn't take you in, you spent the night in the car, which is, however, no great hardship in so warm a country. I recall one evening finding a quiet field in the country and going to sleep stretched out on the front seat of the car with my legs stuck out in space. I'd no sooner dozed off that I was awakened by what at first I thought was someone giving me a hot-foot. It turned out to be only a cow licking the soles of my feet, presumably for the salt. I would have liked to let her continue, since it was the first wash they'd had in days, but her tongue was about as caressing as sandpaper...

This letter is fast approaching perpetuum mobile: Cuba deserves thirty pages more of more professional reportage to do it justice. But if a bill-collector should ask you, I'd better bring you up-to-date: I was ushered to the Cuban door towards the end of July, spent a brief interlude in Mexico and another in B.C., and arrived in Ottawa in August to take up the strands of the missing Japan desk officer...

George Cowley

EARO NEWS

BOWLING

The Bowling League completed another successful year and finished it off in fine style at the Annual Banquet which was held at La Paloma Restaurant on May 9.

The major trophies were presented by Mr. Wershof who represented the Minister. The Pearson trophy was won by the team captained by Miss Marguerite Barrette. The other members of the team were Mrs. Marjorie Moule and Messrs A. Rouleau, René Lacroix and E. Darke.

The League Championship was won by the team of Rolly Paquette (Capt.), Miss J. Kerr, Mrs. G. Pharand, Mr. Woody Woodrow and Mr. Norman Mongeon.

Consolation Prizes went to Bill Connolly (Capt.), John Powell, Miss L. Savary, Miss S. Windle and J. Larkin.

Individual awards went to the following: Miss B. Kennedy and R. Lacroix for the Season's High Averages; to Miss D. Dumouchel and Bill Connolly for the Season's High grosses and to Miss L. Savary and Bill Cousineau for Season's High Singles.

The evening ended with dancing to the music of Phil Laham.

Let's hope the season, which started on September 10, will be as successful as the last one!

DEPARTMENTAL PICNIC

This was held on June 24 at Moussette Park, Hull. The day was windy and none too warm but the attendance was excellent. The Under-Secretary, Mr. Cadieux, took the afternoon off to take part in the activities and we were pleased to see the many assistant undersecretaries and heads of division present.

Bill Yuill, the convenor, was quite happy to see the arrangements go off without a hitch. He was ably assisted by many helpers too numerous to mention although Esther McGoff did outstanding work in managing ticket sales. Need we mention that Jack Zoubie was the master of ceremonies?

All in all it was a good afternoon and the many children present seemed to enjoy themselves and as usual loved the races and the soft drinks and ice cream. Every child got a prize of some sort.

Let's hope next summer the weather will be a little kinder.

CRIBBAGE TOURNAMENT

The convener of the annual cribbage tournament, Mr. R. Bourgeois, reported that the annual tournament for 1964 was most successful. There were 52 contestants who were divided into 5 groups.

The shield, won by Mr. Sarrazin in 1963, has been presented to this year's winner, Mr. J. Labelle. Runner-up was Lionel Sarrazin.

The shield for this competition was donated by Mr. Harry Stewart, who has now left the Department for the greener pastures of the Privy Council Office.

SOFTBALL

Once again the Department entered a team in the R.A. softball league. We had hoped to field a team in the ladies' section but unhappily the earlier enthusiasm evaporated. The men's team under the able coaching of Lorne Ryan, won six games, tied one, and lost one of the eight games played. Lorne of course will be leaving for his new posting in Italy, and will be replaced by Mike Foley, assisted by Frank St. Jean. Convener of this activity is Leo McGovern.

MISS EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

The 1964 Miss External Affairs was once more an Information Division stenographer. Dona McGee is not in Ottawa any more. She now competing with the beauties of Ankara.

MÉLI-MÉLO

Le 28 mai dernier, l'Université de Montréal conférait à M. Marcel Cadieux, sous-secrétaire d'État aux Affaires extérieures, un diplôme honoris causa en droit.

Friends of Edna Stearns will be happy to learn that her health has considerably improved after a long convalescence in the Gatineau hills.

In San Francisco, on July 18, Eve Hawkings became Mrs. Russell Parker Cope. Dr. and Mrs. Cope will reside in California but plan to come to Canada often.

Since the last issue of "EXTERNALLY YOURS" visitors to our office included:

S.E.M. Jean Bruchési, on his way to Argentina, after a term as ambassador to Spain. Two weeks after his departure from Madrid, the Spanish press announced that Mr. Bruchési had been awarded by General Franco the Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Isabella.

S.E.M. Lionel Roy, délégué permanent du Canada à l'UNESCO à Paris, de passage à Ottawa pour la réunion de la Commission nationale canadienne pour l'UNESCO.

Mr. John Hadwen, from Norway, on a visit to Ottawa, prior to being attached to the Minister's Office.

Mr. Allan D. Bryce, from Washington, on holidays in Ottawa.

Miss Mary Hyndman, from Bangkok, on her way to The Hague.

Miss Nora Alleyn, from our embassy in Madrid, after a visit to her home town, Quebec City.