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COVER: A party of snowmobile sportsmen set out across a winter landscape. Our cover story (opposite) describes the meteoric success story of the skidoo in Quebec and the problems it generated. Visitors to the Canadian pavilion at Asia '72 who saw the skidoo on display there can now read all about it.

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Trade and aid headed the agenda when Canadian and Indian government officials held a series of meetings in New Delhi early in November. The Consultation was set up under a decision taken by the two countries' prime ministers when Mrs. Gandhi visited Canada last June. Both sides afterwards expressed satisfaction with the course of the talks and the Canadian delegation returned to Ottawa with a deeper understanding of the Indian situation.

Both sides favoured an increase in two-way trade. The Canadians suggested that India send more salesmen to explore the large potential of the Canadian market. Concurrently, the Canadians looked to the Indian government to ensure that a bigger portion of India's free foreign exchange was spent on purchases in Canada in view of the size of Canada's bilateral assistance effort.

The talks envisaged further growth of Canadian assistance in respect of new projects and augmentation of the general line of credit aimed at promoting the expansion of Indian industry. Current commodity and fertilizer loans and food aid would remain constant at the present levels.

Project assistance would henceforth lay greater emphasis on the technical know-how component, particularly in the areas of power mining, forestry and pulp and paper manufacturing. The object would be to step up the transfer of Canadian technology in selected fields and to supply Canadian expertise for product adaptation, quality control and marketing to enhance India's capacity to export. Specifically, Canadian know-how would be made available in pulp and paper, data processing and retention, oceanography, space photography and mapping, photogrammetry, serial magnetic surveying, water resource management, power transmission, aluminium technology, space communications, electronic communications and controls technology and agriculture, notably in dryland farming.

Pulp and paper was a new entry in the record of Canadian assistance; so was forestry. Collaboration in several other fields would be expanded, specifically in animal husbandry, mining and mineral development, oil exploration and several manufacturing projects. The traditional partnership in power, transport and communications would continue.

Coming as it did when the Indian government was giving the final touches to the Fifth Five-Year Plan, the visit of Canadian officials could not have been more timely. The delegation heard a detailed exposition by Planning Minister D.P. Dhar and Professor S. Chakravarty, Member of the Planning Commission. The philosophy of a direct attack on poverty pervaded the Consultation and the professed Indian goal of self-reliance was reflected in the emphasis on the transfer of technology.

The Canadian delegation was led by R.E. Collins, Assistant Under Secretary of State in the Department of External Affairs. It included Jacques Gérin, Vice-President, Canadian International Development Agency, and Claude Charland, Assistant Deputy Minister in the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce. The Indian delegation was led by B.K. Sanyal, Additional Secretary (Economic Division), Ministry of External Affairs. The absence due to illness of the Canadian High Commissioner, Bruce Williams, was regretted by both delegations.



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Skidoo

Canada's snow buggy gets domesticated

by JEAN PARÉ

THIS fall in the big showrooms, behind plateglass windows beaten by the rain, it was only the rare client that passed a cautious hand over the skis of the snowmobile, compared prices. Only the kids were excited, imploring: "Will you get it, won't you get it?" The time is past when everything that skied, zoomed, whizzed or vroomed sold quicker than the manufacturers could turn them out. The skidoo industry is no longer doubling its sales every season. Within ten years it was born, it grew, it conquered the snow country, it was challenged, subdued, finally domesticated. The goldrush is over, the age of reason is here.

In the interval, the skidoo brought a lot of changes.

It made millionaires: the Bouchards of Sainte-Anne who racked up about \$12 million, Réjean Houle of Wickham who doubled that figure. They talk about the fellow who bought a three-quarters-of-a-million-dollar country house with 10 miles of skidoo track in his backyard! Whole towns sprang up, no longer round a rail junction or a religious community but round an idea, like Valcourt, Quebec, or on the ambition to become, if not the Ford of this new machine, at least its Chevrolet or Dodge: La Pocatiere, where Moto-Ski is by far the biggest employer; La Guadeloupe, which was just a hamlet before Boa-Ski came; Thetford-Mines, where Snow-Jet took nearly 1,000 workers away from the asbestos industry. Five of the seven makes of skidoo produced in Quebec are manufactured in towns of under

5,000 population. There are villages that live off the sport, like Saint-Gabriel de Brandon, where they used to "fold up the sidewalks in autumn." Now it's chiefly a winter resort. And all the flat country of the St. Lawrence valley now has its snow sport just like the Laurentian Hills to the north.

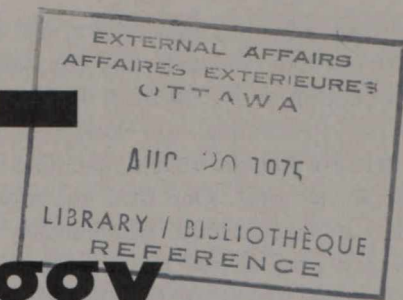
At Valcourt, "cradle of the skidoo," there were still 260 farms in 1965. Now there are fewer than 50. Not all the Bombardiers are in the skidoo business: the telephone directory lists a few small shopkeepers of that name. But the Bombardier plant dominates the village like a huge grey fortification, hedged by weird-looking machines and trucks.

Last August in this factory the skidoo observed its graduation to the age of reason when Bombardier, number one in the field, turned out its millionth vehicle. A thousand bottles of champagne popped their corks not only for the guests at Valcourt but for distributors as remote as Massachusetts and Alaska, linked for the occasion by a special telephone network. Guests clustered around Ralph Plaisted, who with Jean-Luc Bombardier conquered the North Pole in a skidoo in 1968. Six feet four inches, built like an ice-breaker, he is trying to raise \$300,000 to go to the South Pole in December: "I want to be the first man to reach both poles on the ground!" he says. In between, he has just spent 18 months in the bush above the arctic circle with his wife and daughters, their only equipment: two skidoos. "They got us there," he says. "Then I took out the engines to make a sawmill to cut logs for our cabin."

The plant has four-and-a-half miles of production lines, where they take two hours to build a skidoo and they could turn out a quarter-of-a-million a year if need be (at the last expansion, in 1970, Bombardier was trying to retain his 40 per cent share of the world market). The founder, Bombardier senior, recalled how in the early days he had watched people using his invention, demanding more of it than the little 6 horsepower motor could deliver. Now he makes nothing smaller than 18 hp.

1959: 225 skidoos, all Bombardiers, hand-made, selling at \$1,000. By 1964 there are three manufacturers turning out 20,000 machines. By 1967 it is 100,000, double that the following year, double that again in 1969 and by 1970 600,000, of which two-thirds are made in Quebec. Nearly 100 little companies have been added to the big ten that account for nine-tenths of the total output. In the fall of 1971 they were already talking in terms of sales touching the million mark in '73, i.e. last winter. Within 10 years, \$77 million in investments.

BUT the crisis was already upon them. That year sales fell to 450,000, then to 350,000 in 1972. The market, which was estimated at 5 million, is saturated at half that figure. In a period of general inflation, the surplus skidoos are unloaded at cut prices. In two years, only 30 manufacturers are still in the field. Of the 27 Quebec concerns only seven survive. Of those only three are owned by French-Canadians. Sno-Prince of Princeville will not



re-open. Moto-Ski has laid off 550 of 680 workers. Skiroule has cut back production to 10,000 from 40,000.

The inventories are horrendous. There are 300,000 unsold machines in the showrooms. One firm has more than a year's stock. Bombardier is ticking over at 500 machines a day and hopes to sell 100,000 this winter. Bombardier lost \$2.5 million in 1972 and stands to lose \$5.5 this year, which looks like being no better than last. They will have to recall the unsold stock and revamp them or cannibalise them.

What happened?

Well, among other things the Grilse Fiord Eskimos have given up their skidoos, which cost them \$900 a year and obliged them to take a job, where a dog team costs \$12, not to mention that a dog does not break down, can be eaten and converted into calories. And there is no dearth of skidoo fanciers up there, like the one who ran this small ad.: "1972 snowmobile, \$350 or will swap for colour TV."

