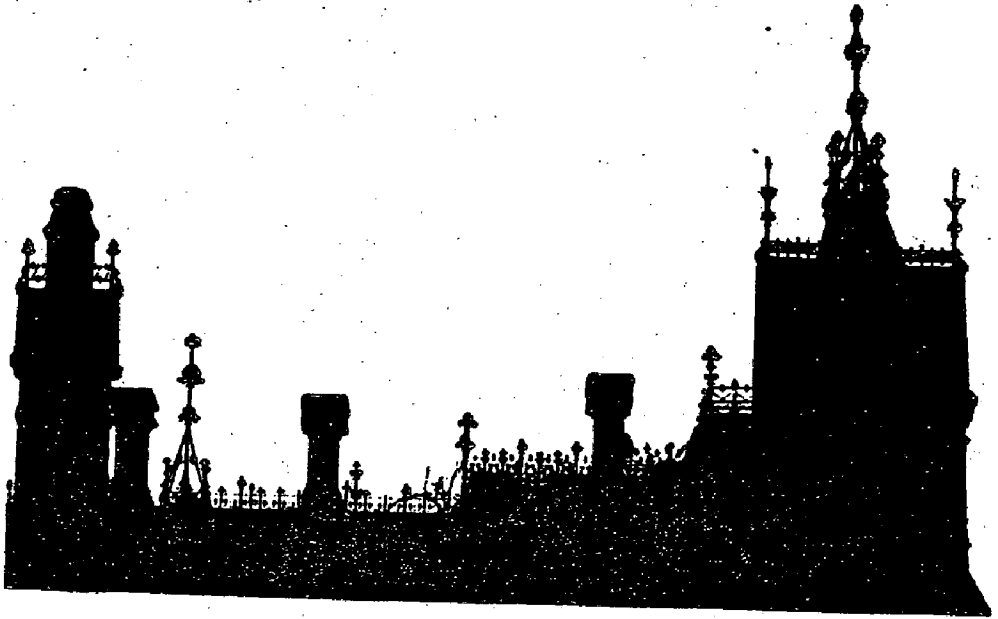


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*Externally Yours*

**March 1958**

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### NOTE FROM THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

We hope you enjoy this issue of your magazine as much as previous ones. We plan to feature a different post in each issue, to stimulate a zany contest or two, publish a few photos and resurrect some ancient gems. However we remain dependent on contributions from all members of the Department and beseech you to send us a poem, an article, a complaint, a travelogue, a sketch, or anything your whimsy dictates, anonymously or otherwise.

⊕ ⊕ ⊕ ⊕

"Externally Yours" is the result of voluntary effort and the contents are not for publication.

3-240-7158

THE NEW BOY

The Christmas dance skit

presented  
by

the Foreign Service Officers probationary,

Friday, 13 December, 1957

†

THE CAST

(in order of appearance)

- The Minister's Secretary - Dorothy Armstrong
- The Minister - - - - - L.A.H. Smith
- The Under-Secretary - - - Jacques Brossard
- The Assistant Under-Secretaries - - - - - Roger Gilbert  
L.H. Amyot  
Ian Gow  
R.W. MacLaren
- The Messenger - - - - - J.A. Millard
- The Constituent - - - - - J.W. Graham
- The Constituent's Wife - - Louise Côté
- The Soviet Ambassador - - Jacques Montpetit
- The Young F.S.O. - - - - - F.J.L. Hudon
- Security Guards - - - - - J.E. Redmond  
Jacques Asselin

† † †

DIRECTOR - C.J. Marshall

PROPERTIES - J.D. Lane  
A.J.G. Couvrette

The scene is set in Room 201, East Block, on a Monday morning earlier this fall. As the overture is being played the Minister's Secretary, Miss Jones, comes on stage and busies herself dusting and arranging things on his desk while she awaits his arrival. As the overture fades away the Minister walks on stage and Miss Jones goes forward to meet him.

### SCENE I

Miss Jones: Good morning, sir. Welcome on your first day in the office. *(Hands him cigarette on long black holder)*

Minister: Thank you. *(Looks around)*. Well this is nice. *(Adds confidentially)*. By the way Miss Jones, can you tell me what I'm supposed to do?

Miss Jones: - *(Shocked)* Oh no sir. One of the fundamental rules of the Department is that you should never play the ball in your own court when it's in someone else's court.

Minister: Oh, I see. Well, I suppose I shall have to play everything by ear, then. I am sure that this Department would never approve of that principle. So what I said had better remain between these four walls.

Miss Jones: Why, you've got the hang of the language already, sir. And don't you worry about those files, everyone here plays it by ear.

*(Telephone rings and the Minister goes to his desk to answer it)*.

