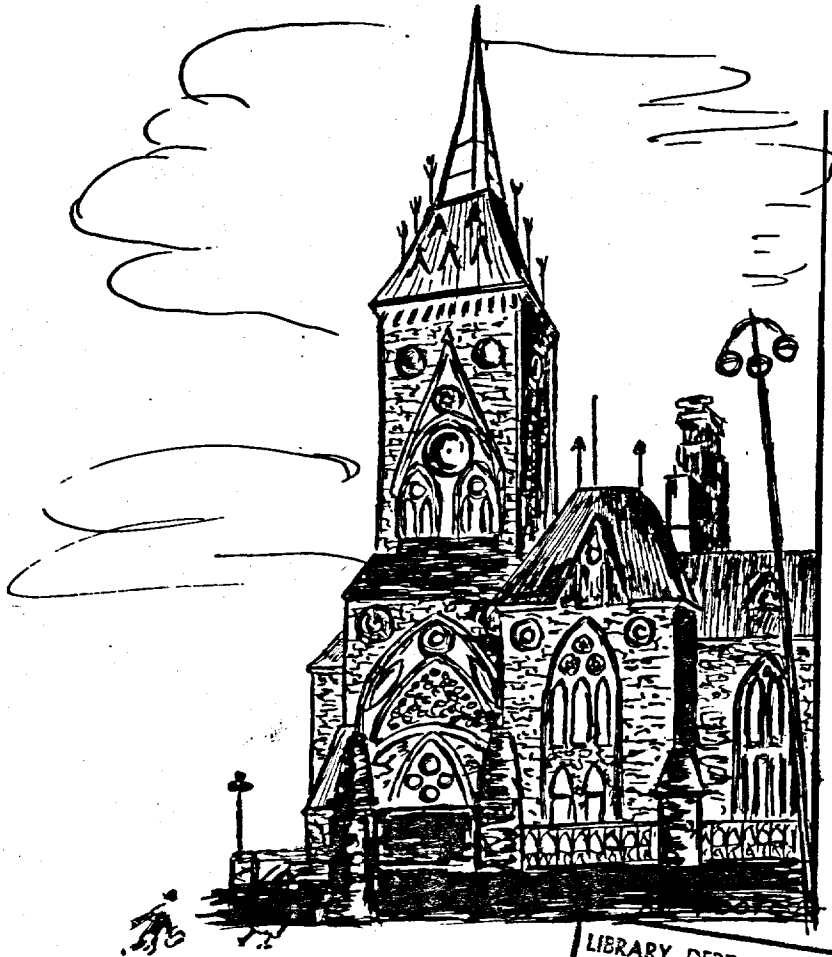


CAL EA
E89
Nov. 1955
STORAGE



CLASSIFICATION: *Highly Personal*



LIBRARY DEPT. OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS
MINISTRE DES AFFAIRES EXTERIEURES

"Externally Yours"

NOVEMBER 1955

I N D E X

Images du Carnaval à la Havane 1
Kingsmere Festival of Arts: First Summer 4
Clerical Call-up for Cambodia 7
Easter Weekend in the Venezuelan Andes 11
New Ministry of External Affairs 17
Mauvais Vers 20
Lizards Bring Luck in Friendly Laos 21
Gilles Perrier Reports from Vientiane 26
The Road to Recreation is our own EARO 27
Needle in a Haystack Department 31
Births, Engagements and Marriages 32

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Many good wishes go to our former editor, Mary Harding, now Mrs. Edwin Falder Jackson. We shall hope to maintain the high standards and good humour of the previous issues, with assistance of all members of the department.

A.T. Hardy

* * * * *

"Externally Yours" is the result of voluntary effort and the contents are not for publication.

13-210-218

IMAGES DU CARNAVAL A LA HAVANE

Nous sommes maintenant en plein temps de carnaval. J'anticipais depuis longtemps la joie que me causerait la vue des fameuses comparsas dont j'avais tant entendu parler. Je n'ai pas été déçu. A voir l'enthousiasme de la population qui s'était massée sur tout le parcours, il semble évident qu'elle avait aussi attendu avec impatience cette fête de la couleur, du mouvement et du rythme.

D'origine africaine et espagnole, les comparsas ont été d'abord des groupes d'esclaves dansant et chantant pour leur propre plaisir pendant le temps du carnaval; cette démonstration est bien restée la fête des noirs car aucun blanc n'y figure si ce n'est comme spectateur enthousiaste et appréciateur. En 1913, les comparsas furent défendues comme immorales mais les noirs continuèrent à les danser dans leurs quartiers pauvres. Elles furent remises en faveur en 1937 comme spectacle public pour les Cubains et les touristes américains qui affluent en grand nombre pendant février et mars, mois d'hiver particulièrement agréables à La Havane.

Des dix-neuf groupes qui s'étaient inscrits pour les parades, huit défilèrent dans les rues le premier samedi du carnaval.

La procession d'un mille de long part de la promenade du Malecon, descend le large boulevard du Prado qui aboutit au Parque Central, coeur de la ville d'où une statue de Marti, l'apôtre de la révolution de l'indépendance, regarde défiler de ses yeux de pierre la guirlande des danseurs qui ondulent comme les vagues de la mer. Puis, le défilé continue devant l'estrade dressée en face du Capitol d'où les juges surveillent la procession et offrent un prix au groupe le plus original.

Chaque comparsa est précédée d'une 'farola', large édifice de papier brillant et de lumières avec franges et décorations multiples, qui s'élève très haut au dessus de la tête d'un gaillard qui le porte au bout d'un solide bâton maintenu dans une gaine de cuir comme un drapeau. En faisant tourner très vite cet énorme chapeau de carnaval, le noir danse lui-même, pirouette, fait mille gambades, et toutes

les farolas de tous les groupes tournent ainsi en une sara-bande folle de couleur et de lumière. Puis, viennent les mannequins fantastiques, de grosses caricatures qui se balancent comme des magots de porcelaine.

Les groupes suivent, avec chacun leur propre orchestre qui consiste surtout de bongos, ce tambour long et très mince au son particulièrement profond. Des cloches, des clochettes de tons différents l'accompagnent aussi mais le rythme monotone et sourd vient tout spécialement du bongo. Plus rarement, l'orchestre comprend bongos, maracas, castagnettes et guitares.

Chaque comparsa porte un costume particulier, représente un pays quelconque, une scène de la vie courante ou une épopée de l'histoire cubaine ou espagnole. Il y a les princes, le rajah, le scorpion, les sultanes, les marquis et les gitanes, les Mexicains, les jardiniers, etc. Un couple princier passe dans un minuscule carrosse tiré par deux chevaux blancs. Puis, défilent les seigneurs hindous avec leurs larges pantalons de satin, les vestes toutes brodées et les turbans à aigrettes. Les suit un sinistre charmeur de serpents avec ses reptiles en caoutchouc qui lui font un collier sinueux et heureusement inoffensif. Un fakir déchamé et barbe complète ce tableau fantaisiste d'une Inde romanesque. Des mains soigneusement gantées s'appuient sur de longues cannes et les nobles à perruques passent avec beaucoup de dignité, vêtus de velours et accompagnés de leur dame, les robes à papier de ces dernières chatoillantes sous la lumière qui fait ressortir le fin travail des jupes. Des groupes colorés représentent les anciens jours d'esclavage: les ouvriers dans les champs coiffés de clairs chapeaux de paille, vêtus de blanc orné d'un foulard rouge. Avec une sarcleuse de papier argenté qu'ils portent à la main, ils miment le geste symbolique de couper la canne. La lumière des reverbères du Prado fait briller ces sarcleuses d'un reflet métallique comme si elles étaient 'vivantes'. Derrière des esclaves noirs, vient le gigantesque surveillant de ce troupeau de travailleurs; il a la poitrine nue, il a l'air menaçant et ses gros sourcils bougent frénétiquement dans sa face luisante pendant qu'il fait claquer un long fouet dans l'air. D'autres comparsas suivent: les travailleurs des plantations de tabac, des champs brûlés de soleil, des vergers de beaux fruits tropicaux et puis d'autres groupes, tous en costumes variés et pittoresques.

