

THE CALL OF THE WORLD

A POLITICAL MEMOIR

BILL GRAHAM



a UBC Press imprint
Vancouver . Toronto

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PART 1: FOREIGN EDUCATION

1

WHERE I COME FROM

I don't know where I was born. I can't even be certain when, which makes it difficult to get an accurate horoscope. According to the official birth certificate I carry in my wallet, I entered the world on March 17, 1939, at the private hospital of Sir Henry Gray in Montreal, Quebec, the son of Loring and Helen Bailey. But that document, issued five years later, turned out to be false. It's quite possible I was born, as my mother had been, in Atlantic City, New Jersey; I have no idea why Carvel is my middle name; and Loring Bailey proved not to have been my father.

When my mother divorced him in October 1938, five months before my birth, she had three children: Arthur, young Loring, and my sister, Helen. The four of us were present on June 9, 1940, or so I was told, when she married Francis Ronald Graham, a wealthy, fifty-five-year-old widower with ten children of his own, ranging in age from twenty-four to nine. Born in Burlington, Ontario, to down-and-out Protestant Irish immigrants, he had combined business acumen with a gregarious nature to rise from bank clerk to bonds salesman to stock broker to corporate financier to sugar baron, first in Toronto in the 1920s, then in Montreal in the 1930s. There, where his first wife was to die of cancer at the age of forty-nine, he met Mrs. Bailey, taller than he and more than twenty years younger, with jet-black hair, the face and figure of a Hollywood star of the period, and a personality as enchanting as her beauty. Early in 1941 they decided to start their lives afresh by moving to Vancouver, British Columbia.

Several of the older Graham children stayed behind. Mary, the eldest, who had suffered a severe nervous breakdown during her mother's fatal illness, was kept in a psychiatric hospital until a facility was found for her in Vancouver, where she remained institutionalized for the rest of her very long life. Kathleen, whom everyone called Ki, wanted to stay in Montreal to qualify as a chartered accountant and soon married a fellow student. Margie was in New York, getting a degree from the Columbia School of Journalism, after which she moved permanently to the United States to become a freelance writer and a drama professor's wife. Ronnie Jr. had married his childhood sweetheart, Mimi, before going overseas to fight with the Canadian army, following which he returned to Montreal to look after the family's investment company. Ann, Peter, Philip, John, Sheila, and Jane went west to finish their education and eventually settled there with families of their own. Arthur and Loring were packed off to board at Pickering College in Newmarket, Ontario, and Helen and I were sent to live with our mother's sister, Anna, in Toronto.

My earliest memories are of being brought up with my maternal grandparents, Arthur and Elizabeth White – he a big-drinking, big-talking mining promoter, she kind-hearted and lovely. They had met in New York City, moved to Hamilton in Ontario, and were living at the time with Aunt Anna and Uncle Bill in the Dickies' comfortable house on Avenue Road, now a stretch of high-rise condos between St. Clair Avenue and the grounds of Upper Canada College. Mother must have visited on occasion, but I have no recollection of seeing her until I was four. Odd as that might seem now, I was too young to ask any questions. Many families were experiencing unusual and prolonged separations during the war, and I simply accepted that people grew up that way. Above all, it was a stable, loving environment infused with my grandmother's embracing warmth and the loving generosity of Anna, Bill, and their children – the eldest of whom, Carol, was more like a sister than a cousin.

Everything suddenly turned upside down in 1943, when Helen and I, aged seven and four, were put on a transcontinental train to Vancouver to go and live with these virtual strangers, our mother and her second husband, whom we soon learned to call Dad in the absence of any other. The time had come, apparently, to consolidate their two families under the

same roof, prompted perhaps by the birth in July 1942 of yet another child, David, and the tragic death of young Loring in March 1943 – the result of a heart attack while playing basketball at boarding school. Seven decades later I stumbled on the fact that my good friend Hal Jackman, a leading figure in the Toronto business community and a former lieutenant-governor of Ontario, had been Loring’s roommate at the time of the tragedy.

Home was now a grand Tudor Revival mansion on Selkirk Avenue, with formal gardens at the back and the chief justice living next door. As big as it was, the house still wasn’t large enough for all of us, so the separate garage was converted into living quarters and connected to the main residence by an overhead walkway. This became the “nursery,” where my sister Helen, baby David, and I were housed with our nanny, “Nurse” Camplin, and her helper, Mrs. Laws, whom we called “Lawsie.” From time to time we were allowed into the main house for a visit with the rest of the family or for Sunday dinner, but mostly we lived a relatively independent existence in the nursery, which contained its own kitchen and play area. I attended Athlone School for Boys, a private school just up the road; I played with the chief justice’s son, Haig Farris, who remains a good friend to this day; and I retain fond memories of Selkirk Avenue as a magical place to be a child.

Meanwhile, Mother and Dad came and went. He had seen their move to Vancouver as a kind of semi-retirement, at least in the sense that it removed him from the active business life back east. In reality, though he now had more time to watch his racehorses at the track or play golf, he never stopped making deals. He and Mother regularly travelled to Toronto, where Dad attended board meetings, or to New York City, where he met up with his many friends on Wall Street while she shopped. Such was her beauty, she turned heads in every restaurant she entered. They were away so much that I was always surprised that the dogs gravitated toward them when they were home. I was close enough to one woman who worked for our family, an Estonian named Erna, that she promised to name her son after me if she ever had one. Years later, she did indeed have a baby boy, christened him William Mart, and put me in the registry as his godfather. William Mart Laanemäe grew up to become his country’s

ambassador to Austria. You can imagine my surprise when, as foreign minister, I received a letter one day from the Estonian ambassador to Austria announcing that he was my godson! I had the pleasure of meeting him in Vienna during an official trip, and we have kept in touch since.

Winston Churchill's beautiful mother shone for him "like the Evening Star," he remembered in *My Early Life*. "I loved her dearly – but at a distance." That was my experience as well. In addition to her exceptional looks, Mother had a vivacious spirit, a loud laugh, and a wonderful way of reaching out to people. She was genuinely interested in them, went to great lengths to put them at ease, seemed generous with both her time and Dad's money, and was beloved by many. Any ability I might have to establish a rapport with others I attribute to her.

