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Duddy does unto others before they do unto him.

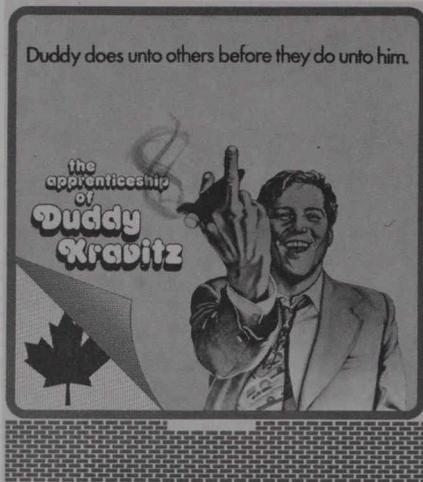
the
apprenticeship
of
Duddy
Kravitz



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The cover illustration is taken from a poster for the Canadian feature film "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz," based on a novel by Mordecai Richler who also wrote the screen script. The film is being shown in Britain in Rank cinemas beginning January 1975.

Canada Today



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Duddy Kravitz is coming to London screen

By Jenny Pearson



A man without land is nobody.

Imagine a city-bred youngster from Montreal, a cocky little blue-eyed Jew-boy with time off from serving meals to the rich in a Laurentian holiday resort, taking his first look at a beautiful mountain lake. Pines and red maples edge the water. He wheels round on the rock where he is standing and fiercely asks the local girl who brought him if she has ever shown it to anyone else? She hasn't, and she mustn't, not on any account. He makes her promise. Not that he is jealous about the girl — nothing as ordinary as that. He has just decided that he is going to buy the lake, to build his own resort. He'll get the money, somehow.

This is Duddy Kravitz, the go-getter with a dream at the centre of Mordecai Richler's novel-turned-film, *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*. It is without question the most talked-about film to come out of Canada and looks well set to become an international hit. Richler, who wrote the script himself, keeping very close to the original novel, is planning to be in London for the première in January.

Kravitz is one of those films which have an atmosphere, a pulse, all their own, as distinctive as the smell of Gauloise cigarettes or lime trees in the rain. With nostalgic humour and a palpable realism, it recreates the Jewish sector of Montreal in the 1940s, where Richler himself grew up.

For his open-eyed portrayal of nouveau-riche Jews, Richler has been accused of anti-Semitism. But anyone with half an eye can see that he lashes out at evil and absurdity regardless of race and creed — not forgetting the bibulous English film director, product of Eton and Cambridge, whose pretentious, bad-taste film of a Bar Mitzvah is hailed as a "work of art" by a progressive Rabbi and an audience of baffled Jews.

There seems to be a shared quality of sharp, atmospheric nostalgia in the way Jewish writers conjure up places associated with childhood and poverty, be it in Montreal or nearer home in east London. This quality is brilliantly translated to the screen by director Ted Kotcheff, with the actual buildings around the neighbourhood of St. Urbain Street in Montreal restored to 1940s authenticity. Old cars and trucks line the streets. People now living in the neighbourhood were recruited as extras and dressed for the period, so that the film in the making became a communal trip into nostalgia. One can smell the tobacco smoke and the steamy atmosphere of Moe's Cigar and Soda Shop where Duddy's father boasts of his other son, studying to be a doctor, and of his one-time friend who has turned tycoon and grown mythical with money, so that people don't quite believe that the loquacious old taxi driver could ever have known him.

In the telling, the story of Duddy Kravitz has much in common with *Room at the Top*. Both stories tell of a young man on the make, energetic, impatient, regretfully smashing other human beings on his way up. Neither is devoid of human feeling; but the dynamo of success hunger drives both of them to sacrifice, in spite of their feelings, anyone, however dear, who stands between them and their goal.

This is where the comparison ends, for the context of the Kravitz tale is a world away from Braine and the north of England. In the Jewish boy's progress towards riches there is a shiny-eyed dedication which Anglo-Saxons reserve for good causes and the Holy Grail. Money is an ideal, a golden key to a romantic dream. Once he owns the lake and its surrounding land, he will give a farm to his Grandfather, who taught him that "a man without land is nobody."

If he uses and damages friends on the way, never mind. He will make it up to them. The end will justify the means — that's his view, and it's treachery in them to think otherwise.