Mais, le plus fascinant de toute cette manifestation est bien le fait que les comparsas avancent sur le rythme de la conga que leur donnent les bongos. Les danseurs balancent la petite canne qu'ils portent tous sous le bras, se penchent lentement en avant, en arrière, tournent sur eux-mêmes, avancent de quelques pas encore, se jettent un peu de côté en traînant la semelle, puis reprennent leurs pas rythmés. Les bongos inlassables et énervants scandent sourdement cette procession qui recule, avance, va lentement à droite, à gauche. Les participants nous paraissent avoir perdu la notion du lieu où ils se trouvent ou de ce qui les entoure. Complètement sous le charme, un sourire béat entrouvre les grosses lèvres et les yeux langoureux et brillants roulent dans les orbitaires, se cachent, ivres de plaisir, sous les paupières bleuâtres, pour réapparaître comme des diamants sous les longs cils. Le nègre qui tape sur le bongo le fait avec un entrain et une énergie qui ne se démentent pas car de lui dépend le ton de son groupe et son enthousiasme. Je me sens moi-même soulevée, emportée par le battement des mains sur la peau des tambours. Et je ne suis pas la seule! Un spectacle amusant se passe sur les trottoirs. La musique vivante qu'est le Cubain de toutes couleurs ne peut résister au rythme si entraînant. Entre parfaits étrangers, ils se sont mis à danser aussi, partout, autour des arbres, et des petites tables des cafés de la chaussée et même dans la rue.

Le rythme sourd et têtu des comparsas, le chant des danseurs, les guitaristes qui, de leur côté, sérénadent tous et chacun, les coups de pistolet tirés en l'air, les rires hauts et nerveux, les applaudissements frénétiques au passage de certains costumes particulièrement bien réussis et surtout le bruit de houle que fait cette populace en délire ne sont pas sans m'étourdir quelque peu. Je suis, cependant, sous le charme moi aussi et je me propose de revenir admirer ces parades qui se répéteront fidèlement chaque samedi pendant un mois. Il semble que ce soit là l'expression la plus sincère de l'âme noire et que ces comparsas renferment toute la poésie, le génie du rythme et de la mélodie de ce peuple extraordinaire.

KINGSMERE FESTIVAL OF ARTS FIRST SUMMER

The Kingsmere Festival of the Arts became a reality in the summer of 1955 in the Gatineau hills near Ottawa on the grounds of the Kingsmere estate which was bequeathed to the people of Canada by Mr. W.L. Mackenzie King. The spacious grounds, the rolling lawns, the wide expanse of starry sky by night, the rambling country house, "Moorside", all contributed to form a natural setting of very great beauty for the music, the plays and the art classes which were presented during the short six weeks season in July and August.

The idea of a Festival was born of a small seed which stubbornly pushed down its roots into the soil of Kingsmere in the summer of 1954 when "The Barnstormers", an itinerant group of Ottawa actors and actresses conceived the idea of putting on a play at Kingsmere, using the porch of "Moorside" as a stage. The play was a great success and the audience seated on the lawn followed with rapt attention and applauded enthusiastically the *dénouement* of "Lady Audley's Secret".

Tall oaks from little acorns grow. In the autumn of 1954 a small group of citizens of Ottawa, Hull and the Gatineau met to discuss the possibility of presenting a series of outdoor musical and dramatic performances on the grounds of the Kingsmere estate. The plan was received with enthusiasm and popular support seemed assured. Public meetings were called to discuss the pros and cons, and as time went on the small body of citizens became a Board of Directors duly incorporated in April, 1955 by the Secretary of State under the Companies Act of Canada to promote and foster Canadian theatre, music, art, to conduct festivals of the arts at Kingsmere and elsewhere in Canada. The Charter also provides for the wide growth of the organization as it will develop in the coming years.

For the first season of the Festival the Board of Directors proposed a series of six plays suitable for summer evening outdoor entertainment and four Sunday afternoon programmes of music. In addition, it was planned to establish a School of the Arts and a School of the Ballet. The plan for the School of the Ballet had to be abandoned

because of the lateness of the season in organizing the Festival and because of the lack of sufficient students to finance the enterprise.

The Art School of Kingsmere -- a very great success -- was held in the old Jackson Booth residence across the lake from the Kingsmere estate. Dr. H.O. McCurry, formerly Director of the National Gallery, became Director of the School and Mr. A.Y. Jackson, dean of Canadian painters, was appointed "visiting professor". The teaching staff for the adult and youth classes included Mr. Wm. Baillie of the Edinburgh School of Art and many well known Canadian painters. Four evening lectures were given as part of the Art School courses, which the public were invited to attend. Memorable talks were given by Mr. Jackson and by Mr. Alan Jarvis, the new Director of the National Gallery.

The six plays of the Festival were directed and produced by Mr. Eugene Jousse of Montreal and the four concerts were arranged for by Mrs. Dorothy Lampman McCurry of Ottawa. The average attendance at performances was about 350. The plays and concerts presented were:

Sunday, July 10th, 4:00 p.m.

The St. George's Cathedral Choir, of Kingston

Friday and Saturday, July 15th, 16th, 8:30 p.m.

"Come Back, Little Sheba" - by William Inge

Sunday, July 17th, 4:00 p.m.

The Palestrina Choir, of Ottawa

Friday and Saturday, July 22nd, 23rd, 8:30 p.m.

"The White Sheep of the Family"

by L. du Garde Peach & Ian Hay

Sunday, July 24th, 4:00 p.m.

The Leduc Symphony, of Montreal

Friday and Saturday, July 29th, 30th, 8:30 p.m.

"Zone" (in French) - by Marcel Dube

Sunday, July 31st, 4:00 p.m.

Bress-Joachim-Newmark Trio, of Montreal

Friday and Saturday, August 5th, 6th, 8:30 p.m.
 "The Bridge" - by Joseph Schull

Friday and Saturday, August 12th, 13th, 8:30 p.m.
 "The Good Woman of Setzuan" - by Bertolt Brecht

Friday and Saturday, August 19th, 20th, 8:30 p.m.
 "Yerma" - by Federico Garcia Lorca

Although no definite plans have been made for the 1956 Festival the Board of Directors hope to resume next year and to carry on for many years. It is felt that this year's art classes have laid the foundation for a permanent summer school. It may be possible to include a School of Ballet in later festivals and to extend the concert season to cover each weekend of the season.

The initial Festival was necessarily an experiment but it is a great satisfaction to note that the first season ended without debt. The splendid cooperation of the Federal District Commission which placed the grounds and buildings of Kingsmere at the disposal of the organizers was basic to the success of the project. The Ottawa Citizen on August 25 paid tribute to the Festival calling it a good example of what a community venture can achieve when approached with a combination of vision and determination. The article concluded by hoping that the hard work of organizers and performers has laid the groundwork for an annual festival of high artistic calibre.

B.E. McGregor

WEDDINGS

Our best wishes also to Joan Galligan Hudon, Mrs. A.M. Bryson Cosby, Mrs. B.E. MacLean Yates, and Margot Peters Whist.

CLERICAL CALL-UP FOR CAMBODIA

(A military officer out in Phnom Penh views External doings through a sharp pencil)

My heart missed a beat as I awakened from a sound but restless sleep. Through half-open eyes it seemed I was surrounded with a gauzy vapour. A cool breeze was wafting over me. I was naked.

Where was I?

Then, as I gradually awakened to my full senses I noticed two lizards cavorting in the vapour above me. And realization dawned. I was in my bed in my room in a hotel in Phnom Penh, Cambodia. The gauzy vapour was a mosquito net over my bed. The breeze was caused by a large 4-foot fan hanging from the ceiling.