Not that she wasn't a handful. She loved parties, spent extravagantly, and could be feisty. Once, I remember, when I was still a boy, Grandma White and I went to New York to meet up with Mother and Dad on their arrival by ship from Europe. After a few days we returned to Vancouver by train via Chicago, with Dad and I sharing a sleeper with two berths while the women occupied the larger cabin. At one point Mother went on a rant about something or other, as was her wont, and Dad wasn't happy. "William," he said as we retired for the night, "I have to have a serious conversation with you. Whatever you do, do not drink gin. Gin is definitely your mother's worst weakness." To this day, whenever I have a martini, I think of him and of her.

Though she was smart about many things, Mother's tastes in reading ran to parapsychology and the paranormal. Most of us thought it was absolute nonsense, but somehow she got away with it as part of her charm. Less appealing, though no less irrational, was her inexplicably strident anti-Catholicism, even though (or maybe because) Dad's first wife had been a very pious believer who brought her husband and all their children to the Church of Rome. He had built an enormous stone house in Montreal during the depths of the Depression, and when he gave it to the Jesuits, it reinforced Mother's paranoia about a Catholic conspiracy – or perhaps her fear that Marguerite Phelan Graham had risen from the grave to reclaim her rightful estate. And when Pierre Trudeau was elected prime minister in 1968, Mother was convinced against all reason that it portended a papist takeover of Canada.

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Dad was in many ways her complete opposite, though together they made a very effective team. Short, portly, with a cigarette forever in his hand, he resembled a dapper, distinguished W.C. Fields. Mother was the tall, glamorous woman whom everyone buzzed around at parties, but Dad gained their respect for his intelligence and quick sense of humour. Short-tempered at times and never one to suffer fools gladly, he was basically of an easygoing, non-judgmental nature, generous, warm-hearted, and philosophical. Decades after his death, his friends and family continued to recall his droll aphorisms or wise sayings, some borrowed, some original. “There are only two ways to lose money – stupidity and cupidity,” he declared. “And of the two, cupidity is the worse.” Or “One good investment is worth a lifetime of toil.” Or “Service is remembered long after price is forgotten.”

For a man of his wealth and connections, he never came across as snobbish or conceited. When Mother used to march us all down Granville Street on Sunday afternoons to hear the Vancouver Symphony play in the Sun Theatre, Dad invariably fell into a deep postprandial nap while we children squirmed in our seats, almost wishing she had taken us to church instead. Dad much preferred going out to the stables to check on his horses and chat with the grooms, forever full of questions and advice. And, having dropped out of school at the end of Grade 8 to work in a bank to help support his parents and seven siblings, he developed an autodidact’s devotion to reading, particularly history and biography. That became a strong bond between us when my interest in non-fiction started to match his own. He was always curious about what I was reading and later used to read many of the texts from my university courses so that he could discuss them with me during the holidays. One time, I remember, he got quite exercised that I had been assigned Mason Wade’s *The French Canadians*. “No, no, William, that’s crazy,” he started arguing. “That man doesn’t know what he’s talking about.” And he gave me a list of other books he thought were better on the subject.

Until I was old enough to carry on an adult conversation, however, it was hard to get close to him. He was too old to be interested in small children, especially after raising a brood of ten. He was often absent. And even when he was home, he had so many people wanting his attention, so many responsibilities and activities to attend to, that he couldn’t help but seem

remote. Every morning I used to watch his butler pin a fresh rose on his lapel before the chauffeur settled him into the back seat of the big Cadillac. Then he was off again, in and out of my life.

Unlike my sister Helen, who was forever curious about Loring Bailey and anxious to make contact with her real father, I was totally indifferent about who or where he was. I never asked any questions about him and had no desire to meet him; nor did he ever want to meet with Helen or me. Though I was raised with the knowledge that Arthur, Helen, and I were Baileys, I didn't reflect on how we fit into the Graham family. Dad was the only father I knew. Helen and I took his surname from the start, though Arthur preferred not to – partly because he was old enough to have had a bond with his father, and partly because he would inherit, as Loring Bailey's eldest son, the hereditary title of Baron d'Avray that an ancestor had received for services rendered in helping restore France's Bourbon monarchy in 1815. Because of that, we were told, Arthur was the only sibling who wasn't given a stake in the family company that Dad set up in 1948 to provide for his children's well-being. In financial terms, Helen and I were treated exactly as little David. Actually, the three of us benefitted more than the other ten children when Dad set up special trust funds that gave each of us a substantial amount of money at the age of twenty-one.

Yet, despite having the Graham name and a share of the Graham fortune, Helen and I grew up with a sense of ourselves as outsiders. Compared with David, who felt entitled to all he received by virtue of being his parents' son, I felt I was there by the grace of God, on sufferance. I grew up feeling that I owed somebody something, not the least of which were dutiful behaviour and hard work.

In 1948, when I turned nine, the family moved to 6101 Northwest Marine Drive, ten kilometres from downtown Vancouver at the gates of the University of British Columbia and set amid towering conifer forests on a point jutting out into the sea. The new house made Selkirk Avenue seem dark and pokey. Built in 1915 on 1.5 hectares of gardens overlooking the Strait of Georgia, it was a huge Tudor-style mansion to which Mother and Dad added a modern annex, an indoor Olympic-size pool, a commercial-sized kitchen, two tropical solariums, and an aviary. In addition to its many bedrooms, there were two dining rooms, a music room, a recreation room

with a granite bar, and a small movie theatre in the basement. We even had a private staircase down the steep cliff to a secluded expanse of beach.

David and I shared a spacious room at the opposite end of the house to Mother and Dad's. It had a breathtaking view up Howe Sound to the snow-capped Coast Range, and to this day I can hear in my head the foghorn from the Point Atkinson lighthouse, which used to sound early every morning and often through the night. With the move, I was transferred from Athlone School into Grade 5 at University Hill School, which was nearby and renowned for its high standards because of the number of professors' children who went there. Many mornings I had the thrill of being given a lift to school in the sidecar of a motorcycle driven by one of the Mounties who policed our tiny enclave, part of what was termed the Unorganized Territories of British Columbia, which consisted of only three houses: ours, Senator Stanley McKeen's next door, and the residence of the president of UBC, Norman MacKenzie. Every so often Dad got together with his two neighbours over dinner and several Scotches for a kind of municipal-council meeting, with Senator McKeen serving as "mayor" and himself as "postmaster."

