



# THE COMMUNICATOR

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## EDITORS RAMBLE

By David Smith

The stories you have been reading in the past issues continue in this extra edition. Few, if any of us can compare our Foreign Affairs experiences with those of Brian Friebe and Leigh Shankland (and who would knowingly want to!) But what good reading we enjoy, thanks to both of them. See page 8 for Leigh's photos.

This "special" edition includes a submission by T.E. Arbuckle whom we all knew as "Buck". I feel confident you will gain as much from Bucks' historical memory banks as I did. Buck, a big thank you for taking the time to pen such an interesting and wonderful piece.

On with the stories.

### Rambling thru Rio Part III – Photos on Page 8

By Leigh Shankland

It was a very quiet, bedraggled group of passengers on the bus during our trip around the airport runways. I expect that the relief of surviving without major injury, a very dangerous situation contributed to this silence. I did not notice the route we were taking but at one point I do recall the bus entering an area with military personnel guarding the traditional 'main gate'. I was aware that Galeao Airport in Rio shared runways with the Brazilian air force so this did not raise any alarm bells or cause for concern.

The bus pulled up in front of a small building and our military escort instructed us to disembark. We were ushered into the building (which was being guarded by armed members of the Brazilian military) and directed to a large room. Soft drinks and water (though I cannot recall any food) were provided and, a few at a time, we were allowed to go to the head to attempt to wash off the tear gas and foam residue clinging to us. I kept looking about to see if I could spot someone who looked like they might be from the Canadian Embassy.

Once refreshed I again approached those in charge to identify myself, explain my situation and more importantly to retrieve the diplomatic bag. It took some time before anyone could be found (amongst the military personnel guarding us) who could speak enough English to understand my concerns. Finally a fairly senior officer spoke to me and seemed to realize who I was. Unfortunately my identity papers, passport etc. were in the small pouch which had been ripped off my arm when I was hit by the high pressure foam during my first escape attempt aboard the aircraft. I

explained my predicament to this officer and asked that I be allowed to telephone the Canadian Embassy to advise them as to where I was. He said he would look into it.

One at a time passengers from the flight were being taken from the room to be questioned (so I assumed), by Brazilian security officials. After an hour or so I was approached by a young officer and asked if I would accompany him. We went into a small office off the main holding area and in rudimentary English I was asked if I was the Canadian Diplomatic Courier. I stated I was indeed. My escort then took me out of the room and the building to a waiting jeep with two armed guards aboard. The jeep slowly drove away and after fifteen minutes or so to my great surprise we pulled up in front of the main passenger terminal of Rio International Airport. As I was escorted to the Cruzeiro do Sul airport offices our little group attracted a great deal of attention from other passengers in the airport. I can imagine their shock in seeing me, clothes smelling of tear gas and splattered with foam, being taken 'somewhere' by three, weapons in hand, military personnel.

The shock of the passengers was exceeded only by that of Gerry Langier who I spotted standing by the Cruzeiro office door. To this day I can still see Gerry's face turning white when he saw me. And the astonishment in his voice at his

exclamation: 'Leigh! I was told you were still out on the aircraft!

We were taken into the Cruzeiro do Sul office and there, beside a desk, was my diplomatic pouch. Gerry and I examined it and the seals appeared to be intact. Gerry (who spoke pretty good Portuguese considering he had only been in Brazil a couple of months) advised he and I would now proceed to the embassy. This did not sit well with my armed escort and they asked him exactly who he was. Gerry explained that he was a member of the staff at the embassy. They advised him 'you may take the diplomatic pouch but the Diplomatic Courier stays with us'. A short discussion took place and without further ado and to Gerry's great credit he said that he would not accept this. The reply (as the guards weapons swung in his direction): 'okay, you come along with us'. Within a short time we found ourselves, diplomatic bag in hand, on our way back to the Brazilian Air force base where I and the other passengers had been originally taken.

