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CANADA

TODAY / D'AUJOURD'HUI



HOCKEY is volatile and lightning fast.

It is as Canadian as the beaver and can be more dangerous than mountain climbing, hot rod racing or swimming in shark-infested lagoons.

It is, informally, the state religion — each Saturday night in season millions of Canadian men, children and women sit in spiritual communication before their TVs, watching the colorful players elevate the little black puck. Twelve million, a national majority, watched the final and deciding game in the Russian-Canadian series last year.

It ties the East to the West, more than the St. Lawrence Seaway, more than the railroads; and it binds the young and the old, the French speaker and the English speaker, the Liberal and the Conservative, the farmers and fishermen and the Yonge Street merchants.

When a TV station tested a thousand viewers with flash card pictures of twelve very important Canadians, 88 per cent recognized Hockey's grand old man, Gordie Howe — he was topped only (and some people were surprised) by the Prime Minister.

Small boys have long dreamed of being NHL heroes and they have done their dreaming on dim winter afternoons, outdoors, on ice at 40 below. Hockey mothers, wearing (from the inside out) flannelette pajamas, ski pants, woolen skirts, sweaters and reversible ski jackets, are out on the Saturday rinks at dawn shouting encouragement ("Go, Johnny, Go!") to their young. In recent decades, Hockey has become a major export and to some gentle people who have seen one player slam another with his stick, it may seem Canada's grossest national product; but to many Americans, Scandinavians, Central Europeans and Russians, it has become the most exciting, demanding sport in the world.

In this issue *Canada Today* takes quick looks at Hockey's past and present.



A Cool, Refreshing History of the Game

Hockey is the result of a legitimate union of ice skating and field hockey.

Children have been skating on the frozen fens, canals and rivers of England, Holland and Denmark since the 11th century, when they tied sharpened runners of bone to their boots with leather thongs.

Somewhat more recently, the English began playing field hockey on grassy fields with a ball and curved sticks.

In 1855 (possibly sooner) ice hockey began in Kingston's Tete du Pont Barracks (or possibly in Halifax or Montreal). The Tete du Pont version is that on Christmas Day of that year some restless soldiers cleared the snow from the harbour, tied skates to boots, borrowed field hockey sticks and an old lacrosse ball and began to body check each other. Around 1875 a few university students offered to play all comers under what came to be the McGill Rules. Soon teams from Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, Halifax and Kingston were competing. In 1891 the Ontario Hockey Association was formed to supervise the annual selection of a Provincial champion. A couple of years later, Lord Stanley, of Preston, then the Governor General, sponsored a team at Rideau Hall (his residence in Ottawa) and achieved a measure of immortality by offering a sterling silver bowl, the Stanley Cup, to be awarded to the best team. The best teams were originally amateurs, but soon amateur clubs began paying some of the stars and even importing stars from other cities. Since Lord Stanley had mentioned only the "best" team, it was argued effectively that professionals could not be excluded. The result was that amateurs were excluded, and in 1909 Sir Montagu

Allan presented the Allan Cup as an award for amateurs.

By 1920 hockey had spread to the United States and Europe, and teams abroad were willing to challenge the best of the amateurs for a world championship. The Winnipeg Falcons won the first winter Olympics in Antwerp (losing not a game) and became the first official world's ice hockey champions. In 1924 the Toronto Granites followed suit and in 1928 the University of Toronto Grads continued the succession. Winnipeg won in 1932 at Lake Placid, N.Y. Then, when it was beginning to get boring, Canada sent a team to Germany, which lost to Great Britain. There was an explanation—the team first chosen to represent the Dominion was disbanded before the games began and a second team, hastily chosen, took its place.

By 1948 the country and the Royal Canadian Air Force team had sufficiently recovered from the shock to regain the title at St. Moritz. The Edmonton Mercurys followed successfully in 1952 in Oslo.

Then, in 1956, the Russians won at Cortina, Italy. Canada came in third. In 1964 Canada was represented by a group of young Canadians, mostly university students, rather than by a club team. Canada did better than in 1956, but not much; it gained a three-way tie with Czechoslovakia and Sweden, but when the goal averages were struck, Canada came in fourth—for the first time in history, it had failed to win an Olympic hockey medal.

In 1970, Canada withdrew from international competition pending a resolution of its problem in sending nonprofessional players to play against



European teams composed of "amateurs" who were paid by the state to play hockey.