As I stirred, the lizards scampered down the edge of the mosquito net and disappeared into the slats under the mattress. Friendly little fellows - we've shared my bed for 10 months now and I've never heard a complaint out of them.

It was in late August 1954 that I was rudely uprooted in Ottawa, Canada, and sent to this land of dusky maidens to serve as a clerk for the Canadian Delegation to the International Supervisory Commission for Cambodia. I had been working as a teletype operator in the Department of External Affairs. I was, of course, a logical choice for clerking duties. No amount of pleading arguments could change their minds.

I was to be a clerk in Phnom Penh, Cambodia. Me! A nineteen-year-old embryo career diplomat!

I remember my first day in the office in Phnom Penh. It had been decided to combine the administrative staffs of the Army and External Affairs. In the room where I worked was an Army Sgt. Major, an Army Sgt., an Army Cipher Clerk, a DAA and QMG (whatever that is) and an Army Staff Captain. In an inner room was an Army Colonel (Deputy Military Adviser) and an Army Major-General (Military Adviser). In still another room were the members of my team, the Commissioner and the Political Adviser.

My job was clear to me. The Commissioner and Political Adviser were too busy to take on the responsibility. I must instruct these Army fellows how to run an External Affairs

Post. To teach them, with due patience, the efficient methods and procedures carried out by our Department.

As I confidently sat down at my desk a voice said:

"Type this in 5 copies right away."

"But Mr.", I started to complain.

"Don't 'Mr.' me young man. I'm a Sgt. Major." said the voice angrily.

It wasn't going to be easy to teach these fellows how to run an office!!!

"Have you got the 5 copies of that 292 finished? Get them signed by the DAA and QMG. They have to be delivered to the M.I.R. for the M.O. right away".

"But, what is an M.I.R., Sgt. Major Your Honour?" I meekly asked.

"WHAT!! Young fellow, if you expect to work in this office you had better acquaint yourself with a few simple abbreviations."

Well I was made an Acting, Unpaid, Unofficial Corporal three days later. Another month and I was appointed Acting, Unpaid, and Unofficial Sgt. I was very proud of gaining this promotion so rapidly as it indicated to me that my Army friends had learned quickly.

But I had been day-dreaming. This was another day and I must get up and be off to work. As I pulled aside my mosquito net, my room-mate, an Army Corporal, stuck his head out of the bathroom and bellowed:

"Come on, 'External', get out of the sack or you'll get bed sores. It's after 7 o'clock."

This uncouth manner of speaking hurt my sensibilities at first but I had adapted very well and was able to come right back at him with a sneering "oh yah".

Stepping onto the cold tile floor I hurried into the bathroom and stepped under the shower. Hot water for showering and bathing is unknown in Cambodia, and the water, cooled by the night atmosphere, is a startling way to begin each day. As I shaved, my reflection in the mirror reminded me that I had lost a few pounds in weight since I left Canada.

Father had said good-bye to a 19-year old rosy-cheeked, plump young boy. He was destined to greet a 20-year old, brown-cheeked, slim old man, on my return. The life abroad certainly makes men out of boys, as the Sgt. Major says.

Dressing in white shirt and shorts I went next door to a restaurant called "La Taverne" for breakfast. Here French food is served, either at a sidewalk table or inside the restaurant. We are fed at the expense of the Commission and sign bills for all meals. Eating French cooking is difficult to become accustomed to, particularly when it is prepared by a Chinese cook with Cambodian ingredients.

The Canadian office is only a block away in a former flat and after breakfast I strolled over, arriving about 10 minutes after 8. (My attendance record should not be consulted.) This is dip bag day and there probably will be the mad rush to get it closed in time.

The Commissioner and officers started to arrive shortly after my arrival. They live in another hotel called the Royal, a larger hotel and, I'm told, some of them have air-conditioned rooms. There are three cars assigned to the Canadian Delegation in Phnom Penh and, as the officers live a distance away, the cars bring them to work each morning.

There was a meeting of the Commissioners of the three Delegations yesterday and therefore our Commissioner started right to work on a report for the bag. In our outer office there is a flurry of activity as the morning mail is opened and distributed. One or two of the officers from fixed and mobile teams are in town for various reasons and they drop in to report to the Commissioner. We have 5 fixed teams, and 4 mobile teams situated throughout Cambodia.

The General has to attend a meeting of the Military Advisers Committee tomorrow morning and the Sgt. Major is busy preparing the agenda notes. I finish up preparing the monthly accounts for Ottawa and take them into the Political Adviser for signature (he is also accounts officer). Someday I would like to be an accounts officer. It is so relaxing. As I go into the Political Adviser's office he is lost in thought with a pencil between his teeth. Probably an important report for the dip bag.

The DAA and QMG is busy (I'm not sure what he is doing - in fact I've never been sure what he does). The Staff Captain is also busy at something as obscure to me as the DAA and QMG's work. He always seems to be figuring out the cost of the last party, or planning the next one.

As I pass the Political Adviser's desk again, he is still lost in thought. Must be a tough report this time. I hope he finishes it by the time the bag closes at 12 o'clock.

I notice the stenographer typing busily at her desk. It must be a letter to her boy friend in Canada as no one ever gives her letters for the bag till about 5 minutes before it closes. Her desk is in a little corner near the Commissioner's office and the only time we see her during working hours is when she brings in the coffee each morning.

I notice the Political Adviser still in deep thought. I suppose when one is a Foreign Service Officer one must expect difficult problems.

And so the morning goes on - phone ringing - visitors coming and going - wires being received from the Indian runner and wires being despatched. The Cipher Clerk, in his little room no one else can enter, sticks his head out occasionally to say hello. The Corporal guard on the main door announcing distinguished visitors, and another Corporal coming in and out with messages for the officers... such as going to a nearby store to buy toothpaste, or delivering flowers to a ranking diplomat's wife.

And finally the 12 o'clock siren blows from atop the post office a block away. At the same time the Political Adviser rushes out with his despatch for the bag - just in time! As he leaves I glance at it. "Ref. your numbered letter etc. The radio I ordered last November has still not arrived" The steno rushes out with her last-minute letters and the bag is closed. It will be taken to the airport at one o'clock.

One o'clock comes and time to quit for lunch. There are 8 Army fellows staying in my hotel and we usually eat together. After lunch we sometimes go for a swim in an excellent outdoor swimming pool at the Club Sportif or just siesta in the afternoon. Both of these past-times I find equally enjoyable. In the evenings we may go back to the office to listen to the Zenith radio or play cards. We have a 16mm film projector and often watch films in the office after the evening meal. Tonight we have been invited to the military camp in town where the Indian soldiers are quartered. They are showing an Indian film, which should be interesting.

..... "Get out of the sack 'External' or you'll be late for work again this morning!"

"Yes, Sir, Your Honour, Mr. Corporal".

EASTER WEEKEND IN THE VENEZUELAN ANDES

Even though it all happened months ago, Elizabeth Drew-Brook and I occasionally still find ourselves skidding around precipices, being overwhelmed by mile-deep chasms and confronting blinding clouds on narrow roads high in the skies. Can't seem to get that Andes trip off our minds - we are even dreaming about it.

Although we had been planning this trip for some time, expecting a band of five carloads to make the trip, at the zero hour there was only 1 car, 3 Canadian girls and 1 Swiss boy who refused to go unless he had another male for company. Luckily, with only 10 minutes notice, a friend from the American Embassy came to our rescue and we started off at noon on Easter Thursday. From Caracas, which is 3,000 ft. above sea level, we climbed to Los Teques, a lovely little city 3,000 ft. higher where the air is cool and clear and frost is not unknown. How strange when tropical Caracas is only 30 minutes away. From the mountainous Los Teques we descended along an excellent highway to a very fertile and tropical valley where one sees fields of sugar cane, market gardens, bamboo and palm groves and orange Bucare trees brilliant against the dark green countryside. We quickly passed through the city of Maracay only stopping before we reached Valencia to buy a stalk of very cheap cambures (bananas).