Gerry and I were taken into the building and into a office. A series of questions were put to me after which we were returned to the main holding room. A number of trucks pulled up in front of the building and offloaded the passenger luggage which, once correctly identified, we were allowed to take possession of. More importantly the small pouch containing my passport, tickets, papers and money was also returned and the contents, after a cursory check, were found to be 'present and accounted for'.

Another half hour passed before Gerry and I were again taken into one of the interrogation rooms. The senior officer I had spoken to some hours back was now in the chair and he presented me with a two page 'statement' which he asked me to sign and Gerry to witness. It only took a quick glance at the paper to see it was in Portuguese. I certainly had no idea what it said nor did Gerry. I informed the officer in charge that I could hardly sign a statement in a language I did not understand without the approval (and presumably correct translation) of a senior member of our embassy. A short discussion again took place which resulted in Gerry being allowed to place a call to our Ambassador. As it was our National Day the Ambassador was preparing for a reception at the residence and I got the impression (from watching Gerry's expression during the telephone conversation) he was not enthusiastic about becoming further involved in the situation. However Gerry persisted and the Ambassador finally agreed to send a officer from the Embassy out to rendezvous with us.

It took a long time (at least an hour) for this young officer to arrive. We explained the situation to him. Unfortunately this officer, on his first posting, had been in Brazil even less time than had Gerry and did not have a clue as to the role of a Diplomatic Courier or how they were to be protected, as per article 27 of the Vienna Convention, by other nations. The 'statement' which I was being requested to sign was again produced by the senior Brazilian military officer. Our Third Secretary felt there was no harm in our signing it. Gerry and I were adamant that to sign such a paper without knowing exactly what it said would be rather foolish but if the Third Secretary felt strongly about signing it he could do so. We were having no part of it. Quite frankly I cannot recall after thirty-two years whether anyone signed the statement. I know I did not and am pretty sure Gerry didn't either.

We were then allowed, along with the diplomatic bag, my personal papers and suitcase, to depart. We must have been driven back to the airport terminal by a military vehicle as if I recall correctly we were driven

back into Rio by our embassy car and driver. During the ride Gerry and I recounted the events of the day. I thought we would be going to the embassy to secure the bag and then to a hotel but the Third Secretary advised the Ambassador wished to speak to me first so we drove to his residence. Canada Day celebrations were in full swing when we arrived and we were asked if we would go, via the rear stairs, to the Ambassador's residence where I could, if I wished, take a shower and also place a phone call to my family in Ottawa. Once clean and over a glass of scotch, I phoned Marlene to advise her I was safe and reasonably sound.

Gerry and I must have sat in the living room of the residence for at least an hour before the Ambassador appeared. I did not mind (besides I was drinking his scotch) as I felt it was important that someone at a senior level be advised of what had occurred as well as being apprised of the fact that the diplomatic bag had been out of my control for some hours. On entering the room the Ambassador, after greeting me and asking whether I was okay, showed little interest as to what had taken place during the hijacking or any concern about the security of the diplomatic bag. The only further question he put to me was 'would I mind giving a interview to a great friend of his, the foreign correspondent representing Agence French Press'? I was astounded (as I think Gerry was) at this request and it took me about thirty seconds to turn him down flat; using the excuse that the Head of the Diplomatic Courier Service (Archie Matthews) and External Security personnel in Ottawa would have to okay his request before I could agree to it. The Ambassador accepted this (so we thought) and after again congratulating me on my safe 'escape' said we could go.

Gerry kindly took me to his house to spend the night and after a good

nights sleep, another shower and breakfast, we went to the embassy to sort things out. I was again approached by the Ambassador about the Agence French Press interview but managed to stonewall him by stating we had not received permission from Ottawa as yet. I sent a short message (not mentioning the foolish press interview request) - not being sure whether the powers that be would want me to return to Ottawa for immediate debriefing - to External (Archie) asking for instructions. An hour or so later a four word reply came back. 'Proceed at your discretion'. So I did, arriving back in Ottawa five or six days later.