In addition to the house on Marine Drive, my parents had torn down a couple of rustic shacks on Cave Avenue in Banff, Alberta, and built a holiday home large enough to accommodate twenty or more relatives, friends, and staff. Banff came to represent the only extended family time I ever had. That's where I got to know Mother and Dad best as real people. That's where I got to spend whole days with some of the older Graham children, from whom Helen, David, and I were normally separated. And the house had an atmosphere of warmth and domesticity that was very different from what we experienced in Vancouver, especially at Christmastime, when many of us, some married and with children of their own, bunked down in close quarters for a couple of weeks at a stretch. We skied together during the day, skated on the outdoor rink in the evenings, and swam at the hot springs. There were sleigh rides, festive dinners, all-night poker games, and on Christmas morning Dad showed up in a Santa Claus outfit, jingling bells and acting the merry old soul. He delighted in handing out presents for everyone from a big bag, just as much as Mother had delighted in buying them.

My brother John, who was to my mind the wittiest and most mischievous of the Grahams, used to say that living in Vancouver in the 1950s was like being a bee on a beautiful flower at the end of a long, long stem. At that time, it certainly was different from today's Pacific Rim metropolis. Yet, even though we were insulated by time zones and thousands of miles from the political and financial epicentres of the East and of Europe, I never felt isolated from the larger world. The West Coast had its own distinctive vantage point on politics and international affairs, and I was always surrounded by family and friends whose lives reflected broader horizons.

With the conclusion of the war, Mother and Dad began to travel even more widely and more frequently – to California for two or three months every winter, to Mexico and the Caribbean, to Europe and the Middle East, to Japan and India. Dad sent me postcards from Istanbul and Tokyo, Mother brought back exotic gifts, and their tales excited my imagination about foreign lands.

More significantly, whether they were at home or away, they opened our house to a constant stream of people, many of whom were complete strangers from abroad. Quite often "6101" seemed more like a small hotel than a family residence. Thousands attended fundraising events for the Vancouver Symphony and the Red Cross in the gardens. Hundreds came to the costume parties and musical soirees. Because UBC had no indoor pool of its own, the swimming team used to train in ours – and that meant I learned to swim from the head coach himself. Most Sunday nights, more than two dozen family members and friends came over to watch a current-release movie and share a spaghetti supper. You never knew who would show up at the house. A lord mayor of London one day, a former president of Lebanon another day. Sir Thomas Beecham played "Flight of the Bumblebee" on the grand piano. Louis Armstrong, Maureen Forrester, Glenn Gould, and Lawren Harris dropped by. Tony Curtis and Bob Cummings visited from Hollywood. The New Zealand rugby team trashed the basement bar in a party so wild that it made the international news. Bruce Hutchison, the distinguished editor of the *Victoria Times Colonist*, sometimes stayed with us when he was in Vancouver, and he and I had long talks about Canadian politics – quite an opportunity for a young person.

As well, out of friendship for Norman MacKenzie, Dad offered to put up any of the university's visiting academics and dignitaries who might need a place to stay within proximity of the campus. At one point we had five eminent scholars living with us for about two weeks, including the French mathematician Laurent Schwartz and Homi J. Bhabha, the world-renowned physicist who is still revered in India as the founder of its nuclear power program. He was accompanied by his companion, the wonderful Mrs. Wadia. Mother wanted to talk to them about Paracelsus and her zany parapsychological theories, but the physicists actually seemed amused. It was endlessly fascinating to hobnob with such an array of brilliant minds and diverse perspectives across the breakfast table, and I think it was a formative part of my interest in history, politics, and the world beyond Canada.

In Banff, too, all sorts of people drifted through. Jack Oakie, the comic character actor, and his wife stayed one Christmas. Ezra Taft Benson, President Eisenhower's secretary of agriculture, used the house one summer and, to the horror of Dad and his friends, turned the bar into a Mormon altar for prayer meetings. Charlie Beil, the renowned bronze sculptor, lived next door. The mayor of Calgary once presented Queen Elizabeth II with a copy of Charlie's statue of Dad riding a bucking bronco. When she visited his foundry in Banff and compared his methods to those of Benvenuto Cellini in the sixteenth century, Charlie was impressed by her knowledge. "I should know something," she replied. "I do own a collection of Italian sculpture." Senator Donald Cameron, the director of the Banff School of Fine Arts, and Nicky Grandmaison, an eccentric White Russian already renowned for his pastel portraits of Aboriginal chiefs, often dropped in to play poker with Dad or, in Nicky's case, to talk mysticism with Mother. Whenever I visited the Grandmaisons to play with their five children, I used to be intrigued by the huge painting of God that hung in their hallway above a votive candle. "How does an artist know what God looks like?" I once asked Nicky, and even he seemed flummoxed.

My childhood was a happy and very privileged one. A bit bizarre, but fun bizarre, spent among the natural beauty of the mountain peaks and ocean winds, the magnificent forests and coastal beaches, with good friends and every sport a young boy might desire. That made it all the harder when

my life of luxury and freedom was unexpectedly interrupted in 1950, and I was exiled to what seemed by comparison a jail.

FROM THE AGE OF EIGHT, as was the tradition with the Graham children, I spent a couple of months each summer at Camp Ahmek on Canoe Lake in Ontario's Algonquin Park, while Helen attended the nearby Camp Wapomeo for girls. Nurse Camplin always escorted us east on the four-day train trip and then picked us up at the end of August for the return to Vancouver. The fourth time, however, Aunt Anna told me, "You're not going back, William." Instead, at age eleven, I was enrolled as a boarder at Upper Canada College (UCC), the most exclusive private school in Toronto since its founding in 1829 by Major-General Sir John Colborne for the education of the sons of the Family Compact.

Not to have been forewarned, not to have been consulted, seemed almost brutal, though not particularly unusual for children in those days. I presume my parents had decided that "6101" wasn't a healthy environment for a pre-adolescent. They were away too often to provide proper parental guidance. I was outgrowing the authority of Nurse and Lawsie. My brothers Arthur Bailey and John Graham, who shared an apartment above the garage, were leading a wild student existence, and the whole place had the aura of an ongoing party at which the booze flowed freely and for free. In retrospect, I can see that sending me to UCC was the right thing to do, though I resented it at the time and still feel I was too young.

I wasn't the happiest member of the student body. Already somewhat bookish by Grade 8, I was an above-average student all through my years at UCC but never at the top of the class. I was a house prefect, but not a head boy like the political economist Stephen Clarkson or the intellectual-turned-politician Michael Ignatieff. The highest rank I ever reached in the cadet corps was lance corporal. Though I enjoyed sports that I could do on my own, such as skiing and swimming, I never played football, didn't particularly like hockey, thought cricket a bizarre game, and wasn't good at any of the compulsory team activities – a liability at an institution founded on the British public-school model in which boys were to be made men on the rugby field. Even if I had performed well academically, the real heroes were the star athletes, and I had no interest in attaining that status at all.