The American actor Richard Dreyfuss, who made his name in *American Graffiti*, plays the 19-year-old Duddy with a virtuosity that makes him by turns appealing and sickening, powerful and ridiculous, vulnerable and hard as old flint. He dreams up projects, wheels and deals, flinches at failure and swaggers over success, throwing himself against obstacles in the belief that they have just gotta give way. He's wild, he's funny, he's terrifying from sheer force of explosive energy seeking an outlet.

"I need a stake," he says. "I've got a lot of ideas. Jeeze, somebody else has already thought of Kleenex!"

"Why did you never like me?" he asks a dying uncle, who paid his brother's college fees.

His uncle, surrounded by restrained ostentation, a success in business but childless and impotent, replies "Because you're a pusher, a little Jew-boy on the make and you make me sick." Yes, he is — but against this lifeless backdrop one's sympathies are with Duddy, eager, randy, grabbing life with greedy hands. The pity of it is that to get what he wants he must take decisions which destroy his own humanity. That is his bitter apprenticeship, spelt out to him in the steamy heat of a Turkish bath by a successful business man who doesn't want to see Duddy get too human and chicken out. In a hushed voice the older man confesses, by way of encouragement, how he dodged prison after a man was killed on his building site — letting his weaker partner pay the penalty instead.

It is a story with roots buried deep in human experience and literature. One recalls the Devil tempting Dr. Faustus in Marlowe's play some 470 years ago. That was a great hit. It still plays, from time to time.

Health care for all needs

By J. M. Greene

A comparison between Canada's health care arrangements and the National Health Service in Britain makes a fascinating study, in many ways revealing of the political and social differences between the two countries. Both are part of a wider trend among the developed nations of the world towards collective responsibility for the health of individuals. The end product is roughly the same in both countries: free medical care both in and out of hospital is available to all citizens. But the way this state of affairs came about and the way it is currently administered in Canada differs radically from the British pattern.

In Britain, the 1948 National Health Act was a markedly political event, still celebrated as the great achievement of the late Aneurin Bevan and the postwar Labour government. Although no political party would dare challenge its existence today, debate has continued to rumble around the edges of the National Health Service, over details like subscription charges, spectacles and teeth — the general pattern being for one party to reintroduce odd charges and the other, in due course, to repeal them.

Class thinking

The recent battle over private beds in National Health hospitals is typical of the very emotive and doctrinaire thinking that surrounds the subject of health in Britain, and understandably so. In a class-conscious society, private and public health are bound to be equated with the other divisive categories: upper and lower class, privilege and non-privilege, rich and poor — with the implication that on one network you get quicker and better treatment than on the other. In simple terms, a parent whose child had waited eight months for a tonsilectomy on the National Health could until recently be by-passed by a child whose parents could pay for a private bed under the same surgeon in the same hospital within two weeks of diagnosis. This engendered a rage, fueled by ancient class feeling, which is the stuff Britain is made of: worse than irrelevant to mention that the middle-class parent of the child in the private bed might have gone without other things to subscribe to BUPA — the British United Provident Association — or some other independent form of hospital insurance.

By comparison with Britain, Canada has been slow in coming round to statutory provision of government-sponsored health

care (though not so slow as the United States, which still has no National Health). The Canadian system came about gradually, with hospital and medicare "programmes" initiated by the federal government and spreading to acceptance by all the provincial governments. The hospital programme became universal in 1948 and the medicare programme not until 1971.

The system began, not with a centralized political movement but with the pragmatic discovery by isolated groups of people of the benefits of private health insurance. Historians of the Canadian health service are fond of pointing out that health insurance began there over 300 years ago, when a master surgeon in Ville Marie (which is now Montreal) offered a prepaid medical insurance plan for settlers and their families. For a premium of 100 sols per annum, he guaranteed to provide subscribers with free medical care — with certain prudent exceptions laid down with the contract. He did not, for example, guarantee treatment for the plague!

From that early start the idea snowballed, with significant developments as employers came round to taking a hand in insurance coverage for their workers. In the 1880s, Cape Breton miners and many lumbering camps developed a check-off system under which free hospital and medical services were financed from funds compounded of payroll deductions and employers' contributions. During the 1930s, when private health insurance was still uncommon, community hospitals in various parts of Canada offered prepaid hospital care to local residents in return for a few dollars a month. The hardship of the depression years made people very aware of the value of health insurance and lent fuel to the idea of universal coverage. Though this came late, by the time it did arrive all but 20 per cent of the population were already covered by some form of medical insurance.

