

*Open to new ideas*

A Norton Rose Fulbright magazine  
Issue 5

re:

RE:  
WORK  
THE PHOTO ESSAY: CALGARY 100 YEARS AGO  
SHALE GAS COMES TO TOWN  
AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN  
LIFE



This is the fifth issue of *Re*, a magazine for everyone in Norton Rose Fulbright around the world and for our friends, among them our clients and alumni. In this issue, we welcome colleagues who have joined us from the United States, helping to create a global legal practice. Linda Addison – ‘one of the 50 most powerful women in New York’ – is the subject of the Q&A and is definitely worth a read. We also take a look at shale gas and the whole business of hydraulic fracturing. Predicting the future goes hand in hand with looking back at the past. In the photo essay, we conjure up images of our antecedents in western Canada 100 years ago; and Val Davies invites you to enjoy her garden – her very English country garden – first laid out some 500 years ago. This we do, on the basis that one must always take time to stop and smell the roses.

The sixth issue will appear in January 2014. See you then.

*The Editor*



# RICHARD CALNAN ON JURISPRUDENCE

**J**urisprudence is not just about theories. Equally important are the individuals who shape it. In recent times one English judge has – more than any other – influenced the way that we think about how judges make the law. That judge is Lord Denning.

Tom Denning was a judge from 1944 until he retired in 1982 – aged 83. In that time, he was a judge in the King’s Bench Division, the Court of Appeal and the House of Lords; and, most importantly, he was Master of the Rolls (in effect, the president of the civil branch of the Court of Appeal) from 1962 until 1982.

But it was not just his longevity which made him the most important English judge of the twentieth century. What distinguished him from other judges was the quality of his writing and his approach to judicial law-making.

Most law students have their favourite Denning quotation. For those of us who were privileged to see him in court, it is impossible to read his judgments without hearing that broad Hampshire burr:

‘Broadchalke is one of the most pleasing villages in England. Old Herbert Bundy, the defendant, was a farmer there. His home was at Yew Tree Farm. It went back for 300 years. His family had been there for generations. It was his only asset. But he did a very foolish thing. He mortgaged it to the bank. Up to the very hilt.’

It was a style which was easy to parody, but few have matched his clarity. Or his brevity.

That would have counted for very little in the absence of his other great strength – an almost paternalistic wish to protect the small man from the large organisation and to uphold the rights of the individual.

No other judge has been able – with such flair and elegance – to distinguish a series of precedents which he did not like in order to reach a more palatable conclusion. He revived the concept of ‘estoppel’ as a means of doing what

he regarded as justice between the parties. His judgments were often overruled by the House of Lords, but then Parliament frequently changed the law to introduce the principles which Lord Denning had espoused and which the House of Lords had rejected. The restriction of exclusion clauses in consumer contracts is a good example. And, almost single-handedly, he developed the concept of the constructive trust in property law as a means to give effect to justice and good conscience – to protect the needy from those with the bigger guns.

The problem with this approach is the uncertainty it created. It was all very well to give effect to justice and good conscience, but the conscience concerned was that of Lord Denning, and the approach was often difficult to distinguish from palm tree justice – with the outcome depending on the whim of the judge. Little wonder, then, that the Lord Chancellor, Lord Hailsham, once said that ‘the trouble with Tom Denning is he’s always re-making the law, and we never know where we are’. Every citizen is entitled to know what the law is.

So what is Lord Denning’s legacy? His judgments are still a model of clarity, simplicity and brevity, and stand as a reproach to the prolixity of our modern judges. There is no doubt that the law would have been much the poorer without him, but it is not at all clear that his approach to judicial law-making will survive.

*Next time: the meaning of words*

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**Richard Calnan** is a partner with Norton Rose Fulbright in London and Visiting Professor at UCL (University College London).

re: Work

# The Q&A

## Linda Addison

ONE OF THE 50 MOST POWERFUL WOMEN IN NEW YORK

### **What does it mean to be powerful?**

I don't think of myself as powerful. I just think of myself as someone who, after many years of practising law, is better able to get things done or to have access to certain people. I do believe that I am in a position to set a goal and lead people to achieve it.

The possibility of not achieving something I set out to do is my greatest motivator, my greatest fear. I really focus on the goal. I focus on success.

### **How do you make decisions?**

I am a decisive person. I have enough confidence in my judgement and my instincts that I am comfortable making decisions when I believe that I know enough of the facts (80%) so that I am able to intuit what the remaining 20% will be; if something changes in that last 20% of information that comes in, I'm not hesitant at all to change or revise a decision.

Relationships are crucial. I am a big believer that when like-minded people have the same information and the same goal they will be able to achieve consensus. When people can't achieve consensus, then I'm not bashful to make a decision.

### **Have you felt ambitious your whole life? Is it part of your DNA?**

I have always had a will to succeed. I am the child of immigrants, and children of immigrants are known to have a very particular work ethic and a particular drive that is a big advantage in achievement. The





defining experience of my life is being the child of immigrants.

**Your parents came from Poland and were Holocaust survivors. They came to the US in 1946, to Texas. You said once that you felt like an outsider. Do you still feel like that?**

Yes.

I know I do not look like an outsider, and I have worked my entire life very hard to have a seat at the table and to be an insider, but our self-images are formed when we are very, very small, and when you start school on the first day not speaking the same language as your classmates, you don't just feel like an outsider, you *are* an outsider, and that is seared in your memory forever.

**Do you think it can put you at an advantage sometimes?**

To me it has been a huge advantage. Many people are really afraid to speak up because they're afraid of being ostracised, they're afraid of not fitting in, and I am very comfortable suggesting a position that defies conventional wisdom, just to give people a different way of looking at things.

At the time that I entered the profession, in 1976, people were not particularly crazy about having women lawyers and they certainly were not crazy about having women trial lawyers. I basically said to myself, been there, done that, I've overcome worse than this.

**I want to ask about your look. Is there a style which women in business in the US subscribe to?**

It is commonly known throughout the United States that Texas women really take care with their appearance – clothing, hair and make-up.

When I started practising law, women were mistaken for secretaries or for court reporters and so, even though that happens much less now, I got into the habit of dressing in a way that I hoped revealed that I was a lawyer. That has more to do probably with the quality of what I wear than with the particular style. I don't really care for suits – but I do wear nice clothing.

**You are on *Crain's* list of the 50 most powerful women in New York and the *National Law Journal's* list of the 100 most influential lawyers in America.**

I moved to New York four years ago and two years later I made the *Crain's New York Business* list. There are women on that list who operate in a very global arena and do very global jobs. It is very, very hard to get above the noise in New York; that's a nice list to be on.

The first time I made the *National Law Journal* list, the name immediately above mine was Floyd Abrams, who is the leading constitutional lawyer in the United States, and I could not believe I was on the same list with him.

But I don't walk around thinking, 'boy am I powerful, boy I'm really

cool because I made that list'. As I said to my daughter – she was fairly young when I got on my first national list – I said, I am the same person the day after I got on this list as I was the day before I got on this list.

**In the UK, BBC *Woman's Hour* has compiled a list of powerful women and conducted interviews to pin down the recipe for success. One attribute was 'being yourself'. Is that a hard thing to do in practice, in a professional capacity?**

In a long career, it is crucial to be yourself because it takes a lot of energy to hide who you are or to pretend to be somebody else. I have also found that most successful people I know are very nice, and I think that just being a nice person helps one advance.

**What else would you put into that mix?**

It is absolutely crucial to marry the right guy or to find the right life partner. If your career is not as important to your husband as it is to you, you do not stand a chance.

And, if you want to have children, I always tell women, be very careful who you marry and be even more careful who you have children with. If your husband is not an equal or more than equal partner in the raising of your child, you do not stand a chance.

The two biggest mistakes that I see women make are not marrying the right guy and economising on their

domestic help. For the life of me, I will never understand how women can economise on the person who takes care of their children. That is the single best money a person will ever spend.

**What about the time women put into cleaning their homes? Is that part of what you mean by domestic help?**

Absolutely. We had an associate a number of years ago who came into work Monday morning and told me how tired she was because she'd spent the whole weekend cleaning her apartment, and I said, that's really not a good use of your time and don't you realise you're competing with men who did not spend the weekend cleaning their apartment; they were either working or they were recharging their batteries so they could come to work fresh Monday morning.

**What advice would you give to someone setting out in their career in law?**

You have to have really enormous stamina. And if you don't have stamina, then do whatever you can to build it. Exercise, get fit. And if you can't get good stamina, then you need to think of another career.

A piece of added advice that I would give to women is that it is still not a level playing field for women. The legal profession has not achieved gender parity. Keep your eye on the ball, focus on what is really important; and what is really important is the quality of the work and the quality of the training. Focus on that.