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Nor was I impressed by the school's colonial claptrap about the British Empire and British traditions. The principal, the Reverend Dr. C.W. Sowby, was an English import who acted the part of an Edwardian headmaster – a role that struck me as rather silly. Though there was a great deal of commendable talk about service to queen and country, social responsibility, and our duty to the less fortunate, I couldn't help but notice that many of the most illustrious Old Boys had headed lickety-split into the brokerage houses and law firms on Bay Street – as I later did too. That said, I can't entirely dismiss the values I absorbed at UCC, and they undoubtedly influenced my own decision to leave a lucrative legal practice for the challenges of teaching and, later, public life.

There were other compensating factors as well. My teacher in UCC's junior school, known as the Prep, was Alan Harris, a warm and inspirational figure who was responsible for Norval, four hundred acres of wilderness thirty miles away, where we boarders could spend most weekends, hiking through the woods, swimming in the river, cross-country skiing, planting trees, and camping out. Some of the fondest memories of my time in the Prep stem from those days at Norval. In the Upper School there were a few excellent teachers who cared about scholarship more than sports – in particular Dr. William Bassett, who taught me history – and I benefitted a great deal from the extracurricular activities, from the vigorous debating society to the model United Nations. Seaton's House, my residence, was led by two men – "Piff" Biggar and Dick Sadlier, the senior and junior housemasters, respectively – who cared deeply about our development. Best of all, I was reunited with Aunt Anna and Uncle Bill. Though my grandfather had passed away, Grandmother White was still living with the Dickies in their new house in Forest Hill, again within walking distance of UCC. I had my cousins Carol, Billy, and Susan to play with on the one weekend a month I was allowed an overnight break. Over the years the Dickies became a second family to me because of all the time we spent together, and I owe them a tremendous debt of gratitude for the generosity and love with which they took me into their home as one of their own. Surely it's no coincidence that I have made my own home in Toronto ever since.

Needless to say, their domestic life could not have been further from the one I had known in Vancouver. Aunt Anna was Mother's sane sister, solid, disciplined, and always home. Uncle Bill was highly regarded in the field
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of industrial relations, a job that suited his droll, easygoing temperament. In 1958 he was a vice-president of A.V. Roe when the Diefenbaker government cancelled the Avro Arrow aircraft, a political drama I lived through almost first-hand at the Dickies' dinner table. Subsequently he became an independent arbitrator for labour disputes and then assistant deputy minister of labour for the Province of Ontario. Every Sunday morning Aunt Anna and Uncle Bill went to Deer Park United Church near the corner of Avenue Road and St. Clair to hear its famous preacher deliver a fire-and-brimstone sermon for almost an hour, until I thought I would go nuts. Sunday nights they took us to the Granite Club for a swim, bowling, and dinner, which seemed a relatively sedate form of entertainment after what I had known at 6101.

Given Mother's aversion to organized religion and Dad's indifference to it, I had never been baptized in any church – a revelation that horrified Dr. Sowby when he found out. Forced to choose a denomination, I agreed at the age of fifteen to be confirmed into the Church of England. As a child, we had gone on occasional Sundays to the chapel at the Anglican Theological College because it was just around the corner from the house on Marine Drive. That, I figured, made me an Anglican by geographic proximity, if not by spiritual inclination. Moreover, UCC had Anglican prayers every morning, and every Sunday the boarders were compelled to attend an Anglican church not far from the school. My conversion wasn't, therefore, akin to St. Paul's on the road to Damascus. Though I went on to attend Trinity College at the University of Toronto, another Anglican institution, and to marry a woman who takes her Anglican faith seriously, I have never defined myself by any sect or religion. My Anglicanism, however, did prove important later in life, when I was appointed Trinity's chancellor, a position that, by statute, can only be filled by a member of the Anglican Church of Canada.

As much as I disliked being shipped off to UCC so arbitrarily, it probably changed my life for the better to have the structure of a boarding school and the grounding of a normal family at that time. I was satisfied enough with its education to send my own son there, and I never hated it as much as my brother David, who made headlines across Canada when his secretly planned escape triggered a massive police search for his possible abductors.

With hindsight, too, I can see that UCC expanded my horizons in ways I couldn't appreciate until much later. Though most of the boys enjoyed a privileged social and economic status, living and dealing with them in close and constant contact was clearly outside the comfort zone of most Canadian schoolchildren in the 1950s.

A few of my fellow boarders in the Prep were there because it was considered the proper thing for them to do, according to the ancient British upper-class custom of sending six-year-olds away to be toughened up by sadistic prefects and cold showers. Others, particularly the sons of Anglo expats in South America, were sent to UCC to get a good education in English with an infusion of British culture. To make a sweeping generalization, I would guess that a majority came either because their parents didn't feel they could bring them up or because they weren't able to do so. Though not necessarily troubled themselves, these boys seemed to have been removed for their own good from homes as dysfunctional as mine. Coming to UCC was like finding yourself cast among an unknown tribe in which you had to learn the uncodified rules of survival or be crushed. If I can't point to any great accomplishments in academics or sports at UCC, I at least survived.

Another of the side-benefits of being sent to boarding school was that I was no longer sent to camp in the summer. Instead, my parents took me on trips and encouraged me to begin my own travels. Dad, in particular, was a great believer in the educational value of travel, and he was generous in giving me whatever money and introductions I might need to get out and know the world. One Easter we went to Mexico, where we were hosted by business leaders, visited the racetrack, drove to the beaches at Acapulco, and stayed in a hotel in Cuernavaca that had once been a monastery founded by Cortez. It was the start of my lifelong fascination with that country, and I've had several vacations there with my own family and many trips as a lawyer, businessman, and politician.

When I was in my teens, I spent several weeks learning to ride a horse at a ranch that was owned by some friends of my parents near Skookum-chuck, British Columbia, in the East Kootenays. While there I got to know an American family named Smith. The father, a colonel at the Air Force Academy in Boulder, Colorado, had been famous in Georgia during his

youth as a football player known as Catfish Smith. Once, on a bet, he had eaten the head of a catfish. Polly, the mother, was a remarkably open, free-spirited woman, quite ahead of her time. Their daughter, Lee, became my first real girlfriend, and I visited the family in their various homes in Boulder, La Jolla, and Hawaii. This was my first exposure to the warmth and energy of a great American family. One summer a band of us roamed totally free through the hill country of Colorado on horseback, pretending to be prospectors in search of uranium. We crawled through abandoned silver mines with a Geiger counter. "You go down first, Bill," the others said, "because if the mine collapses, we don't want all of us to be killed." On the day that my pickaxe went through a rotted wooden pit prop, I realized that wasn't the smartest thing to do.