Those that knew Archie Matthews will appreciate a comment he made to me a year later when he visited Hong Kong where I had been posted (as a CM/Diplomatic Courier) in January 1971. Archie asked "Shankland, do you recall the short message I sent to you in Brazil after you were hi-jacked"? After I allowed that it was etched in my mind he told me that had I **not** 'proceeded at my discretion' (completed the courier run) I would not have been offered the sought after posting to Hong Kong as a Diplomatic Courier. I told Archie that I considered the posting apt reward for the events of July 1, 1970.

**A footnote:** The events recounted 'Rambling thru Rio' took place many years ago and we all know brain cells do not regenerate. What I experienced while on the aircraft is very clear and vivid but the sequence of events once I was taken to the Brazilian military base for 'debrief' may have holes in it. There is another story to be told. Gerry Langelier's performance on my behalf and on behalf of our embassy was and is beyond reproach. I recall some of what Gerry told me about events (as they transpired from his perspective) on that day but I feel a contribution to 'The Communicator' directly from Gerry would be much more accurate and interesting than anything I recall.

Editor's note: I have written to Gerry.

\* \* \*

## Remembering Kuwait Part IV

*By Brian FriebeI*

True to their word, the Iraqis shut off the electricity to the embassy on August 24th. This was a major blow to us, in two ways. 1 We now had to eat up all our perishables, and 2) we could no longer make ice cubes for our afternoon libations. We had taken to having drinky-poos just after four o'clock each afternoon. It was a good way for us all to get together after each day, and it was a great moral booster to have a drink with ice cubes and some fun conversation with the people we lived with. (I know you of a temperance bent, are going to say where did the booze come from in dry Kuwait? All I can say is "there are ways, there are ways".) A day or two after the electricity was cut off, the Iraqis showed up with a couple of people from the Kuwait public works, and proceeded to dig a hole down to the water pipes that were located just outside the embassy walls at the rear of the embassy, or what would be the western wall of the building. I positioned myself to look over the wall and scowl at this operation while the workmen dug the hole. My intention was to watch how they did this, with the idea that maybe we could come back later and reconnect the pipes. About three feet below the surface there were two sets of pipes running into the embassy. One of these pipes was for potable city water, and the other larger (about an inch and a half) was for what we called

black water. This water could not be drunk, and was used for watering gardens and washing cars and that sort of thing. The pipes were pretty standard looking PVC pipes and the operation of putting them back together did not look as if it would take rocket science to reconnect them. The workmen simply bent the pipes back, and taped them off. This being August and them being local government employees they did not bother to fill the hole in again, much to my delight.

After the electricity and water had been cut off, our next door neighbor, a Kuwaiti citizen called Adnan contacted us about two nights later and offered to throw his garden hose, and an electrical extension cord over the wall that we shared with him. This we accepted with much appreciation. It gave us a chance to fire up the old fridge for much missed ice cubes, and also to fill up all our water containers again. This only lasted for about three or four days. By this time the Iraqis were starting to get organized and they were issuing orders to the local population. One of these directives was that anyone caught helping foreigners would be shot. We could not blame Adnan for pulling back the garden hose and the extension cord. So there we were without an outside source of water and electricity once again. Time to go with plan "B".