They have stopped blaming it on the lack of snow. Besides the 1970-71 winter was exceptional. And they no longer talk of a recession. Today's obsession is the "image." "Races are synonymous with accidents," says Mortimer Doyle, who heads the Snowmobile Council. "From now on in, the skidoo will be pictured as a family sport without risks." Gone, the advertisements that showed skidoos jumping like horses. Clubs, the industry, government have pitched in this winter to exhibit a 13-minute skidoo safety film. The accent

is on heeding the rules, care and courtesy.

One has to admit that despite modest services rendered during the memorable snowstorm of 4 March, 1970, the public image of the skidoo buff approximates to that of the motorcycle gangs of the early '60s. Even today there are old spoilsports who let fly with lead shot when they see a skidoo pass. They remember the first invasion of skidoo enthusiasts: three spare driving belts around the neck, wire clippers for cutting fences and a roll of sticking plaster to repair torn hands. Because if automobiles had their highways, where were the skidoos to go? Five years ago there was hardly a field that, seen from the air, was not criss-crossed with skidoo tracks. A skidoo driver has been known to park his machine outside a general store of a Saturday morning and unload a pocketful of partridges on the counter. They hunted, they poached, they flattened crops, they chased errant cattle. Some plundered summer cottages. The skidoo earned itself a bad press. Doctors issued warnings about damaged eardrums and dislocated spinal columns. The death toll climbed: from 15 or so in 1967 to 130 in 1971.

TREKKERS were locked in disputes with skidoo drivers for the right of way on trails. France banned the skidoo. Alberta debarred under-18s from driving them. Newfoundland threatened to oblige skidoo users to carry snowshoes, compass and axe. A federal study showed that a skidoo doing 20 miles an hour

needs 200 feet to make a right-angle turn. At 30 miles an hour it needs 100 feet to detour round another skidoo. Ontario was contemplating a 15 mile-an-hour speed limit.

Then came 1971, the year when a hundred or so mushroom firms unloaded on the market a tidal wave of hastily assembled snowmobiles. One make made a name for losing its steering, another shed its skis at the first jolt. Quickly government moved in to regulate the chaos with costly safety, strength and noise-abatement standards. The new silencers weigh 40 pounds!

There were other problems. Every village has its three or four skidoo dealers who manage to sell fewer than 25 machines in a season. It is difficult to adjust your labour force and maintain quality in an industry which makes 70 per cent of its sales from November to January and the remainder in October and February.

Skidoo clubs began to amalgamate. Weekend excursions to the country made an appearance—the users in a bus, their machines stowed in a truck behind them. At this point government came to the rescue of the threatened skidoo by making grants to help the clubs improve their trails. Today, the Quebec Federation of Snowmobile Clubs groups nearly 200 clubs comprising 60,000 members and administering 7,500 miles of "recognized" trails besides 600 miles in provincial parks and 5,000 miles belonging to non-affiliated clubs.

Affiliates have to observe government norms: eight-foot-wide trails, signals, culverts, maintenance, stag-



ing posts every 20 miles, parking. Last year the government laid out \$300,000 in subsidies and expected to pay three-quarters-of-a-million this season. Not to mention 150,000 signs at \$2.50 each! The Ministry of Transport contributed special courses, lectures and exhibitions. Ten instructors chosen by public competition were detailed this season to choose 500 monitors to check clubs and their trails, signals and driving qualifications.

All the funds are ploughed into the maintenance of installations. It costs from \$200 to \$1,500 a mile to lay out a trail and \$60 a mile to maintain it. One snowplough capable of clearing 50 miles in a day costs \$16,000 and up. The culverts are paid for by concession holders who are allowed to stick up a sign boosting their hotel or service station. Clubs enter into pacts with farmers, the railways and lumber companies. Big clubs (Sherbrooke has 11,000 members) bring certain economic benefits to sparsely peopled areas.

For a fee of \$10 to \$25 a year, a skidoo driver can use all the trails of all the clubs, most of which are interlinked. You can go from Quebec City to Mont-Laurier by skidoo without coming out of the woods. The clubs are planning an atlas of the entire network.

There was a lot of protest at first against all this regimentation, but Quebec's skidoo death toll dropped from 73 to 42 in two years. Now it is conceded that regulation has been the salvation of the skidoo.

A ONETIME enemy of the skidoo, Réjean Demers, president of the federation of snowmobile clubs, is now a fanatic. He claims to have rediscovered the epoch when they did not salt the highways, when there were no school buses and people visited in horse-drawn sleighs. "Every Saturday evening," he says, "we do the 54 miles from Drummondville to Sherbrooke by the forest route. Every staging post has its speciality: ragout, steak, beans. We have soirées and dances. And it costs me less than skiing. Depreciation is only 250 bucks a season. You can't get a season skilift ticket for that. Skiing closes down at four in the afternoon. And it's more dangerous."

Demers says there is no other activity where people are so ready to help. "If your car breaks down, you can wait for hours. With a skidoo, the first passerby stops and lends a hand, invariably. It's not easy to be a snob on a skidoo. The guy in the Cadillac doesn't talk to the fellow in the Volkswagen. With a skidoo, you're all dressed the same, the machines are about the same. There



aren't any social classes. It's a great leveller."

The million sales a year is a forgotten dream. The market is not that big: the North American snow belt is rather sparsely populated. Even if the whole belt went in for the skidoo the way Quebec did, there would only be 5 million machines (twice the present total). But the biggest restraint

on sales, according to skidoo expert Denis Drouin, is "the second floor syndrome"—high rise living. "Say you live in a big city. You don't want to have to be towed back 100 miles through the slush and the traffic. And where do you keep your skidoo? You can't take it upstairs with you."

He has a point. The rural market is already saturated: eight out of 10 households keep a skidoo. In the city, only one in four, and most of those boast country cottages. The other enemy of the skidoo is the rival claimants to the territory—trail skiers, snow shoe trekkers, conservationists. The skiers are furious at being robbed of some ideal country in the Laurentians. They talk of the provincial parks being invaded by the "yellow peril" (yellow is the favoured colour for skidoos). But there are trends to compromise, too: trail skiers may use skidoos to reach formerly inaccessible country.

In any case Quebecers are not in a position to abandon the skidoo. It is Quebec's seventh-ranking industry. It employs 16,000 people directly and 40,000 indirectly for a total of \$50 million a year in salaries. Quebec makes \$24 million a year out of the skidoo in taxes of all kinds, the federal government \$40 million.

What is going to happen? Economists envisage an annual growth for the industry of 6-10 per cent over the next five years. But over the past three years not one projection has proved correct. So they are talking about branching out into motorcycles, autocycles, even lawnmowers. The idea would be to take up the slack on the production line when skidoo sales plummet at the end of the winter. At Bombardier, they have diversified into heavy vehicles for traversing muskeg—the forest swamps that form when the snow melts. They already make the snowploughs used to clear skidoo club trails. Bombardier's competitors are right in there too, though some of them will find it harder to adapt than others.

It's not going to be easy to stabilize: excess capacity representing about half the current production will have to be liquidated. But the Canadian market is probably good for around 100,000 skidoos a year over the long term. That is still big business. □



Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau welcomes India's External Affairs Minister Swaran Singh to the Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting.

WHAT DID THEY TALK ABOUT?

by CLYDE SANGER

SO, WHAT happened in Canada in the early days of August? Let's look at the Page One headline of Canada's National Newspaper, day by day:

"Bacon prices jump again, up 30 cents on weekend" (Tuesday, August 8);

"Supermarkets reducing existing stock prices" (August 9);

"\$62 beef: export, buyer demands drive prices up and up" (August 10);

"Beef across the border shows profit both ways" (August 11);

"Cabinet meets Monday to act on food prices" (August 12).

A story that touched every Canadian family pocket and stomach. But there was another story which a persistent reader could dig out of the inside pages. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, after all, mentioned the Cabinet meeting on food prices as an aside during a news conference to

sum up on the Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting that had just ended. So here are some personal jottings about the 32 presidents, prime ministers and their deputies, and also about the advisers and the journalists and the lobbyists, who made up the nineteenth Commonwealth conference—and turned it into perhaps the most remarkable party ever to be staged in Ottawa or Canada.