**Are women turning away from a management path because they would prefer to give more time to being a parent? Is that the same choice men are making?**

It depends on what generation you're

# if you don't have stamina, do whatever you can to build it

talking about. Sheryl Sandberg's new book, *Lean In*, that's just a terrific book; she is absolutely spot on in her observations.

I do believe that there are an awful lot of men who really value their families and are not willing to make the same trade-offs that people who go all the way to the top have historically made.

I tell women, you've got to negotiate for yourself as well at home as you do in the workplace, because even the most enlightened, accommodating employer cannot make up for a bad husband.

**Can two people, in a strong marriage, both have high-level careers?**

Absolutely. My husband and I did that for many years.

**So it's possible to have it all?**

I do think it's possible to have it all but you can't have it all at the same time. There may be a period of days or weeks when you don't see nearly as much of your spouse or your children as you would like but over time you do, and when you have a good solid relationship with your spouse and with your child, they cut you a lot of slack. Even though you're down at the office working late at night because

you're about to go to trial, they know that they're important to you and as soon as that trial is over you'll be back with them. So, yes, you can have it all but not at the same time and frequently not on the same day.

**Does the fact that you do not have more than one child have any bearing on your career?**

I did not have one child by choice. The greatest disappointment in my life is not to have had more than one; it just worked out that way.

My life has turned out beautifully, don't get me wrong, but if I could have had another one or two or three, I would have been delighted to do it.

I know one woman who went back to work after a maternity leave and decided after a week that she just couldn't handle it and she quit, and I feel very sorry for her because the truth is she could have handled it, she would have learned how to handle it. To me, it's different if you say, I can do that but life's too short; I can do that but I just don't want to; I can do it but I'm not hungry enough; to me, that's different than saying I'm just not capable of it. We are all capable of much more than we know, especially women.

**Have you made sacrifices to pursue your career? Has your family made sacrifices?**

I don't think of them as sacrifices and I don't think my husband or daughter thinks of them as sacrifices. There are trade-offs. That's just the way it is.

I can think of a play that we had tickets for in New York that I was not able to attend, even though we were on holiday, because I had to leave New York for a day to meet with a client, and my daughter – who is a playwright and film-maker – tells me it is one of the two most extraordinary plays she's seen in her life. I very much regret missing that play and I very much regret that I didn't see it with them and share that experience with them, but I don't think of it as a sacrifice since I had a client, a CEO, who needed me, and I'm happy to be needed in that way by CEOs.

**I'm told you like theatre. Have you ever acted?**

No. Except in the courtroom.

**Do you like that, being 'on stage'?**

Absolutely. Love it. People say to me, 'Do you get nervous speaking in front of a large audience?' and I say, 'Are you crazy?' The larger the audience the better!

**What is it about the practice of law that you enjoy?**

I grew up wanting to go into a learned profession. When I was in law school I used to think of the law as I thought of cultural anthropology – a set of rules that were codified from acceptable human behaviour; and that part of it fascinated me. And I love being in the position of trusted adviser. It means a lot to me that when some of the biggest companies in the world have a big, hard problem, I am on their short-list of go-to lawyers.

**Does anything make you impatient?**

Wasting time makes me impatient. I

don't like to wait in doctors' offices, I don't like to wait in line at the post office, I don't like to get stuck in traffic when I'm driving. I like meetings to be crisp and focused.

**Arianna Huffington is calling for a third metric – wellbeing – to balance money and power as a measure of success. What do you think of that?**

I think it's easier to give priority to your wellbeing once you have money and success. I know very few people who can achieve money and success without sacrificing an awful lot of sleep. I try to exercise daily and I try to eat well, but I do not get enough sleep and I just don't know how I could get more than I do.

**Do you think you work – and live – at a really fast pace?**

Yes.

**Is that because you plan to slow down and do different things in your 50s? You're in your 50s now, aren't you?**

Actually, I am in my 60s. I am 61.

No. I have no plans to slow down. I am a big believer in 'stage not age' and, as long as one is active and relevant, one can keep going indefinitely.

**Shami Chakrabarti is the director of Liberty in the UK. She says, 'I'm anyone's equal. But no one's superior.' Do you have a motto?**

Boy, that's a great one. I do not have a personal motto. That's a terrific one. I wish I had one to give you.

**Do you tweet?**

I don't tweet. I read Twitter.

**Does that mean you're a follower?**

I'm a follower, yes. Maybe the only area of my life where I'm a follower. When I first got on Twitter I made a list of people who I admired or respected and then searched to see who they were following and I found

some very interesting people to follow that way.

**What has been the worst of times for you?**

I don't know, because I just don't think in those terms. Once I'm through something I put it behind me and don't dwell on it.

Probably the worst of times was the last three months of my mother's life, losing her to cancer. My mother was hospitalised all but two weeks of her last three months and I was at the hospital with her almost every single night and sometimes during the afternoons. Watching somebody you love die before your eyes is just awful.

**And the best of times?**

The best of times is now. I have clients who hire me for big, important high-profile matters; I have a daughter who is launched in life in a field for which she has a passion; I have a strong marriage which has lasted 36 years; and I enjoy what I'm doing. On November 1st, I am receiving the Distinguished Alumnus Award from my beloved University of Texas at Austin, and that means an extraordinary amount to me. I just don't see how it gets better than this.

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**Linda Addison** is global head of dispute resolution and litigation and a member of Norton Rose Fulbright's global executive committee. She is, in her own words, 'a Texan living in New York'. She read law at the University of Texas at Austin and is a recipient of innumerable awards and citations, including being one of only 17 women named among the 100 most influential lawyers in America. She joined Fulbright & Jaworski (now part of Norton Rose Fulbright) in 1976.

Interview by Ingeborg Alexander

# The tall ship

## Ship's log

### JANUARY 2013

**16th** | Full steam ahead to reach Cape Town. Land was last seen days ago; the only other human contact has been a racing yacht, sailing from New York to San Francisco.

### FEBRUARY 2013

**6th** | Cape Town is notorious for its south-easterly wind.

**19th** | Sweet sailing under a warm sky. We passed from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean south of Cape Agulhas. Spotted Cape Fur seals, Brydes whales, gannets and diving ball balloons accompanied by petrels and skuas.

**21st** | Mandy and George climbed the rigging in their wheelchairs, harness attached, assisted to 'fighting top' – the first yard – by the rest of the crew hauling on ropes. Mandy pulled herself up on a new climbing system that enables wheelchair users with upper body strength to bring themselves on to the platform.

Liz, who only has the use of her left arm following a stroke, did an assisted climb of the forward mast. That means not only climbing the rigging, but also the futtocks, a real frightener as it's at something like a 30° angle to the deck and the wrong way round the platform, so you're effectively climbing the underside of a ladder to access the platform. She went right to the top.

**24th** | Sunday, we awoke to fabulous sunshine, blue sky and a vastly different landscape – the huge rolling hills of the Transkei, with little sandy beaches. The dolphins keep coming to say hello.

### MARCH 2013

**3rd** | We are setting course for India.

**14th** | Wadi has seen flying fish (but no tigers) off the starboard side. Tonight is cinema night, so hopefully there will be popcorn.

**18th** | This is how we imagined the Indian Ocean would be.

**23rd** | All is well now, though the starboard engine decided to take a little unplanned nap.

**25th** | Once the ship was swinging gently on her anchor, 15 of us swam, paddled and floated, including Mislav, who was lowered from the deck. Two more sightings of whales.

**26th** | Fantastic sunrise at 0645 with huge peachy yellow cumulus clouds edged in gold.

### APRIL 2013

**2nd** | We came on watch to the prospect of an afternoon of gentle sun. By 1315, we were huddled on the bridge like sheep in a storm.

**3rd** | Last night, we needed underwater vision, as we sailed through relentless wind and horizontal rain, with an assistant needed to wipe the helm compass.

We are rapidly heading towards the Equator, anticipating frivolities there. None of our watch have crossed the line by sea, so we're all 'pollywoggles'.

**4th** | Squalls, strong gusts and rain. Our last few days have been punctuated by them. Last night we had gusts of 40 knots, but with only the lower sails set (topsails and course) it was comfortable. Our average speed yesterday was 6.5 knots. The previous day we averaged 7.2 knots – including bursts of over 11 knots, with the ship surging ahead and heeling to over 30°.

This morning, while the Mate was setting the Main T Gallant, it ripped across the head. This is now the fifth sail that requires a repair, though two of them we can patch ourselves.

Around midnight tonight, we cross the Equator. Tomorrow, we are having a Crossing the Line ceremony, and all the 'pollywoggles' will turn into 'shellbacks'.

**5th** | Today, the STS *Lord Nelson* was taken over by King Neptune. The permanent crew

were locked in the galley store, and King Neptune held court on the stern platform, weighing judgment upon the 'pollywoggles' who had had the effrontery to cross the Equator without paying homage.

**19th** | We saw dolphins playing around the ship after breakfast in beautiful light, with a backdrop of rooftops, palm trees and fishing boats on the shore of Fort Cochin Island.