Plan "B" was, when all else failed we would try and sneak out and reconnect the cut water pipes. Ron, Sharon, Min and I got together about four or five days after Adnan had taken back the hose and extension cord, and worked out a plan, that at about two o'clock in the morning we would sneak outside the wall proceed to the hole where the pipes had been cut and try to reconnect them. We armed our wives, with a couple of tin cans and stationed them on the two corners of the embassy wall away from where we would be working. The idea was that if they saw an Iraqi patrol or soldiers of any kind they

would drop the cans thus warning us and we could scoot back inside. Ingenious!! Ron and I gathered up our equipment to attempt a major plumbing job. A jack-knife and a roll of duct tape. It was decided that Ron would stand guard on our corner, and hand stuff to me in the hole. After all was set and in place I stripped down to my fruit-of-the-looms and Ron and I sneaked out of the gate to the hole. I jumped into the hole and after checking it out decided to connect the smaller of the two pipes first. I did this without too much difficulty and figured I had got a fairly good seal with the duct tape. It was pretty muddy so it was hard to tell. Anyway things went from bad to worse when it came time to try and reconnect the bigger of the two sets of pipes. These were the black water pipes and we could have used the water for washing and toilet flushing and the like. During the day when this water was being used the pressure was fairly low. However in the middle of the night when no one was using the water, the pressure built up considerably. I realized this shortly after I had cut the cord holding the PVC pipe back. As soon as the cord was cut there was a blast of water into the hole and up into the air that looked very much to me like he fountain in the middle of the lake in downtown Geneva. I was pretty sure that there was no way I could tame this gush so I managed to get the end of the pipe bent back over and taped back into place. I crawled out the hole covered in mud and slime and Ron and I slunk back into the embassy yard. You have to picture the scene. Here were two middle aged slightly (just slightly) paunchy civil servants covered with water slime and mud playing at being commandos. After we got back inside the embassy yard we were cracking up laughing so hard it was hard to speak. We were both a little disappointed that we had not been totally successful in connecting the pipes but we had done all we could do with what we had. We collected our wives from their post on the walls and sacrificed one of our precious pails of water to get cleaned up. Then we giggled and laughed about the operation for awhile and went to bed.

There was one bright spot after our commando raid to repair the water works to the embassy. About a day or two later just out of desperation alone, Ron decided to turn on a tap, and was rewarded with a very slow trickle of water. We managed to get a few more days of water and to refill our containers once again.



It was getting on to be about the first week of September and the Iraqis had got to the point where they thought it would be a good idea to put guards on the embassies that refused to close. The result of this was that they built a camp in the vacant lot on the south side of the embassy and stationed about 12 or 13 soldiers there to make sure that

no one got in or out of our embassy. They positioned a machine-gun crew at the front door of the embassy, and at the back near the famous water hole they positioned one soldier with and AK47. To start with, the guy at the back gate of the embassy had just a chair to sit on. As time went on, they figured out that with this guy sitting on just a chair, could not see over the six foot wall. To solve this they constructed a pedestal out of cinder blocks about four feet high. Our illustrious guard moved his chair to the top of this pedestal and would sit there looking over our gate into the embassy driveway. We were considered to be so dangerous that there was a guard

there 24 hours a day. This was not totally bad because it offered us no end of entertainment. Min and I slept on the second floor of the embassy in what was once an office. This office looked over the north perimeter of the embassy compound and was close to the guard that was on the northwest corner. It was not uncommon in the middle of the night for us to hear gentle snoring, and on more that one occasion there was the crash, tinkle bang, as this guy fell asleep and dropped his AK47 to the driveway below. It was most amusing to hear Arabic grumbling and grunting as he climbed down off his pedestal to retrieve his gun.



Another time in the heat of the day the machine gun crew at the front of the embassy had managed to liberate a beach umbrella and were sitting there quite happily under their umbrella and out of the sun, doing just a great job of guarding us. Not to be outdone, the boy genius on



the northwest corner up on his pedestal had managed to get a hold of an empty cardboard packing box which he turned upside down and pulled on over his head like a gigantic sun hat. He of course could not see out of this thing, so it was questionable as to how effective he was as a guard.