One writes mostly about people rather than issues. Partly this is because we are all gossips, and the nine-day meeting produced a harvest of ripe anecdotes. But mainly it is because the conference was a very personal encounter between leaders, especially under the new rules that restricted each delegation's representation at any session to three people. The greatest issues were being discussed: nuclear strategy, superpower diplomacy, racism, poverty, the control of foreign investors, the techniques of good government. But leaders made their points, and won respect, not because they had big battalions back home but through their personality and quick wit, their realism and sincerity and occasional theatricalness.

Everyone knew of the different strengths of Edward Heath and Julius Nyerere, and these were shown again. But new reputations were made—Michael Manley of Jamaica, Norman Kirk of New Zealand. At the close, Pierre Trudeau said the heads of government had "encouraged one another to face facts" and, for the first time, had followed up speeches of candour with constructive suggestions. He might have added that Manley and Kirk had led the way in this new course.

Lee Kwan Yew, saying that Singapore could never hope to be a Shangri-la, went on to prick plenty of bubbles: "I have to face reality, otherwise I must perish." Even those who differed from him on most subjects respected his intellect and his experience. Personality counted again. A pity that Indira Gandhi and Eric Williams and Kenneth Kaunda were not there with their wisdom.

Opening day, with Trudeau greeting each leader at the prettied-up entrance to the old railway station, had its share of little ironies. Heath arrived in a Cadillac with a Quebec

licence-plate (so, more appropriately, did Mauritius) . . . some ex-Uganda Asians found themselves waving their protest banners ("Disarm Amin" and "Arrest Amin!") at Grace Ibingira, the gentle artistic Ambassador at the United Nations, who had himself spent five years in detention. . . . Mainza Chona, Zambia's Vice-President, burst from his car with a hearty bilingual greeting—"Ca va?" Was his cheeriness the way of overcoming awkwardness about the Victoria Falls shootings? One wondered, as the photographers clicked frantically.

Almost reluctantly, one starts with Edward Heath. He was powerful in a negative sense. The Duke of Edinburgh might tell the Canadian Club that the Commonwealth no longer resembled a wheel with the spokes connecting through Britain as the hub but was more like an airline route-map with lots of individual links between countries. Nevertheless, the new structure was still fragile and Heath could have damaged it with an angry fist or simple neglect.

HE almost didn't come. The invitation cards to a British reception were made out in the name of "the Leader of the British Delegation" in case Heath didn't show. The first few days were touch-and-go; and the New Zealand pressure for a declaration against all nuclear tests threatened to isolate Heath as much as in 1971 at Singapore over the issue of arms sales to South Africa. Trudeau and Arnold Smith, the Commonwealth Secretary General, helped save the situation, and kept Britain from isolation, on this and later issues (multinational corporations, southern Africa). By the weekend at Mont Tremblant, Heath had warmed up and on the following Thursday, his last day before flying back to the Fastnet sailing race, he said: "This conference has been good value. . . . By listening to each other, we influence each other and this is later on reflected in the policies which are followed by individual governments. So it has been a very well organized conference. It has been well worthwhile, and I have thoroughly enjoyed it."

Next conference, one hopes, the airline-route framework of the Commonwealth will be stronger and the

others won't have to pay particular regard to British sensitivities. The change in Heath's attitude wasn't all wrought by softer words from African and other leaders, though. An eavesdropper at a reception on August 1, the eve of the conference, might have witnessed the remarkable sight and sound of Heath being assailed by a determined white-haired woman and accepting her lecture meekly:

"I'm sick and tired of your bloody boat. You've got to concentrate on this conference, and be positive about it. It isn't good for Britain if you don't!"

"Now, now, Betty, don't get upset. I understand how you feel. . . ."

Of course he did, for he'd known Betty Owen, an indomitable Kentish woman, since he was a young backbencher and she has never hidden her feelings, least of all now as Vice-President of the Royal Commonwealth Society. What was important was that Heath went back from the reception, lifted some phrases from the Secretary-General's report and slipped them into his own speech that Friday. He came across like a man enthusiastic for the Commonwealth as an organism (Nyerere's word, in fact) that spans the regional blocs of the world; and this positive approach in turn helped persuade the others to be gentle with Britain over its move into the European community.

There were other lobbyists or more official advisers who made their mark. There were the 200 or so supporters of the People's Forum, who sweated it out for three days at a "counter-conference" in an unventilated auditorium in Ottawa University, pressing the cause of the liberation movements of southern Africa. There were Number Twos, like Simon Nxumalo of Swaziland, who worked their skilful touch on leaders' speeches; one of the striking statistics I will remember from the conference is that, if Britain's defence budget were cut by only one-thousandth and the equivalent amount were remitted to Swaziland, it would double that country's total budget revenue.

Perhaps the most effective of these quiet advisers was David McDowall, head of the UN division in New Zealand's Foreign Office. He knows all the Commonwealth ropes from having worked as a special assistant

to Arnold Smith, and he put his expert knowledge behind the unabashed idealism of Prime Minister Kirk to make a remarkable team. Everyone wrote about New Zealand's initiative on the nuclear-testing issue (and some about Kirk's horrifying calculation that 400 tests have been carried out in the last ten years since the partial test-ban treaty was signed). Less was written than might have been about Kirk's pushing for the Commonwealth Secretariat to organize studies on trade and investment matters to help the poorer countries, or about the skilful way in which he (with Gough Whitlam of Australia and Trudeau) made Britain take seriously the scheme for an eventual "Commonwealth presence" in Rhodesia, while at the same time arguing Nyerere out of phrases about "freedom fighters" that would have prevented any agreement with Britain on the importance of giving humanitarian assistance to indigenous people struggling for self-determination in southern Africa.

Whitlam, while tangling with Lee and Heath over multinational corporations, commended himself to African leaders. The strengthening of links between these two white premiers in Asia and the African heads of government is a major result of the Ottawa conference.

The newcomer who may have made the biggest contribution, though, was Michael Manley of Jamaica. He was impressive from the moment on the first morning when he stepped out of his car in a high-collared Chinese-style blue uniform, symbolic (one presumed) of frugality and dedication. His big moment came the next Wednesday, when he lifted discussion above individual grievances about trade inequities and complaints about tied aid and argued for systematic work to be done through the Secretariat on new conceptions of pricing that might end the deterioration of trade terms, which, more than almost anything, has caused the gap between rich and poor nations to widen.

TRUDEAU echoed Manley's words in his closing statement: "We have insufficient understanding of how to control the mechanisms which permit manufactured goods to

be priced according to cost, but which force commodities to be priced according to the market." And the final communiqué picked up the need to "increase the export earnings of developing countries from primary products, especially agricultural products, as prices of industrial goods continue to rise; and to study methods to introduce a realistic relationship between the prices of the two categories of goods."

So many other impressions, both important and trivial, remain of the conference:

— the contrast in style between different national briefings: at the Canadian briefings, ebullient optimism from Ivan Head; at the British briefings, great emphasis on who was dining with Heath or Alec Douglas-Home (the Ugandans never made it to either table, after Idi Amin's ferocious speech *in absentia*); at Australian briefings, an astringent air of irreverence ("for once X spoke on something he knows about...")

— the charm of Sheikh Mujibur Rahman of Bangladesh and the wit of Tanzania's Julius Nyerere, which were used to the fullest effect, the first at a breakfast meeting to persuade Canadian voluntary agencies to redouble their efforts for Bangladesh, the second at a news conference to avoid undue praise of Heath. Invited to say that Heath was a changed man with improved ideas on southern Africa, Nyerere resorted to a Swahili proverb: "Mgema akisifiwa, tembo hulia maji" ("Don't praise the brewer, he'll put water in the beer!")