I took my first trip abroad in June 1956, when Bryn Matthews and I sailed on the *Empress of Britain* from Montreal to join about three dozen other young men and women on an extensive tour of the United Kingdom. Bryn, the grandson of a well-to-do lieutenant-governor of Ontario and the son of a distinguished major-general, was a close friend of mine at UCC. I spent many weekends at his family's grand home on Bayview Avenue and their equally impressive "cottage" on Lake Rosseau in the summers. The trip, organized by the Commonwealth Youth Movement and chaperoned by a couple of straitlaced monarchists, was obviously intended to inculcate us even more thoroughly with the glories of the British tradition – "First unto God, then to the Queen" proclaimed the enamelled pins we were given to wear – and it included several West Africans, a few Greek and Turkish Cypriots, and kids from many parts of the United Kingdom itself. All smartly dressed in maroon blazers and white shirts, the boys carefully segregated from the girls, we journeyed by coach from Liverpool to Scotland and back down to London and the south, with an extra excursion for a few of us to Spain and Gibraltar. What made it interesting was that, rather than staying in hotels, we were billeted alone or in pairs in private homes.

One night I stayed in a village with a family who had the tiniest car I have ever seen; another in an enormous castle belonging to a Scottish earl; and another with the family of a Conservative MP who also happened to be the nephew of a duke. I had been learning about rotten boroughs in my English-history textbook – the discredited custom by which landed

aristocrats “gave” a parliamentary riding within their control to a friend or relative so their interests might be protected in the House of Commons – and here I encountered it alive and well. I felt as though I had stepped back in time to the nineteenth century.

“William, we’re going to go out and see some of the tenants,” the MP announced one morning at breakfast. So we mounted horses and rode around from house to house, and at every door we were invited inside for a glass of sherry. After a half-dozen or so, I was completely plastered. Somehow, while we were crossing a stream, the girth of my host’s horse came loose and his saddle began to slip sideways, taking him with it. Abruptly I had to sober up sufficiently to prop him up until we got to the other shore. After dinner that night, the Honourable Member, his teenaged son, and I retired to the library for cigars while his wife and daughters were sent to amuse themselves in the drawing room. There they scrutinized a newspaper clipping of an aerial photograph of my parents’ house in Vancouver that had somehow come into their possession. Meanwhile, we “men” began to drink ourselves numb in a desperate attempt to fathom the patriarch’s opinions on the state of the British nation. Thus was I introduced to the life of the English country house and had, despite Dad’s best advice, my first gin and tonic.

En route from London to Madrid, Bryn and I stopped to visit Joe Essaye, our UCC friend, at his family’s elegant villa outside Paris. To celebrate our temporary release from the strictures of the Commonwealth Youth Movement, we decided to initiate ourselves into the glories of French culture by spending our evenings drinking champagne at the Moulin Rouge in Pigalle. It was the start of my lifelong attachment to Paris. Once through university, I returned there almost every year, first as a doctoral student and then as a litigation lawyer, a member of Parliament, a Cabinet minister, and eventually a grandfather of three little Parisians born to my daughter and her French husband.

I CAN’T RECALL GIVING much thought to selecting a university once I graduated from Upper Canada College in June 1957. I could have returned to Vancouver to go to the University of British Columbia, but Dad took a dim view of how easily John and Arthur had fallen into partying at home and saw me as a more serious student. I could have gone to Harvard or Sample Material © 2016 On Point Press, an imprint of UBC Press

Oxford, but that was less of a consideration in the 1950s than it is today. My best friends were heading to the University of Toronto, particularly Trinity College, and I simply followed the flow in September, living with Aunt Anna and Uncle Bill for the first two years and moving into residence for the last two.

This turned out to be a life-altering decision: there I fell in love with the woman who became my wife, met many of the people who remain among my closest friends, and, fifty years later, ended up becoming chancellor of the college. I took to Trinity in a way I had never taken to UCC. I did an honours BA in modern history, a four-year program focused in a chosen discipline. In my case that meant world events from the Renaissance on, supplemented by a couple of English courses, an economic history class that must have ranked among the most boring courses ever devised by mankind, and a course on religious knowledge – a Trinity prerequisite that Professor Gordon Watson turned into a wonderful survey of quasi-religious literature. It was my good fortune to have some truly inspirational teachers. Jack Saywell, J.M.S. Careless, and Donald Creighton taught history. Paul Fox was a star in the Political Science Department as well as a lovely man with an incredible ability to remember the names of his students long after they had graduated. And Elliot Rose, a legendary character, wore kilts to class and made a specialty of witchcraft and lesbianism in sixteenth-century Europe.

The classes were small enough that you could drop in and talk to anyone, and spending time with your teachers became just another way of learning. Once, for example, my friend Patrick Wootten and I were in such awe of A.P. Thornton, who had just written a brilliant book called *The Imperial Idea and Its Enemies*, that we invited him to dine with us at Trinity, and he accepted. As we discussed current affairs over dinner, the issue of the trial of Adolf Eichmann, the Nazi war criminal, came up. Patrick, in one of his iconoclastic moods, argued that the Israeli secret service had contravened international law by going into Argentina and kidnapping Eichmann. I'll never forget the expression on Professor Thornton's face when he looked across the table and said, "I was a young captain when the Allies liberated the concentration camps. My troops shot every German they saw for the next forty-eight hours – man, woman, or child – and there was nothing I could do to stop them. So if you think kidnapping Eichmann is a problem—."

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Patrick was just one of the many wonderful people I met at Trinity. David Halton became a highly respected television reporter. George Butterfield, the son of a distinguished business family in Bermuda, went on to found the world's premier biking and hiking travel company with his wife, Martha, and her brother, Sidney Robinson. Tom Wilson was to serve as a key adviser when I got involved in politics and later acted as my trustee when I entered the Cabinet. John Hill joined the diplomatic corps and was still there when I was named minister of foreign affairs. Lisa Balfour became an art critic and an active promoter of the French language and culture in Canada. Pat Gossage was to gain fame as Pierre Trudeau's press secretary. One day, on a visit to St. Hilda's College, I watched an elegant young Chinese woman put six lumps of sugar in her tea and immediately went over to introduce myself. "I just have to meet someone who would put six lumps of sugar in her tea," I said. Her name was Adrienne Poy. She later married my friend Stephen Clarkson, became a media star, was appointed governor general of Canada, and remained one of my best friends from that moment on. And then there was Cathy Curry, a beautiful, sparkling young woman I had met at a party when I was in my last year at UCC and she was at St. Clement's School. Driving her home afterward, I skidded off the road into a mailbox, an inauspicious start to any relationship.

