

Going into the 70's the economy of the Canadian prairies is no longer dominated by wheat. Petroleum, natural gas, potash and sulphur have all taken on great importance. But even this year when shipments will remain far below record levels, exports of wheat and flour alone will account for approximately one percent of Canada's total Gross National Product. By way of comparison, United States exports of all agricultural commodities (which are expected to reach a new

record) will account for about three quarters of one percent of the G.N.P. of the United States.

Wheat may no longer be King, but it is still a very senior member of Canada's economic court.

*This article is by Don Peacock of the Calgary Albertan.*

## The Canadian Government

migration to Canada, and 2. A joke or some sympathetic counsel on the weather.

**2** CONDOLENCES ABOUT THE WEATHER are likely genuine. While it's practically government policy to deny that it's cold in Canada (you'd get a bit edgy, too, if the 6 and 11 p.m. weatherman laid every other freeze on a cold air mass from *your* country), there's no getting away from last winter. It was chilly.

To wit: a brief sampling from the Department of Transport's Monthly Weather Review:

*September.* Snow in the prairies — as much as 10 and 12 inches in some places.

*October.* Temperatures slightly below normal. Snowfalls of 10, 15, 18 inches — 30 inches in Thompson, Manitoba.

*November.* Winter arrives. 70 degrees one day on the coast of British Columbia, 38 below another day on the prairie. The North variable, as usual; 66 inches of snow at Cape Dyer. Total snowfalls for the month of 12 to 24 inches or more across Canada not uncommon, (and it began staying on the ground, for the duration). Mostly minuses in the minimum temperatures column.

*December.* "For Canada as a whole, December, 1970, was probably one of the coldest on record." No small statement. 49 below at Fort Chipewyan, B.C. Many other recordings close to that. (Minus 63 at Mayo in the Yukon, which barely counts.) 43.8 inches of snow in Ottawa, matching the great snow of '76. At Moncton, New Brunswick, 91 inches — more than 30 inches above the record.

*January.* More of December. Minus 73 at Mayo. Most minimum temperatures from minus 20 (mild) to minus 50.

*February.* Not spring yet. Frigid but "not unseasonable." Minus 26, 36, 45 were not unusual minimums. (Many above zero minimums in B.C., though.) Mind-blowing snowfalls in Ontario and Quebec: 56.8 inches for the month in Ottawa — three times normal. Many stations breaking seasonal snowfall records. Many more

with totals over 100 inches.

*March.* Figures not yet in. Still snowing. 22 inches one day in Montreal: snowmobiles and skis in the streets.

[A SAD BALLADE by GEORGE BAIN\*]

In places quite as north, I'm sure, as here,  
The air grows warm and happy children sing,  
The grass, long-hidden, starts to re-appear,  
The dogwood blooms, the songbird's on the wing;  
How lovely; what a soul-restoring thing  
To see all nature bud, and bloom, and grow,  
The sun is back, farewell to winter's sting  
—And here we woke once more to falling snow.

In places less recalcitrant and queer,  
Less out-of-joint and downright ding-a-ling,  
The sights alone this gladsome time of year  
Would justify a monumental fling;  
Mimosa, gold enough for any king,  
And cherry-trees with lace all burdened low,  
Anemones in shades to beggar Ming  
—And here we woke once more to falling snow.

And what is more, what virile sounds to hear—  
The 'click' that greets the golfer's proper swing,  
Or else that sound the baseball fan holds dear,  
That wood-on-leather, homer, sort of ring;  
The tight, high sound of tennis, almost 'ping',  
The 'thock' of bowling balls that meet just so,  
The sounds that days of sunshine always bring  
—And here we woke once more to falling snow.

ENVOI

Oh, Prince who's good, oh, Prince to whom  
we cling,  
Proclaim the truth, intone it soft and low,  
"The world, the whole damn world, is bathed  
in spring"  
—And here we woke once more to @\$\$#-ing  
snow.  
*I think I'll kill myself.*