In 1972 the problem was resolved. Russia, which had a state-sponsored team agreed to play

against a Canadian team of picked professionals. The results, which are history, are recounted in some detail on page seven.

"Hockey is a sport of the people—the lunch bucket crowd, guys who slug their guts out all week long and whose only enjoyment is a few beers and a hockey game." DEREK SANDERSON

The Rise of Bobby Orr... and Practically Everybody Else

[WITH SOME SAGE OBSERVATIONS FROM DEREK SANDERSON THE NONPAREIL]

Once, and it must have seemed forever, hockey players were modest men, modestly paid.

Then came Bobby Orr, Alan Eagleson, the World Hockey Association and Derek Sanderson.

Today a husky, hard-working Ontario farm boy can end up a millionaire. Bobby Orr, of the Boston Bruins, the Superstar of the Seventies, was the catalyst. Bobby may be the greatest hockey player who ever lived, despite his bad knee. Bruins General Manager Milt Schmidt has said simply: "Bobby is the greatest player I have ever seen in the past, the greatest player at present, and if anything greater than he should show up, I just hope the good Lord has me around to see him."

Harry Sinden, who coached Team Canada in its historic series with Russia, said, "To me Orr is the only player in the world who can mean the difference between winning and losing a game. He's the only player who can control the game and the tempo. He's the only player who can dominate . . . Orr is not only skillful, but dedicated and inspirational. No teammate wants to look bad in front of Bobby Orr."

Bobby, with the help of some friends, has also controlled the wages paid the players; at least, he has been the prime mover in making hockey players as well-rewarded as tax lawyers.

In 1960 Bobby, of Parry Sound, Ontario, was five feet two, one hundred and ten pounds and the star of the All-Ontario Bantam Tournament. At that point the Boston Bruins seemed to be natural losers who hadn't done anything right in years. They made up for it; they signed Bobby up for life and they did it cheap — Bobby's home got a new coat of stucco and his father got a second-hand car and a few hundred dollars. The Bruins spent the next few years trying to take their fans' minds off the games by announcing the imminent arrival of the miracle kid. This gave Bobby's father some food for thought and he arranged some negotiating support for his talented son. Alan Eagleson, a Toronto lawyer and an active Conservative politician, negotiated a two-year contract, the highest ever for a rookie, reportedly between \$50,000 and \$100,000, with Bobby getting an additional \$25,000 for signing. It was only the beginning. The Bruins became



"We got eighteen players and each will fight for the other seventeen. And if someone gets taken out and can't get the bastard that did him in, then someone else'll pick up the banner." DEREK SANDERSON

winners. Bobby became the national hero, and Eagleson became the most powerful force in Hockey since Conn Smyth of the Toronto Maple Leafs banned whiskey drinking during the games.

The time was ripe for everyone to move up and Bobby had shown the way. The National Hockey League had started in 1917 with four Canadian teams (the word National then clearly meant Canadian) and it grew and evolved into the "old six" — the Boston Bruins, the Montreal Canadians, the Toronto Maple Leafs, the New York Rangers, the Chicago Black Hawks and the Detroit Red Wings. It continued to grow, slowly, but nothing much changed. The owners, men of wealth and prestige, were disinclined to bid against each other for the services of the players. The players were modest men who behaved themselves everywhere except on the rink. They dressed neatly and quietly, like young businessmen. But the NHL was expanding—which meant windfalls for the owners who would sell new franchises for over \$5 million each. In 1968, teams were added in Los Angeles, Minnesota, California, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and St. Louis. The accepted wage structure began to crack. More "big league" teams meant more "big league" players and the competition for the best took on an added edge. In 1972, the World Hockey Association began, and the WHA started bidding for the stars of the NHL. In Cleveland a gentleman named Nick Mileti, who had been denied an NHL franchise in the planned 1974 expansion, got a WHA one instead (at a saving of \$5.7 million); and he went after the services of some of the best New York Rangers—he offered Brad Park, Rod Gilbert and Vic Hadfield long-term

contracts for over \$30,000 a year each. Mr. Mileti didn't get what he wanted, but in the process the Ranger's payroll doubled.