We passed a number of mud huts with thatched roofs with tiny, naked children at the doorways and the usual assortment of mongrel dogs. We travelled quickly and on the new highway near Barquisimeto reached the speed of 90 miles an hour, which seemed somewhat surprising for we expected the interior roads of Venezuela to be rather rugged. Night fell quickly as is usual in the tropics and beyond Barquisimeto we found ourselves on a lonely gravel road in the llanos country (plains) with a full moon in the black sky.

We seemed to travel for miles without seeing habitations of any kind and were wondering if we had taken the wrong route when suddenly we came upon a little white-washed store with two glaring light bulbs dangling from the porch. A group of llaneros in white liqui-liquis (the national costume of Venezuela which resembles an intern's uniform) and

brown felt sombreros were playing a dice game and drinking the native "aguardiente", a mighty powerful drink consisting of rum and cana (sugar cane). When our Swiss driver left the car to make enquiries the group seemed to break into gales of laughter and there in the lonely countryside we suddenly felt helpless and frightened and almost expected someone to draw a machete (sharp knife). However, our imaginations were working overtime for we drove off without incident and headed for Valera, our destination for the night.

Valera in the rain seemed almost deserted for the hour was late. However, there were plenty of people in town for every little hotel, no matter how primitive, was full. Finally, we were given permission to sleep at the Hotel Gran Atlantica but we had to sling chinchorros (hammocks) in a corridor off the patio. Luckily we had brought our own chinchorros with us, in case such an emergency arose, and after much giggling and many hopes expressed as to the durability of the hammocks, we fell asleep to the background music of a squeaking mouse and a snoring hotel guest. We caused quite a furore next morning when the hotel guests peered at us from the balconies opening onto the patio and when a large door at the end of the corridor was opened, there were more eyes peering at us - vultures' eyes. Four of these birds of prey were sitting on the back fence of the hotel. Wanting to add a gracious note to our stay at the hotel, the Italian proprietor summoned a waiter and had him serve us demi-tasses of coffee in our chinchorros. Que elegancia!

After Valera came the "big climb" and on dusty gravel roads we started upwards into the clouds. And this is not a figurative expression, for very soon the vision was almost zero because of the dense clouds - but what was more frightening: we knew that chasms a mile deep flanked the road, and quite often we were just able to discern the small wooden crosses that the Andean people erect to prevent spirits from returning when poor unfortunates do go over the side. We inched our way along with a couple of backseat drivers not helping out in the least, when "que momento tan glorioso" we had reached the Pica Aguila (The Peak of the Eagle). Peering through the clouds we saw that there were quite a number of cars parked at the Chalet Hotel. It was rather hard to breathe and the air was extremely cold for we were some 4118 meters or 13,000 ft. above sea level. Snow often falls here and we had hoped to catch a nostalgic glimpse of

a snow-capped mountain but the clouds had not cleared around Pica Bolivar. We rushed inside the pine panelled Chalet and over to an open grate fire and ordered a great dinner of Spaghetti and minestrone soup. This hotel also was run by an Italian.

We Canadians felt quite homesick in the atmosphere of the chalet with its Quebec heaters, fireplace, and guests in ski clothes. However, we soon had to leave the safety of the chalet and once again we crawled along the tortuous roads. Soon we left the cloud curtain behind and began to enjoy the scenic beauty and the quaintness of the tiny Andean villages. The people are quite handsome with high colouring and bright eyes and many of them wear colourful ruanas or ponchos mostly of dark blue wool lined with red. The children are sweet (though dirty) in their tiny ponchos and men, women, and children seem to wear fedoras, or large sombreros. We took a picture of a child of some 4 years wearing a poncho and a paddy green fedora. This is a wheat growing district but the farms seemed barren for this was the dormant season. The steep slopes were encircled by miles of stone fences and there were many circular grain threshing pits. The orange-tiled roofs of the haciendas were the only bright spots against the drabness of the stones and bare fields. When we came to the town of Mucuchies with its pretty pastel coloured "casas" lining the several streets we decided to make reservations in its only hotel "The Bavaria" which was owned by a fairly young German. The hotel was quite primitive but clean and our host promised us some fresh brook trout for supper. We were interested in seeing Mérida, the only city in the Venezuelan Andes, so once again we started off along the hairpin bends. En route we stopped to bathe far below in a fast-rushing mountain stream, complete with tiny waterfalls, and paddled around like school children at the old swimming hole. When we climbed up to the highway we were rather horrified to find that we had a flat... what if we'd had a blow-out on the road!

After more time spent twisting and turning we finally saw the city of Mérida far ahead across a mile-deep ravine and also noticed rows of crosses marking a spot where a school bus had gone over the side. Mérida is noted for its University de Los Andes, one of the oldest on this continent, and its pretty girls. We saw many of them at the grilled windows of the narrow streets and many, wearing lace mantil-

las, on their way to the pretty Spanish Church on the Plaza to attend a Good Friday service. Dusk was falling so we reluctantly drove off, all of us wondering whether the roads would seem more frightening in the dark of night. Hardly a word was spoken on the trip back to Mucuchies. The night was dark and from time to time we could see the beam of car lights on the stone cliffs far below. When we arrived at the tiny village of Mucurbaú we parked the car in order to watch a religious procession. It was indeed a beautiful picture - the dark night, the tiny houses, dim shadows along the narrow street, with only a naked bulb at each corner to give any constant light. First came a young Andean rubbing a wooden stick along a piece of metal which made a grating and eerie noise. Then came the other men and boys of the pueblo carrying lighted candles in cupped hands. Then came a group bearing on their shoulders an effigy of the Virgin Mary called "La Dolorosa" or the sad one. The image was abundantly banked with local Easter lilies. Then came "El Entierro" or the casket containing an effigy of Christ and behind came the women of the village, wearing black mantillas, their beautiful dark eyes reflected by the lights of their guttering candles. Que linda!

We were indeed happy to get safely back to our brook trout dinner and asked our host to join us. Amongst other things he mentioned that the men of the village were great drinkers of a potent local brew called "Chicha" which is made from fermented maize. There is a special van to round up the many waywards every Saturday and Sunday night but our host said that it was because of boredom that these men drank so heavily. There were no movies in town and but two local cafes where the juke box had managed to penetrate. Apparently in the Andes Mexican music is "number one on the hit parade" rather than Venezuelan.

We arose early the next day to return via a different route over other Andean roads that took us through a more sparsely populated area where the mountains are very steep but more lush, often with a velvety sheen. For some strange reason most of the tiny huts we did pass seemed to be built right on the edge of the cliffs. They all seemed to have roofs of aluminum sheeting and these could be seen gleaming miles away, speckling the valleys. As we descended, the vegetation became more tropical and we again found ourselves in the banana belt where the houses were made of mud with

thatched roofs, thick rain forests flanked the road, and once again we saw the flowering orange Bucare trees and purple astromelia and could hear the sweet melodies of the tropical birds.

At lunch time we had once again reached the flat llanos and in Barinas stopped at the best, though rather dusty hotel for dinner. We had a typically criollo meal of roast pig, rice, yucca root, fried platanos (large bananas), lechosa (papaya melon), and coffee. We had asked for tomato juice to start off with and the waiter brought a tin of V-Ocho (V-8) juice to each of us. Each tin had two holes punched therein and each person was provided with an empty glass.

As we drove through the town after lunch, we noticed a quartet of llaneros dressed in liqui-liquis. Three of the men were young but the fourth was a wrinkled, bare-footed old man with a few teeth missing. He carried a large Irish-green harp looking a bit more primitive than the harps from the Emerald Isle, however. We stopped the car and asked the old man if he would play for us. This he did and we were quite honoured when he sang to us also. He was obviously serenading us girls and it was only later that one of the boys told us that the songs were quite naughty...untranslatable...and we girls had been cheering with gusto. While we were listening a crowd collected and a bus drove up. Apparently the bus passengers were concert-minded so the bus forgot its schedule and the passengers descended.