After the guards had erected their camp, things for us in the embassy pretty much settled down to a daily routine. We would wake up about 0700. Bill would bring water and fruit juice up to the comcenter and we would turn on my short-wave radio to try and pick up radio Canada. We had discovered quite by accident that on that early morning show they would broadcast messages to people in Kuwait from friends and relatives in Canada. After we had actually heard the first message for one of us in the embassy, it became an absolute must that we listen to this program. It really was an emotional time to sit there and watch as someone got a message from a friend or loved one in Canada. I have to admit that these messages were one very important thing for me. I am sure most of the others that were there felt the same way. The radio that we were using had rechargeable batteries, and as we had the small diesel generator we were able to keep these batteries charged. We had positioned this generator in the driveway on the north side of the embassy, not far from where the guard on the pedestal was. Whenever Sharon wanted to curl her hair, or the batteries needed charging I would go out in the driveway to start this generator. It would make such a god awful racket that I am sure the guard on the gate went back to Baghdad hearing impaired if he made it at all. After breakfast we would generally do the chores that needed to be done around the embassy, wash the last evening dishes, clean up, replenish the water supply in the kitchen, check on the guards' tent to see if anyone new had arrived. Catch a few rays on the roof, read a book, work on jigsaw puzzles, chat on the phone with anyone that wanted to chat, and generally put in a busy day. About four o'clock we would gather on the roof of the embassy, or in the comcenter for afternoon drinky-poops. After drinks we would have our evening meal. This usually took place about six-thirty or seven about the time the sun set. We would sit on the roof enjoying the sunset, and then the tracer bullet display until bedtime and that would be about it for a day in the life of a Kuwait hostage.

This routine went on pretty much the same through September and into October. In early October there was one thing that made an impression on my memory. I don't remember the day exactly but one morning we found a small burlap bag just inside the wall on the east side of the embassy. We were a bit reluctant to open this bag, but finally gathered up our collective courage and took the bag inside and opened it. Inside were tins of army rations some biscuits and food stuffs. It totally blew me away. Here were these Iraqi soldiers guarding us who went to work in ragged uniforms and flip-flops giving us food because they obviously thought by this time that we were suffering.

## **The Communicator – A Breed Apart**

*By T.E. Arbuckle*

In the beginning, there was nothing. The fledgling Department of External Affairs had a few embassies in such major centres as London, Paris, Washington and New York and relied heavily on British services, i.e., The Diplomatic Wireless Service and the Diplomatic Courier Service to carry correspondence. In the early stirrings of communications, Washington and New York were favoured with leased circuits and these were given a measure of security with a device known as telecrypton.

Supply and Services, a division of External Affairs, hired a few communicators and opened up a small section known as Communications. This comcentre was provided with book cipher, a tedious two-man system for encipher and similarly two for decipher. At embassies, secretaries frequently assisted in the process. One of the early communications in Ottawa was a gentleman who worked on book ciphers for one dollar a year while awaiting a suitable assignment as ambassador abroad. His name was Tommy Stone. This book cipher system involved

On about October 17, we got the word from Ottawa that they were throwing in the towel, and we were to move to Baghdad on October 19. I for one was terribly disappointed. We still had food and water, none of us were ill, we had established a routine, and we were in no danger. Why they decided to move us is beyond me. On the 18th of October we started three of the embassy cars, ` that had been parked in the embassy compound, and loaded them with embassy computers and stuff we could carry that belonged to the Canadian government. We then packed a personal bag, and prepared to leave on the morning of the 19th. That evening we had a really big meal and drinks on the roof and were really fighting mixed emotions about leaving before we felt the job was finished. There was much, much more to this than I have been able to relate here, but I hope you will at least get some idea about what it was like to have been in embassy Kuwait during this period. I will wrap this up for now and just say that on the morning of the 19th of October Bill Bowden drove a car, Ron and Sharon drove a car, and Louise and I took the third car our personal bags, and a bunch of embassy stuff, got on the Kuwait to Bashra highway and drove via Bashra to Baghdad.

\* \* \*

looking up individual letters or words in code books and substituting them for five number groups which were then subtracted from another five number group. The result had to be typed for transmission, or, in decypher, typed for circulation. Maximum speed – perhaps five words per minute.