The WHA, which had been dismissed by some NHL owners as a cloud on the horizon no bigger than a puck (three inches across, one inch thick), kept the bidding up. Then Bobby Hull (a Bobby second only to Orr) signed with Winnipeg. Gary Davidson, the WHA President, said, "Once Bobby signed, we figured that a lot of big name players would follow him pretty quickly." They did. Gerry Cheevers went to Cleveland, J. C. Tremblay went to Quebec City (where Maurice "Rocket" Richard would coach), and Bernie Parent and Johnny McKenzie went to the Philadelphia Blazers (now the Vancouver Blazers).

The cash returns were also splendid for those who stayed behind.

Alan Eagleson, while remaining firmly linked to Bobby Orr, was also moving across the League. As President of the National Hockey League Players Association, he soon represented 150 of the League's 320 players and the average salary of NHL players went from about \$15,000 a year to \$40,000.

The rise to affluence changed more than the players' bankrolls. It produced, for example, Derek Sanderson, the playboy of the northern world. "I had only one blue suit when I came into the NHL," Derek told writer Tom Dowling in an article in *Atlantic Magazine*. "I see the players come into the dressing room in three-button suits, dark grey, pointed black shoes and thin black ties. Man, they were like machines marching in . . . I said to myself, 'it's got to change.' I kept the blue suit all my rookie year. Then I



won Rookie of the Year . . . and I decided to grow my hair long and I got into mod suits and bell bottoms."

Derek inspired his fellows and the three-button suits began to open up. He also attracted so much attention, and so many fans, that he was soon lured into the WHA with a ten-year contract for \$2.3 million.

He returned to the Bruins, but since then things have gone less smoothly and Derek is now playing for the Boston Braves in the American Hockey League. His firm admirers are sure that one of these days he will be back in the majors again.

A Few Words About Gordie

When Gordie Howe was a small boy in Saskatoon, his mother put newspapers on the kitchen floor so he could eat with his skates on.

He stuffed his own stockings with pages from a department store catalogue and in the dim, bitterly cold winter afternoons he skated with his stick (first a broken one), and in the evenings he skated some more on the icy, lighted roadways.

At twelve he was the star of five different teams and at seventeen he was a pro. He scored a goal and lost two front teeth in his first National Hockey League game.

He weighed, at his prime, 205 pounds, was six feet tall and played right wing for the Detroit Redwings. He spent over twenty years in the NHL and was a Superstar for all but the first few. He scored more total points, more assists, more goals than anyone else in the history of the

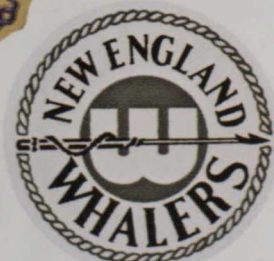


League. No one else was even close.

In addition to the statistics, he collected a skull fracture, broken ribs, dislocated shoulders, twisted knees, a concussion, a detached retina and the loss of a dozen teeth. He had over 400 stitches taken on his face. By November, 1963, he had tied Maurice "Rocket" Richard's record number of goals, 544. He went on and on

and on, retired and then came back.

Today at forty-five, he and his two teen-age sons are playing for Houston in the World Hockey Association. He remains a modest man. "I am," he said, "just a lucky old farm boy." He is more than that. Bobby Hull put it more precisely: "There are 240 of us in the National Hockey League [at that time Bobby and Gordie were still in it], but Gordie Howe is in a league by himself."





"This sport, I think, is the easiest to lose your poise in. There are so many factors to be aware of that you're constantly on edge. It's probably the only game where a player has to wonder before the contest if he's going to get into a fight. It's a game where you can get hurt at any moment by an object whizzing around at over 100 miles per hour. It's one of the few games where a player carries a lethal weapon in his hand. You have the possibility of falling down on, or being cut by, skates. The game is played on the hardest playing surface of them all, and inside boards which can cause serious injuries. Put these possibilities together and you have the most dangerous team sport in existence." HARRY SINDEN

The Month That Canada Saw Red

[A BREATHLESS RETURN TO THE INTERNATIONAL RINK]

In 1948 Canada won the World's Cup by a score of 47 to 0.

It proved (what everyone knew) that Canadian hockey players, even amateurs, would always be invincible. The Canadians continued to win Olympic medals and World Cups the way the Chinese win ping pong games.

Then in 1956 the Russians won the Olympic hockey championship. Canada tied for second place with Czechoslovakia and Sweden. After the tie was resolved on the basis of the number of goals, Canada came in fourth. For the first time in history, Canada didn't get a medal. It was a shock, but there was a perfectly logical explanation. Canada's players were amateurs in the old-fashioned sense. They worked at other jobs and played in the evenings and week-ends. The amateurs of the other countries were paid by their states to play hockey full-time. In 1970 Canada withdrew from international competition pending international agreement on the definition of the word amateur.