**22nd** | My buddy, Bill M, who is blind, did his first assisted climb today. Bill has come from Scotland, on his own, to Kochi, and is sailing to Singapore to mark turning 70. It was quite something seeing him scale futtock shrouds.

**29th** | Last night, the Indian Navy entertained us magnificently in their officers' club.

### MAY 2013

**1st** | Tonight, every watch was treated to the most spectacular electric storm, with lightning that even our blind could see.

**3rd** | Sailing down the west coast of India. Yesterday, we were hurtling along at 7 knots. The plan was to hand sails after tea when the wind died, but it didn't, and we sailed all night. This morning, the sea is a bit lumpy but thankfully not as busy, so no more playing dodgems around fishing boats.

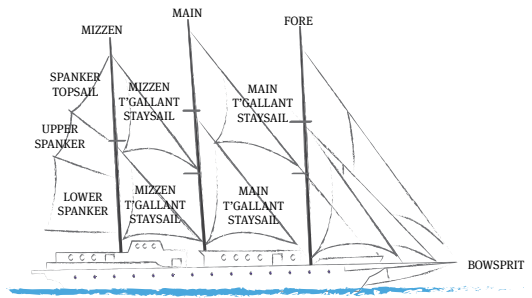
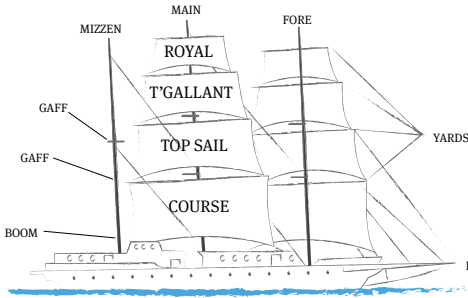
**11th** | Last night we had a bird – a brown booby – flying round the ship most of the night. Shortly after midnight, some bad weather came in. This morning, Derek had a torrid time trying to prepare breakfast.

**12th** | Enjoying amazing, exhilarating sailing.

**15th** | The sails have been up, down, set and handed, and we are now a lovely sight with main course, topsail and t'gallant, the fore course and topsail, the mizzen staysail, the jib and the spanker. Now entering The Great Channel between Sumatra and the Nicobar Islands, heading for Langkawi in expectation of white sand beaches and rainforest.



## 'The winds continue to whistle through the rigging and the spin-drift is shooting off the tops of the waves'



**16th** | We have seen shooting stars, a large turtle and (maybe) a small whale. Plus a spectacular display of leaping and diving by a family of dolphins.

**17th** | Standing there, soaked to the skin, deafened by thunder, blinded by lightening and battered by wind, we continued to sing.

**19th** | Arrived at Langkawi. There was a water festival on and the sea was like a warm bath. We got Tom and Bill in, despite being blind.

**20th** | Since Langkawi, Derek has been spoiling us with fresh salads and mangoes, jak fruit, rose apples, tamarind and papaya. Last night, we saw lighthouses on the mainland of Malaysia flashing and aircraft lining up to land. We had to take evasive action to avoid a ship that changed direction and headed towards us.

### JUNE 2013

**11th** | We are surrounded by gigantic container ships and entertained by the Singapore air force on manoeuvres.

**12th** | The ship crossed the Equator for her fifth time. Cook's assistant Dan H shocked everyone, not least Anna P, by bending on one knee and asking for her hand in marriage.

**13th** | Another gorgeous day in the South Seas.

**14th** | Once clear of the doldrums, we will set the sails; hope to reach Bali June 18.

**16th** | Yesterday, a fishing boat crossed our bow three times and the helm kept having to change course. We marvel at the number of small fishing boats on the horizon every night, shining their lights to attract the fish.

**20th** | Even though the boat was rolling as we left harbour, we were glad of the breeze. Spotted more flying fish and dolphins; sadly, also a huge line of rubbish. About four

days to Christmas Island and good sailing weather, so the sails are spread to the wind.

### JULY 2013

**4th** | Currently battling through a force 8 gale, gusting up to force 9.

**5th** | The winds continue to whistle through the rigging and the spin-drift is shooting off the tops of the waves.

**6th** | The rising barometer has brought blue skies and a myriad of tiny rainbows.

**8th** | With no moon to be seen and no cloud cover, the Milky Way took over the sky, surrounded by gazillions of stars.

**9th** | Still no other ships in view.

**14th** | This morning, there was a lovely sunrise and the promise of a better day ahead. This afternoon, it's wet, wet, wet.

Several people on the ship who didn't know each other before boarding have found they live only a few miles from one another. Quite a comforting thought when one is sailing hundreds of miles from anywhere in the middle of a turbulent ocean.

**16th** | At 0400 the aft port watch took over and with the change of watch came the change of weather. Winds of over 50 knots were recorded, as was a 43-degree heel to the port side, matching that of the starboard side, which had stood fast for several weeks. The ship is performing well in the force 9/10 conditions, although the 6-metre swells and 3-metre waves are making conditions in the galley difficult. No one ventures anywhere without their waist belt, which has become an additional limb, clipped on to safety wires or anything else that comes to hand to stabilize us.

**17th** | If anyone had said to me at 0700 this morning that at 2100 we would be alongside in Fremantle, I could not have believed it. The seas were still big and we were told the

wind speed had exceeded 60 knots at the harbour entrance that night.

### AUGUST 2013

**13th** | Our dry-docking period was dogged by bad weather, delays and the late discovery of steelwork that required replacing. On Thursday, the weather turned, heralded by a violent squall and torrential rain. On Friday, we set off into the bay, did some gyratons to swing the compass and went up the channel to Fremantle. Work continued on board to return the ship to a habitable state. The heads system was recommissioned and painting continues throughout the ship: cable lockers, windlass, bulwarks, galley store, bosun's store. Repaired and new sails are being returned to us; the radar has men poking about in its innards; the ovens are receiving attention...

**19th** | Sighted two humpback whales and an albatross.

**25th** | We have set almost a full spread of sail due to a favourable but highly unusual northerly wind across the Great Aussie Bight. With the yards braced hard to starboard, the square sails somewhat resemble the fore-and-aft sails.

### The Captain and members of the crew

#### Sailing terms

Set – hoist

Hand – furl

Futtock shrouds – ropes at an angle which secure the rigging

Norton Rose Fulbright is sponsoring *Lord Nelson* as she sails the world, crewed by volunteers (able-bodied and disabled) and the Jubilee Sailing Trust's permanent crew of eight. [nortonrosefulbright.com/sailtheworld](http://nortonrosefulbright.com/sailtheworld)

Illustrations by **Robbie Pattemore** (with thanks to Ralph Wilkinson and Michael Cox)



## A frontier land

‘The Calgary of 1903 was very different from the settled towns of southern Ontario...

David Mittelstadt looks back to those early pioneering years in western Canada.

c1898

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**First Nations man and woman on 8th Avenue**  
Glenbow Archives NA-1451-33



The small western city exuded a rough-hewn quality of newness. The roadways turned to mud in the spring; the sidewalks were usually wooden where there were any at all. Houses were mostly small and wood-framed and wood-sided, often scarcely more than shacks, instead of tidy brick dwellings as seen back east. A substantial portion of the population lived in tents. And there were no trees – the wind whistled across open prairie.

There were, however, some promising signs that Calgary had a future. It straddled the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. There were several nascent industries, and the city was the headquarters of a substantial ranching economy.

Along ‘millionaire’s row’ there stood the homes of Calgary’s leading citizens – substantial enough to qualify as mansions in the east. These grand homes stood as

1900

**Worden Brothers’ bakery on 8th Avenue East**  
Glenbow Archives NA-2831-163



proof that there was indeed great opportunity in the west: all those worthies had arrived scarcely 20 years before with nothing but ambition.

Calgary was first established as a North West Mounted Police fort in 1875 at the confluence of the Bow and Elbow Rivers. The arrival of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1883 transformed the village near the fort into a thriving town almost overnight. Incorporated the following year, Calgary became the first city in the North-West Territories in 1894, with a population of just under 4,000, riding the first wave of homesteaders to the west. A long period of stagnation followed as drought settled on the prairies and a severe depression

c1899

**Calgarians at the turn of the century**

Glenbow Archives NA-2831-14





affected the world economy. Then, with the turn of the century, the pendulum swung the other way. The government had brought in policies that encouraged immigration and settlement in the west, the rains had come back, and worldwide economic conditions had greatly improved. Calgary was about to embark on an unequalled boom.



1913

**Pelkey and McCarthy spar**  
Glenbow Archives NB-16-497



The Calgary of 1911 was hardly recognizable from the dusty city of 1903. The 1911 federal census put the population of the city at over 44,000, a ten-fold increase from the 1901 head count; Calgary's downtown was transformed. The city's first 'skyscraper', the six-storey Grain Exchange, was built in 1910 and was quickly followed by others bigger and better.