— the jargon that grows up like weeds. Question at a British briefing: "Did Mr. Heath see Mr. Mintoff this morning?" Answer: "No, he didn't have any bilaterals today"

— the *machismo* of the principal side-show on opening day, the presentation of new colours to the 3rd Royal Canadian Regiment by the Duke of Edinburgh. Both Prince Philip and the colonel, Dan Spry, were so brisk and upright, and the battalion wheeling in six guards across the lawns of Parliament Hill so ordered and smart, that inevitably one made the contrast with the politicians across the road, out of step and at odds with one another. No wonder why many new countries, in their impatience to move quickly,

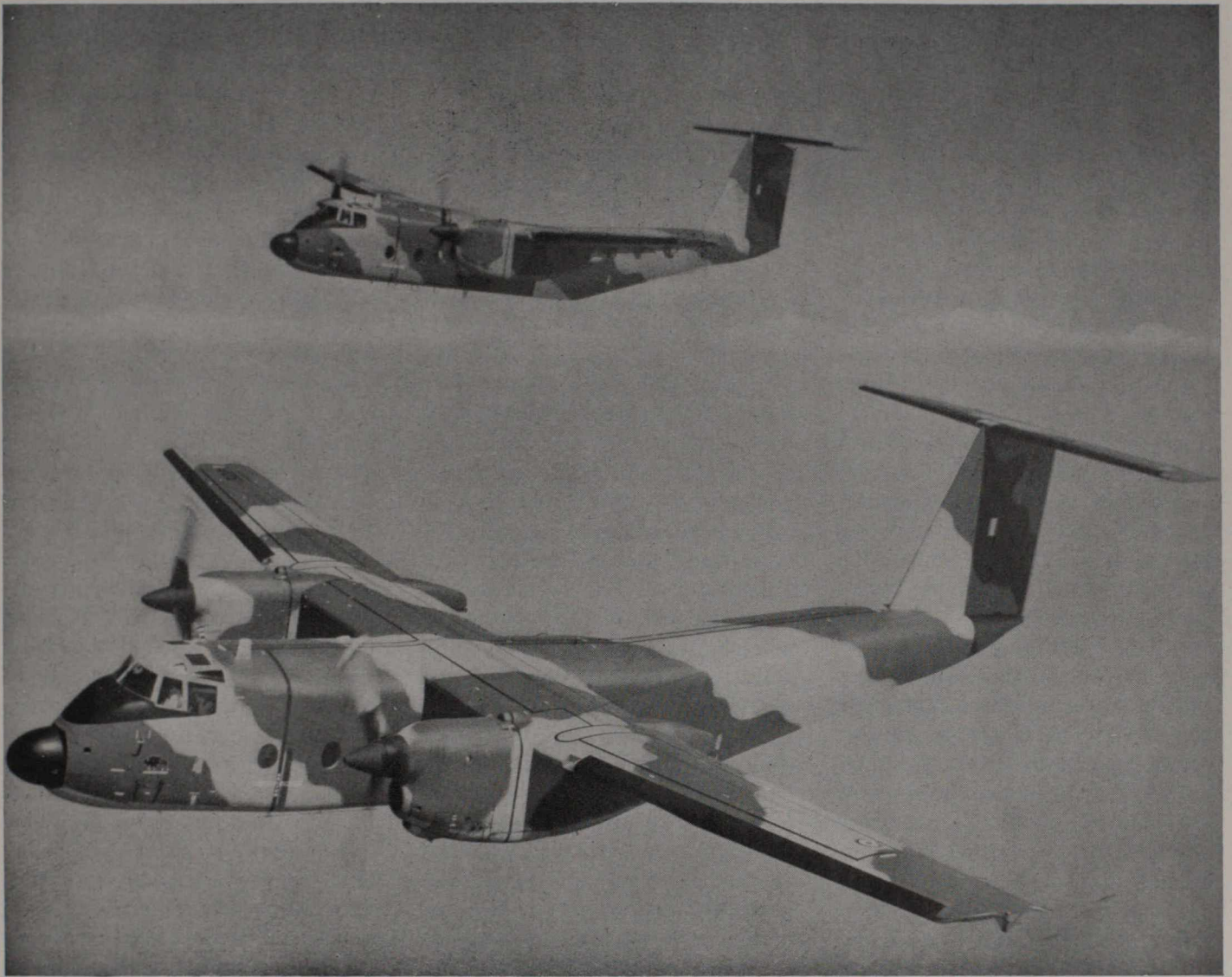
have gone under military rule.

A GREATER impression will be carried by all who heard Julius Nyerere speak for a spellbinding hour on southern Africa. Accounts tell how every chair was turned his way and not a shuffle nor a sound was heard as he spoke. His denunciation of General Amin ("racism is racism, whoever practices it") prepared the way for his appeal to Heath to "tell your ally, Portugal" to end its colonial wars, quit Africa and leave Mozambique and Angola to find freedom. His speech paved the way for the first direct words of strong criticism of Portugal by all Commonwealth leaders in their communiqué, a significant step.

Alongside each new issue, Trudeau and Arnold Smith kept a nimble pace. Plenty of stories emerged of Trudeau's skilled chairmanship, including how he gently deflated Dom Mintoff of Malta on foreign investment and trade. ("What have you got to sell? Geography, that's all.") The organization was near-perfect, even if the computer servicing the media centre was better at recording the time messages were received down to the nearest second than at churning out party invitations on time. Every visitor I met seemed to be leaving full of praise for Canadian efficiency and friendliness. The messenger girls in orange skirts were a great hit, and nobody seemed to mind that bicycles were being hired at an exorbitant \$4.00 a day, whereas you can get them for 25 cents in Katmandu.

But what does it all finally add up to? Where, as Julius Nyerere asked, do we go from here? Arnold Smith, at the meeting's close, claimed success in these terms:

"The past nine days in Ottawa have significantly lessened the dangers that we might be embarking on a period when the continents and races of this world would gradually drift apart. (They) have increased understanding, confidence and a determination to work together by the leaders of a very significant group of countries of many races and regions, and this determination to cooperate in trying to find solutions and in trying to nudge humanity towards the goal of one world is of course what the Commonwealth is about." □



The DHC-5 Buffalo: LOOKING FOR FRESH FIELDS

As is true for many lines of endeavour, the unique conditions which apply here in India make the running of air services, whether civil or military, anything but a cut and dried proposition. Temperatures that go routinely to 45°C and ground altitudes that rise to Himalayan levels exert the most severe penalties of performance and cost. Add for good measure an overriding necessity for the strictest economies and the problems facing the air authorities come quickly into focus.

Special problems call for special

measures, and the eventual solution to India's air needs would obviously be the development here of aircraft designed to meet Indian conditions. Already, of course, successful developments are under way in selected areas, and it is only a matter of time until the whole range will be covered. In the meantime, for example in the transport field, reliance has to be put on appropriate foreign types, whether purchased outright or manufactured locally under licence.

Recent aeronautical press reports that the Canadian DHC-5 Buffalo transport is again under consideration by the Indian armed forces offer an example. A comparable aircraft has not yet been designed here, and the question arises whether the Buffalo might not fit into the Indian military transport picture. Enquiries into the subject have brought out a story illustrating the meticulous care with which investigations are made before contracts can be signed. But before going into the background, let us look briefly at the Buffalo itself.

The DHC-5 Buffalo is manufactured by the de Havilland Aircraft of Canada Limited, a company which has established a leading reputation as a producer of short take-off and landing (STOL) aircraft for military and civil users around the world. This particular aircraft, the largest to date of the DHC STOL series, was designed for military tactical support work on the basis of its successful predecessor, the DHC-4 Caribou. It carries up to 8,150 kg. of cargo or 42 troops, has a loading door and is very efficient for paratrooping and air drop missions. At the same time, it is docile to fly in difficult tactical conditions and its excellent single-engine performance gives it an exceptional standard of flight safety in hot or high operating conditions. Altogether, it would seem at first review to meet Indian criteria, especially since the aircraft already operates successfully in the Brazilian tropics and in the Peruvian Andes.

In fact, investigations of the Buffalo by the Indian Air Force go back to 1965, when an evaluation team visited DHC at its Toronto factory. The IAF had already established a close connection with the company, having taken a number of DHC-4 Caribous in 1962. The Caribou, with

its ability to operate into the shortest and roughest up-country airstrips, and its versatility for general purpose support duties, had become a strong favourite for tactical work. Naturally, the team's main purpose was to discuss whether the new aircraft offered any advancement over the high standards set by the Caribou.

Early indications were favourable. The Buffalo had many improved features including turbine power, and although larger and faster than the Caribou, could duplicate and even outdo the exceptional STOL performance that had made that aircraft so valuable. Clearly, it was a contender for serious IAF consideration.