We travelled through the llanos for miles and then came to the Sabana country where the flat lands were speckled with date palms and pretty flowering trees. Guanare was our destination that day and it was rather nice to reach civilization again. This time we stayed at the "Gran Hotel de Coromoto" complete with swimming pool.

The following day we completed our travels along the Maracay, Los Teques route. In all we had travelled over 1000 miles in 3½ days, over flat lands, around mountain tops and through jungle forests and we two External girls were indeed happy that we had decided that foreign service was the life for us.

Helen McCuaig

NEW MINISTRY OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS DESIGN FOR BUILDING

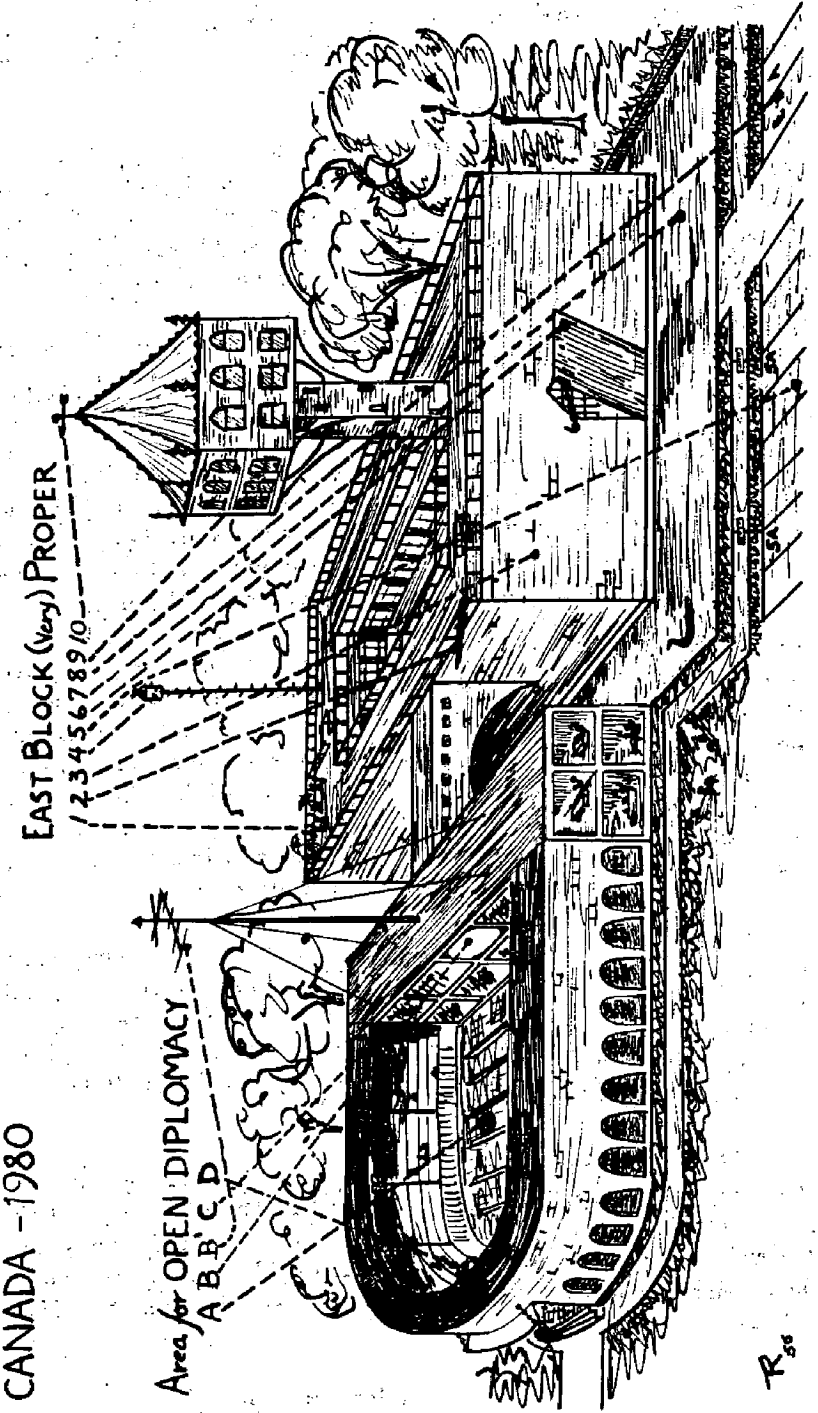
Comment on Site:

No choice has been made of a site for the new building and if the central government should copy the civic government no choice will be made for some years. The need for a green spot as a gracious location for the diplomatic hub is vital, however: atmosphere is everything in diplomacy. A bold decision is required. The penchant of External Affairs and diplomats for the salubrity of Rockcliffe Park makes it logical to suggest that Rideau Hall be expropriated and the new building erected on that site. It is not the business of the External Affairs planners to suggest alternate accommodation for His Excellency the Governor General.

Description:

In considering the problem of design for a new East Block a planner is faced by a number of difficulties which are indeed hard to overcome. Principal among these are the liking of other departments for the space occupied by the Department of External Affairs. In an endeavour to achieve the lofty level of thought which is erroneously attributed to the influence of 14' ceilings, and/or the stimulus of many square yards of green, orange and black linoleum (picked out delicately by scarlet and chromium ash-tray stands), various other departments have already made savage inroads on External Affairs space in the existing East Block. No doubt some elevation will be achieved by these departments when the existing colour scheme is revitalized by the spread of crimson felt along the hallways. However, the problem to be met in designing a new building is to prevent future invasions when the magic of the old East Block is discovered to be illusory. This has been handled in the attached by a return to the historical basis of diplomacy - the fortress - coupled with equally ancient weapons of defence. A windowless building (3) having one entrance, and only one, has been allowed; this is suitably guarded by a moat, filled with crocodiles (7), a drawbridge and a portcullis (6) of suitable viciousness, the latter two being electronically operated by a device made sensitive to the approach of acquisitive members of the Privy Council, the Prime Minister's

MINISTRY of EXTERNAL AFFAIRS
CANADA - 1980



office, Finance and Trade and Commerce (whose interest is of course not in the East Block itself, but in our supply of Ambassadorial furniture). The possibility of the failure of the devices provided accounts for the plank (2) on the roof, a means of getting rid of unwanted visitors which habitually engenders a healthful feeling of elemental satisfaction in all except the victim.

Another difficulty has been taken care of in the design submitted. "Open" diplomacy is still a current catch phrase in the lobbies of the world and while importance still attaches to it, it is vital to have the Canadian Department of External Affairs pay at least lip service to the idea. Consequently, an Area for open diplomacy has been allowed. This, in point of fact, is a narrow 2-story building, constructed mainly of plate glass, along one side of which is attached a semi-circular enclosure (A) amply provided with seats for those who wish to see Diplomacy At Work. Offices in this area (C) would of course be allocated only to morally unrepachable officers and staff. A strict application of the rule "Dictate only at a distance" would be essential since only handsome and preferably not bald A/USSEA's and others would be required to be exposed to the public view. A notable feature of the "Area" is the giant size television set (B) which would provide interest during "quiet hours". Unfortunately this would not be available during the World Series when the signals received by the aerial system (B') would unquestionably be required in the SSEA's office. During that period, however, the Information Division commentator, normally situated in a gondola under the roof at (D) and normally called upon to convey to the public the drama being unfolded behind the plate glass, could take over with readings from "The Book" or "Canada and the United Nations".

In designing the East Block proper, the assumption has been made that the usual Civil Service formula will apply. $n/2 \times 1/x \times 60\% =$ number of rooms. In this, n is the number of officers, 2 is the number of officers to a room, $1/x$ is the attitude of The Committee and 60% is the most we can hope for. Since the formula makes no allowance for registry or for stenographic pools the net effect will be to have ab initio the comfortably chummy atmosphere so long a feature of the East Block. Granted a continuance of the usual annual number of deaths from suffocation, however, and the Daly Building divisions might possibly be re-united with

the Department within, say, 15 or 20 years at the latest.