Suburbs spread like floodwater onto the prairie, connected to the business district by a modern new street railway. Migrants were pouring in, real estate values shot up, new businesses opened, new industries were established, and workers threw up houses and subdivisions as rapidly as humanly possible.

Civic boosters extravagantly predicted that Calgary's population would soon be a quarter-million, with no end of growth in sight.

The phenomenal expansion was a tremendous boon for the city's lawyers, who quickly increased in numbers as practitioners flocked to Calgary. Conveyancing, incorporations, lawsuits – the legal trade burgeoned.



## c1915

### 8th Avenue looking east

Glenbow Archives PA-3689-34



c1915

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**Outdoor dance**

Glenbow Archives NC-54-277



John Edward Annan Macleod arrived in Calgary in 1909. Three years later, he joined the law firm McCarthy, Walsh and Carson. JEA Macleod became the living link between two very different eras and two different law firms. As an ambitious young lawyer, he helped build a respected and sizable firm in Calgary; then, as a grand old man of the profession, he helped a new

1903

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**John Macleod, graduation photo,  
Dalhousie University**  
Glenbow Archives NA-4150-1





generation of similarly ambitious young lawyers rebuild it. And despite the many intervening years, that later firm would bear some uncanny resemblance to its predecessor.

The frontier was no more, but the story of Macleod Dixon had just begun. The history of that firm is also the history of the city that created it.

The law firm Macleod Dixon was founded in 1912. Exactly 100 years later, the frontier practice joined what is now Norton Rose Fulbright.

Extract from: David Mittelstadt, *The Macleod Dixon Century: 1912–2012*, © 2012 NRC. All photographs were previously published in *The Macleod Dixon Century* and are supplied courtesy of Glenbow Archives, part of Glenbow Museum in Calgary, and (p23) by the Legal Archives Society of Alberta. Our thanks to writer and historian **David Mittelstadt**, **Susan M Kooyman** of Glenbow Archives and **Sue Roberge** of Norton Rose Fulbright.

1912

**The Walsh, McCarthy, Carson, Macleod firm (JEA Macleod is 2nd row far left)**

LASA 62-G-2

# The sporting life

## Exploring the passion

### GOLF

There is something transfixing about the concentration and skill that a professional golfer puts into every shot.

I started playing golf when I was about 13. I went to a driving range with my dad one Sunday and he taught me how to grip and swing a club. I don't think either of us expected how obsessive I would become.

From that moment on I worked really hard to refine my game. There was a golf club near my school and I made friends who I could play with almost every night. I got my handicap down to 9 and won both the ladies' and girls' county championships in the same year.

Living in London makes it slightly more difficult to play, but I try to get to a driving range when I can during the week, and I play on the course most weekends. I use it to unwind from work and city life, and am pleased that I've managed to maintain that 9 handicap.

I'm 28 now; I'm quite looking forward to when I retire and can play golf every day. And ride horses. And cycle.

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#### Catriona Dowie, London

Catriona Dowie is a strategic bids adviser for Norton Rose Fulbright and a sports reporter for *Re*:

### FLY FISHING

For years, I pounded the roads running marathons and ultra-marathons. I then became a sheep farmer, breeding Ile de France sheep on a small farm outside Johannesburg. Now, I take photographs. But I have always been a fly fisherman. And, of course, a lawyer.

I have travelled to most parts of the world fly-fishing for species of all shapes and sizes. If I start with the As, I have fished in Alaska, Australia, Angola and the Amazon; my next trip takes me to Argentina. I have fished in Belize and Cuba. If I go through to the end of the alphabet, I have fished in the Seychelles, Tanzania, New Zealand, Zambia and Zimbabwe, with a lot of places in between.

I enjoy fishing local waters with a group of friends dedicated to fly-fishing. A day's fishing will start at 4am and we will go on until dusk in search of the largemouth yellow fish – the most sought after of indigenous fish. Sometimes, we will fish the whole day without a bite and arrive home well into the evening exhausted and exhilarated after wading in thigh-deep water among rocks and boulders, pulling our dinghy up rapids or spending time watching a leguaan sunning itself, a Cape clawless otter hunting or a spoonbill flying overhead.

I can spend hours researching the venue and the species, tying the flies and assembling the gear. This is quality time: while I am tying large flies for tarpon or trevally, traditional flies for salmon or steelhead, or small nymphs for trout or yellow fish, I am, in my imagination, somewhere else. I am fishing among the bears and wolves in Canada; the birds, the butterflies in the Amazon; the sea snakes, the saltwater crocodiles in Australia. I take only photographs and leave with memories.

As I move into retirement I will fish for trout in local waters, teaching and watching my grandchildren. I have cast the fly and will observe quietly as they rise to it and take it with a sip or a splash.

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#### John Neaves, Johannesburg

John Neaves is a director with Norton Rose Fulbright in South Africa and a dispute resolution and litigation lawyer.

## CYCLING

The bicycle is an expression of freedom whatever your age and wherever you live.

My first bike ride was a 140-kilometre round trip north of Toronto to Hart House Farm, when I was an undergraduate.

I started riding seriously with the encouragement of my father. He is an avid cyclist and it was something we could do together. I was into figure skating at the time, and getting confused about why I couldn't land triple jumps. When I graduated from law school and started articling on Bay Street, I started a women's ice hockey team. Once my dad started coaching us, we were hard to beat and I had to keep finding new leagues for us to join. We got refused entry on a few occasions for being 'too good'. I couldn't understand it.

Cycling offered a great way to decompress when I started working the longer hours in law. I discovered it provided a great way to really see the places you travel to. From New Zealand to the Cabot Trail to the Icefields Parkway to Palm Beach and the New England coast, you see things on a bike that you don't see flying over or passing by in a car. There is a personal connection that you can develop when you ride through a small town on your bicycle.

The more cycling you do, the easier it gets. During one of our trips to Florida we cycled 2,000 kilometres in two weeks. I lost about ten pounds and felt great. There is something refreshing about being outdoors, in the elements – wind, sun, sometimes rain – when you are on a machine that you have to power. It's your energy and strength which determine how far and fast you go. Very pure.

While 'hero' is possibly not the word, I certainly developed great admiration for professional bike racers. I believed in Lance (although no more than I did Jens Voight). It takes discipline and courage to do a grand tour like the Giro or the Tour de France or Vuelta.

There are lessons to be learned. I couldn't land triple jumps because my body was built to play hockey. I much prefer playing with people who aren't afraid to lose. Admiration can be wasted on a cheater. My favourite place to try and figure it all out remains on a 110-kilometre Saturday morning ride with my dad.

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**Janet Howard, Toronto**

Janet Howard is a corporate partner with Norton Rose Fulbright in Canada and Re's Toronto cycling correspondent.

## SOCCER

My parents are Greek immigrants, and football is the sport my dad loved the most; consequently, that's the sport he introduced to me and my two brothers when we were young.

The thing that I love most about football is being on a team. There's a strong social dynamic: you have to gain the respect and love of your teammates to perform your best as an individual.

My greatest footballing achievement was also my most spectacular failure. I went to Turin in 1999 after graduating to ask for a try-out with Juventus F.C., one of the best clubs in the world. They turned me down. But that story preceded me in my travels around Italy and opened doors with smaller teams who wanted to meet the American delusional enough to approach Juventus.

My idol was Diego Maradona. He made mistakes – but he's also a Greek hero; watching his life unfold showed me that if one's talent is far greater than those of others, it can become a curse.

I sacrificed a lot for soccer over my life, most notably my ego.

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**Dimitri Millas, Houston**

Dimitri Millas is a lawyer with Norton Rose Fulbright in the United States and a graduate of Harvard and Yale.

# The guide to Houston

## Sophia Lisa Salazar on what's not to love in Houston, Texas

I will now proceed to burst all of your preconceived notions of Houston.

It isn't dry. There are no tumbleweeds or cactus.

It is lush, tropical, wet. Women's hair will frizz but their skin will appear ageless. You will feel sticky hot for the first two years you live here until finally your body acclimates. Allergies are horrendous – if you don't have them when you arrive, you will have them two years after you've moved here. But the weather in fall and spring is gorgeous and swimming pools are everywhere. And you are only an hour's drive from the beach at Galveston or the lakes just north of the city.

There are no cowboys. Unless, of course, it is rodeo season and you've paid loads of money to see one ride a bronco or sing on stage.

In fact, we are all rather obsessed with fashion. We like to shop, as a city, and there are tons of shopping malls, outlet malls, indoor malls, strip malls and outdoor malls. To offset the stores, though, there are plenty of parks. In fact, we have four gorgeous parks in the heart of the city with avant garde art, including pieces by Jean Dubuffet and Juame Plensa, alongside flowering vistas.