Over the succeeding months the exchanges between de Havilland Canada and the IAF broadened. Interest mounted, culminating in acceptance by the IAF early in 1968 of a DHC offer of operational demonstrations. These were planned within a round-the-world series that the company had organized in cooperation with the Canadian Armed Forces, taking advantage of opportunities to promote the aircraft whilst the service tested it under various route conditions. It was an ideal opportunity to get the facts, and the IAF was not slow to take advantage of it.

The IAF evaluation team set up a demanding program which involved a range of operations in the highest of temperatures and to the highest of mountain altitudes. On one occasion, still talked about, the aircraft took off from one of the Himalayan airstrips, over 4,000 metres above sea level, on one engine. To say that this impressed not only onlookers but participants also is an understatement. Whatever it may have done to the composure of all concerned, it did drive home to the evaluation team the fact that this aircraft was something very much out of the ordinary.

REGRETTABLY, the high promise of the IAF investigations and the momentum of the demonstrations were not to be carried through on this occasion to the point of adoption of the aircraft by the IAF. The hard facts of resources and priorities dictated that, for the time at least, other means of meeting opera-

tional needs would have to do. De Havilland Canada, disappointed but not dismayed, and well understanding the facts behind the decision, remained in contact with the IAF while awaiting a more favourable turn of circumstances.

Now, several years later, it does seem that the Buffalo has come to the fore again. The Packet and Dakota fleets are ageing and the piston-powered Caribous cannot handle high altitude work. A survey of the modern aircraft that might be available reveals that the Buffalo is still the prime, indeed the only, contender able to handle the Indian requirements. It is understood also that DHC has made substantial changes to its former propositions in order to accommodate various financial and local industrial needs. Included in these is the use of the Rolls-Royce RDA 12 engine which, in addition to being less expensive than the standard American engine, is much more suitable for production by Hindustan Aeronautics Ltd. (HAL) This new Indian version of the aircraft, if produced cooperatively at Kanpur by HAL and DHC, may very well prove attractive to operators outside India as well as to the Indian Armed Forces. It would indeed be gratifying as well as profitable if the "Indian Buffalo" were to lead India's aircraft industry into the export market.

Apart from the attractive short-term possibilities, a DHC representative recently told senior Indian aeronautical officials that cooperation by the two companies might well develop beyond a one-time exercise on the Buffalo. He made clear the desire of his company to find others willing to join in the development of the promising new DHC "augmentor wing" concept in a series of jet STOL military and civil transports for world markets in the 1980s. It would indeed seem logical for HAL to take up this opportunity in due course if the two companies were to collaborate on a Buffalo program for the IAF. Apart from the attractions of the export potential involved, such a course would ensure the inclusion in next-generation aircraft of those essential Indian design features that were referred to at the beginning of this account. Surely a worthwhile objective. □

'TELEGRAM, SIR!' —NO MORE

Now it's called the Phone & Mail system. The telephone is quicker than a messenger.

by ROBERT STALL

I WAS trying to contact somebody in another city. He didn't have a phone. I wanted to get him quickly. I sent him a telegram. The next day I got a call from the telegraph company. "I'm sorry, sir, but the person to whom you sent a telegram yesterday doesn't have a telephone."

"I know," I said. "That's why I sent him a telegram."

"So we're mailing your telegram to him," he said.

"Oh." This was the Phone & Mail System, introduction thereto. Sent a man a telegram because he didn't have a telephone and the telegram wasn't delivered because he didn't have a telephone. I hadn't mailed him a letter because it would have taken too long; a day later they wanted to mail him my telegram. I said to the telegraph man, "I thought you delivered," and he said they deliver sometimes but the address was outside his area although he could put it in a cab.

The telegraph company used to be those clean, gleaming boys on shiny bicycles. No more. Now all the clean and gleam is in a big fluorescent office downtown and the customers are related to by telephones, telexes and postage meters. This is not bad. It is good. If you have a telephone it is a good system.

When you send a telegram you're having a message phoned to someone. It's the next best thing to being there. An anonymous man or woman, usually woman, tells you that you are congratulated, bereaved, honoured, pitied, loved, lost, left, that you are a father, a wife, a widow, a winner, an

heir, an orphan. (This is admittedly a rather romanticized view of the type of telegrams people receive. Most telegrams say things like, "Please rush pro forma invoice and if possible package list enable prepare shipping documents reference order large bores." Ninety per cent of the 100,000 telegrams sent every day in Canada are business telegrams. This is significant but not very interesting. We will continue along that other line.) Who then are the people behind the voices that relate these most sacred and intimate messages? Who are these strangers who tell you things that stop your heart and change your life?

I don't know. There is an anonymity necessary to being the delicate intermediary of intimate parties. And there is an anonymity necessary to being the functionary of a large corporation. Most of the "telephone delivery operators" (official appellation) I talked to during four days at the CN-CP Telecommunications Centre in Toronto didn't want to give their names for publication. Partly it's the sanctity of the telegram, partly corporate paranoia: I could get into trouble talking to you, couldn't I?

THEY needn't have doubted. Among management personnel there is often manifested a certain sensitivity to the worker. Of such rank is Oliver R. Kelly who is Toronto Telecommunications manager and boss of 250 employees "People are all human," he said to me about his staff. "We treat them as human beings."

Kelly runs "the largest commercial message office in Canada and one of

the most modern in the Western Hemisphere." Thirteen thousand telegrams are handled daily in this office.

A telegram is called a message. The sending of a message is called filing. The number of messages filed is called traffic. Traffic goes in and out of a large room which at first they called the Operating Room but they didn't like the sound of that, so now it's known as the Phone Room. Calls can be eavesdropped on. Eavesdropping is called monitoring.

Monitoring calls in the glass-walled office, in full view of the operators, served two positive functions. First, it gave me a general feel of the operators and their handling of messages; and, secondly, this visible surveillance increased the paranoia of the operators to the point where I was almost totally alienated from them and this meant I had to concentrate my telecommunicative research elsewhere which is where some of the juicier stuff was to be found.

First: general feel of the operators. They are chosen for their "voice quality and intelligence." They are instructed thus: "Greet customers with a pleasant voice . . . Announce: 'This is CN-CP Telegrams. I have a telegram for —' When the customer appears ready, proceed to read the telegram clearly and distinctly. Spell out any difficult word. (See Item 3.2.) . . ."

Item 3.2 is an alphabetical list for spelling purposes. ADAM, BOB, CANADIAN, DOLLAR, EDWARD, FRANK, GEORGE, HENRY, IDA, JOHN, KING, LONDON, MARY, NATIONAL, OCEAN, PETER, QUEEN, ROB-

ERT, SUGAR, TOM, UNION, VICTORY, WILLIAM, X-RAY, YELLOW, ZERO. (This is CN's list. Most other telegraphers in the English-speaking world use CHARLIE and NORMAN.)

A further instruction to the operators who take telegrams on the phone is: "Close conversation by saying, 'THANK YOU,' and allow the customer to disconnect first." If the customer doesn't want to hang up, this can tie up an operator for a while.

OPERATORS don't like to get tied up because they are expected to produce at a machine-gun clip. Recording operators — those who take telegrams and fire them off through cathode ray tubes and computers — are expected to record 15 messages an hour. For delivery operators it's 20 messages an hour, 155 a day. At that rate they don't remember many telegrams and they aren't excited by very many of them.

* * *

Interesting fact: Even though an addressee refuses to accept the charges of a collect telegram, the telegram must be read to him.

* * *

Strange fact: Punctuation marks are permitted free of charge in telegrams within Canada and the US. But many people do not know this and use the word "stop" or they spell out the words "comma" and "quote." They are charged for these words and the operator rarely tells them they could have punctuated freely.

* * *

Banal fact: "No profanity or obscenity is allowed in telegrams. But if you use a bit of imagination you can say what you want. Some are quite clever. Like we've had, 'Baby born with spout.'"

— A CN executive

Death brings out the best in the telegraph company.

Someone close, dead or dying far away. Someone loved, still loved, al-

ways loved—dead. Have to tell him, send a telegram. No way to soften it. Died last night, no pain, I'm sorry, come quick.

Death telegrams are handled with care. There is no way to soften the pain but they try to lessen that first shock. "I have a telegram for you. I'm afraid it's bad news." There is nothing a stranger on the telephone can do except worry and be kind and strong.