Minister: Hello, Oh is that you Mike? How are you? Good. Yes I'm just fine thanks. What can I do for you? You say you think you left your rubbers in the desk? Just a moment and I'll look. Oh yes here they are. No, no, don't you bother, I'll get my secretary to take them over. Or if she's busy I'll get the Under-Secretary to do it. Right. So long Mike.

Miss Jones, would you have someone take these over to the Centre Block. *(As she starts out he calls her back and says)*. You had better take this bow tie along as well. We won't be needing it any more.

### SCENE II

*(The Under-Secretary enters unannounced)*.

Under-Secretary: Good morning, my Lord, Je suis de votre Excellence le très humble et très obéissant serviteur.

Minister: Good morning. May I know who you are? My private secretary, I suppose?

Under-Secretary: No, my Lord: your UNDER-Secretary.

Minister: OH! How do you do?

Under-Secretary: Oh! I do pretty well, sir. And you, sir?

Minister: The very same way as you do, I believe...

Under-Secretary: Well, sir, I am sorry to bother you with such an important matter on your first day in the office, but before my Assistants pop in you may wish to consider this urgent memorandum. As you may know, a quite influential group of taxpayers' disinterested friends would be very grateful if we could save a few pennies more...

Minister: *(nodding)* mm..mm.. I believe I know whom you are referring to...

Under-Secretary: Well, sir, the Paper-Clip sub-committee of the Fight-Waste-and-Unessential-Expenditures committee reports here that out of 100,000 paper clips distributed in our Department since the 1st of January, only 65,002 are still in circulation. That means, sir, that the remaining has been lost or borrowed.

Minister: Shocking!

Under-Secretary: To cope with such a frightful and shameful waste, sir, E. & O. and S. & P. suggest here that every stenographer, secretary and officer in this Department be obliged to sign a form for every clip they take, and fill another form each month explaining the disappearance of every vanished clip...

Minister: Yes..Yes.. A very useful proposal.. And I suppose that the money saved on clips - minus the money spent on forms - would be sufficient to pay one more monthly allowance to a veteran, or... But, tell me, who are those gentlemen?

Under-Secretary: Oh! my four Assistants, sir.

Minister: Good! Show them in.

### SCENE III

*(The four Assistant Under-Secretaries march in).*

Under-Secretary: Sir, may I present Mr. Domes, Mr. Patkins, Mr. Horseshoes, and Mr. McGoo (each bows as he is named).

Minister: Well, I am very pleased to meet you all. Of course, I shall be relying on you for a great deal of practical advice in my new job.

Mr. Domes: You can count on us, sir. There are a great many important things we can tell you. First of all, you must master the combination of your filing cabinet or D.L. (2) will get you.

Mr. Patkins: And secondly, please never use please in a telegram.

Mr. Horseshoes: And thirdly, when material is ready for filing, please indicate this by writing the word "file" on each piece of incoming correspondence.

Mr. McGoo: And finally, on no account should you leave old tea bags or used razor blades in your waste basket.

Minister: Very interesting, I am sure, but isn't there something more to this job?

Mr. Horseshoes: Quite so, these are matters of administration. You must also master the art of diplomacy.

*(The Under-Secretary and the four Assistant Under-Secretaries sing Song No. 1 - "Advice to the Minister").*

### ADVICE TO THE MINISTER

*(To the tune of "Ruler of the Queen's Navy"; H.M.S. Pinafore)*

1. Now that you're no longer at school  
Sophistication's an important rule  
When out in public you should always wear  
a look of boredom and a casual air  
But never a frown let anyone see      *Repeat*  
If you'd be a master of diplomacy
2. Clothes of course must always appear  
Fashionably cut and very very dear  
Umbrellas and Homburgs are a must  
If ever you hope to inspire a trust  
A knife-edge crease one must always see  
If you'd be a master of diplomacy
3. To numerous parties you will go  
Where alcohol is apt to flow  
But people must always, always think  
That you know how to hold a drink  
And when you're ill let no one see  
If you'd be a master of diplomacy
4. Making speeches is an important part  
Of what is known as the diplomats' art  
But always be certain what ever you say  
Can always be taken in more than one way  
So travel a lot and report what you see  
And you can be a master of diplomacy.

## SCENE IV

*(As the song ends, there is a scuffle behind the officers and a messenger boy breaks through their ranks).*

- Messenger: Gang way there - let's have some room.  
*(The messenger walks to the Minister's desk and empties the contents of one of the despatch cases he is carrying).*
- Minister: Young man, couldn't you make a little less noise?
- Messenger: Who do you think you are talking to? Say, you're new around here aren't you?
- Minister: Yes I am, why?
- Messenger: Well I'll let you off this time, but you might as well learn right now that no one gets lippy with the messengers.
- Minister: Why, what do you mean?
- Messenger: See those red files. They've got top secret information in them. If people are not nice to us, all we have to do is to pass some of that stuff on to those fellows on Charlotte Street, and you know what a stink there would be then.
- Minister: Oh, I see, yes.
- Messenger: Okay then, so just watch yourself in the future and there won't be any trouble. *(He turns to the Under-Secretary and four Under-Secretaries and says).* And that goes for you guys too.