Nor do we all talk with twangs. Houston is a port city and, as a result, it is the most diverse city in the US, surpassing New York. You will hear drawls from the Deep South alongside Filipino intonations and Texas twangs, with accompaniment from Mexico, Japan, Nigeria, China, Jamaica, Cuba, Vietnam and Puerto Rico, surrounding you in a cacophony of cross culture. As the fourth largest city in the US, we were the first to elect an openly gay mayor, Annise Parker, in 2009. And we did it again in 2011.

We don't just eat steak or Tex-Mex. We have some of the top restaurants in the country, drawing on the local movement and unlikely food fusions. My personal favorite is Radical Eats, a vegan fusion of Cajun, Vietnamese and Mexican, making 'meaty'-rich cauliflower soup.

And we have loads of culture. We have a world-renowned opera house, ballet company and symphony, and a museum district that rivals any other US city. But my favourite isn't the Museum of Fine Arts, the Children's Art Museum or the Rothko Chapel. It is the Orange Show, a quirky spectacle in a rather dodgy neighbourhood that has morphed to include art cars and a beer-can house.

We aren't at all what you expect us to be. And we are more alike than you thought we were. Welcome to Houston.

### WHERE TO STAY

#### Colombe d'Or

Built in 1923, this private residence designed by the architect Alfred C Finn for Humble Oil mogul WW Fondren, Senior is now the tiniest luxury hotel in Houston. It houses an art collection that includes Picasso, Dali and Man Ray.

### WHAT TO DO

#### NASA tour

'Houston, the Eagle has landed.' Who doesn't know these iconic words? Or how about, 'Houston, we have a problem.' Remember that one? The Johnson Space Center, located just south of Houston, offers several tour levels but I recommend the level 9 tour because you will get into the historic Mission Control Center and see the Neutral Buoyancy Lab. Note that guests must be 14 years or older.

### EATING OUT

#### Barbecue

Gatlin's Barbecue – for some real, 'down home' Texas barbecue, get here early and prepare to stand in line. Run out of a tiny, yellow house, it is only open for lunch and the good stuff goes fast.

#### Mexican

Hugo's – award-winning Mexican food at its best, this restaurant serves up high-end, melt-in-your-mouth Mexican food with a bite. The owner also runs Backstreet Café, which is a terrific place for brunch.



## DAY TRIP

### La Grange

Less than a three-hour drive away, this historic town is due west, and on the way to Austin. The drive will take you through hill country, which in the spring has fields full of bluebonnets (the Texas state flower) and Indian paintbrush. Head for the town square and stop in and shop at the quaint country shops, but don't forget to eat at Prause Market to experience some more terrific Texas barbecue.

## BEST TIME OF YEAR

### Spring

Because of the tropical weather, Houston has vibrant springs full of azaleas, magnolias and bluebonnets. We hold an annual Azalea Trail, which takes you through the wealthiest neighbourhood in town, with homeowners opening up their homes and gardens for viewing.

Don't bother to come in the summer; the humidity will strangle you.

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Sophia Lisa Salazar lives in Houston and works in interactive marketing and social media.

Photograph by Mike Ouano, Houston  
A life-size Light Being roaming the streets of Sugar Land on New Year's Eve.





# The back garden

RED GERANIUMS  
IN SYDNEY

Red geraniums have become something like Proust's madeleine for me. One glance puts me back in a Florentine piazza with a final exam behind me, gelato in my hand, and red geraniums joyfully flinging themselves out of every window.

Thankfully, the flower that works so well in Italian window boxes works equally well in Sydney, where gardeners have to contend not only with serious heat, but also with frosts and destructive storms. Challenges in my own garden include blue-tongue lizards, the occasional snake and an enthusiastic Shetland sheepdog.

I especially love a variety called 'Big Red' (a *Pelargonium* hybrid). Geraniums are tough to begin with, but Big Red is bred to handle Australian conditions and will survive droughts, floods and heat waves. Mine have withstood all three; even the plant torn to shreds by a marauding possum made a miraculous recovery. The January heat wave that scorched the lawn and burned the lavender to a crisp seemed to have no effect on these cheerful little plants.

Cuttings thrive almost without fail in any soil (I have known one to survive in no soil at all), and they flower beautifully all year round. This year I have added some hot pink geraniums to the mix, yielding a warm, satisfying clash of colours.

## Tips for growing

Taking cuttings is easy – just cut a small stem with a few leaves on it, plant immediately and water in well.

They don't mind shade, but moving potted plants into the sun for a day or so will often prompt flowers.

Don't be afraid to cut them back. They will grow back thick and green, and you can plant the cuttings.

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Ashleigh Standen lives in Sydney, and has been helping her father in the garden since she learned to walk. She is a trainee in Norton Rose Fulbright's Sydney office, and is currently working in M&A.

AN APPLE ORCHARD  
IN HAMBURG

Some years ago, I bought a rundown farmhouse close to Hamburg. It came with an orchard of old apple trees – nearly as neglected as the house itself – which contained at least 15 varieties of apple tree, some of them quite rare. These included the picturesquely named *Altländer Pfannkuchenapfel*, the *Seestermüher Zitronenapfel* and the *Finkenwerder Prinz*, as well as the beautiful bell-shaped *Winter-Glockenapfel*.

The whole family is kept busy picking the early crop for cakes, pancakes and apple purée and storing the autumn windfall for use over the winter. When the harvest is good, we carry bags and boxes of apples to the local fruit press and come away with apple juice which lasts us often through an entire year.

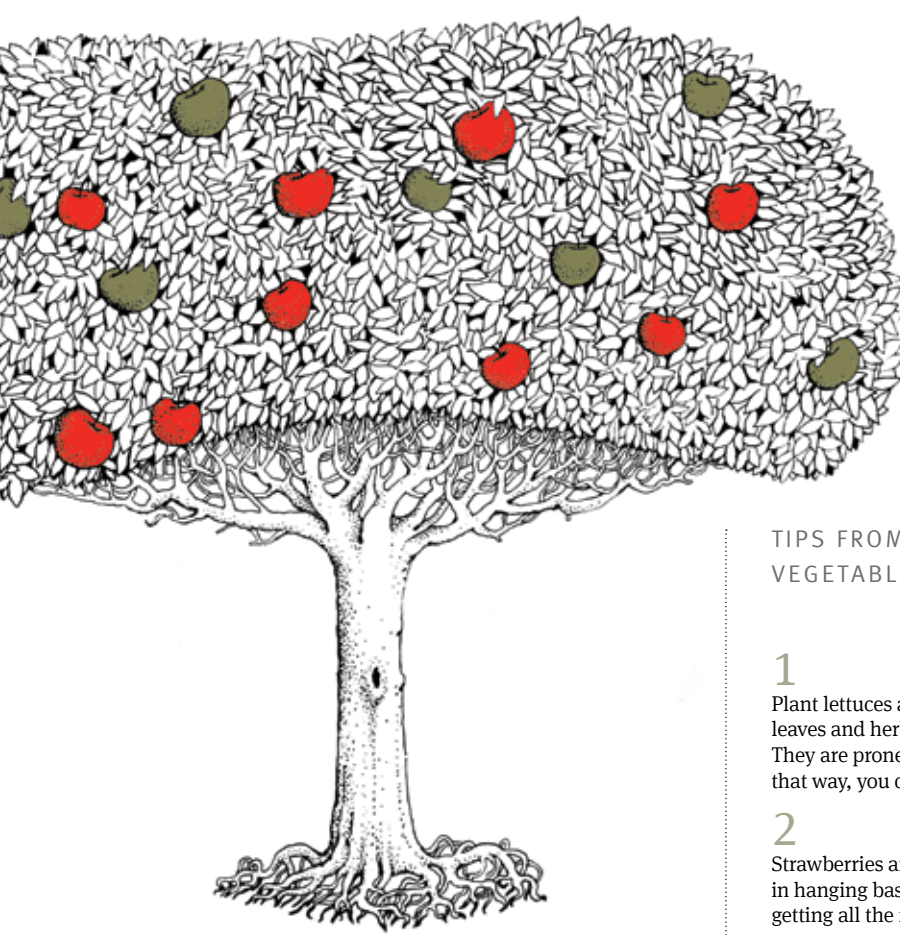
Northern Germany is the perfect place to grow apples because of its mild climate. Apples (*malus domestica* in Latin) belong to the species of pomaceous fruit plants from the family of the (astounding enough) *rosaceae* – rose plants, which also includes strawberries, raspberries, pears and prunes. The apple is the oldest known tree to be cultivated, with a recorded history going back to Alexander the Great. There are more than 7,500 cultivars of apples, each with their own shape and taste.

Apple trees are best planted in late autumn or early spring, when the soil is not frozen (at least in northern Germany) and plant growth has paused. Young trees need watering, fertilizing and protection against vermin and animals. Roebucks like to brush their antlers in young trees, sometimes destroying them entirely, and hares cut into the young bark with their razor-sharp teeth. The trick here is to fence each tree with a wire mesh fixed on wooden poles; deterring the vermin is more of a challenge and may require the use of agrochemical products.