Not surprisingly, given how compact a town Toronto was in the 1950s, our families were known to each other. Cathy's father, Hugh Curry, had immigrated from Ulster in the 1930s and found work at Eaton's department store. He ended up owning a successful dairy company, just as Dad had done in the 1920s. Her uncle, Jack Barrington, was a prominent mining engineer who had been a close associate of Dad's friend C.D. Howe, the "Minister of Everything" in the St. Laurent government. Her aunt Josephine, an actor who had once performed in a hit play in London with Peter Ustinov, was a dear friend of Dad's long-time business partner, Percy Gardiner, and Percy's sister Helen. When Cathy transferred to Trinity after a year at McGill, we started going together in a serious way – and we've kept going for fifty years and counting.

Toronto was a parochial town in those days, still an outpost of the British Empire, where the annual Orange Day parade was a big event and a clique of Anglicans, Presbyterians, and Methodists set the tone. If you were an Irish Protestant, like Cathy's father, you almost had a right to be hired at Sample Material © 2016 On Point Press, an imprint of UBC Press

Eaton's. If you were an Irish Catholic, you had to make your own way. If you were Jewish, you kept to your own. And if you were Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish and wanted to have a good time, you went to Montreal. There certainly wasn't a lot of choice for a student looking for a swell place to bring a young lady. The Pilot Tavern was a beer joint. The King Cole Room in the Park Plaza Hotel was divided, like all the pubs in Ontario, into a men's section where no women were allowed to enter and a mixed section where no man could go unless accompanied by a woman. One little French restaurant in Yorkville had checkered tablecloths and a wine list, the very height of sophistication. A couple of Hungarian places were opening up along Bloor Street, and the Italians were starting to arrive in large numbers, but we were a long way from the gastronomic paradise that Toronto is today. One year, before Trinity's big dance, a couple of my friends and I thought it would be fun to do something different, so we took our dates – the guys in white tie, the girls in formal gowns – to a Chinese dive called Hop Sam's. The women were furious with us. But the thing was, if you asked for cold tea rather than hot, Hop Sam put rye whisky into the pot.

Many of my friends joined fraternities or sororities as a way to party, but I was steered away from them by an old hand who said, "Don't join a fraternity your first year, Bill, because Trinity will become your fraternity." He was absolutely right. By focusing on the college, I got involved in a host of different activities. I became active in the Debating Society and used to travel to Harvard and other campuses for debating competitions. I joined the Trinity College Literary Institute, which was really a mock Parliament with a prime minister, a leader of the Opposition, and a debate every Wednesday night, where I managed to hold on to the office of prime minister for almost a year until my friend Patrick Wootten organized a vote to dislodge me. In my final year I plunged into student politics and got elected as head of arts, the highest position a Trinity undergraduate could attain, in a very close race.

I was also elected scribe of Episkopon, a spring tradition at which Trinity students were able to blow off steam toward the end of the academic year. The scribe basically collected stories from people at the college and assembled them into a satiric presentation that was delivered to the other members at a black-tie dinner in early March, replete with old songs and quasi-tribal rituals. "The Divines," Trinity divinity students, performed a

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parody of a Black Mass. It was all silly at some level but nevertheless a popular part of campus life dating back to 1858. Archibald Lampman, the great Canadian poet, had been a scribe in 1896, and many former scribes showed up at the annual event decades later. In the 1980s, unfortunately, Episkopon fell into disrepute when some of the readings crossed the line from playful teasing to racist, sexist, and homophobic insults. In 1992, following a series of complaints, Trinity College barred Episkopon from meeting on the campus, which was understandable but also regrettable. To many Trinity students and alumni, it was a symbol of happier, more innocent times.

IN ADDITION TO MY academic studies, campus activities, and social life, I joined the Canadian navy – more precisely, the University Naval Training Division (UNTD), which trained students to become officers in the Forces or the reserve. On Tuesday nights I went in uniform to HMCS *York* for classes and drilling, and I spent part of two summers on board ship and at training facilities on the East and West Coasts. Why did I do it? Dad would have let me travel wherever I wanted during the holidays, and if I chose to get a summer job, he could have arranged for me to work for friends such as Donald Macleod at the brokerage firm of McLeod, Young, Weir or for Senator Salter Hayden at the law firm of McCarthy and McCarthy. But these opportunities seemed mundane compared to what I heard about the navy from my friend Hal Davies and others who had done the UNTD program. Two of my pals, Tom Bastedo and Charlie Gunn, also signed up. And, to be honest, I thought I needed a bit of toughening up.

The navy did not disappoint on that score. Living in a ship's close quarters for weeks at a time, sleeping in a bunk so tight that you'd bump your head if you sat up too quickly, waking at six in the morning, washing your own clothes, marching back and forth, crawling under barbed wire, painting ships, working in the engine room, competing in rowing races, and literally learning the ropes – it was unlike anything I had previously encountered in my privileged life. In my division there was an Anglo-Quebecer from Montreal, two francophones, three or four Maritimers, a couple of Westerners, and an Aboriginal from Winnipeg – Bill Shead, whom I saw frequently years later when he ran for Parliament as a Liberal. Training with fellow cadets from across Canada was a personal exercise in

nation building, and I'm not sure I would ever have got to know Nova Scotia otherwise or seen so much of the Queen Charlotte Islands (now Haida Gwaii).

"By working and playing together we have got to know and understand one another's point of view," I wrote in the journal we were required to keep as a record of what we learned in class and on deck. "This is a rare principle for which I am very grateful."

These journals, which were read and critiqued by a couple of officers, were intended to develop our powers of observation and expression. I've continued the practice, jotting down random notes or writing long letters by hand, usually in a series of "black books" but often on the back of menus at official dinners or at the edges of my daily agenda sheets. Early in the naval journal, with all the authority of a nineteen-year-old university student, I digressed for several pages to reflect upon the geopolitical situation in Lebanon, Indonesia, the United Arab Republic, and France, where General Charles de Gaulle was returning to power to deal with the crisis in Algeria. Not for the last time did someone upbraid me for my inclination to "ramble," and another officer cautioned me that "more time is to be spent on service matters and less on foreign affairs."