## SCENE V

*(Miss Jones enters).*

- Miss Jones: Sir, there's a man and lady here to see you who say they are from Madoc.
- Minister: Madoc, where is that?
- Miss Jones: Why that's in your constituency, isn't it?
- Minister: By George, you are right. Show them in.

- Farmer: Howdeedo, Mr. Smith? How'riya keepin'?
- Minister: Er- fine thank you - Mr.---?
- Farmer: You remember me don't you? We was interduced by Reeve Barnhouse back in Madoc, there at that whingding in the Church cellar.
- Minister: Well er, yes, but I met quite a few of you good people at that gathering.
- Farmer: You mean you don't remember me?
- Minister: No, no, my good man, I didn't say that at all.
- Farmer: Then, you do remember me?
- Minister: Why certainly, how could I forget?
- Farmer: Oh yeah - have you met the little woman?
- Minister: I'm very glad to meet you Mrs....Uh.
- Farmer's Wife: Howdeedo, it's Mrs....
- Farmer: Well, sir, I was just wonderin' if you was fixin' on doing anything about that trouble I was speaking to you about.
- Minister: Why yes, I've been very busy lately though and hope that I shall be able to attend to it shortly. It was the matter about the uh-- the...
- Farmer: -Pigs.
- Minister: Ah yes, the pigs-- now you wanted a baby bonus on piglets?
- Farmer: Nope.
- Minister: Oh, of course, you wanted asiatic flu shots for them?

- Farmer: Nope..
- Minister: Er, well, yes, now I can't seem to recall all of the details, perhaps you could fill me in a bit.
- Farmer: Yep, I suppose, well, as I said before--about two months ago, Lem Lumfoot come a-trampin' out across the back '40 with six young sow, and damn if he didn't leave the whole lot in my barn with a bag of old husks and a note, in Lum's awful handwriting, saying that his pen had blown apart in that there storm -- back early in October -- and what with winter comin' on and all, he thought he'd leave them here until he'd put up his pen again. Well, sir, I'm not uncharitable but them damn pigs ate more than a hundredweight of mash a day and one of them gnawed a hole straight through into the still-ho-boy, Smitty, you should have seen them.
- Minister: Um, yes, I....
- Farmer: Well it might not have been so bad if I had somewhere else to keep my dozen hogs. Well, sir, you kin just imagine what happens. The noise in that barn was so fierce one night that the cows wouldn't milk for a week. And well, I'd sure be grateful if you'd speak to Lum. A man in your position ought to have some influence.
- Minister: Well yes - a most disturbing situation - yes - well - we shall look into the matter. Good day to you sir.
- Farmer: Just before we go, how about a few verses of our song?
- (All on stage sing Song No. 2-"He is a Tory True". As the farmer and his wife start, he says).*
- Farmer: Oh and Smitty, keep your powder dry.

## THE POLITICAL SONG

(To the tune of "He is an Englishman"; H.M.S. Pinafore)

He is a Tory true

For he himself has said it

And It's greatly to his credit

That he is a Tory blue

That he is a Tory true

For he might have been an anarchist

A Socred, Whig or Communist

Or perhaps a Liberal

Or perhaps a Liberal

But in spite of all entreaties

To belong to other parties

He remains a Tory true

## SCENE VI

(Soviet Ambassador strides in, unannounced).

Soviet Ambass: Bubbles something in Russian.

Minister: What's that? (pointing)

Soviet Ambass: Oh, these are my beautiful decorations. You see, I am hero of Soviet Union. Do you want a medal?

Minister: You mean you give them away, just like that?

Soviet Ambass: Why not. You see Komrade Minister, the great difference between Soviet Union and Canada is that in Soviet Union we have very many medals and very many heroes but they never last very long. In Canada, you have no medals and few heroes, but they last and go down into history. Ours just go down to Siberia.

Minister: Well Mr. Ambassador, shall we talk about the University... I mean External Affairs?

Soviet Ambass: Oh da, da. Tell me, Komrade, the Kremlin is very interested to know how you like your new job here. (Attempts to examine "Top Secret" files)

Minister: O.K. Thanks.

Soviet Ambass: Komrade, you are a dirty swine of a rotten capitalist. You pig headed decadent is mixing hockey and tanks, politics with sports. You are not behaving yourself and I protest formally in the name of Kremlin.

Minister: Oh cut it out. Tell me, is it true you plan to send a pink elephant to the moon in the next Sputtnik?

Soviet Ambass: Naturally. You see Komrade, if we are to give the Americans an inferiority complex, we want to make it a real one this time.