We cut and prune the trees in March, and sometimes again in late autumn. They bloom in April and May, their lightly scented white and pink blossom attracting thousands of bees which hum and buzz through the orchard in their search for nectar, fertilizing the blossom and granting a rich autumn harvest. Apple trees are not self-fertile, so they need cross-pollination with other apple trees to develop fruit.

Harvesting starts in August with the early species like the *August-* and *Klarapfel*, and continues until late October, November or even into December, when the last red





Boskooops, *Pfannkuchenapfel* (pancake apples), *Winter-Glockenapfel* and other varieties suitable for winter storage are picked. The early varieties have to be eaten or processed within a few days after picking, whereas some of the late cultivars only develop their aroma and sweetness when the night temperatures go down to zero degrees or less.

### Typical varieties for local country gardens

*Altländer Pfannkuchenapfel*  
(The pancake apple from Altes Land – 10 km south of Hamburg, across the Elbe)

*Augustapfel*

Boskoop

*Celler Dickstiel*

Elstar

*Finkenwerder Herbstprinz*

The *Finkenwerder* autumn prince  
(*Finkenwerder* is just across the Elbe)

Holstein Cox

Ingrid Marie

Jakob Lebel

*Klarapfel*

*Roter Gravensteiner*

*Roter Berlepsch*

*Seestermüher Zitronenapfel*  
(The lemon apple from Seestermühe)

*Winter-Glockenapfel*  
(Bell-shaped winter apple)

### TIPS FROM A NEW FOREST VEGETABLE GARDENER

1

Plant lettuces and rocket and other salad leaves and herbs in tubs close to the kitchen. They are prone to bolt if not picked regularly – that way, you don't forget to use them.

2

Strawberries and raspberries grow really well in hanging baskets – and it stops the birds getting all the fruit.

3

If space is limited, grow things that you don't normally pick up at your local supermarket. There is no point investing the physical and emotional energy required to grow something you can get cheaply and easily elsewhere. I grow unusual and/or expensive potato varieties, yellow tomatoes, small round carrots, etc.

4

One of the best starter vegetables to grow is a dwarf or French bean – green or purple. They are easy to grow from seed, and pretty insect-proof. They freeze well too.

5

If you plant seed in a length of plastic guttering, you can then dig a trench in the vegetable patch when you are ready to plant them out and just slide them into the trench from the gutter, soil and all!

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Sophie Ahrens von Bismarck lives in northern Germany and is a lawyer in Norton Rose Fulbright's Hamburg office, where she advises German and international seed breeders in corporate and commercial law.

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Real estate partner Lindsay Morgan has five acres of land at her home in the New Forest and a husband and two sons. She is head of real estate for Europe, the Middle East and Asia with Norton Rose Fulbright and is based in London.

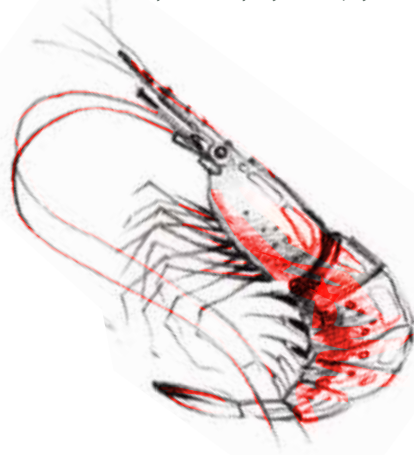
# The kitchen table

## DISHIN' IT UP, FRENCH CAJUN STYLE

An hour before dawn, when the world is asleep, my father navigates our wooden trawler away from its rickety old dock. With just a few turns of the wheel, we plunge into blackness, shattering the stillness of the bayou, passing the patchwork of sagging shotgun houses and seafood shacks that line the banks. I sit on the deck of daddy's boat, a five-year-old impatiently awaiting the sunrise.

I grew up in a tiny fishing village settled two centuries ago by French explorers. Bayou La Batre, Alabama. A place where you don't get rich, you just get by. My father – like his father and grandfather before him – had been chasing shrimp since he was a little boy. In this part of the world, on the edge of a continent, we ate what we caught, froze what we could, and if we caught nothing, we ate nothing.

What we did catch, we made sure it ended up tasting good. Here are some of my family's US Gulf Coast recipes. I hope y'all enjoy.



### Lamey family praline

Historians believe pralines were brought over from France by nuns in charge of *les filles à la cassette* ('casket girls' – young women sent to Louisiana from France at the request of the King to marry the French settlers). The nuns taught the girls the art of praline-making.

#### Ingredients

White sugar (1 cup), light brown sugar (2 cups), condensed milk (1 can – 13 oz) (or evaporated milk or heavy cream), chopped pecans (2 cups), butter (¼ cup), maple (½ tsp), vanilla (1 tsp), salt + a sugar thermometer

#### Instructions

Mix the sugar and milk, stirring as you go (use a wooden spoon). Simmer over a low heat, stirring occasionally. Once the mixture starts to stick to the bottom of the pan, stir almost continuously (but slowly) until it reduces and the sugar starts to caramelize. The liquid will thicken and begin to turn light brown.

Once the temperature reaches around 240 degrees, take the pan off the stove and – immediately – add the pecans, butter, vanilla, maple and a pinch of salt; keep stirring.

Use two spoons to spoon out the pralines onto wax paper-lined cookie sheets. Use one spoon to dip up the hot mixture and the other one to push it off into the paper.

#### Warning

If it gets too hot, the candy will be dry and crumbly. If it isn't cooked long enough, the mixture will be runny and sticky. I have failed multiple times (but also succeeded!) If the pralines do not turn out right, create a new dessert by crumbling them into softened vanilla ice cream. If the mixture hardens, you can break it into pieces and sprinkle it over cheesecake or ice cream.

### Shrimp dip

#### Ingredients

Boiled shrimp (1 lb) (chopped very fine or use food processor), cream cheese (one 8 oz package), half an onion (chopped very fine), mayonnaise (4 tbsp), hot sauce (½ tsp) (Tabasco, Rooster sauce or similar), mustard (½ tsp), dash of Worcestershire sauce, dash of lemon juice

Season with salt, pepper, cayenne pepper (or a Creole/Cajun seasoning)

#### Instructions

Mix it all up and refrigerate for several hours. Serve with crackers or French bread. (It's fine to substitute crabmeat or crawfish for the shrimp if you're that way inclined.)

### Cajun seasoning mix

#### Ingredients

Table salt (26 oz), cayenne pepper (5 tbsp), black pepper (3 tbsp), onion powder (3 tbsp), garlic powder (3 tbsp), chilli powder (3 tbsp), thyme (1 tbsp), sweet basil (1 tbsp), bay leaf (1 tbsp) Instructions

You can either follow these instructions to the letter or experiment until you find the right combination for you.

Add all seasoning, except salt, in a blender. Cover and blend to a fine consistency (or, better still, use a pestle and mortar). Mix blended spices with salt until you achieve a consistent colour. Store for future use.

#### Warning

Try not to breathe in the dust.

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**Britney Jackson** lives in Houston. Her ancestors were French explorers who settled the Gulf Coast from Alabama to Louisiana, among them the infamous Jean Baptiste Baudreau and the founder of Québec. She can also trace her family line back to the *filles à la cassette*.

## SOUP – HOT FROM VENEZUELA

### Crema Auyama

This cream of pumpkin soup from Venezuela is at its best served hot and straight from the pumpkin.

Serves four

Allow 30 to 40 minutes

#### Ingredients

1 kg pumpkin pulp  
 8 cups chicken broth  
 1 cup water  
 3 tbsp butter  
 1 onion, roughly chopped  
 1 leek  
 4 stalks of scallions (green onions/  
 spring onions)  
 3 or 4 garlic cloves  
 250g cream cheese (Philadelphia),  
 softened  
 White pepper and salt to taste  
 A tiny bunch of cilantro (coriander)  
 +  
 Optional croutons or ciboulettes  
 (chives) for decoration

#### Instructions

First, buy a pumpkin, choosing one that is firm and has a nice round shape.

If you plan to use the pumpkin as a serving vessel, wash and dry the outside of it and (later, after removing the pulp) put some oil on a cloth and rub the outside to achieve a slightly glossy finish.

Mark a circle on the top of the pumpkin. (It must be bigger than the ladle that you will use to serve with.) Use a sharp knife to cut the top off and put it on one side to act as a lid.

Separate the inner fibre and seeds with a wooden spoon. Take out enough pulp to make the recipe, probably five or six cups. Cut the pumpkin pulp into big chunks.

Chop the onions and leek into big chunks.



Heat the butter in a deep pan and add the onion, leek, scallions and garlic. Cook until the onion is transparent.