A very real effort has been made to meet a number of other needs. First, the dungeons having been handed over to D.L. II for use in the initial and summary punishment of those hapless persons who violate the security regulations, there is unfortunately no longer room below ground for the canteen. It has therefore been elevated to the roof where especially during the winter the invigorating atmosphere will return habitués to their desks refreshed by their little outings.

Also elevated to the roof, nay, even higher, have been a few suites of offices. The tower (9) which by a happy stroke of imagination will be constructed entirely of ivory (on a base of pre-stressed concrete), will allow for uninterrupted meditation, even contemplation, on the part of certain officers whose deliberations are now all but drowned out in the hurly-burly of the present building and the N.P.O. It is envisaged that the USSEA will have his office there, Personnel, Protocol and Pol. Coord. may well find in the tower their proper place. All will find value in (10) a wind indicator installed to show the direction of over-currents from The Hill.

Thought has also been given to the welfare of staff and visitors. Room in the foreground at (8) has been allowed for at least 2 parking spaces to be allocated to External Affairs personnel. It has been some time since External Affairs personnel have been able to park so close to their building. At (5) parking space has been reserved for diplomats. To reciprocate the kind treatment our personnel so often receive overseas, these spaces will be marked only by the two large signs (5A) both of which read "No Parking".

One final word seems required. In view of the increasing importance of communications, and the constant need for improvements and guarding against breakdowns, a pigeon loft (4) has been provided to serve as the nerve centre of the New Division.

T.H.W. Read

MAUVAIS VERS

Dix officiers se reconnaîtront-ils dans les lignes suivantes:

Léger comme un oiseau chanteur,
 Notre futur ambassadeur
 Se fait de grandes illusions.
 Il sue et besogne à foison.
 Le froid, le chaud, il les dédaigne!
 Pour lui, nulle chape de laine,
 Et puis, nulle chape ultra-chaude,
 Quoiqu'au East Block il soit à l'aube.
 Nulle barrière semble arrêter
 Son élan vers l'immortalité.
 A l'offre d'un poste d'Attaché,
 "Qu'à Dieu ne plaise!" dit-il, outré!
 Accepterait-il la Turquie?
 Notre homme cette fois, casi conquis,
 Avec le bey, doors et déjà,
 Se voit en tenue d'apparat.
 Désire la France, puis le Pérou,
 Rejète les deux, et nous rend fous.
 Se dit blessé d'être méconnu,
 Et vante partout ses vertus.
 Si coter sa pleine valeur
 Est défendu par la pudeur,
 Notre homme est coupable cent fois,
 Mais innocent devant la loi.
 On essaie de le mettre au pas,
 Faire le beau ne lui plaît pas.
 Veut toujours mieux, attend son dû,
 Puis déjà vieux, sourd et chenu,
 Doit s'contenter du Zanzibar,
 Voilà le sort des matamores.

LIZARDS BRING LUCK IN FRIENDLY LAOS

As the plane circled to land at Vientiane I saw a sleepy town strung out along the Mekong river with hills in the background. It all looked charming. Everyone at the airport seemed glad to see me and a friendly feeling permeates the entire Canadian colony here. It is partly this that makes Vientiane such a nice place to be. There is absolutely no bickering, no disgruntled persons and everyone seems quite content to be here and to be doing a good job of work.

The Laotian Government built a new building for an office (later it will be used as a school). It consists of about 10 rooms leading off a wide veranda. The rooms connect or you can walk along this veranda. The building (as are most here) is raised up on cement pillars about 10' above ground because of the heavy rains during the rainy season beginning in May. The rooms are all light and airy. The partitions are of woven bamboo, the floors of wide boards covered with brightly coloured straw mats. We look out onto some Laotian houses and as Laotians do most of their living out of doors, and as the road nearby shows a steady stream of water-buffalo drawn carts, bicycles, jeeps, trucks and so on, it is sometimes hard to concentrate on typing. The office furniture was supplied by the French and is quite adequate. There is usually a breeze as our offices are on the second-floor level. At the present time we work from 8:30 to 1 and go back after lunch and stay until around 6:30 or 7:00 if there is much work. That is about as long as anyone can work here, as the heat is too enervating. We all take a siesta during the afternoon and feel it if we don't. We work Saturdays in the morning only, although last Saturday we worked in the afternoon also - it all depends on how much work there is to do.

The staff live in various places. Mr. Mayrand and General Morton have a house. Mr. Ballachey and a couple of the others also live in a house, but eat with us. The senior army officers live above the mess. The rest of us live in what is known as the "Bungalow". Actually it is a hotel, two-storeys, set in its own grounds and not at all bad. A number of Poles and Indians live here also. We all eat at the army mess which is about half a block away from the Bungalow. It is divided into two parts - one for the NCO's and the other for the Officers and External personnel. The same kitchen and staff serve both. The Officer's mess is a large room with dining table at one end and easy chairs at the other with a wide screened veranda running all around the outside. It is bright and quite cheery. There is a move on foot just

now to buy curtains and a few odd things to make it "homier". There are usually around 12 to 18 people eating there, depending on what personnel is in Vientiane from the fixed teams, what visitors happen to pass through and so on. They put two tables together to form a large square to seat 12 persons which makes it cosy. If there are more we have to eat in two shifts. However, the army men never seem to mind as they like to sit around and drink and smoke, and often don't eat until 9 o'clock anyway. Usually we eat around 8:30. The Department sent out a Zenith radio for the mess.

The Officer's mess pays for subscriptions to Time, Life, Newsweek and Saturday Evening Post, secured through a store in Saigon. Books (mostly lurid paper backs) were supplied by the Canadian Legion. There is also a USIS and British Information Office through which some books can be borrowed but there is quite a dearth of general reading material. We also receive, through the Department, airmail editions of the London "Times", New York "Times" and a few other publications.

There are about 37 Canadians in Laos, divided about equally between staff in Vientiane and staff throughout Laos on fixed team sites. About 19 of the army personnel are NCO's - they act as guards, clerks, send telegrams, etc. The other army personnel graduate from one General down to a number of Captains. And there is a Canadian officer who is on loan to the General Secretariat but who eats with us most of the time. The French provide cars (2) and several jeeps all with French drivers so we are taken to and from the office. I tried walking it one morning but found it impossible in the heat. The last few days have been slightly cooler and I have walked home a couple of times around 7 in the evening.

The climate isn't quite as bad as I had feared, although the rainy season will be uncomfortable. The first few days I was here the thermometer hovered around 96 in the shade and the humidity was very high. However, the last few days it has dropped to around 85. We have fans at the office and the mess and each bedroom has a centre fan that we keep running all the time - when the electricity is on. It makes it fairly pleasant for sleeping or resting. However, provided one takes a rest for a couple of hours each afternoon the climate is quite bearable.

There are no street lights so we use a flashlight in the evenings if we go out. The water supply is very erratic. Actually although there is running water in each room, the water is brought by trucks from the Mekong River and de-

livered to the hotel by a hose from the truck (like fuel oil). The Laotians seem to have water barrels at their front door and I have seen the truck delivering water into these barrels. As there must be some 30 rooms in the Bungalow, it must make the water problem difficult. So we never know when the taps will have water in them or not. There is water around 3 in the afternoon and again at about 7:30 in the evening. There isn't any usually in the mornings. If we are in our rooms we leave the taps on so we can hear when the water comes on and then make a dash to have a shower, wash, or do laundry or just fill a pail up.