Minister: Get out. (as the Soviet Ambassador starts out the Minister says). Is he really the Soviet Ambassador?

Under-Secretary  
and Assist.:

Under-Sec's: (in unison) Yes, he is the Soviet Ambassador. (All on stage join in singing Song No. 3 - "The Soviet Ambassador").

## THE SOVIET AMBASSADOR.

(To the tune of "The Captain of the Pinafore"; H.M.S. Pinafore)

Ambassador I am the Soviet ambassador

Chorus And a right good ambassador too

Ambassador I'm very, very good  
And be it understood  
I am a communist true

Chorus He's very, very good  
And be it understood  
He is a communist true

Ambassador Though related to the Czar  
I followed the bright red star  
And the Marxist line  
So I'm never known to quail  
At the thought of a jail  
And I'll never be sent to a mine

Chorus What never

Ambassador No never

Chorus What never

Ambassador Probably never

Chorus He'll never be sent to a mine  
Then give a cheer and one cheer more) Repeat  
For the jolly Soviet ambassador )



## SCENE VII

Miss Jones: Sir, there's a very excited young man outside.  
I think he is one of the new F.S.O.'s.

*(Excited young man rushes on stage waving secret message).*

Junior Officer: Where is the minister? Where is the minister?  
I have a top secret message for the minister that just arrived from Moscow. Are you the minister - No. *(Looks at the Minister)* Are you the minister - No. *(Looks at the Under-Secretary)* Ah you must be the minister, you have the most honest face. *(Looks at the Soviet Ambassador)* Here is a message for you sir.

Soviet Ambass.: Thank you very much. *(Hurries off stage)*

Under-Sec.: You young fool, you have bungled again. What have you given the Soviet Ambassador? There is only one thing to do to you. Security guards!

*(Two security guards come on stage and begin to drag the junior officer away).*

Under-Sec.: You know what to do with him - the usual thing.

First Guard: Right, sir, off to Indochina.

*(Junior officer breaks away from guards and rushes back to the Under-Secretary pleading).*

Junior Officer: Oh not that sir, not Indochina.

Under-Sec.: Very well, if you are not satisfied with that you can stay in Ottawa for the rest of your life.

*(As the security guard drags the young officer away he is heard crying).*

Junior Officer: No not that - not Ottawa.

## SCENE VIII

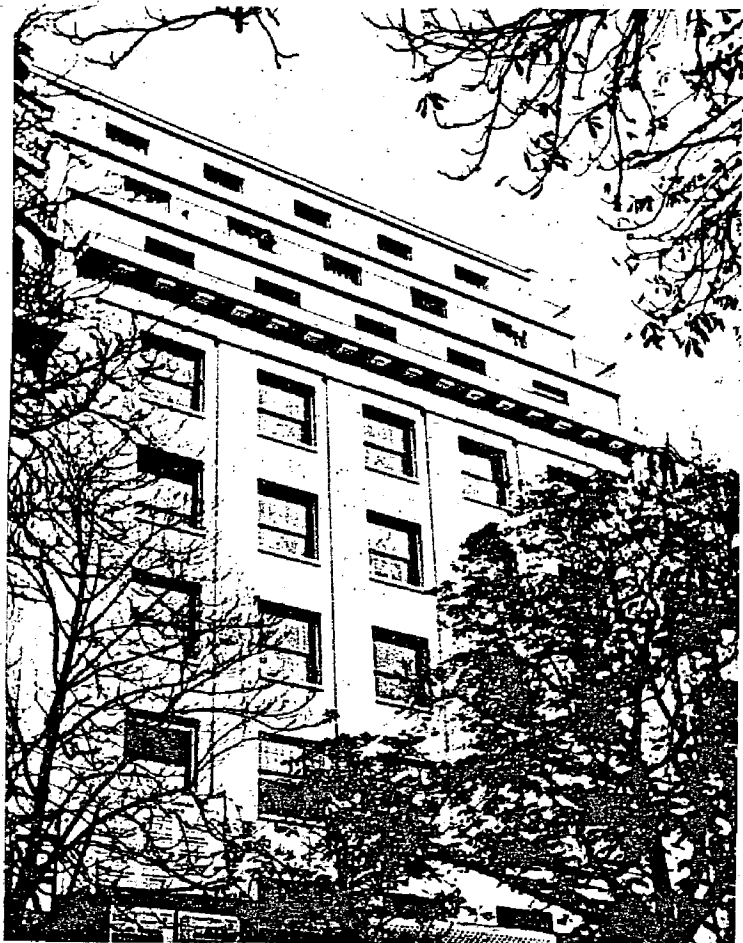
Minister: My this is a confusing job. Sometimes I wish I had stayed in Toronto.