Based on insurance

The word "insurance" remains the key to understanding how the national scheme operates. Hospitals and doctors have not been reorganised under the employ of the state. They function much as they did before, with the difference that their bills are paid at standard rates out of insurance on which premiums are covered almost entirely by government funds.

The cost of this insurance is divided on a roughly equal basis between the federal government and the ten provincial govern-

ments, which vary the ways in which they raise their 50 per cent. Some collect the whole amount from their citizens as premiums; some collect part and make up the rest out of general revenues. In most provinces citizens over 65 are exempt from any kind of payment. No premiums at all are charged in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and the Northwest Territories, the whole bill in those areas being paid out of general revenues. Quebec finances the programme out of a special income tax surcharge and a levy on employers.

Coverage by the state health programme is almost universal excluding only those people who are already covered under workmen's compensation and other special schemes such as war pensioners. There is special provision for "needy citizens" to get supplementary benefits through the centrally-funded Canadian Assistance Plan.

Scheme works abroad

There are two more details in which the Canadian health scheme differs fundamentally from the British. Hospital insurance is portable, covering costs of hospitalization abroad as well as at home, and being a prepaid insurance scheme, with its details laid down by law, the Canadian system is not subject to variation by succeeding governments without approval by Parliament.

Among doctors it seems to be popular because it leaves them a lot of freedom while giving them a steadier income than before. Their satisfaction is reflected in increased numbers of young people entering the profession and rising immigration figures.

Canadian doctors are not technically employees of the state. They remain self-employed with the option of charging their patients at the standard rate (automatically recoverable out of government funds) or at a higher rate, provided the patient is warned in advance and willing to pay the difference. This leaves the situation open. The doctor can charge what he likes and the patient has the option of going elsewhere. In practice, most GPs settle for medicare rates and the safe knowledge that the bill will be paid, finding they are better off than under the old system, when a chunk of their fees had regularly to be written off as bad debt.

When it comes to consulting a specialist, a sick person on the dole can see the best specialist in Montreal by appointment at his consulting room and the fee is paid by medicare. There is no double system as in Britain, where only fee-paying patients go to the great man's consulting room and the rest see him at his hospital "clinic" (often waiting around hours after the alleged time of appointment).

Hospital insurance covers all basic needs from medical treatment, surgery and drugs to food, domestic comforts and in most provinces a wide range of out-patient services. If a patient wants "extras" such as a private or semi-private room, television

set and the like, these can be obtained by paying out of your own pocket over and above the basic, insurance-covered rate. But you cannot buy special medical attention. Thus the two-class system which pervades in Britain and to varying degrees in other countries with state-financed health schemes has no equivalent in Canada. Furthermore, private health insurance has been absorbed or abolished as government insurance spread through the provinces.

Although the doctors backpedalled in the early days and fought for protection of their "rights" under the new legislation, they now seem well adjusted to the change. An article in *The Globe and Mail* of Toronto recently commented: "Today it would be hard to find a doctor who would deny government any role in health services or who would refuse all co-operation, although the extent of the role and the degree of the co-operation are still debated. As they should be."

This is not to say that Canada's health scheme is without problems: far from it. Indeed, as costs mount and the government bill for health grows like Jack's beanstalk. Canadians are quickly discovering problems similar to those which have racked the political scene in Britain since the National Health Service was introduced. They are learning, as Britain has, that while one can talk in the abstract of health as a "basic human right," the interpretation of that phrase in terms of practical health care and the accompanying bill is fraught with difficulties and question marks. As Enoch Powell put it in his book *A New Look at Medicine and Politics* (based on his experience of the subject as Britain's Minister of Health): "There is virtually no limit to the amount of medical care an individual is capable of absorbing."

Need for controls

It seems that in every country with a free health service the demand rises astronomically. A recent study (published in Britain by McKinsey and Company and reported in *The Financial Times*, July 12, 1974) surveyed the health services of 20 developed countries and found that "health expenditures have been rising faster than GNP (gross national product) no matter how fast GNP itself has risen." The report recognised the need to find controls and commented that Britain got good value out of her health services by making the best use of limited resources: "a harsh form of rationing."