I decided for a time at least to do most of my own washing as the servants at the mess are not accustomed to doing women's things. There is a plug in my room and I find the travelling iron works beautifully. There is a large, low table in my room so I put a blanket on it and find ironing not too difficult. My room is about 12' by 20'. It has one large casement window with shutters outside. It has plastered walls (for some reason or other I had expected that), a dirty yellow, and unpainted wood floors. There is a straw rug on part of the floor and I intend to get another one, as the bare floor looks so dirty. There are two wardrobes, a bed, two straight chairs, a table, 2 bedside tables and an arm chair with leather upholstery. This chair was supplied by the French and possibly some of the other furniture also. Anyway, it is sufficient and comparatively clean. I am going to give it a good wash down the first chance I get. We sleep under mosquito nets. There are sticks about 4' high which fit onto the four corners of the bed over which is placed a canopy of coarsely woven netting. This netting is long enough to tuck in under the mattress. There is an overlap down one side and you part this to crawl into bed and tuck it under the mattress after you get in. The bed has wooden slats on it covered with a mattress some 3" thick. It sounds uncomfortable but actually isn't at all. The mattress and pillow are a bit musty so I put one of my pliofilm bags over the pillow under the pillow slip. The servant thinks that is a crazy idea - (just another foreign eccentricity) but it does keep out that musty smell. Apparently during the rainy season everything smells musty. Some people here don't use the pillows because of the musty smell but with the pliofilm bag you do not notice it at all.

So far I haven't seen too many insects, crawling animals and so on. Sometimes the mosquitoes are annoying but I spray some DDT bomb around which helps. There are some moths and little black things with hard shells. Gilles had a large cockroach in his room and also a big lizard but so far I haven't seen one. I have a little lizard but he stays most

of the time on the ceiling and is quite cute. I have named him "Timmy". He eats the insects and never seems to leave the wall or ceiling. (It is supposed to be bad luck not to have one in your room.) If he disappears for a day I begin to worry about my "luck". It is amazing to watch the lizards in our rooms suddenly dart after a fly but if they see the little black insects with the hard shell they completely ignore them. I am told they can eat even a large moth and if there happens to be two lizards, they almost have a fight over the moth. Timmy is quite sensible - he usually stays on the ceiling in the centre of the room over the electric fan where it is cool. Actually, so far as insects are concerned, this place so far has been no worse than any summer cottage.

The post at Vientiane is, so I am told, the smallest and perhaps that is why it is the nicest. Also Vientiane is much smaller than the other 3 cities and so we are thrown more on our own for entertainment. There are a couple of night clubs where the officers go sometimes but they are very expensive. Usually everyone just sits around the table and talks until around ten and then strolls back to the Bungalow. We sometimes play scrabble or liar's dice but outside of a few parties and cocktails for the higher-ups, there isn't much to do. However, as everyone has been all over the place, there are many with interesting stories to tell. I have seldom met such an interesting crowd. Col. Delamare has his wife here - the only other Canadian woman in Laos - which is nice for him and also nice for me as 2 women at the table makes it easier. I do think the Army tried to send out the very best types.

I do not know whether it is in deference to two women or if they always do it in army messes, but the men all change to white shirts and white trousers for dinner at night. Actually I do think it is a good idea as it would be so easy to get sloppy here. The food in our mess is very good as the boys have been taught to cook in Western style. We have a Chinese head boy and several Chinese boys under him. We usually have soup, fish, meat course, dessert and coffee. Wine is served with meals as it is apparently good for us to have it in this climate. The fish is quite good. It seems usually to be some kind of fillet with a sauce on it. We get fowl, some beef and little pork. We do get buffalo meat which is quite similar to beef. We get bananas and

papaya and watermelon; also fresh tomatoes, beans and the other day we had corn on the cob - in March of all things. I understand the fresh vegetables are brought across the river from Thailand as the Laotians don't bother growing vegetables. All drinking water has to be purified but that is done at the mess in a big canvas bag. We take bottles over to the mess and the boys fill them so we can have water for drinking in our rooms. It is very flat and insipid but we drink it anyway. At the mess we occasionally have ice. It is so nice to have something cool! Extras such as ice are paid for by contributions from all of us to the mess. Ginger ale and lime juice is also brought in from Hong Kong. Once a week we have a Laotian dinner and once a week a Chinese dinner, just to vary things. We can have eggs for breakfast and sometimes orange juice. Also toast and coffee. The coffee is terrible but condensed milk is available which helps to disguise the flavour of the coffee.

Actually, life here could be compared to living in a summer colony. The city is supposed to have some 25,000 people in it but it doesn't look very big. Much of the cooking is done outside. The Laotians are very friendly and it is perfectly safe to go anywhere, day or night. Walking here in the evening is just strolling in the country. Because there is no industry to speak of here, clothes do not get as dirty and the inconveniences are more like those to be found in a summer cottage colony.

When I arrived, 3 Film Board men were here taking pictures of the work of the Commission and other things in Indo-China. They are presently on a trip up to one of the fixed team sites. I believe they are quite pleased with the work they have done here. Perhaps you will be able to see the results when they get the film made. One very amusing thing happened, there was a church festival here and they wanted to get some sound effects from it. They borrowed a generator or something from the Americans here but had brought a great deal of other equipment with them. But they simply could not get it to work. The head priest heard about it and to their great surprise brought forth a generator and everything which they used to do recording work themselves. It worked perfectly and the film board got their sound effects. It is typical of this primitive country that they have mechanized transport and that the priests have modern sound equipment!

The lizard just came out from behind the wardrobe and started creeping towards the window. He got onto the window ledge and stayed there. I didn't want him to turn towards my bed and so I tried persuading him to go out the window but he wouldn't budge. When he started to move along the window sill, I took a long fan I have here and tipped him out of the window. Then I noticed why he had been creeping along the window sill so quietly. There was a big green insect with long blue wings half way up the window and the lizard was waiting until he got close enough to spring at it. So I put the insect outside too. One never knows what will happen next here!

Edna Oram

GILLES PERRIER REPORTS FROM VIENTIANE

I have visited Saigon, Hanoi and Phnom-Penh since reaching Indo-China and they all prove to be worth the trouble. They all differ from one another and I prefer Phnom-Penh to the two others. I have taken up painting and spend quite a bit of time on it. Results have not been anything to brag about but still I have made a bit of progress and might take lessons once back in Canada. I am living in Vientiane and find it healthier than the other cities of Indo-China. Our office building is built in what was originally a rice paddy which accounts for the herds of buffalo and oxen roaming about; It is built on stilts as a protection against floods in the rainy season and it is largely open to the outside so that it is nice and cool at times. When the days are heavy and humid it really makes working very hard as the stationery gets sticky, type is hard to handle and the wind blows paper all over the place. But like everything in Laos it is taken in good stride and one does not hear too much complaining.

THE ROAD TO RECREATION IS OUR OWN EARO

The following Executive will serve for 1955-56 to take charge of External Affairs Recreation Organization:

President	- James George
1st Vice-President	- Helen Larkin
2nd Vice-President	- Keith Henry
Treasurer	- Phillip Morrissey
Secretary	- Maud Kelly
Assistant Secretary	- Louise Venne
Committee	- Georgette Boudreault Malcolm Bow Françoise Gagnon John Hadwen Pat Howard Jim Meagher Jan Munro Mardi Peden Tom Read Fred Smith Bill Jenkins Julia Groves.

Craig Langille who was originally elected as President was posted to the U.N. Assembly Delegation. However, the Organization is very pleased that Jim George has accepted the Presidency.

Our new executive was full of plans and immediately started to put them into action. In order to be able to plan a really top-notch picnic the first requirement was replenishment of the Treasury so we had our "membership" drive. Keith Henry, newly returned from New Delhi, was given the choice assignment of Membership Convenor and with his usual drive and energy succeeded in making our Treasurer much happier about the financial situation. By this time, however, summer was getting on and the only dates we could reserve at Lac Phillipe were very close to July 1 week-end so it was decided to leave the picnic until late August. Bill Jenkins was appointed convenor with King Kingsley as co-convenor. They chose their committee and plans got under way. To keep the flow of events chronologically

straight, I shall leave the picnic for now and tell of the summer activities.