Last year the glorious resolution came.

The Russians, who had run out of worthy competition, agreed to put their best men up against a picked team of Canadian professionals. After some haggling in Prague, an agreement was engineered by representatives of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association with the enthusiastic support of Hockey Canada and, in time, Alan Eagleson, the NHL players' representative. It had its flaws from the Canadian point of view: the playing time was in September (four games in Canada followed by four in Moscow)—the off-season when the Canadian players would be the least in condition; and it would be played under international hockey rules with international officials presiding, a distinct disadvantage to players schooled in the rough NHL game. Still these were matters of no real consequence—the Canadian position had been accepted, the professionals would play, Canada was once more back in international competition.

A coach was chosen, Harry Sinden, formerly



coach of the Boston Bruins; a name, "Team Canada"; and a team of thirty-five of the best — Canada should win them all and if she didn't there could be no excuses. In truth, the Team was less than perfect; two of the very best would not be playing, Bobby Orr and Bobby Hull — Orr because his knee was still mending from an operation and Hull because he'd jumped to the new World Hockey Association and the NHL owners were saying flatly that if he or any other jumper played they would withdraw all the NHL men. It was a misfortune, but scarcely a calamity.

The Russians arrived in Canada and they seemed to be very nice, healthy young men. Sinden's scouts watched them in practice. They were, to be blunt, unimpressive, their pace slow and low-keyed. They seemed particularly vulnerable at the net; their goalie, Tretiak, had been observed in Europe and compared to NHL performances, he was something of a sieve.

Still, Harry Sinden was not entirely euphoric. There was always the chance of a fluke and, as Harry pointed out, it would be embarrassing to the NHL if the Canadians lost a single game. The series opened in Montreal on September 2.

Sinden started the Ratelle line — Jean Ratelle, Vic Hadfield and Rod Gilbert of the New York Rangers — and backed them up with four other lines of almost equal strength. Don Awrey, of the Bruins, Rod Seiling, Brad Park, Gary Berg-

man and Guy Lapointe were the defense men. Lapointe would be playing on his home base in Montreal. Ken Dryden (who once starred in hockey at Cornell) would be the goalie for the first game.

The Prime Minister dropped the puck for the first face-off and the historic series began. Team Canada lost 7 to 3.

"A little piece of all of us died today," Sinden wrote in his diary. "I've lost some tough games over the years, but I never thought I could feel as badly about losing a single game as I did about this one. Christ, it hurt."

His disappointment was shared by some less philosophical fans. One (or possibly two) sent him a telegram: "Will be in town tomorrow to inspect some of your clowns for our new circus. Barnum and Bailey."

Two nights later Team Canada won in Toronto, 4 to 1. So there.

Then on September 6, in Winnipeg, the two teams tied, 4 to 4. Oh oh.

No one was talking about straight wins any more.

After Vancouver they were hardly talking at all — the Russians won the fourth game, 5 to 3. That night, Sinden decided, the Russians were "as good as any team in the world." The Canadians, who had presumed a sweep, were leaving their home country a full game behind.



In Russia, the series resumed on a high burst of dramatic good will. An amazing 2500 Canadians had flown to Moscow to watch. Forty little girls, all about twelve, came out and gave each player a bouquet. Jean Ratelle gave the first little girl a big smooch in return. The crowd cheered. There were, however, a few bouquets left over. Three of the Canadian players, Richard Martin, Vic Hadfield and Jocelyn Guevremont, who'd played little or none, decided to go home. And for the rest of the Canadians the flowers soon withered. They lost 5 to 4. The Russians had a two-game lead with only three games to go. After that, one more player split, Gilles Perreault.

The Canadians won the next, 3 to 2.

And the next, 4 to 3.

And they'd found a new star: Paul Henderson made the winning goal both times.

The last game was on September 28. The Russians took the lead and expanded it. They were leading 5 to 3 going into the last period. It seemed the ultimate disaster. But it was to be closer. Phil Esposito (who was the overall hero of the series) jammed one by Tretiak as the last period began.

Five to four is at least respectable.

