

One noteworthy article, at least in terms of sources, is Alison Prentice's superb paper on the Women Teachers' Association of Toronto (WTA). Prentice effectively analyzes the personalities, structure, growth, and difficulties of the WTA by basing her article on sources found at the Ontario Archives (censuses, Normal School Registers), the Toronto Board of Education Archives (annual reports), and the Federation of Women Teachers' Associations of Ontario Archives. Because her observations of a women's group are solidly based upon primary sources, her concluding link to women's present situations in organizations and as individuals is credible: both past and present problems have their roots in the basic unchanging structure of society. Moreover, at the outset Prentice mentions various caveats of which the contemporary women's historian should be aware. For example, she lists "two of the classic stumbling blocks of women's history:" taking an historical approach which focuses on the "women worthies," always a problem when looking at a women's organization, and writing history with a skewed perspective or "with a moral" in mind. Prentice astutely manages to write a short history of the WTA by avoiding these two "classic stumbling blocks;" the other contributors, perhaps more present-minded, are a little less astute.

Most women's historians today want to chart the history of women's collective experiences and not simply the history of the pedestal woman's "significant contributions" to society. In a similar fashion, this small collection of articles aims to speak for (almost) all women's past work experiences and to speak to women's present work experiences. Like some women's history being written today, *Women's Paid and Unpaid Work* tries to do too much at once. Although the charting of women's past work experiences is often used only as a backdrop to an analysis of contemporary situations, these articles nevertheless do contribute to a reinterpretation of our past. As the well-respected historian of American women, Mary Beth Norton, has written, "Women's historians today are like Columbus and his successors, exploring a new world that not only reveals previously unknown wonders but requires a revised understanding of the old world itself." The reservations mentioned above aside, this modest, pocket-size paperback is a welcome, timely addition to a growing literature that will, undoubtedly, generate new ways of thinking about our past and also our future.

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Camp X. Canada's School for Secret Agents 1941-45. DAVID STAFFORD. Toronto: Lester & Orpen Dennys, 1986. xxiv, 327 p. illus. ISBN 0-88619-126-2 \$22.95.

Intelligence, whether military or political, is the art of determining what is happening on "the other side of the hill" — of getting into the enemy's camp and mind to discover his capabilities and intentions. In the era before all-seeing spy satellites, it was estimated that seventy per cent of military intelligence was derived from simply listening in on an enemy's radio transmissions, twenty per cent from captured prisoners and documents, nine per cent from air reconnaissance, and only one per cent from "secret agents" and all other means. It is with this last small portion that Professor Stafford is concerned, although his story flows over into the associated worlds of guerrilla warfare and radio intercept.

After the fall of France in 1940, Britain's means to strike back at Germany were limited. One was through the development of spy networks and encouragement of resistance movements in the subjugated European nations. In addition to the traditional security and intelligence agencies, the British formed Special Operations Executive (SOE) to promote sabotage and resistance. In Washington the various British secret agencies were represented by British Security Co-ordination (BSC), headed by the "Quiet Canadian" Sir William Stephenson. Even before the United States entered the war, Stephenson, in turn, was offering advice and encouragement to "Wild Bill" Donovan, the founder of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), the American counterpart to SOE.

Stephenson developed Special Training School 103, now popularly known as Camp X, on a farm on the shores of Lake Ontario near Whitby to serve several purposes. It was a demonstration unit to showcase SOE's methods to OSS officials and other Americans, both distinguished visitors and those on short familiarization courses. It provided a little introductory training to BSC operatives for their mostly bureaucratic duties in the quiet atmosphere of the Americas. It was a holding unit for agents recruited in Canada on their way to serious training schools in Britain and then to deadly work in occupied Europe. Lastly, "the farm" was home to HYDRA, BSC's radio communication with its parent organizations in England. Although the Canadian Army provided administrative support, the camp was entirely a British enterprise.