Canada was not among the 20 nations covered by the survey, but Canadian doctors, politicians and civil servants are becoming increasingly aware of the same need to control the rising bill. The problem was outlined in a pamphlet published by the Office of Health Care Finance in Sydney, Australia, in 1972, under the title *The consequences of health care through government*. The pamphlet, which sets out specifically to consider the social and financial effects of Canada's health care programmes, contains the following cautionary tale.

"An individual has hurt his thumb while gardening. It does not appear serious but it is possible the bone could be fractured. Before prepayment, it would have cost him \$20 for a doctor's call, X-rays, etc. However, because this is equivalent to the price of a new radio he wants, he decides not to demand these units of service from the system. If a system of prepayment were in force under which he would have to pay, say, a \$3 fee, which is equal to the price of a new fishing lure, he might not demand the service, not only because of the fee but probably because of the inconvenience as well. However, if there were no charge at all, and because today the media, health professionals and others advise an early visit into the system for the slightest ailment or deviation from normal, the chances are the hospital visit and the X-ray would be demanded and probably the thumb turn out not to be fractured."

Assume 99 of this man's friends had the identical accident and thought process. "At \$20, a few X-rays would be taken; at \$3, a few more would be demanded but, if no cost was involved, all 100 could well be demanded. If only three fractured thumbs were found, then 97 X-rays were not required."

The question that arises, as the pamphlet points out, is "whether society can afford to provide the 97 negative X-rays." If expenditure on health is allowed to escalate at that rate, it can only do so at the expense of other benefits that might be provided under the national budget. The decision as to whether this should happen is out of the range of medicine. It is "a rational choice, perhaps a most reasonable one, but it must be recognised for what it is: a political choice."

The pamphlet demonstrates how government funding has removed the brakes that used to control the system — not only the financial brake that restrained patients from constant recourse to doctors, but also the doctor's consideration of the patient's pocket in deciding whether it was really

necessary to refer him to hospital, and the hospital's careful husbanding of its own funds. The result, apart from escalating costs, is an overload on doctors, hospital services and beds.

That doctors themselves are concerned over this issue was shown by Dr. H. O. L. Murray, addressing the Canadian Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons in Vancouver in November, 1973. He said: "We will always have with us the difficulty of defining adequate health care, and the evolutionary development of the health service is important in arriving at some sort of definition." *



Montreal's illuminated skyline.

Urban Profile

Montreal fulfils new prophecies

By Joseph MacSween

Montreal's powerful *Canadiens* were defeated 8-to-0 by Boston Bruins in ice hockey one terrible night. Grief etched itself everywhere. But Montreal will unquestionably survive that disaster, just as it did when those other invaders, Gen. Amherst's British troops, marched into the city in 1760.

Don't take my word for it. Ask Mayor Jean Drapeau, who firmly believes the mission of Montreal is to undertake great challenges, and small wonder. This city had a prophesy before it had a single house.

It was made just after Sieur de Maisonneuve disembarked with his 40 colonists in May 1642. Father Barthelemy Vimont, celebrating Mass for the little flock in a forest glade amid the song of

birds, was moved to compare the settlement venture with the planting of a mustard seed. The priest proclaimed:

"I doubt not, but that this little grain may produce a great tree, that it may make wonderful progress some day, that it will multiply itself, and stretch out on every side."

Jean Drapeau, the modern prophet, is even more to the point about the city that in earlier years he helped extricate from flagrant vice — 250 gambling dens and 100 bordellos once did a bingo-like business.

"Montreal is on the way to becoming the greatest city in the world," says Mayor Drapeau, speaking (with perhaps some political licence) of spiritual, humanistic and cultural values rather than bigness.

"I can see it as clearly as a composer hears a symphony. . . ."

At a university convocation, before leaving to work among lepers in Africa, Paul-Emile Cardinal Leger listed and praised Mayor Drapeau's achievements.

"It would not surprise me if he tried to move our next Vatican Council to Montreal," the prelate added.

"Your Eminence," Jean Drapeau replied, deadpan. "That is the last time I will confide in you."

The mayor, re-elected again in November 1974, sees a city in which people of various backgrounds and faith have been inspired to high adventure and hard-headed enterprise.