The real eye-opener was the course on atomic, biological, and chemical warfare defence. "This is the first time that it has been brought home to us what we might have to face or do in time of war," I wrote. "After taking the ABCD course it would be difficult to think of the navy just as a nice way to spend the summer, a pleasant organization where we meet and get to know a lot of other students, a place where we learn things which might be useful if we like sailing, or for that matter a sort of useless organization. You cannot escape being impressed with the force of modern warfare and the fate which might well be ours if we relax our vigilance."

Navy life may have been hard, but it was also fun. I greatly enjoyed the mess dinners and helped organize the annual cadet ball. I got what I called a "valuable" look at the working environment of the United Nations when *La Hulnoise* cruised into New York City one weekend. And one night on shore leave in San Diego, I was heading back to the *Jonquière* with Denis Lynch, a zany Irish character from Montreal, when we came across a couple of our sailors in trouble with the American Military Police. Denis

went over to the police and said in his most officious voice, “We’re Canadian naval officers, gentlemen. You can release these men into our custody.” Our ship’s captain went ballistic when he got wind of the tale, and I was sure we were going to spend the rest of our days in the brig for impersonating an officer, but I suspect he was secretly proud of what we had done because he let us off with a lecture.

Though the military discipline at first struck me as stupid, designed only to turn us into automatons ready to do the bidding of our superiors, I came to understand its value. Once during a training exercise on a destroyer, the captain ordered me off the bridge the moment he noticed I wasn’t paying proper attention: I had become, he said, a danger to the others. Another time, when I was put in command of launching a whaler in a heavy sea, I stepped forward to grab one of the ropes. “Don’t do that!” a lieutenant shouted. “Someone has to oversee the situation, and that’s you, so step back!” One error by a single sailor, one failure of a single piece of equipment, and it could have meant serious injury.

There was also a fair amount of classroom teaching, which wasn’t so different from university except for the subject matter. Navigation, as an example, though I can’t say I mastered it. One time a couple of friends and I had a whim to borrow a friend’s motor yacht for a cruise through the islands between Vancouver and Victoria, confident that my training as a naval officer would suffice. We came close to smashing up on some rocks. “Let’s take this thing back if we can,” I said, “before we kill somebody with it.”

Years later, sailing off Corsica with my daughter’s father-in-law, Denis Debost, I tried to navigate by shooting the sun. I stood on the deck doing my calculations and screaming them out to Denis, my crew of one, who was down below studying the charts. “So where are we now?” I asked.

“According to you,” Denis replied, “we’re right on top of Monte Cinto.” My naval skills had apparently landed us on the highest peak in Corsica.

If I didn’t come out of the navy with any particular professional skills, I did pick up a set of important life skills that someone of my background wouldn’t have acquired easily. I learned how to deal with all sorts of different and sometimes difficult people, whether officers or ordinary seamen. I learned how to take orders and how to give orders. I learned how to adapt to a completely strange environment, where nothing and nobody bore any

resemblance to what and who I knew at home or at university. That turned out to be of immeasurable value when I came to practise law in Africa or campaign in the rougher sections of my riding. Decades after the fact, I can still recall the pride I felt when, after helping a petty officer in some small way, he offered me a share of his daily ration of rum – a very high compliment indeed.

Nor could I have guessed how that experience would play out years later, when, in 2004, I became Canada's minister of national defence. The navy guys particularly loved it, of course. Whenever I boarded a ship, they would say, "The minister is one of ours, you know." And at the big mess dinners that the military love so much, with all the chiefs present, the bands playing regimental marches, and everyone dressed up in full uniform, I always stood, as is the custom, when the naval march "Heart of Oak" was played. The army and air force brass always yelled at me to sit down, but the admirals drowned them out by shouting, "Stand up, stand up, Minister, you're a navy man!"

IN THEORY I SHOULD have done my naval training over three summers, but I finished enough courses during the winter to earn my commission as a sub-lieutenant in Her Majesty's navy after my third year at university. (A couple of years later, I received a letter informing me that I had been promoted one grade, without having done anything in particular to deserve it.) So, with more than four carefree months until our final year began, Patrick Wootten and I concocted a plan to buy a Land Rover and drive it to India and back in time for the fall term. Crazier still, we thought we could get businesses to finance our adventure by putting their logos all over the car. It seemed like a good idea in the middle of the night after a few drinks. A lot of hustling netted just one sponsor, Rose's Lime Juice, which gave us two cases of their sweet, treacly drink to take on our journey. Dad was as supportive as usual, however, and Patrick's mother was so enthusiastic that she threatened to come along, which wasn't quite what we had in mind.

Patrick's upbringing was almost as unusual as mine. His mother was an extremely wealthy American who had met and married a British naval attaché in Washington, DC, with the classic name of Captain Patrick William Wootten-Wootten, but the marriage hadn't lasted. When we visited Sample Material © 2016 On Point Press, an imprint of UBC Press

the captain in England at the start of our trip, he was living with an unmarried sister down in Devon. The odd thing was, the two of them never spoke directly to each other. They communicated through their black Labrador, Nancy.

“Nancy thinks it’s a very hot day,” said Captain Wootten-Wootten.

“Nancy doesn’t think it’s a very hot day,” his sister replied. “She thinks it has cooled off.”

“Nancy says the birds are eating the raspberries.”

“Well, Nancy, I suppose we’d better do something about that. What do you suggest, Nancy?” It was like a Monty Python skit or a scene out of *Alice in Wonderland*.

Patrick and I set off in May without much of a plan, except that both of us were interested in reaching India if we could. My parents had fired my imagination with their trips to Beirut and Cairo; Dad was on the board of an insurance company with interests in Lebanon, and he and Mother gave us introductions to the good friends they had made there. As well, my UCC friend Joe Essaye had filled my head with exotic images of his mother’s family, who owned a highly successful business making araq, the anise-flavoured alcoholic drink, in Iraq. To prepare for the trip, I read T.E. Lawrence and Gertrude Bell, Freya Stark and Wilfred Thesiger, a biography of Atatürk, and a history of the Ottoman Empire.