Each operator has a card near her phone listing 30 foreign-language translations of the word "dead" and 14 for "sick," so that even in phonetic dictation of a strange language she knows it's a death message and will treat it softly.

If the person sounds elderly or dazed or agitated on the telephone, the operator will ensure that someone else is in the house. If not she'll get someone over there, a friend, a relative, a neighbor.

Death wires have absolute priority over the thousands of other telegrams which may be awaiting phone delivery. If no answer, the operator will consult street directories to find a neighbor. She will track the person to his office, summer cottage, a restaurant, across the country if necessary. If all phone research is unproductive, it is turned over to the messengers.

* * *

There are still messengers. You pay extra, you get a messenger. In Toronto it's 50 cents in the downtown area, \$2 in the outer core, taxi fares elsewhere. Overseas cables are delivered free of charge.

But they're not the same messengers they used to be; actually they probably are the same messengers which is why they're not the shiny adolescents they were 30 years ago. At first glance there is a distinct decrepitude about many of them. Frayed, baggy, stained clothes. They are terrific to talk to.

"Lots of times you're delivering a telegram saying a guy is going to arrive at such-and-such a time—and the guy himself answers the door. The especially good part is when you tell him the telegram is collect. Then they want to punch you in the face. . . ."

"Gotta deliver lots of wedding telegrams. Polish, Greek and Italian, mostly. The poorer the immigrants,

the more generous they are. They invite you in with your telegram and pour the booze into you. After, you gotta look out for the cops because if they catch you drinking on the job you've had it."

LIKE the phone operators, most of the messengers wanted to remain anonymous. The exception was Ross Sampson, their supervisor. Sampson was angry.

"It used to be this company wanted to give service. It's not like that any more," he said.

"It's a different kind of service now, isn't it?" I asked, still impressed by those 13,000 telegrams, all those calls going in and out of the Phone Room every day, the operators moving fast, always on top of it.

"No, that's just what they claim. . . . I've seen them sit on telegrams two, three days in that Phone Room before giving them to us. Every single telegram is supposed to be important as far as we're concerned. This is the way I was taught when I started. It's not the way it is now."

The only people in the telegraph company ever seen by the general public in Toronto are Ross Sampson's men. They are the last remnants of the old system. Just three years ago there were 36 drivers picking up and delivering telegrams around the city. Now there are 16. There are also five bicycle messengers and two walkers. "I can't be a proper supervisor if they keep cutting back on my staff," said Sampson. "They've cut out jobs from under me without consulting me. Yes, they have a good phone service, but they don't have to downgrade the messengers to upgrade that. . . . They won't give them uniforms. I'm ashamed to send some of them out."

* * *

Around the room, around the table where the afternoon deliveries were being sorted and handed out, the men sat. Most of them were comfortably dressed.

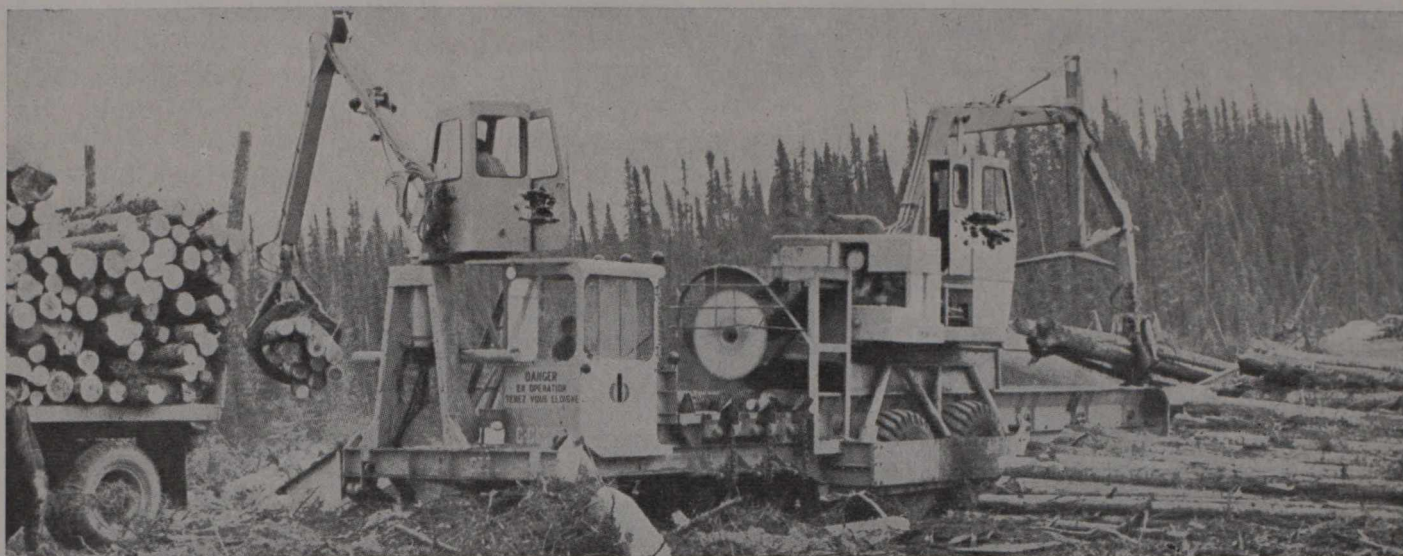
"Nobody tips any more. Used to be you'd get dimes and quarters almost every time. I get a tip now, maybe once every 50, 60 telegrams."

"Only poor people tip. The big shots never look at you." □

Canada's New Governor-General



Jules Leger was installed as Governor-General of Canada on 14 January in succession to Roland Michener, who retired after nearly seven years in office. Mr. Leger had been serving as Canada's Ambassador to Belgium. He had also been Ambassador by turns to Mexico, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, Italy and France.



The Canadian-made short wood harvester does it all—

FROM STUMP TO STOCKPILE

CANADA is a wood conscious country and its 22 million people live for the large part in 5 million wooden homes. Timber resources are huge, covering 1,710,700 square miles (4,448,000 km²). These forests support a highly complex and diversified industry employing 300,000 persons and involving 8,000 sawmills and 4,000 wood-using plants including 138 pulp and paper mills.

With much of its national income dependent on the forest industries, Canada uses some of the most efficient timber handling and processing machinery available. Units are specially designed and developed to overcome the challenges of climate and topography in a country of mountainous terrain, swamp, arctic winters and quasi-tropical summers.

The wood slasher, a product of Tanguay Industries Limited of Quebec, is a self-propelled machine that picks up tree-length timbers with hydraulic pincer arms, places them on a toothed conveyor that carries them to a saw for cutting. The machine then stacks the cut lengths in a large steel basket ready for transportation to the mill. The machine can handle trees measuring up to 38 inches (965 mm) at the butt. The slasher carries a crew of three and uses a caterpillar diesel engine for power. It is engineered for reliability and long, hard usage in rugged forest terrain.

Another Canadian machine that is widely used around the world is the Timberjack, a four-wheel drive tree skidder with huge rubber-tired wheels, that can haul a 32,000-pound (14,500 kg.) log with ease. The machine has automatic transmission for easy driving.

The Canadian plywood industry produces a variety of grades and thicknesses used for concrete form work, roof and wall sheathing, sub-flooring, cladding and decorative wall panelling. A special marine-grade plywood is manufactured for boat builders. Veneers are also used to give warm, tasteful interiors.

Much of the plywood production is for use in housebuilding and the Canadian timber-frame construction technique is gaining increased acceptance in Europe and elsewhere. The timber-frame house is constructed quickly by prefabrication. It can be insulated to cope with either hot or cold climates.

To supply the domestic housebuilding industry and an ever-increasing export market for plywoods, Canadian mills and timber-processing plants use machinery that can produce quickly with quality and precision. Special wood clippers, grading tables, electric drying ovens, adhesive spreaders, oil-electric hot presses and panel saws are employed in a continuing process of practical research to produce better plywoods and veneers.

Bandsaws, bandmills, edgers and veneer carriers have the stamina and precision necessary to work the woodlands of the world. Other machines can quickly process the timbers and boards used for ship construction or rough cut the wood used in the production of charcoal and fuel. Whatever type of wood is to be processed, there is a Canadian machine that can do it quickly and well.