*(All members of the cast come on stage to sing the finale - Song No. 4 - "A Minister's Lot is not an Easy One").*

## FINALE

*(To the tune of "A Policeman's Lot is not a Happy One";  
Pirates of Penzance)*

1. When a steno's not engaged in typing letters  
- typing letters  
Or listening for the telephone to ring  
- 'phone to ring  
Her chance of throwing off her office fetters  
- office fetters  
Is just as great as any job could bring  
- job could bring  
But our pity we with difficulty smother  
- 'culty smother  
When ministerial duty's to be done  
- to be done  
And take one consideration with another  
- with another  
A minister's task is not an easy one  
When ministerial duty's to be done  
- to be done  
A minister's task is not an easy one
2. When a filing clerk's not occupied in filing  
- 'pied in filing  
When a messenger's not running to and fro  
- to and fro  
He has coffee with the others who are whiling  
- who are whiling  
The hours away until it's time to go  
- time to go  
When a civil servant's fed up being civil  
- being civil  
He loves to sit a dozing in the sun  
- in the sun  
But considering the real work and the drivel  
- and the drivel  
A minister's task is never really done  
When ministerial duty's to be done  
- to be done  
A minister's task is not an easy one



CHANCERY - PARIS

## A DIPLOMATIC MOVE

Some of you may have noticed that the Chancery in Paris moved recently. The bald announcement that the address is now 35 avenue Montaigne, Paris, 8e, telephone BALzac 99-55 will certainly not convey to many minds the anguish felt by those involved in the move.

At about the stage where the plasterers were working, people began to drop down to inspect the new building with particular reference, naturally, to the office which had been assigned to them. Back they would come and the interrogation would start. What colour will my walls be? I don't see any phones installed. Must I have a room which looks out on the courtyard? Can't you put me somewhere else? I don't like grills and bars. (referring, no doubt, to the windows).

Eventually, of course, each one became resigned to his or her fate and the hectic business of packing to move began. It was just another case of cleaning out the old attic, only on a somewhat larger scale. Old bottles (medicine and even larger types) came out from lower drawers of filing cabinets. Discoloured paper, pencil stubs and urgent tags littered the floors.

During all this activity we were not really sure we could move as scheduled. It would have helped to know when the workmen would finish the task on which they had laboured so lovingly for so long. Finally, like a ship leaving shore, the telephone service was cut in the old Chancery and we had to move whether we liked it or not and whether the new building was available or not, and so, on Friday January 10, the staff went home and left the baby to admin. to play with.

The following morning vast luggage vans arrived and hordes of workmen began to carry hundreds of boxes crammed with the thousands of articles needed to operate an Embassy. As offices were gradually emptied strange things came to light - behind a bookcase a beautiful mirror we had never seen and cupboards previously unknown.

Communications, of course, felt that since they are such sensitive members of the Embassy, they required special attention. Various plans were discussed as to how they could be moved in absolute secrecy, and some wild talk (1) about dis-

(1) Fractured French?

guising the operators as waiters who were to carry their machines on tables covered with tablecloths as though covering a dinner had to be firmly squashed. Hard work with the station-wagon (and the operators) saw them transferred quickly and they might have been on the air sooner had not a few gremlins climbed aboard for the joy-ride.

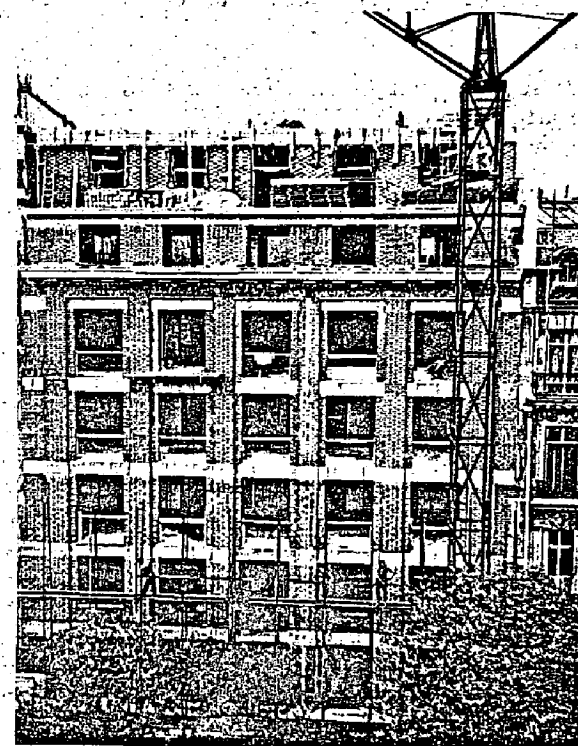
By the end of the second day the contents of all offices were transferred and while 99% of the furniture and boxes found their way to the correct place you can imagine we were not entirely operational on Monday morning.