Add the chicken broth, water, salt and pumpkin chunks and cook the pumpkin for about 20 minutes until tender.

Remove from the heat and discard the onion, leek, scallions and garlic.

Blend the liquid, the pumpkin and the cream cheese, then return it to the pot, bring it to a boil, add the cilantro and cook for 3 minutes.

Adjust the seasoning, cover, turn off the heat and serve immediately – in a bowl or in the original pumpkin – with croutons or ciboulettes as an optional garnish.

(Stand clear when you pour the soup into the pumpkin – the pumpkin gets very hot.)

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**Virginia Leyva** has spent a lifetime cooking for her husband and two daughters and for friends. 'Cooking, growing orchids and dance are my passion; of course, in the top of this world and beyond ... is my family.' Virginia works for Norton Rose Fulbright in Caracas.

## EATING OUT IN PARIS

### Tour de Monthléry (Chez Denise)

This institution has long been a bistro favourite of Parisian regulars, tourists and night owls. The food is traditional and strictly for meat lovers. The atmosphere takes you back to turn-of-the-century Paris. If you like to dine at 4 in the morning, this is the place to go, as Chez Denise is open late. Prices are at the high end of reasonable for Paris (mains around 25€).

5 rue des Prouvaires, 75001  
 T +33 (0)1 42 36 21 82

### Le Chateaubriand

Le Chateaubriand is rated one of the best restaurants in the world. You will certainly find innovative food here; for a fixed menu at 60€ you can try a five-course meal that changes every night. Chef Inaki Aizpitarte is a master of creating new sensations. The service is casual, the decor Parisian and the style laid back. The wine list (sadly) offers only natural wines. There is always a queue for the second service: I advise you book for the first.

129 ave Parmentier, 75011  
 T +33 (0)1 43 57 45 95

### Oudino

I love this elegant (yet relaxed) restaurant for its simple, absolutely unpretentious French cooking. The menu is seasonal and inventive; a typical meal may start with artichoke velouté topped with poached egg, followed by fillet of cod with chorizo risotto and finally a featherweight chocolate soufflé. It's closed on Saturdays, when you will have to go to its – equally good – sister restaurant at 44 rue d'Assas, Restaurant du Luxembourg.

Oudino.fr / 17, rue Oudinot, 75007  
 T +33 (0)1 45 66 05 09

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Restaurant critics **Tara Pichardo-Angadi**, **Christine Ezcutari** and **Alexandra Howe** are lawyers at Norton Rose Fulbright's Paris office.

# ONE HUNDRED WORDS

A collection of stories, each exactly 100 words long and containing the words 'earth', 'spring' and 'paper'

## Paper Flowers

Evelyn Fischer visits her son every day; she shows up each morning with a basket of fresh flowers and her best trowel. As she tends his tiny garden, Evelyn updates Nathan with family news. Prattling on about his daughter's new tooth and his son's school recital, she yanks out weeds that seem to spring up overnight. She digs shallow craters in the moist earth, then selects new buds from her basket and replaces every bloom. I asked her once why she wastes her time planting paper flowers. Her milky grey eyes shifted to mine. 'Because they can't die', she said.

Monique Massabki, Toronto





# Paper Earth

Say, I'm only a paper earth  
Floating under a silver moon  
And it wouldn't be make-believe  
If you believe in me

Yes, it's only a canvas sky  
Hanging over a muslin tree  
But it wouldn't be make-believe  
If you cared for me

*Without your love  
I will wither and decay  
I'm a melody played in a barren arcade*

I'm a fragile and faithful world  
In your phoney reality  
And it isn't just make-believe  
If you don't believe in me

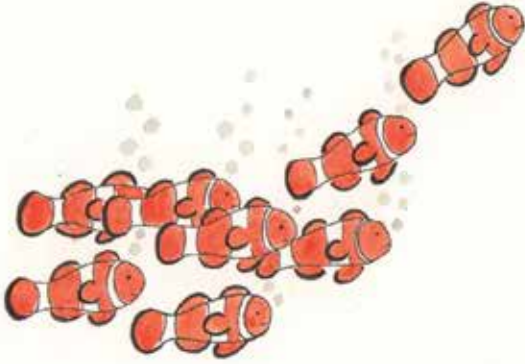
Say, I'm only a paper earth  
Floating under a silver moon  
And it's spring in eternity  
When you believe in me

**Deseré Jordaan, Johannesburg**

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The song 'It's only a paper moon' – on which Deseré Jordaan based 'Paper Earth' – was first published in 1933. The lyrics were written by Edgar Yip Harburg and Billy Rose. See YouTube for cover renditions by Ella Fitzgerald and others.





I blow bubbles, am weightless. Anemones wave in the current, clownfish spring forth to greet me, guarding their precious patch of earth – a coral bommie. They smile and dance, gleeful but on guard. They see danger in me but not in the metal boa constrictor now hugging their bommie. A constrictor too heavy for me.

I surface but am sinking. I sign the bit of paper, ‘mate, the anchor, there’s a bommie’. Futile, I know. I hear grinding, ripping, tearing. The bommie, my memory, our conscience. The anchor is up. The dive boat moves on to the next dive site.

**Lucy Laakso, Canberra**

She ran inside to find paper and a pencil; she had to somehow capture this moment. It only came around every 106 years, so the memory would have to last her forever. Her new world was grey, devoid of colour. The colony re-housed here over 20 years ago was the only form of life which existed. As she drew a picture of the Earth, she recalled how she missed the seasons most of all; the way that flowers would suddenly spring from the ground, the crunch of leaves underfoot and the feel of a prickly winter breeze on her face.

**Tina Glover, London**

The boy was on his side, face to the horizon, eyes blank. He had collapsed a few minutes earlier; I had looked up from my trudge and seen him drop. His Scout troop gathered around him and tried everything, but the altitude on Kilimanjaro had taken him randomly, and a sprint down the mountain was impossible. There was nothing to be done.

On the descent, a cross had been placed where he had laid, with an epitaph written on a bit of paper which fluttered in the spring wind; it appeared to have been thrust directly from the barren earth.

**Miles Pittman, Calgary**

The bright yellow kite soared on the wings of a spring breeze, tethered to the earth by only a small hand gripping the string and short legs scampering across the hillside below. The kite seemed to bask in its own aerodynamic grace, rising higher, tugging at its leash as though trying to reach the immense white clouds suspended over the horizon. And then a stumble below, the hand's instinctive opening, and the kite disappeared into the endless blue like a discarded scrap of paper... a lesson on life's ephemeral nature and the importance of watching your step.

**Craig Smith**, Houston

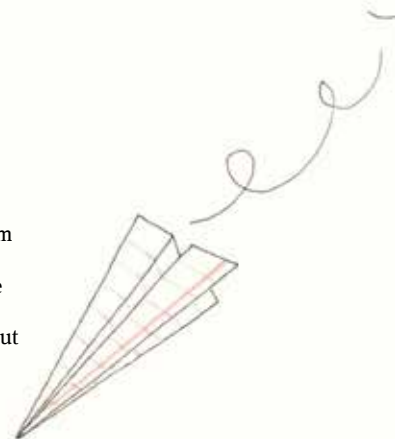
Inside the shipping container, Sewall S. Fine folded a scrap of paper into an airplane. Adrift on the ocean since the previous spring, each crease was smoothed by an inch-long fingernail. Sewall examined the plane in darkness alleviated with fitful beams of light. He bent its nose upwards, before cocking his arm and releasing the plane with a flick of his wrist. It looped the loop – he'd had time to practise – before smacking into the side of the container. Sewall smiled, remembering places on earth where paper planes were free to land their loop the loops without interruption.

**Matthew Hall**, Calgary

Redtail awoke to the distant sound of huntsmen's horns. He alerted the family, MacyMo and the twins born last spring, Easy and Tricky. The entrance to the earth had been stuffed with paper. How had that happened? The hounds were nearing fast. Redtail scratched furiously. Finally, the entrance was clear, allowing access to the field. They awaited Redtail's command to implement the Plan 'Fourways' that they had practised during the summer. The eager barking pack entered the field and on 'Tallyho' the four sped off in different directions. The hunt slowed, the huntsmen swore, the hounds ran around aimlessly – 'Wherediddeygo?'

**David Burnand**, London

*Illustrations by Caroline Janssens*



Jeremy Edwards

# The person

When I was six, I was taken out on our dinghy, the Wayfarer. We sailed out from Rock, in Cornwall, and I absolutely hated it. I thought I was going to drown, I thought the boat was going to sink. They had to drop me back on Daymer beach, blubbing, and I had to walk miles to get back to the car park while the rest of them went on with what was probably a perfectly lovely sail.

In some ways it's odd that I'm here in the City and that life's been pretty good to me here. I'm fundamentally an outdoors person.

I'm a dairy farmer's son from north Cornwall, so I have a very modest background.