A new philosophy of forest management is being put into practice in Canada and backing it is a series of

advanced technological changes in the logging equipment and engineering areas.

The philosophy: planning and installing complete new systems of stump-to-mill log handling as opposed to piecemeal introduction of machinery.

Canada has the second largest forestry reserves in the world and the industry requires maximum utilization. Logging and sawmilling equipment is, therefore, designed for maximum efficiency.

Various combinations of harvesters and processors are available. Trees can be felled and forwarded, complete with limbs, to the processor at the landing or limbed, topped and cut into bolts on the spot.

Processors combine a number of operations such as debarking, delimiting, slashing and chipping. Much emphasis has been placed on using bark from the saw-log for steam generation and using the outside slabs of the log as wood chips for pulp.

The combination of machines required depends on the client. The Canadian forest equipment industry offers

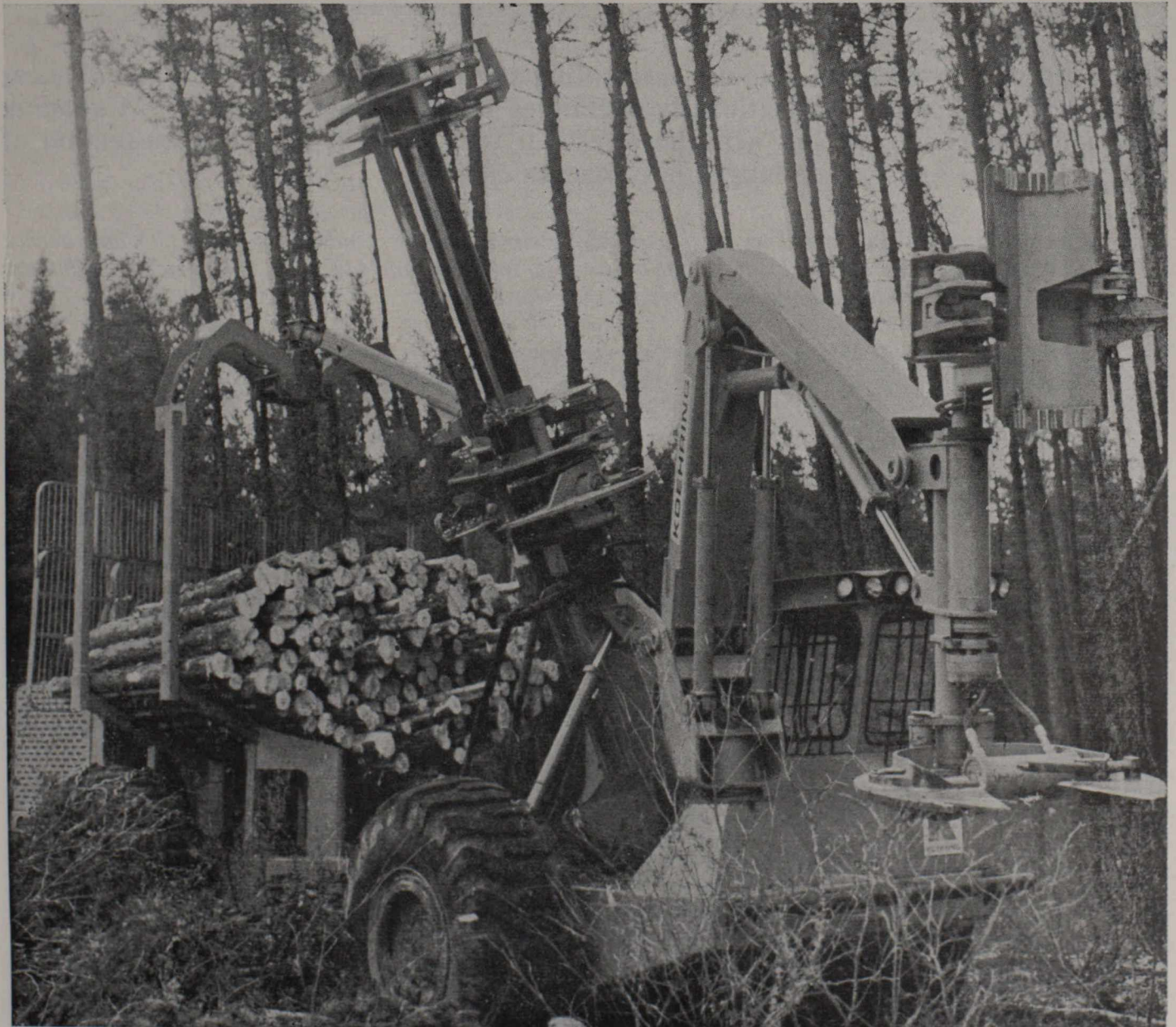
a complete package covering the machinery and managerial and consulting services.

In British Columbia, experiments have been conducted with balloon logging, an operation in which a gas-filled balloon lifts logs out of mountain terrain and, guided by a cable, places them for forwarding or booming.

A typical example of Canadian forest equipment in other parts of the world is Cantrans Services (1965) Limited. This company is administering the Jengka Triangle project in Malaysia, a \$12-million undertaking conducted by Malaysia's Federal Land Development Authority. A forest industry complex has been set up to harvest the area and process the trees in plywood and veneer mills.

The Canadian forest belt, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, is 600 to 1,300 miles (966 to 2,093 km.) wide and contains more than 150 species of trees. The quality machinery and engineering skills developed for these vast forests can be well used in all countries where there is a forestry or wood products industry. □

The Canadian-made self-propelled timber slasher



A festival of eight Canadian films is now touring the country

SCHEDULE:

Delhi	3 to 10 January	Gauhati	8 to 14 February
Bombay	11 to 17 January	Kanpur	22 to 28 February
Bangalore	18 to 24 January	Chandigarh	1 to 7 March
Madras	25 to 31 January	Jaipur	15 to 21 March
Calcutta	31 January to 7 February	Poona	28 March to 3 April

THE FILMS:

Kamouraska
Réjeanne Padovani
*La mort d'un bûcheron**
The Rainbow Boys†

Wedding in White
U-Turn
Isabel
The Christmas Martian

*Delhi & Bombay only

†Bangalore onwards

Eight full-length films in colour representing the first flowering of Canada's young feature film industry. Internationally acclaimed for its documentaries, the Canadian film industry comes of age with these festival films, which offer a cross-section of recent English- and French-language Canadian cinema.

Carole Laure, star of La mort d'un bûcheron with Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, who had a chat with the Canadian Film Festival delegation. At right, Information Minister I. K. Gujral addresses the festival inauguration audience while Miss Laure looks on.



Background to the Canadian Film Festival

THE Canadian feature film industry is a late starter. It began in Quebec in the 60s. In 1968 the Government of Canada established the Canadian Film Development Corporation. By 31 March, 1973, the CFDC had invested \$10.5 million in Canadian feature films. The CFDC normally provides between 30 and 50 per cent of the budget and recovers its investments at the same rate as other investors. The CFDC's decision to assist a film is based on the assessment of the script, the experience of the producer, director, writer and performers and the financial aspects of the proposition including the advance distribution contracts. Between 1 April, 1968, and 31 March, 1973, CFDC assisted in the production of 101 Canadian films. All the feature films included in the Canadian Film Festival received the CFDC's financial backing.

The Canadian delegation that attended the inauguration of the festival was headed by Michael Spencer, who joined the National Film Board of Canada in 1940 as a cameraman. Later, as Director of Planning at the NFB, he helped to prepare Government plans to aid feature film production and was appointed Executive Director of the CFDC. The other members of the delegation were Gilles Carle, director of *La mort d'un bûcheron* (*Death of a Lumberjack*), Carole Laure, female lead in the same film, and Miss Maqbool Jung, an Indian-born journalist now settled in Canada working for the CFDC.

There is a big difference between the motion picture market in Quebec and the rest of Canada. A Gallup Poll last March showed that 73% of Quebec residents wanted a law to oblige Canadian cinemas to screen Canadian films, and 49% of Quebecers questioned strongly supported Quebec feature films. It is noteworthy that 20% of the box-office in Quebec cinemas is earned by feature films produced in the province.