First things being first, the staff were delighted to find that the hot-plates so carefully packed in the old building still worked in the new. After a brew on Monday morning the staff set to with a will (to use a well-known expression), and by noon some people were sufficiently installed to resume normal work. Of course, some were not and a quick survey would have shown that these were mostly the men. A further check would have shown that they were mainly congregated at the front windows (1) to admire the fascinating view. It did not take long to find out that the front they were speaking of was the front of Christian Dior's establishment just across the street. It may have been coincidence but the day after this intense ogling all the Dior blinds were lowered to the window sills. Of course this is explainable by the usual professional secrecy which precedes the showing of a new spring collection.

So there we were, officially transferred, although dozens of workmen still in the building made things a little awkward. Mind you, the Ambassador was working in the hallway because his floor was not laid. The typewriters of the diplomatic stenographers were likely to jump a space or two because of the hammering of carpenters doing finishing touches. Thumps and bangs were heard as filing cabinets were moved to new positions. The halls were littered with empty boxes as the contents were transferred back to their original hiding places. Another source of complaint was that Antoine Monette and the guardians of the Canadian taxpayers' money had neglected to provide us with marble-lined bathrooms and gold-plated fixtures to which we had become accustomed in the old building. Also missing were coat-trees (known in the trade as "costumers"), Ottawa having neglected to read a request for a supply of these necessities.

The new furniture, when it arrived, was pretty sparse so we still have a hodge-podge of ancient and modern which looks

(1) Why not the front dior?



rather strange in the essentially utilitarian building designed for our specific needs.

Speaking of design takes us a long way back, and this has both its amusing and sorry sides. Through no fault of the Department a back wing originally planned for was deleted on the grounds that we did not really need the space. At the moment we have only two spare offices in the entire building. One amusing feature of the plans submitted to the local authorities is that a number of chimneys are included whereas, in fact, we only have one, but the law says chimneys are required so our plans show them. Officialdom is happy and so are we.

Having had the plans approved by the city fathers, one would have thought that everything was ready to start but it wasn't. First, we had to evict the tenants of the old broken down "hotel" which stood on the site. This was not easy and since the tenants were Canadian Government Departments we had

to be patient and deal with them gently. (One of these was Treasury office, and everyone knows how carefully they must be handled.)

But at last temporary quarters were found for them and demolition could start. For two and a half years thereafter, those of us who were interested, and especially those going home, would drop down to the site to see how things were getting along at the new Chancery. We saw the cement pillars gradually mounting and workmen drinking wine; and steel rods being inserted, and wine being drunk; the roof going on and wine going down, but month by month we could see the transformation and obtain a rough idea of what our new home would be like. (1)

During the six months telephone technicians toiled to wire us for sound we had the difficult job of trying to persuade the local authorities to give us service for a system not yet installed. Beware of this if you ever have a construction programme on your hands and ask permission first before ordering your new equipment.

In July we received a date for opening in October; in September it became November; in October it became December; in November it became January. This was all right: as far as the Chancery on Avenue Foch was concerned. We had been tenants without a lease for over three years and so what did a few more months matter? But other members of the Chancery, such as Trade and Commerce and Treasury, had definite leases which expired on December 31. We, therefore, had to concentrate the carpenters, painters, floor-layers and electricians on the part of the building to be occupied by others. The result was two-fold. These O.G.D.s had the honour of occupying our building first and our entry was delayed until the new year.

And so we return to the events which open this story. We like to think of it as being planned confusion, no matter if it looked to the casual onlooker as simply confusion. Order is slowly being restored and all we need now are pictures, rugs, desks, chairs, telephone stands, tables, waste paper baskets, costumers, stationery cupboards, desk trays and a few other assorted articles to be all set.

Can I borrow a couple of aspirins please? (2)

I.B. Fournier (the mover)

(1) And wine at?

(2) If you order them in quinetriplicate.

## PRACTICAL POINTERS FOR THOSE ABROAD - No. 1

As a service to the many members of the Department who find it increasingly difficult to master the manifold complexities of life in the foreign service, we beg those who by guile, subterfuge, and bitter experience have devised practical solutions to the many irritations that belabour us to pass on their knowledge.

Systems and methods of this nature are so fundamental to efficient operation that a prize will be offered for the best contribution.

### HOW TO PRESENT A GRIEVANCE BY NUMBERED LETTER

By careful use of this method you are guaranteed a .03% chance of success, which is three times better than normal. Use pattern below, striking out all bracketed terms that are not strictly applicable to your own case.