Those were lean years. Like school children communicators were issued with a pencil and only when that pencil was worn down to 1½ inches could they turn it in for a new one. If it were necessary to visit another building on business he could apply to Supply and Services for a bus ticket. But it was not all bad. Communicators as a group often found Prime Minister Mackenzie King at the wicket enquiring about the status of a telegram. Many other senior officials in the department were well known to the communicators but were strangers elsewhere.

Anxious for something better, the comcentre acquired a British developed electro-mechanical device known as Typex. This Typex machine had many similarities to the German Enigma, developed before the Second World War, which proved very secure indeed. Typex used rotating code wheels with inserts and plug boards and the machine was programmed for each message. When the communicator typed into the machine it produced a printed result on a gummed tape. This tape was then stuck onto a page to be retyped for transmission or circulation. A good communicator with all the associated typing might process a message at an amazing 10 words per minute. This was a vast improvement on book cipher, less labour intensive, and less prone to error.

A peculiarity of the Typex system was that negatives were always repeated in telegrams to ensure the meaning was not lost through error to transmission corruptions. Vowels were omitted. The receiving communicator had to look at a string of consonants and reinsert vowels to try to re-establish a readable text for distribution. Most of the time, he accomplished just that. This procedure shortened the message, saved transmission time and costs which were increasingly important because communicators were filing more and more telegrams commercially via CN/CP Telecommunications. Sending coded telegrams commercially often meant that code groups were received corrupt, transposed or even omitted. Corruptions were the bane of communicators who spent much time seeking corrections and repeats in order to solve unintelligent portions of corrupt messages.

As communications improved, so the Department placed increasing dependency upon communicators. Dispatches through the diplomatic bag were slow and as they decreased, so comcentre traffic increased. More leased circuits were installed. Although the Department was limiting its use of the Diplomatic bag to send dispatches, the Canadian Diplomatic Courier Service was expanded to handle shipments of communications material.

About that time, in the late 1940's, a new machine arrived on the scene. It was Rockex and it employed a measure of electronics in conjunction with mechanical drives. It was this machine which caused an establishment change. The little comcentre became a separate division, and, influenced by the influx of electronics, was renamed the Telecommunications Division. Over the years, perhaps two hundred Rockex were bought, which indicates the extent of the expansion of the communicators work at home and abroad.

The Rockex used a cryptographic key tape which, when combined with a paper tape input, produced either five letter groups or plain language text. This output was collected on a punched tape for transmission and on a page copy for distribution as necessary. These machines reduced the manual input of the communicator as compared to book cipher or Typex but there was still much typing and attendance on machines geared for sixty words per minute.

Traffic volumes multiplied. More and more circuits were leased. London and Paris were turned into relay centres, each relaying traffic for numerous area posts. New circuits meant more equipment and space in Ottawa, London and Paris comcentres was at a premium. Particularly in Ottawa, Communicators were stressed out running around the comcentre tending circuits. Tape relay equipment arrived and offered more compact work stations. This eased the situation somewhat but traffic volumes continued to increase relentlessly.

Rockex influenced other areas. Equipment had to be transported securely to embassies. Cryptographic key tape shipments to all posts were urgent and never ending. The Canadian Diplomatic Courier Service was extended to meet demands and communicators, who understood the requirement, were recruited into the service.

Soon Departmental expectations exceeded the current processing capacity of Rockex. Key generators seemed a promising alternative. Transparent to the communicators and hard wired into transmission circuits, they

cruised at 100 words per minute. Communicators received telegrams from the various divisions, typed them into the communications format and simply transmitted them on the appropriate circuits. Key generators did the encryption and decryption automatically. These machines provided an added level of security in that they fed a continual stream of characters down the circuits whether or not there was any traffic. Thus any would-be interceptor was unable to tell when a message began or ended, or even whether a message was actually being transmitted.