McGill University and the newer

Université de Montreal, on opposite slopes of Mount Royal, symbolise in an intellectual way the two main cultures. The city is home to some 250 head offices of companies doing business on an interprovincial, national or international scale. French names appear more and more in the towers along Dorchester Boulevard that now represent industrial and financial power. You find varied symbols in the statues of de Maisonneuve, Dante and Robbie Burns and in a memorial to victims of the Irish famine. A starburst of French-Canadian culture is symbolised by the elegant new Place des Arts, embracing a concert hall and three theatres. A simple plaque marks the place where once lived Alexander Mackenzie, who traced the river now bearing his name to the Arctic Ocean.

Contemplation of Montreal's role as host of the 1976 Olympic games is the sort of thing that sends Mayor Drapeau into rhapsodies. But it is by no means a new thing with him. Montreal was enjoying perhaps its finest hour as host to more than 50 million visitors to Expo 67 in Canada's Centennial summer of 1967 when Mr. Drapeau sketched his vision this way:

"History and geography confer upon Montreal — almost force upon her — the challenging mission of being a mirror of Canada; a link between cultures, religions and traditions; a witness of the past and a precursor of a more magnificent future still."

French explorers roamed a continent from the "seed" settlement — first called Ville Marie — planted by de Maisonneuve on the 33-mile island of Montreal, where the Ottawa river plunges into the St. Lawrence, 1,000 miles from the sea. History credits English-speaking Montrealers of a later day with developing much of the industrial and institutional sinews that pulled Canada together, everything from railroads to banks — witness the headquarters of the CNR and the CPR.

Today, though Toronto in Ontario is coming up fast, Montreal remains Canada's biggest city, with an island population of two million, rising to 2.7 million in the metropolitan census area, which includes rapidly growing suburbs on the St. Lawrence south shore and surrounding plains. The building cranes are swinging again after the terrorist troubles of the 1960s and 1970. The Montreal skyline is changing at the same time as a glamorous new subterranean city of shops, cinemas and promenades expands.

What is the present population makeup? The 1971 census counted 1,699,000 citizens of French mother tongue in the metropolitan area, 575,991 of English mother tongue and 324,897 "others" — that is, people who learned as children and still speak a language other than French or English. An historic change in Quebec's population pattern constitutes an unsettling component of life in the pluralistic city, the province's main cockpit of cultural and economic clash. Quebec, in



The trans-Canada highway now slashes through this scene of Place Victoria, but Her Majesty's statue still looks on.

fact, unintentionally attained almost zero growth in the 1961-71 intercensal period, gaining only 175,000 citizens to a total of 6,027,764. A sharply reduced birth rate in the French-language majority reflects urbanisation, industrialisation and altered attitudes to Roman Catholic church authority.

The makeup of the non-French minority, meanwhile, has been strikingly changed by immigration and now embraces a host of ethnic groups besides the traditional English, Irish and Scottish elements. This economically powerful minority, incidentally, exceeds the total population of most Canadian provinces and has concentrated increasingly in the Montreal area though remaining fairly constant as 20 per cent of the Quebec population ever since Confederation in 1867. One expert calculated that most of the Anglophones live within 25 miles of Dorval airport, in west-island Montreal.

While Italians — the most numerous immigrant group — and other newcomers are often culturally akin to the French-Canadians rather than the Anglos, they have opted overwhelmingly for English-language education for their children, having an eye to the dominant language of North America.

"The Italians are French in love but English in business," one Francophone businessman commented wryly.

The trend has caused fears in some circles that Montreal is on the way to becoming a majority English-language

city — as, indeed, it was for a time before Confederation. The picture is confused however, by important shifts in the cultural and economic landscape of the Montreal area and migration to the suburbs. The Montreal *Star* found in an analysis of the census figures that the proportion of citizens of French mother tongue increased fractionally in the whole metropolitan area while that of English mother tongue decreased. Both linguistic sectors decreased in percentage terms in Montreal island.

"The others," in fact — at least in percentage terms — are the most rapidly growing group in the Montreal area, the *Star* study found. The increase was a full percentage point. Many of them trilingual, these citizens have settled in large numbers more or less down the centre of Montreal island, between the traditional French sector in the east and the English in the west.

The Jewish community — the first Montreal synagogue opened in the 1760s — formed the third-ranking group, after the French and the Anglo-Celtic, as late as 1951 until overtaken by the Italians. Many Jews speak four languages.