The last period was half over. The Russians decided on a shrewd move. If they froze the score, they won. And equally important, they would win even if the Canadians made another

goal and got a tie — by international rules a tied series is resolved by adding up all the goals, and the Russians would have the edge. The Russians changed their style. Since the night in Montreal, they'd played a pressing, offensive game. Now they switched to defense. It was less shrewd than it seemed. The Canadians could concentrate on scoring. Cournoyer did. The score was tied. Even with the international goal-counting, Canada had avoided a total disgrace.

Phil Esposito had the puck, near the Russian net. He rolled a shot in on Tretiak and it rebounded out to Paul Henderson. Henderson shot it back and Tretiak saved. It rebounded again and Henderson slid it back, into the net. There were thirty-four seconds to go. They went. Canada won the game, 6 to 5; the series, 4 to 3. Sinden ran out on the ice yelling at the top of his lungs: "Never in doubt, was it fellas?"

Two fascinating accounts of the Canada-USSR series have been published: Hockey Showdown: The Canada-Russia Hockey Series, Coach Harry Sinden's inside story told in diary form (published by Doubleday in Toronto and New York); and Hockey Canada's volume, Twenty-seven Days in September, which captures all the excitement through color photographs. Text by John MacFarlane; photographs by Brian Pickell.



The Other Side of Leacock

[SOME LESS THAN SUNNY QUOTES FROM A MAJOR FIGURE]

Stephen Leacock once advised a young friend: "Do not ever try to be funny; it is a terrible curse." Between 1910 and 1930 Leacock was the best selling humorist in the English language, but this destiny overtook him rather late in life. His first book of humor, *Literary Lapses*, was published in 1910, when he was 40, and at his own expense. He was first a teacher — a Doctor of Philosophy and for more than three decades a lecturer on political economy at McGill University. He was an established author and essayist by the turn of the century, and by 1908 he was producing serious, but informal essays on subjects such as education, modern morality, the "women question", prohibition and the "Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice." An uncompromising individualist, he was profoundly suspicious of our accepted leaders and institutions and seldom optimistic. Yet even his "serious but informal" essays often had a humourous edge — though seldom a joyful one; perhaps all humour is gallows humour in the end. Alan Bowker and the University of Toronto Press have now published a collection of his early pieces

in *The Social Criticism of Stephen Leacock*. It is available for \$3.95 in the paperback edition. We offer some excerpts of his considered opinions below. They are not, necessarily, our opinions or yours. They are, at the very least, somewhat dated. They were original. Mr. Leacock was essentially a conservative, but in the essay on Social Justice (from which we quote the beginning), he advocated social security, minimum wage laws and legislation shortening working hours more than a decade before they appeared on the North American Continent.

[ON HIGHER EDUCATION IN NORTH AMERICA]

". . . Some years ago I resided for a month or two with a group of men who were specialists . . . most of them in pursuit of their degree of Doctor of Philosophy, some of them — easily distinguished by their air of complete vacuity — already in possession of it. The first night I dined with them, I addressed to the man opposite me some harmless question about a recent book I



thought of general interest. "I don't know anything about that," he answered, "I'm in sociology." There was nothing to do but to beg his pardon and to apologise for not having noticed it. Another of these same men was studying classics on the same plan. He was engaged in composing a doctor's thesis on the genitive of value in Plautus. For eighteen months past he had read nothing but Plautus. The manner of his reading was as follows: first he read Plautus all through and picked out all the verbs of estimating followed by the genitive, then he read it again and picked out the verbs of reckoning, then the verbs of wishing, praying, cursing and so on. Of all these he made lists and grouped them into little things called Tables of Relative Frequency, which, when completed, were about as interesting, about as useful and about as easy to compile as the list of wholesale prices of sugar at New Orleans. Yet this man's thesis was admittedly the best in his year and it was considered by his instructors that had he not died immediately after graduation he would have lived to publish some of the most daring speculations on the genitive of value in Plautus that the world had ever seen . . .

". . . the supreme import of the professor to the students now lies in the fact that he controls the examinations. He holds the golden key which will unlock the door of the temple of learning — unlock it, that is, not to let the student in, but to let him get out — into something decent. This fact gives to the professor a fictitious importance, easily confounded with his personality, similar to that of the gatekeeper at a dog show, or the ticket wicket man at a hockey match."