We hastily crossed Europe to Slovenia, down the Dalmatian coast with a stop at the great Palace of Diocletian in Split, along the Adriatic coast to Dubrovnik, and east into Montenegro. We were winding down a narrow mountain road when we literally ran into a motorcyclist coming the other way around a sharp corner. He crashed right into the middle of our Land Rover. Fortunately we had been travelling too slowly on the bad road to do any real damage to him or to our car, but the motorcycle was a total wreck. We hoisted it into the back and drove its aggrieved owner into Cetinje, Montenegro’s former capital, where he immediately laid a complaint with the local authorities. They impounded our car and ordered us not to leave town until we had paid to have the motorcycle repaired or replaced. Though we had insurance, we could see ourselves being stuck there for a long time. None of the hotels looked appealing, but we had learned to enjoy camping in fields by the side of the road, so we pitched our tent in the local military compound, where we were watched like

prisoners in case we tried to bolt. We wasted a day trying and failing to make a phone connection to the insurance company in London. Another day was spent getting through to Dad in Vancouver to ask him to phone London. On the third day, we walked into a bar, utterly frustrated.

“Where are you boys from?” asked a guy sitting beside us.

“Vancouver,” I said.

“Oh, I’m from Seattle. What the hell are you doing here?”

“Well, we were on our way to India, but we had an accident, and now it seems that we aren’t going anywhere.”

“That’s a shame,” he said. “But you seem like nice young fellows, and my brother-in-law is the chief justice of Montenegro, so let’s see what we can do about things.”

The next morning we went to see the chief justice. He looked over our papers, found nothing wrong, and immediately signed an authorization giving us permission to leave. We rushed back to the encampment and hastily packed up the Land Rover, pausing only at the military gas pump to fill up for the journey. When we asked what we owed, the soldier just winked and said, “We’ll send the bill to Tito.”

In Istanbul, where we stayed in the gloriously archaic Divan Hotel before it was ruined by a modern renovation, we sensed trouble brewing. The streets were full of Sherman tanks with rubber tracks that were clearly designed for urban conditions, and troop manoeuvres were taking place all over the city. We wanted to keep moving, however, so we headed off to Ankara. We arrived in the capital around seven in the evening on May 27, 1960, and found the situation no better. There were military and police checkpoints at every major corner. We decided to go straight to the British embassy to find out what was happening but didn’t get far before we were stopped by armed soldiers. Finding someone who spoke English took a while. “You’re in violation of the six o’clock curfew,” he barked. “What are you stupid British kids doing driving around the streets anyway? Don’t you know there’s been a coup?”

“Actually, no, we don’t. That’s why we were heading for the British embassy.”

While we were waiting for our fate to be decided, one of the soldiers invited us to drink some raki with him, and we were soon buttering up a

colonel with compliments about how professionally the Turkish army behaved and how especially kind it was to young travellers from abroad. As it turned out, he had fought in the Korean War. “That was the most wonderful experience,” he said. “The Americans gave us all the ammunition, and the Chinese gave us all the targets.” Finally, around 11:30 p.m., there was great excitement at the news that the general himself was about to arrive.

“General who?” Patrick asked.

“General Gürsel. He’s the commander of the army, and now he’s going to be the leader of the country. If you stick around, you can meet him.” And that’s how, I always tell my Turkish friends to their utter astonishment, I got to meet General Cemal Gürsel – something very few Turks can claim. Of course, with other fish to fry that night, he didn’t spend much time with us other than to say hello and promise to arrange for our release. The next day we watched a big military parade go by, and I took a picture of our colonel waving to us as he slowly passed. It was my first, but not last, coup d’état.

Once we crossed into Iran, I became aware that its situation was more complex than I had expected. I wrote Dad several long letters about what I was seeing, and what I was seeing didn’t correspond with the optimistic reports he had been getting from his Iranian business contacts. “I don’t think things look good here for the shah,” I wrote. “The mullahs are rioting. By taking land away from them to give to the peasants, he’s creating a horrendous political problem for himself.” When Iran exploded in protest demonstrations a couple of years later, Dad thought I was some sort of political genius who had figured out what nobody else, not even *Time* magazine, had predicted.

My insights were hardly my own. They mostly derived from the conversations I had had in Mashhad, the famous pilgrimage city in the north-east corner of Iran, where Patrick and I were given an introduction to an old princely family. Though they had been overthrown by the shah’s father and were understandably cynical about the stability of the regime, they were still highly respected landowners with a profound knowledge of the city. When we visited the exquisite museum of which they were the historic custodians, they arranged permission for us to peer into the sacred mosque

next door, where Imam Reza lies buried. As Christians, of course, we weren't allowed to enter. The week before, we had been told, an American Muslim had been worshipping there when rumours spread that he was really a spy, and he had been killed on the spot.

As it happened, our visit coincided with the holy day known as the "mourning of Muharram." Patrick and I witnessed the extraordinary sight of Shia literally whipping themselves into a state of religious fervour. A parade of men flagellated themselves or were flagellated until blood soaked their backs. Suddenly a man from our hotel came running up to us. "You have to return immediately" he said breathlessly. "There's a phone call for you from North America." Puzzled and very worried, we sped back as fast as we could, only to find that there was in fact no phone call. "I felt you wouldn't listen to me otherwise," the hotelier explained, "but it's far too dangerous for you to be out on the streets at this time. I had to get you away from there before somebody decided to take a whip to you."

The next day we drove to Herat, the westernmost city of the westernmost province of Afghanistan. Patrick and I were the only guests in our hotel. At dinner, as had been the case most nights since leaving Turkey, there were only two items on the menu: chicken or lamb. "Okay," we said, "let's go for the chicken." A few minutes later I happened to look out the window and saw a guy come out the back door of the kitchen, get on a bicycle, and ride down the road. After about half an hour, he came pedalling back with a chicken tied to his bike. Lucky we hadn't ordered the lamb, I thought.

Then, as now, there was no direct route from Herat to Kabul. We had to drive deep into the southeast to Kandahar through forbidding mountain passes, stretches of empty desert, and valleys lush with fruit and nut trees, before swinging north to the capital. I don't remember much of Kandahar, because I was very ill with amoebic dysentery by the time we got there. By luck we encountered a German doctor who had some antibiotics with him, though I've been susceptible to intestinal ailments ever since. Decades later, when I returned to Kandahar as Canada's defence minister, it didn't look all that different – small, dusty, rudimentary, with a bit of a Wild West feeling. Missing, though, were the attractive wooden buildings, some lovely gardens, and the large Saturday market where gun-toting tribesmen wearing colourful turbans came to buy or sell the fat-tailed sheep. I bought a