I've been extraordinarily fortunate and very lucky in managing by chance to do the right things at the right time.

I discovered yachts when I was about 14. Yachts and girls and gin and tonics.

After my first year at university, I sailed with two other guys across the Atlantic and back on a 32-foot boat. It was meant to be my year in France – I was reading law with French. Having spent nine months at sea, four months of it in the Caribbean, I came back incredibly tanned, with totally bleached hair, and probably quite fit; but my French had not improved dramatically.

My parents went out to Africa from university – my father was working with farmers in Zambia (northern Rhodesia) on irrigation systems. They came back in 1962. I was born just after they got back and two weeks before they bought the farm in Cornwall. My parents are still there farming now, with my brother.

Cornwall's good for growing grass. Cows eat grass. Anything other than that, it's pretty tough. It's wet. It's mild and wet – but stunning.

When my parents came back to the UK they didn't have two brass farthings to rub together. They had no cash at all.

My mother had had all three of us by the time she was 24.

I had a really great time at school, absolutely loved it. I had a gorgeous, gorgeous girlfriend in the last couple of years, so I did drop off on the academic front a little bit, but it was all part of growing up.

In the 1970s, hitch-hiking was the way you travelled. I hitched all around Europe. We had students working on the farm from all over Europe and they all became friends, so we had an address book of Europe.

By 16, I had a moped, and that took me everywhere I wanted to go.

I'm very happy to speak in Italian to anyone, anywhere. I love it.

I had an absolutely fabulous time at Keele University. Met my wife Kay. Started reading law – and was grabbed immediately by it. I would have given up the French within two weeks but I wasn't allowed to.

In the mid-1980s, the government started cutting back on milk production. My parents had always been quite green in their attitude, so we had a really low-cost, low-yield system. The cows ate grass and they produced milk. We did not feed them concentrates. The only way we could cut our production was by having fewer cattle. On something which was only just surviving anyway, it was impossible to continue. Come 1987, my parents had the really difficult decision of having to sell all of the dairy herd that they'd built up. They'd literally walked 20 cows up the lane and built the herd up to 120 cows.

We probably really only started making money when we didn't have the cows any more. It's absurd.

We'd always been anti-nuclear but equally my parents thought, you can't just be anti something, you have to have a solution. They ended up establishing the first commercial wind farm in the UK.

Farming's always entrepreneurial. Farmers who just sit there thinking, 'I'm a sheep farmer', or, 'I'm a pig farmer', go out of business.

I've always tried to keep work life and home life a little bit separate; that becomes increasingly difficult because so many of the people who have been friends for life are now moving into quite senior positions.

We have chickens and a dog and cats. I shoot and I fish and I do the things I like to do. We've got a house right in the middle of the village. It's fabulous. We look out over the village green, where they've played cricket for more than 300 years, and at the back we look out over the parkland towards the manor house. The shoot is all around the village, so I just climb over the stile at the back of the garden.

We have a daughter who is nearly 21 and at Exeter, reading geography. Our middle boy is 19 and will be going off to Newcastle to read agronomy. The youngest boy is 14. All three of our children suffer a bit from dyslexia.

I was at boarding school and I loved it. By the time I was growing up, my brother and sister were both at boarding school, so I felt really on my own on the farm; going off to boarding school from age eight was great, because I suddenly had loads of other kids the same age wanting to play games.

Eight was old. Normally people start at seven. So I was late. I was almost nine by the time I started.

I don't see myself as being anybody's boss. I never have done. But I've always found myself in positions of authority. Right through from my earliest days, I've always been head of house, head of school, deputy head of this. It's just something that I seem to attract.

At university, I sort of ran the flat. Even though it was two boys and two girls – I was the one who shopped, who cooked, who did the laundry, who made everybody else vacuum it. I'm a bit bossy and boring like that.

I'm not good with authority, so I never kowtow to any authority. I respect things which I think are right and which have fundamental moral standards but I've never respected anybody for having a title. I respect them purely for what they do and what they say.

I will always try and give people the benefit of the doubt and I will always talk, but if someone thinks they can outsmart me by being deceitful that is just unforgivable. Trust and honesty are very important to me.

If I'm going to do a job, I take it very seriously.

Ambition is an interesting thing. I am by no means a normally ambitious person, in that I don't set myself big

I'm fundamentally an  
outdoors person





goals, but I do think a lot – about the world, about life. So I'm quite often prepared for things when they happen.

I'm happy filling my days with golf, with tennis, with friends, with fishing, with shooting, with taking the dog out for a walk. That's enough for me.

I've always liked chickens for some reason. I've had chickens at home in Kent but the fox keeps killing them and I'm not home enough to shoot the foxes.

I absolutely love sailing. But there is no point in owning a boat to sail for four weeks a year. It's just easier to fly somewhere and charter.

We're very close, Kay and I, so we like to see each other a lot. Even if I'm working really late, I will always go home if I can, even if it means getting a taxi at two in the morning and coming back in at four in the morning.

It's immensely difficult for two people to have successful independent careers and a successful marriage and have a happy family. I don't care which of the partners does it, but running a family and children and sustaining friends and arranging something for the weekend and where you're going to go on holiday – is a lifetime's job.

I've always described Kay as our moral conscience. There she is, diagnosing and teaching children with dyslexia, and that's a wonderful thing to be doing. But if Kay were trying to do that all of the time, we certainly wouldn't have all of the friends we've got and do all of the things we do.

We've just bought a little property in Cornwall. It's a former vineyard, so if that is viable, I would replant it to vines. I would love the challenge of growing vines and producing wine.

## My kids gave me a ferret for my fiftieth birthday

It's a real eco home. The only heating is one small wood-burning stove; it basically gets heated by the sun. It's lovely.

There's a big difference between being in a village, lovely as it is – but villages are bustling and noisy – and being in Cornwall in the middle of nowhere, which is complete tranquillity.

Making the hay, bringing in the harvest, looking after the cattle – I found all of that really solid and very real.

I fundamentally believe in pretty basic things. I like things which go back to the earth and are sustainable.

I didn't even own a suit when I had to come to my first interview. I certainly didn't have any black shoes.

My kids gave me a ferret for my fiftieth birthday, which just shows what a country boy I am.

From a really early age – certainly when I was 14, 15, 16 – everybody else was getting big time into books and I was much more interested in doing it myself and living it myself. I couldn't understand, and I still have a job understanding, what people get out of novels about other people having a good time. I want to do it myself. I like living, I don't like reading about other people living.

I'm just immensely grateful to my parents for their sacrifices. They had literally nothing. We lived hand to mouth. How they put the three of us through private education I do not know.

The farm is back to dairy now, which is lovely. There's a local dairy who use the grass and we house their young stock, so there are cows all over the place.

I do think what is happening in banking now is different. It's not a cycle.

---

### **Jeremy Edwards, London** Career

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Global head of banking and finance  
Global executive committee member  
Banking and finance partner  
Structured and asset finance lawyer  
Norton Rose  
Head of aviation 2004–2009  
Partner 1997  
Associate, Paris 1992–1995  
Trainee 1987  
Born England 1962

---

Interview by **Ingeborg Alexander**  
Photograph by **Ivan Maslarov**

re: Life

# Back streets

PRIVATE VIEWINGS OF CITIES, AND STREETS, NEAR YOU.  
KYOTO, SPRING 2013. PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK DENNISON.



**Mark Dennison** is a project and asset finance lawyer with Norton Rose Fulbright, based in London.







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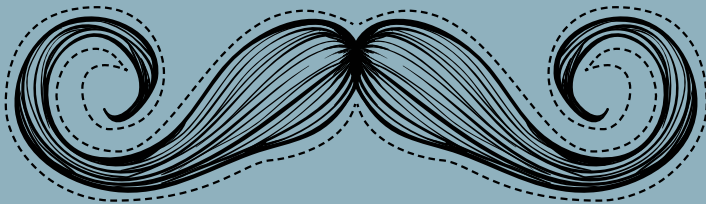
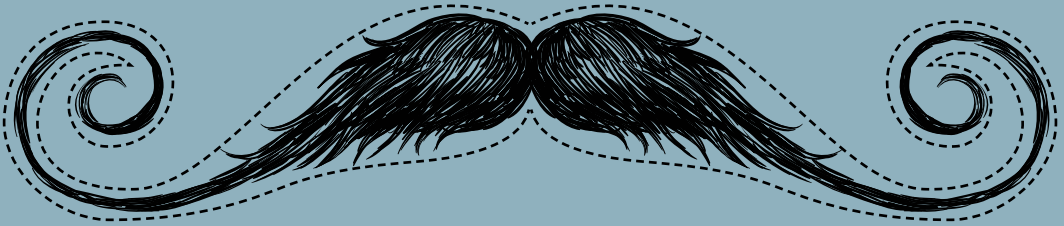
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