[MEN AND WOMEN]

". . . Men are queer creatures. They are able to set up a code of rules or a standard, often an artificial one, and stick to it. They have acquired the art of playing the game. Eleven men can put on white flannel trousers and call themselves a cricket team, on which an entirely new set of obligations, almost a new set of personalities, are wrapped about them. Women could never be a team of anything. So it is in business. Men are able to maintain a sort of rough and ready code which prescribes the particular amount of cheating that a man may do under the rules. This is called business honesty and many men adhere to it with a dog-like tenacity, growing old in it, till it is stamped on their grizzled faces, visibly. They can feel it inside them like a virtue. So much will they cheat and no more. Hence men are able to trust one another, knowing the exact degree of dishonesty they are entitled to expect. With women it is entirely different. They bring to business an unimpaired vision. They see it as it is.

It would be impossible to trust them. They refuse to play fair. Thus it comes about that women are excluded, to a great extent, from the world's work and the world's pay."

[ON THE UNSOLVED RIDDLE OF SOCIAL JUSTICE]

"The rewards and punishments of the economic world are singularly unequal. One man earns as much in a week or even in a day as another does in a year. This man by hard, manual labour makes only enough to pay for humble shelter and plain food. This other by what seems a congenial activity, fascinating as a game of chess, acquires uncounted millions. A third stands idle in the market place asking in vain for work. A fourth lives upon rent, dozing in his chair, and neither toils nor spins. A fifth by the sheer hazard of a lucky 'deal' acquires a fortune without work at all. A sixth, scorning to work, earns nothing and gets nothing; in him survives a primitive dislike of labour not yet fully 'evolved out'; he slips through the meshes of civilization to become a 'tramp,' cadges his food where he can, suns his tattered rags when it is warm and shivers when it is cold, migrating with the birds and reappearing with the flowers of spring.

"Yet all are free. This is the distinguishing mark of them as children of our era. . . .

"But is the allotment correct and the reward proportioned by his efforts? Is it fair or unfair, and does it stand for the true measure of social justice?

"This is the profound problem of the twentieth century.

"The economists and the leading thinkers of the nineteenth century were in no doubt about this question. It was their firm conviction that the system under which we live was, in its broad outline, a system of even justice. . . .

"And there is much in the common experience of life and the common conduct of business that seems to support this view. It is undoubtedly true if we look at any little portion of business activity taken as a fragment by itself. On the most purely selfish grounds I may find that it 'pays' to hire an expert at a hundred dollars a day, and might find that it spelled ruin to attempt to raise the wages of my working men beyond four dollars a day. Everybody knows that in any particular business at any particular place and time with prices at any particular point, there is a wage that can be paid and a wage that can not. And everybody, or nearly everybody, bases on these obvious facts a series of entirely erroneous conclusions. Because we cannot change the part we are apt to think we cannot change the whole. Because one brick in the wall is immovable, we forget that the wall itself might be rebuilt."

In Ottawa You Can Dial a Bus Portal to Portal for Eighty Cents

In three suburbs of Ottawa, citizens may call a bus instead of a taxi. For as little as eighty cents a round trip, they are picked up and returned to their door by a red and white minibus. The service started in August and now serves 2500 passengers a day, which made it the largest such system in the world until Toronto inaugurated a similar feeder system for its expanding subway this fall. There are two other much smaller phone-a-bus systems operating in suburban areas in southern California as well. The systems do not pay their way and Ottawa authorities do not think it likely that their system ever will. An official of the Ottawa-Carleton Regional Transit Commission said, "The only way we can afford this new service is that the Province of Ontario pays 75 per cent of the cost of the busses and 50 per cent of the operating cost." Still, the city, the province and the customers are well pleased. Mrs. Edith Dunn of Bells Corners said that she had reluctantly decided to get a driver's license so she could take her husband to work and use the

family car to run errands during the day. "Now I don't have to drive and I'm much happier," she said after a bus trip to a Bells Corners shopping centre.

The customers pay forty cents a trip, ten cents above the regular bus fare. If they are willing to reserve the service for at least five days a week, they can buy a pass for \$4, which entitles them to five round trips on the phone-a-bus service plus unlimited use of the regular busses.

Ernest Paine, a Commission official, says he hopes to equip the Telle-Transpo routes with General Motors twenty-one passenger diesels, which will cut maintenance costs. They will cost \$31,000 each, twice the cost of the small school bus type gasoline busses now in use, but their fuel costs will be far less. Paine says that the Commission has had a great number of requests that the service be extended to other neighborhoods. He said the fifty drivers are also well pleased since they avoid the monotony of having to drive the same fixed routes over and over.

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