Perhaps surprisingly, the mid-city multi-racial pattern was pioneered by Chinatown. Italians, Jews, Germans, Poles and Greeks thus followed the example of the Chinese railway builders who founded the first distinctly non-traditional ethnic locality. But of course these distinctions are blurred by French-speaking citizens with names like Flynn and English-speaking blokes named LeBraceur. And the landlord of

this reporter, for instance, is an Italian in the west-end.

Still, the central belt offers a smorgasbord of thrusting cultures, restaurants, shops and religious institutions in districts where — significantly — signs appear more often in, say, English and Greek, than French and Greek. Among the Quebec Liberal government's educational policies is a \$100 million five-year plan with special emphasis on the teaching of better French to French-speaking children and the improvement of second-language training in both languages.

The government succeeded in 1973 — after repeated tries — in passing legislation for partial reform of Montreal island's school administrative structures, traditionally organised on denominational lines at a time when Roman Catholic meant French and Protestant meant English.

The new law established an island-wide school council to distribute education taxes equitably and also reduced the number of school boards from thirty-three to eight, though they remain on denominational divisions, two Protestant and six Catholic. The swelling English Catholic population sought unsuccessfully a separate board and thus remain under the predominantly French Montreal School Commission.

Education Minister Francois Cloutier said the new structure would give Protestants and Catholics a chance to work together in the further evolution of a Quebec society under sporadic change since the Quiet Revolution of the early 1960s.

Jean Drapeau says Montreal faces a boom similar to the one that preceded Expo 67 except that "this time it is going to last." He pinpoints catalysts as the

coming Olympiad — at least 10 major hotels are under construction or in the project stage — and Montreal's Métro or subway system, opened in 1966 and now being extended to a total mileage of 40 from the present 16 miles.

One expert estimates "very conservatively" that 1973-74 construction in the Montreal region involved \$4 billion spread to an unusually even degree over industrial, commercial, residential and institutional projects. A prominent real estate consultant figures \$10 billion will be spent in public and private projects within five years. Observers cite Quebec's political-social climate, vastly improved since the kidnap-murder crisis of October 1970. They also cite a backlog in demand that built up while investors waited to see what would happen.

The Drapeau administration is frequently accused of neglecting such things as housing and snow-clearance in favour of grandiose projects. However, the metropolitan area joined with the rest of Canada in registering record housing starts in 1973. Métro Montreal's starts were estimated at 30,000 that year compared with fewer than 25,000 in 1972. Prices went up sharply, notably in Anglo districts. More recently house building levelled off in Montreal as elsewhere in Canada.

While alarm is expressed at the demolition of some fine old landmarks in favour of apartment buildings and commercial structures in downtown Montreal, the builders of Complexe Desjardins just east of the present commercial centre say they are fashioning a new and more "human" heart for the city. "It will be a dynamic expression of Montreal's social-cultural and commercial diversity and a bridge

between linguistic and ethnic societies of our city," said one official.

The "bridge" is well on its way to being built and its value of \$157 million exceeds the total value of all building permits issued in Montreal in 1970. The development stands only two blocks west of St. Lawrence Boulevard — the so-called "Main", which runs northward from the river, the traditional "two solitudes" divide between French and English cultures. "The centre of gravity is moving eastward and that is as it should be," commented one developer.

Three office towers and a hotel are rising at the corners of what will be La Place, an acre-size plaza covered by a semi-transparent dome enclosed by three tiers of boutiques, cinemas and restaurants. The complex stands between Ste. Catherine St. and Dorchester, its architecture sloping upward to 42 storeys from the neighbouring genteel Place des Arts which attracts 225,000 people annually.

An official classed the Desjardins Complex as the biggest Quebec has yet seen, considerably bigger than Place Ville Marie, five blocks west on Dorchester, which did some gravity-shifting of its own when it opened in 1962.

It pioneered, among other things, an underground city that now extends some 30 acres and attracts architectural experts from around the globe. Whimsical tales abound of visitors who come swaddled in furs against the Montreal winter only to discover a room-temperature world that one designer describes as the first authentically Canadian architecture. (See article on page 11). 



The shopping concourse at Place Ville Marie is part of a 30-acre "underground village", described on Page 11.

Indian legends become books for children

By Jenny Pearson

Canadians live very close to a literary goldmine they have only begun to tap on behalf of their children — stories handed down through generations of native Indian tribes, which until recent years were never written down.