FESTIVAL REVIEW

IF THEY are anything to go by, the Canadian films currently touring India shed interesting light on the national character of northernmost America. The six adult movies shown at the Delhi festival expose dark corners of the psyche in a way that recalls Russian novels and the cinema of Sweden's Ingemar Bergman. It would seem that the psyche is a function of the latitude: geography is destiny. Perusal of contemporary Canadian writing would no doubt have prepared one for what these films have to say. What emerges is a preoccupation with painful psychological themes, the recesses of the mind and the anguish of repression. No fewer than five of the films deal with the constraints on love imposed by psychological imperatives and three handle the specific theme of father-domination of the daughter, although at vastly different levels of sophistication. The stories can be summarized as follows:

Death of a Lumberjack: A country girl comes to the big city in the hope of tracing her father and eventually learns of his death.

Kamouraska: A girl of fiery nature finds herself married to a man besotted by alcohol and unsuccessfully seeks an escape through a paramour.

Wedding in White: An introverted teenage girl is raped and, unable to withstand her father's wrath, submits to marriage with a father-substitute to ward off scandal.

U-turn: A young man is unable to find fulfilment with his beloved until he has exercised the memory of an animal-figure.

Réjeanne Padovani: An estranged wife walks into a deathtrap when her mother love comes into conflict with the interests of the underworld.

Isabel: A girl returns from the big city to her mother's deathbed and is haunted by the grandfather-father-brother image until the love of a potential husband overcomes it.

In *Lumberjack* the theme is completely externalized. Marie is about to emerge from the parental thrall. Finding out about her father's fate is a kind of liberation because she could not bear to think of him as alive but hidden from her. This enables her to

make love while, next to her father's grave, another grave is dug for the man who held the secret of her father's disappearance. Afterwards she also rejects the lover, whose place in her affections was based on his undertaking to help her find her father.

In *Kamouraska* the quest for fulfilment through love is again externalized but the story is narrated in flashbacks so that it becomes a channel for Elizabeth's stream of consciousness. What is happening now is her anguish, her nightmare as she re-lives her turbulent love-life. That experience has given her spiritual self-sufficiency, a motif announced in the opening sequence of the film when Elizabeth, seated at her second husband's deathbed, prays on behalf of all womankind that the sentiments of wives remain forever opaque to their husbands.

A character drawn on the tragic scale, Elizabeth is doomed to play wife to mediocre men unable to provide an adequate response to her passions. Disillusioned in her arranged marriage with a drunken, womanizing boor, she finds an outlet for her needs in the American doctor whose Christ-like image allows her to idolize him as a lover. But the murder of her husband leads to her lover's exile and her own imprisonment, followed by another conventional, unsatisfying marriage.

Wedding in White presents us with a not uncommon situation where an arranged marriage to an old man is imposed on an emotionally crushed girl whose pregnancy threatens to bring disgrace upon her family. The girl's subjugation to her father's will is epitomized by her submission to rape, by her readiness to enter into a grotesque alliance to regain her father's approval and by her inability to stand up even to her tomboy girlfriend. This is the second festival film to deal with the malefic influence of the father image. But where *Lumberjack* is content to portray the surface of things, *Wedding* explores the victim's inner agony to show the brutal dimensions of the problem.

U-turn is a sunny frolic affording
Continued on page 18



PIB

Mr. M. G. Kaul (right), Secretary in the Ministry of Finance, and Canada's High Commissioner, Mr. Bruce Williams, at a loan signing ceremony on 27 November, 1973. Canada has advanced \$10 million (Rs. 7 crores) for the import of Canadian potash during 1973-74. For the first time, the loan covers freight costs.



Five Canadian Members of Parliament were in India for a week in January on a round-the-world fact-finding tour. They were accompanied by their wives. The leader of the delegation was Georges Lachance, Liberal Member of the House of Commons for Montreal Lafontaine. The other MPs were Marcel Lambert, Conservative Member for Edmonton West; Lloyd Crouse, Conservative Member for South Shore, New Brunswick; Jacques Trudel, Liberal Member for Montreal Bourassa; and S. Victor Railton, Liberal Member for Welland, Ontario. Mr. Lachance is Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee on External Affairs and Defence Policy. Mr. Lambert was Minister of Veterans Affairs in the last Conservative ministry. The MPs' programme in Delhi included laying of a wreath at Mahatma Gandhi's samadhi at Rajghat and meetings with the Prime Minister and the Ministers of External Affairs, Planning, Commerce, Industrial Development and Health and Family Planning. They also met the secretaries and ministers of state in several ministries and were dinner guests of Foreign Secretary Kewal Singh. Besides sightseeing in Delhi the MPs and their wives visited Agra and Fatehpur Sikri.



Continued from page 17

rather welcome relief from the psychological motifs that to a greater or lesser extent inform the other festival films. Yet it is the most overtly psychological. The image of a woman once glimpsed long ago comes between a young man and the girl destined to be his wife. Until he has traced the image to its source and assimilated the experience of the woman it denotes to the world of everyday living he cannot give himself in marriage. Instinctively grasping this, he embarks on an improbable search, finds the woman, brings her down to the level of the commonplace and is thereby rid of her negative influence on his love-life.

Réjeanne Padovani is the least introverted of the six films under review, dealing as it does with the Mafia-type involvements of a government contractor. But the title role belongs to the contractor's wife, a woman whose love of her children is her undoing. It is Réjeanne's attempt to restore that relationship that supplies the drama in a film which for the rest sets out to document the high life of the world of bigtime crime.

In *Isabel*, the domination by the father image is rendered most explicit. Where *Lumberjack* afforded only outward treatment and *Wedding* limited itself to sketching Jeanie's torment, *Isabel* is a full-blown psychological study. But in order to avoid a merely clinical account, the story teller (Paul Almond) has the central character project her problem onto her environment. The result is that until the last few seconds of the film we are encouraged to believe that the house where Isabel grew up is haunted by the ghosts of her deceased menfolk. In fact it is Isabel that is haunted by the collective image of her grandfather, father and brother. Her near-rape by "three men" symbolizes the unconscious veto on her ability to love imposed by her family. This is conveyed implicitly by the repeated dwelling on family photos, and explicitly in the last scene. In between we are artfully led to participate in Isabel's fear of

Continued on page 19



RCA Limited, Sainte-Anne-de-Bellevue, Quebec, was host this autumn to six Indian communications engineers who will run the Dehra Dun earth receiving station currently being set up by RCA under a Canadian International Development Agency loan. Above: S. M. Smyth, Manager, Communications Systems, at RCA shows an earth station antenna component to (from left): P. D. Jethawa, Subbash Jain, S. V. Kamath, J. C. Sofat, C. K. Sankaranarayanan and Ijwinder Singh. RCA trained an earlier batch of Indian engineers for the operation of the Canadian-aided Arvi earth receiving station in Maharashtra which ushered India into the age of space communications.



Capital News Photos

Mr. W. J. Jenkins, Counsellor, Canadian High Commission, receives from Prime Minister Indira Gandhi an award for a Canadian participant in Shankar's International Children's Competition at the prize-giving at Teen Murti House on 14 November, 1973.

The Canada Post Office has issued two 8-cent stamps depicting the symbolism and the costume of the Algonkian Indians to complete a set of four. They are part of a series on Canadian Indian culture. One of the new stamps has a stylized thunderbird, a spirit commonly portrayed in Indian art. The other features men's and women's clothing. "Algonkian" refers to the family of Indian languages spoken right across Canada from the east coast to the Rocky mountains, but particularly by the Ojibwa, Cree, Algonquin, Montagnais, Micmac and Malecite tribes.



When Europeans arrived in Canada, Algonkian-speaking people occupied what is now Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, most of Quebec, northern Ontario and parts of the prairies. They lived by hunting, fishing, harvesting wild fruits and cultivating maize, beans and squash. Their clothes were made of hides and furs.



REVIEW

Continued from page 18

the images her own subconscious has peopled her home with, abetted by the superstition of the neighbours and the aura of the "uncle" who returns out to be her father.

The source of the problem is brought out into the open when, united at last with her real-life lover, Isabel sees him in turn as her grandfather, her brother and her father. The irruption of these images provided a stunning cinematic effect: these were the "ghosts". Their appearance liberates the life that has been incubating under the departed snow.

MRINAL SHAH



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