Stafford does a good job of dispelling the myths which have grown up around Camp X. His final chapter is devoted wholly to laying to rest the more dramatic stories of its training and graduates, including the notion that Ian Fleming's own training there provided the model for James Bond. But after dealing with the myths Stafford is left with the fact that there is not really a book in Camp X. We are given a great deal of the personalities of all involved, who in many cases had little to do with the camp, from the flamboyant Donovan as head of OSS, whom it was designed to impress, to Mackenzie King, who "led a richly repressed sex life," and did not know, nor want to know, about the machinations of British secret services in Canada. We are told in detail about the subsequent careers of its graduates and staff, both as intelligence operatives and postwar prominent world citizens, but we are not really told if Camp X ever made any real impact on the war. Would it have made any difference if Yugoslav Canadians destined to contact Tito's partisans had been shipped to England for all their training, or if pre-war radio amateurs intercepting German radio transmissions in South America had not had a short secret agent course?

This may be a reflection upon the sources used. The footnotes are heavy on published memoirs and interviews done long after the war, lighter on contemporary reports and files. Stafford points out that there is still considerable difficulty in gaining access to the records, and compares himself, a trifle pretentiously, to an intelligence analyst pushing his evidence as far as possible, then deducing the likeliest course of events.

In this book, it is sometimes difficult to take Camp X seriously, as Stafford chronicles, but does not really emphasize, the amateurishness and frequent silliness surrounding it. Neither of its commandants during most of the camp's working life had any experience as secret agents, although the first, Major Bill Brooker, tried always to leave the impression that he was a seasoned operative. Training seems to have been a bit *ad hoc* and led to a few dramatic but harmless incidents. The very low training casualty rate — one fatality among five hundred students over two years — suggests that little serious wartime paramilitary training was accomplished. The complicated security rituals for getting to the

camp remembered by students, such as “Proceed immediately Room 1134 Royal York Hotel” changed at the last minute to “Room 343 King Edward Hotel” must have been designed to impress — they served no useful purpose.

Despite a few minor clangers, such as the “Liberation bomber” and the “famous Vingt-Deux Régiment from Montreal,” Stafford vividly captures the wartime atmosphere. His lively style makes *Camp X* hard to put aside.

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The Imperial Canadian: Vincent Massey in Office. CLAUDE BISSELL. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1986. xii, 361 p. illus. ISBN 0-8020-5656-3 \$24.95.

With this elegantly written book, Claude Bissell has concluded his two-volume biography of Vincent Massey. In his long career, Massey served Canada as politician, diplomat, Governor-General, royal commission chairman, and patron of the arts. His public persona was that of a member of the Canadian elite, more British than the British. Bissell successfully reveals the man behind the public figure, who shared thespian talent with his famous brother Raymond, but employed it in a different milieu.

Massey served as High Commissioner in London from 1935 to 1946, a momentous period indeed. Though he considered himself qualified to advise his government on foreign policy, and was expected to do so by the British, his ardent anglophilia was distrusted by Mackenzie King and by King's anti-British Under-Secretary, O.D. Skelton. The Prime Minister denied him a diplomatic role, even to the extent of refusing to allow him to attend meetings of all the High Commissioners. The war brought him more scope for action, and a more sympathetic Under-Secretary in the person of Norman Robertson, but his strange love-hate relationship with Mackenzie King, a relationship which seems to have been tinged with no little jealousy on King's part, hampered his ability to exploit the full diplomatic potential of his office.

In other areas of activity, however, he was more successful. He saw his primary role as the projection of Canada abroad, a process in which the arts and education were essential. In effect he acted as his own cultural attaché, bringing the attention of the English art world to Canadian painting, largely through his own collection, acting as an official representative of the National Gallery, and supporting Canadian students at Oxford. All this was a far cry from the normal role of a Canadian diplomat and was made possible by Massey's personal interests and personal fortune.

Massey was an unashamed anglophile, seeing Canada and Britain as inseparable. He was devoted to the monarchy and saw royal awards as, in Bissell's expressive phrase, “the ultimate symbolism, holy and transfiguring.” He loved the pageantry of English history, and viewed an idealized England through a mist of romance and mysticism within which the contemporary world of the industrialized cities had no part. Though his critical perceptions of England were thus blunted, he was more realistic about British politics, a field in which he had wide contacts, albeit of a solidly establishment kind. He staunchly supported Baldwin's handling of the Abdication Crisis, an episode which fanned his distrust