#### 1. STATE GRIEVANCE IN A SIMPLE BUT HEARTRENDING MANNER, e.g.:

(distressed  
I am (grieved to have to inform you that because of  
(desolated

(inclement climate  
the (exorbitant cost of living existing at this otherwise  
(multifarious temptations

delightful post I am unable to retain my (health and am  
(mistress

(recluse  
condemned to lead the life of a (celibate.  
(hermit

2. DELEVELOP SECONDARY ARGUMENT.

You will agree, I am confident, that this (sorry  
(wretched  
(pitiful

state cannot be conducive to the (sturdy resolution  
(calm repose so  
(complacent torpidity

essential for the ambitious and promising young officer who is

only too anxious to (strain every nerve and sinew  
(leave no stone unturned in his  
(keep his ear to the ground and  
(his shoulder to the wheel

constant and unremitting efforts to (broaden  
(deepen his percipient  
(widen  
(thicken

comprehension of the trends underlying the significant political  
events of .....

(NOTE: This should not be unduly prolonged. Enough is plenty.)

3. STRIKE THE IRON WHILE IT IS HOT (YOU HOPE).

Knowing full well as I do that you and your distinguished

colleagues are always (eager (aid  
(determined to (support the efforts  
(resolved (encourage

of the aforesaid (ambitious  
(promising young Canadian to climb yet one  
(brash

more step upward - Excelsior! - on the long road that will one  
day lead to an Ambassadorship and a Basic Aggregate, I close

(sincere  
this brief but (impassioned plea in the sublime assurance  
(bitter

that you will at once issue the necessary instructions to

(post me to the new Consulate at Miami Beach  
(raise the index of this benighted post by 40 points  
(promote me from X to X-squared  
(re-assign me to Public Works.

4. SAY THANK YOU.

Permit me, Sir, to assure you in anticipation of my

(undying (noble  
(heartfelt gratitude for your (sterling response. May I  
(infinite (generous

say also, in closing, that classified correspondence takes  
several weeks to arrive here. If you will deign to reply by  
emergency telegram I shall be happy to have the steno (3) and  
the steno (2b) called out of bed to decypher it immediately on  
arrival.

NOTE: If this doesn't work better give up. You've had it, chum!

\*\*\*

## A PINK SLIP!

A new DCO named Miss Flip  
Was asked if she had a pink slip  
The young man who did ask  
Was brought firmly to task  
And for weeks he displayed a fat lip

## REPORT FROM JACK HUGHES PRESIDENT EARO

Well here we go again -- another issue of Externally Yours. The new Editorial Committee are certainly to be commended for the zeal with which they tackled the business of resurrecting old and gathering new items of information and, in general, starting the wheels rolling again. Everyone agrees that Externally Yours should be published as often as possible -- even the Editorial Committee -- but this rotational personnel business continually tosses monkey wrenches into our plans and we consider ourselves fortunate if fifty percent of an editorial committee is still in Ottawa when the fruits of their labours reaches the presses. Having become hardened to this sort of thing, it would not surprise yours truly if a number of the Editorial Committee were to send a letter to one of our Posts abroad asking for a contribution to Externally Yours and later end up drafting the reply.

We would indeed be remiss if we omitted a word of thanks to Alison Hardy, who now toils in Washington, D.C. Alison babied Externally Yours during its growing pains and, indeed, deserves our sincere gratitude for her efforts.

This seems to be a busy time of year for your Recreational Association. The past few months saw the Civil Service R.A. Hockey and Broom Ball playoffs -- External Affairs did well in both but lost out in the finals -- a Cribbage tournament has been in progress for a few weeks, under the convenorship of Gordie Bull, but it is too early to forecast a winner -- a Bridge Night convened by Ken Wardroper was held in early March with Mr. and Mrs. Spooner winning top laurels and Mr. and Mrs. Wardroper winning a close second (it's not customary to name the "winner" of the booby prize but since yours truly had the dubious honour, I would be open to endless criticism if I kept it secret -- seems unfair that the President of the Association should be so handicapped) -- the Annual Curling Bonspiel is to take place on March 26 with Bill Holmes at the helm -- Bill Kirkpatrick's committee are fast winding up the Bowling League so that playoffs can get under way and the annual banquet taken care of -- part of our Committee has been given the interesting and enjoyable task of selecting Miss External Affairs 1958, who will compete in the forthcoming Miss Civil Service R.A. contest -- and we are in the throes of the annual

elections to the EARO executive and council (elections? that's the time of year when everyone on the retiring executive contacts everyone else in the Department at Ottawa so that they can be told -- "gee, I'd like to help but I just won't have time. You see I am on a new job etc.....").