SOFTBALL

Our X.A. team got off to a flying start in May. The equipment was good, the players were good but their luck wasn't. In other words, we didn't make the play-offs. However, everybody had a lot of fun and that's the main thing.

TENNIS

Our tennis tournament was scheduled for August 10 at the Rockcliffe Tennis Club. We had a little weather trouble but finally got under way August 17. John Hadwen was the convenor, ably assisted by Tom Pope. Everybody had a wonderful time with not too much strenuous tennis. Tea was served at 5 o'clock to players and guests. Outstanding stars of the afternoon were Lillian Pon of Information Division and Denise Coderre of Passport Office for the ladies; Gil Champagne and Charles Bedard for the men. Prizes were presented by Mrs. J.A. Chapdelaine.

SKETCHING

Our sketching class had a good enrolment of 18 ardent students. Tom Read did a noble job of convening it for us, albeit reluctantly. It is just possible that we will have a winter class depending on the interest shown.

PICNIC

August 31 was the day finally selected for our picnic. Bill Jenkins and King had as assistants: Keith Henry to look after ticket sales, Jack Zoubie for sports programme and M.C., Helen Larkin and Marie Hyndman for prizes and Pat Howard for publicity. Our then president, Craig Langille, very generously gave his assistance in all fields.

Again the weatherman had his own ideas about our chosen date and August 31 dawned dark and showery and the picnic was postponed to September 1 which turned out very fine. Lac Phillippe was really lovely and everything went according to schedule.

The highlight of the day, for the kiddies, was the free pony rides. These ponies were provided for by a special "Save the Ponies" fund, contributed by Heads of Divisions so the kiddies had all the rides they wanted and were happy. Many thanks to our Chiefs.

The feature race of the day was for "Heads of Division and up" who ran a race trussed up in paper straight jackets. Several of the contestants had difficulty fitting into the garments and required assistance. Protocol was tossed to the winds as the participants crashed into one another rounding the half-way mark. Doug Hicks, Tom Carter and John Teakles were the winners. The picnic was brought to a close by the Four Kings who sang several popular numbers.

GOLF

Next event on the calendar was the Golf Tournament which was scheduled for September 15 at the Chaudiere Golf Club. Martin Meech was the convenor and 29 ardent golfers turned out. The weatherman after having postponed two of our events, really put on his best bib and tucker for the golf.

After a strenuous 18 holes and a short session at the 19th we had dinner in the Club dining room. Mr. R.M. Macdonnell and Mrs. Macdonnell were guests of honour and Mr. Macdonnell gave out the prizes. Winners were as follows:

GILL TROPHY

Men's low gross	- Bob Jenness
Men's low gross 1st nine	- Martin Meech
Men's low gross 2nd nine	- Allan Anderson
Men's low net	- Nelson Harris
Hidden hole (Men)	- Frank Thibault

RECREATION ORGANIZATION TROPHY

Ladies' low gross	- Helen Larkin
Ladies' low gross 1st nine	- Marjorie Meers
Ladies' low gross 2nd nine	- Elaine Wotton
Ladies' low net	- Molly Prince
Hidden hole (Ladies)	- Jan Munro

Another coming golf event is the annual competition for the Wilgress Trophy between X.A. and Trade & Commerce. The ten top golfers from each Department will tee off at the Royal Ottawa, October 19. There will be a dinner at the club after the match and the prizes will be awarded. Bonne chance, External!

BOWLING

Bowling got under way September 8 at the Maple Leaf Alleys. Fred Smith is the Convenor; Fran Gagnon, Assistant Convenor; Dick Ager, Treasurer; Jack Hughes, Assistant Treasurer; Roger Sauriol and Fierre Robitaille the statisticians. Team captains are Helen Larkin, Fran Gagnon, Esther McGoff, Dick Ager, Fred Smith, Keith Henry, Jack Hughes, Bernie Asselin, Pierre Robitaille, J.A. Tardif, Gary McSorley, and Roger Sauriol. It is a little too early in the season to pick winners but competition is strong. We will keep you posted on the standing.

COMING EVENTS

DANCE - December 7

The Department's annual Christmas Dance party will be held on Wednesday evening, December 7 at the redecorated Standish Hall, which will be closed to the public for the evening. There will be lots of dancing, including some square dancing, as well as supper and some diverting entertainment. All this for two dollars per person! So don't forget to hold December 7 - and we hope there won't be too much to do in the office the following day. We wish all you folks abroad could be here with us for the big event. We'll think of you.

THEATRE NIGHT - November 1

With the CRT still uncertain whether they will be able to open at all this winter, there will be fewer opportunities this season to see good plays. We are, therefore, doubly glad to have been able to make arrangements with the Little Theatre for a Departmental Theatre Night on Tuesday, November 1, for what promises to be the hit of the season - J.B. Priestley's "When We Are Married". This play, directed by Barney McManus, is a revival of the splendid comedy of

Yorkshire family life. It played with great success at the Crest Theatre in Toronto earlier this year. Louise MacKay is our Theatre Night convenor.

BRIDGE

Bridge too, is getting its share of serious thought. Courteney Kingston has generously agreed to convene the bridge nights for us and is organizing one for November 8.

H.M. Larkin

* * * * *

NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK DEPARTMENT

It has just been brought to our attention that the Department of National Defence asked the department to arrange for the forwarding to Flight Lieutenant D.R. Taylor of the insignia of the Distinguished Flying Cross which he was awarded for service with the Royal Canadian Air Force during the Second World War. The whereabouts of the recipient were unknown until last spring when the Department was advised that National Defence had now found out that F/L Taylor was a resident of Washington and could be reached c/o the Canadian Embassy. A despatch from Washington in late July stated:

You will be interested to learn that after carrying out a most thorough search I eventually succeeded in tracking Flight Lieutenant Taylor to an office in this Embassy. He has, it seems, been a member of the Department of External Affairs for something close to five years. I was delighted, therefore, to be able to hold in my office on Wednesday, May 18, an appropriate ceremony, attended by other officers of this Embassy, at which I duly presented to Flight Lieutenant Taylor the insignia of the Distinguished Flying Cross that you sent to this Embassy.

The signer of the letter for the Ambassador was none other than former F/L Taylor, now Mr. David R. Taylor, Second Secretary at the embassy in Washington!

BIRTHS, ENGAGEMENTS AND MARRIAGES

BIRTHS

Lucienne Denis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J.H.M. Choquette, born in Paris, September 18, 1955.

Jean Martial Pierre, son of Mr. and Mrs. J.J.M. Côté, born in Oslo, August 2, 1955.

Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J.M.J. Hughes, born in Ottawa, May 14, 1955.

Bridget Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H.B.O. Robinson, born in Paris, September 1955.

James Llewellyn, son of Mr. and Mrs. L.A.D. Stephens, born in Ottawa, June 1955.

* * * * *

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Elizabeth Dorland Abbott to Mr. Robert Metcalfe Schoettle. The wedding is to take place in Ottawa on November 5.

* * * * *

MARRIAGES

Mr. R.B. Edmonds to Miss Shirley John, Melbourne, Australia, October 15, 1955.

Mr. John Hadwen to Miss Shirley Vivian Brown, Toronto, September 16, 1955.

Miss Mary E.J. Harding to Mr. Edwin Falder Jackson, Ottawa, October 1st, 1955.

Miss Barbara Elizabeth Holloway to Mr. A.I. Malcolm, London, England, 1955.

Mr. Peter Jennings to Miss Margaret Anne Wingate, London, England, 1955.

Miss Loretta Kenopic to Mr. Edward McDonald, Ottawa, October 8, 1955.

Miss Evelyn Logan to Mr. John Reynolds Hodder, Ottawa, October 17, 1955.

Mlle. M.L. Vaillancourt to Mr. N. Bird, France, May 21, 1955.

* * * * *