But as one problem was solved others required attention. Many messages had multiple addresses. This demanded that a prepared message had to be transmitted on a number of circuits, increasing the handling time for a single message many times over. Message switches were new on the market and CN/CP Telecommunications were contracted to supply, program and install the necessary equipment. Communicators, with their experience and expertise in handling traffic were very much involved in programming and testing of the hardware. Leased circuits were established direct from Ottawa to most embassies and the relay operations in Paris and London were repatriated. Message switching was a huge success and acted as a spring board for future developments but it also retired a big chunk of the communicators work load.

But typing was still a communicator's chore. Telegrams were first typed by secretaries, then handed to communicators who they re-typed them into the communications format. Why not change the telegram form and have the secretary's type telegrams in the communications format in the first place. Electronic readers were provided which read the new form and converted the telegram into electronic impulses for transmission. The communicator's job was shrinking fast. The final blow came with a decision to move the telecommunications terminal out of the comcentre onto the desk of the Foreign Service Officer. These officers reluctantly became communicators and the communicators work was finished.

The Diplomatic Courier Service was also hit hard. No longer was it necessary to ship great quantities of classified communications material to posts, and, as electronic transmission replaced the need to dispatch many documents by bag, the courier service was largely disbanded.

Communicators had been called upon to tackle many different tasks and they met the challenge. Half of the officer complement of the division were former communicators. The divisional secretary was a reclassified communicator. Communicators figured prominently managing divisional accounts. The courier service was staffed by communicators who, in turn, took over the budgeting and management of the whole courier service.

Unfortunately, the communicator, who breathed life into the department, advanced and worked themselves right out of existence. But their 50 year contribution will always be remembered with admiration for their steadfast devotion and dedication to duty.

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## "Just a Secretary"

*A Book Review by John Kruithof*

Daphne Kingate has written a book about her experiences as a Foreign Service secretary. After joining DFAIT in 1980, she was posted to Oslo, Nairobi, Jakarta, London and Washington. The book is mostly about her travels around the world. The uninitiated may wonder how she ever found time for work. Those of us who have travelled widely can readily relate to Daphne's wish foreseeing and experiencing as many things as possible. Because of the many places covered, there is a sense of "been there, done that" in some instances. Nevertheless, the overall story will bring back reminiscences of familiar territory and pangs of regret for those not visited. References to personal contacts are kept to a minimum, as are those related to working conditions. Ingrained security training no doubt inclined the author to safe subjects. The book may be purchased directly from Daphne Kingate, 15 Gatesbury St., Nepean ON K2J 4X5. Telephone number (613) 823-5734. E-mail: [dkingate@sympatico.ca](mailto:dkingate@sympatico.ca). The cost totals \$9.10 (\$7.50 for the soft cover book plus \$1.60 postage)

**"Final Comps" ( in Memoriam ) - Members of the CM/EL community to whom we have recently said goodbye**

Don Coughlin, Margaret Newton, Glen Grice, Ken Boor, John Bray, Larry McKeown.



If it moves – squirt it with foam – especially Diplomatic Couriers !



Could this be Diplomatic Courier “Leigh Shankland” wing walking in Rio !

### Membership statistics (Dec 2002)

We have 13 members in **BC**, 2 in **Alberta**, 62 in **Ontario**, 17 in **Quebec**, 3 in **New Brunswick**, 2 in **Nova Scotia** and 3 out of country.

### Membership dues:

Just a friendly reminder that AFFSC memberships follow the Fiscal Year April 1-March 31.

To renew, forward a note or application with a cheque or money order in the amount of ten dollars (\$10.00) (Associate members \$ 5.00)(payable to the Association of Former Foreign Service Communciators) to:/Veuillez faire parvenir la demande d'adhesion, accompagné de votre chèque ou mandat postal au montant de \$10.00 (payable a l'ordre du AFFSC) et retourner le tout à:

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