Aside from the most recent and coming events the organization has been fairly active during the earlier part of the season. The Departmental Softball Team made quite a showing in the Civil Service R.A. League. Lorne (Skip) Ryan pitched his way through the regular season without suffering any losses -- subsequently, in the playoffs with winners from another section, our team bowed to superior opposition although it has been pointed out that postings and the Canadian Delegation to the United Nations General Assembly took some of the top players away. Gérard Bertrand convened a successful annual Tennis Tourney, last September, which was followed by a light lunch and a presentation of prizes to the day's winners -- Helen Burns and Paul Duguay. Mack Wood herded several golfers from the Department around the Chaudière precincts in the Annual Departmental Golf Tournament last August, 18 holes were followed by a hot meal and the presentation of prizes to Keith Henry, Hank McGowan, Beryl Crean, Brian Crane and, for the hidden score, to the convenor Mack Wood. The ladies too received their share of prizes with presentations to M. Grace, Jessie Dickinson, Marg MacKenzie, Alison Hardy and, for the hidden score, Noëlla Bélanger. Bill Kirkpatrick and a helpful committee organized the Annual Picnic during the past season -- one of the best yet, by the way. Only one person was disappointed when he didn't win a prize - but I was appeased when they gave me some free ice cream. Art classes were again held this year under the able instruction of Mrs. Sturgeon. The annual dance at Christmas time was an affair to be remembered. Everyone had a wonderful time with the possible exception of the FSO's who braved the cat-calls and carols to put on a rather well-prepared skit. Alf Pick won himself a Christmas turkey and Ted Galpin, the dance convenor, won all kinds of praise for himself and his able committee.

All in all your Recreational Committee has kept fairly active but we always feel there is much left to do. We have many plans for the future included in which is the possibility of establishing a blood bank here in Ottawa for the exclusive use of members of this Department -- and possibly their dependents. In addition, we are hoping to improve our ties with the parent organization, the Civil Service Recreation Associa-

tion, so that members of this Department will have access to almost any possible recreation facility nameable. We think this is particularly important to members of this Department since many of us are not in Ottawa long enough to make joining any kind of an athletic club feasible. Leo McGovern has accepted the position of Civil Service R.A. representative.

I have no doubt that I have already used up more space than was allotted to me by the Editorial Committee, but before ending, I would like to request each and every member of the Department to take an active interest in the Departmental Recreational facilities. We have the nucleus of a fine organization and I am very grateful to all members of the present executive for the assistance they have provided during the past year. I should also like to extend my sincere best wishes to next year's executive whose names will probably be shown to us within the next month.

J.D. Hughes,

President.

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### A GOOD ANSWER

A civil servant sent aloft in a balloon to make meteorological observations became lost as his balloon drifted off course in wind and fog. Some days later the mist dispelled briefly, enabling him to see a farmer gazing upward.

"Where am I?", he shouted to the farmer.

"You are up in a balloon", the farmer cried.

This, by Civil Service standards, was an excellent answer. It was brief. It was to the point. It added nothing to the knowledge already at hand.

### FROM THE ARCHIVES

Canada is by all standards a spacious country and it is ironical that this luxury is so lacking in the East Block. Conversion of attics, basements and towers having reached the limits of architectural ingenuity and the ratio of persons to floor space being such as to horrify a Shanghai slum inspector, the Department has been obliged to decentralize some bodies and paper. It proved easier to move the former than the latter, but recently several tons of dormant files finally were let out to (Tunney's) Pasture.

Not least of the benefits has been the rediscovery of certain treasures (no, Warsaw, not yours). Straight-laced and straight-faced as we are, the occasional laughing letter and declivous despatch finds its way to Ottawa. At times these are by-products of tense situations and often a welcome release from the pressure and strain of most of our understaffed operations. Although fondly remembered by many this valuable correspondence disappears in the omnivorous files, and we hope in succeeding issues to revive some classics of interred levity. We have in mind as our first endeavour the 1946 poetry competition on "Honours and Awards", but would welcome suggestions from those who recall other buried treasures.

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### BEST HIGH SCHOOL DEBATER

The many friends of Paul Malone, at home and abroad, will be interested to hear of his son's success as a debater.

On Sunday, 2 March 1958, sixteen-year-old Tony Malone was chosen the best speaker at the first inter-high school debate sponsored by the Arts Faculty of the University of Ottawa and the Arts Faculty Debating Society. A grade-12 student at St. Patrick's High School, he scored 243 points out of 300 and was awarded a \$100 scholarship and the Arts Faculty Trophy.

The subject of the debate was: "Should the Federal Government guarantee a college education to every qualified high school student?" Tony and his team-mate, taking the negative side, topped an affirmative team from Commerce by 25 points, scoring 478 out of a possible 600. CONGRATULATIONS TO TONY.

## BIRTHS, ENGAGEMENTS AND MARRIAGES

## BIRTHS

*Timothy George Magrath*, son of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Hadwen born in New York, January 24, 1958.

*Grahame Patrick Clement* and *Chloe Hélène Clement*, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D.C. Arnoult, born in New York, March 10, 1958.

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## GETTING A HEAD

How sad was the budding young diplomat  
When he went to a store for a Homburg hat  
And the clerk said "Admit it -  
Your head just won't fit it -  
It's much too disgustingly fat".

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