The stories belong to an oral tradition which formed the basis of the Indian child's education long before the Bible-thumping white man arrived on the scene with his three R's and called him an ignorant savage. Young Indian children learnt these stories mostly from the old people of the tribe, while their fathers hunted and their mothers went about their work in the camp. They were intended to teach as well as to entertain, so that listening to them the children unconsciously absorbed the moral attitudes and inherited wisdom of the tribe. Thus the old people had an important educational role, for which they were held in high regard.

Teaching apart, many of these stories are marvellous entertainment with an appeal for children of every age and skin colour — as the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation discovered when they put a series of Wabanki legends on television in 1960. The stories, told by a narrator in Indian dress, drew thousands of enthusiastic letters from audiences all over Canada and parts of the United States. Kay Hill, the writer who adapted the legends for television, has since re-written them into two very successful children's books: *Glooscap and his magic* and *Badger the mischief maker*.

Badger, who appears briefly in *Glooscap*, is a character worthy of a book to himself. He is the kind of folk hero that children cannot fail to enjoy because he is compulsively and hilariously naughty. His trickery and devilment have much in common with the pranks of Brer Rabbit. But because he often overshoots the mark and becomes thoughtlessly cruel, he gets into trouble with Glooscap, the God of the Micmacs, who decides to teach him a few tough lessons. He takes away Badger's beloved Little Brother and Badger's search for him becomes a unwitting pilgrimage towards understanding — though there are many lapses into mischief on the way.

The heroes of Indian folklore are not only named after animals: sometimes they can also turn into that animal by magic if it helps them in their adventures. So it is in *Sketcho the Raven*, a book about the adventures of an Indian boy with magic powers who pursues his wicked magician uncle to avenge the death of his three



Norval Morrisseau's illustration of the Ojibway legend in which three brothers meet a Thunderbird on the Forbidden Mountain.

brothers: "Sometimes he used his wings as the Raven and sometimes he paddled his canoe as a young Indian." Robert Ayre, better known as a biographer and lecturer than as a writer of children's books, has re-created in *Sketcho* the favourite hero of Canada's west coast Indians, a trickster also and a brave adventurer who steals the sun and moon and stars from a greedy miser and gives them to the Indians so that they will not have to live in cold and darkness.

So far, these books are for rather older children, from six or seven upwards. But Indian folklore is wide and contains stories which adapt very well for younger listeners. Such is the Algonkian legend of *How the chipmunk got its stripes*, told by Nancy Cleaver and amply illustrated by Laszlo Gal in a book that four-year-olds can enjoy.

"Long ago when the world was young, a small red squirrel made friends with a

boy," the story begins. The squirrel faced the anger of the bear for the sake of her friend and was scratched by the bear's claws. So Manitou, the great spirit of the north woods, allowed the scar to pass on to the squirrel's descendents as a reward for her devotion, and she became the first chipmunk.

Aside from books angled specifically at children, there are some excellent collections of fables from the different tribes, often illustrated by Indian artists in the traditions of the fore-fathers. These collections vary from the rather scholarly and objective, in which the stories are related in a comparatively lifeless way, to a lively though adult kind of story-telling which can equally be enjoyed by older children. But for a white parent who can get away from the western habit of reading word-for-word and venture instead to tell the stories at a level that children will understand, it is all valuable source material.

A really outstanding book for adults wanting to experience the Indian folklore tradition at first hand is *Windigo and other tales of the Ojibways*, compiled by Herbert T. Schwarz from stories told and illustrated by the great Indian artist Norval

Morrisseau. For the student seeking a broad, comparative insight into the legends, there is John S. Morgan's *When the morning stars sang together*. But for a straightforward, enjoyable collection of stories full of the humour and lore of Indian people there can be few books more enjoyable than George Clutesi's Tse-Shaht fables, *Son of Raven, Son of Deer*.

Clutesi, himself a Tse-Shaht Indian, writes movingly in his introduction about the Indian child of today "bewildered by the white man's fairy tales that were too often tragic, injurious and harmful and frequently foster anxiety in the childish mind." (He instances Rock-a-bye-baby, Jack and Jill, Humpty-Dumpty.)

"The Indian child feels bewildered by this type of nursery rhyme because there seems to be no concern or regard for the very apparent injury inflicted upon a little child — which, in his own world, may very well be himself. He may reason also, why go to the top of a hill to get water when in his world all water is found at the bottom of hills?"

In contrast with the disoriented young Indians emerging today from white men's schools, Clutesi writes of his own father's

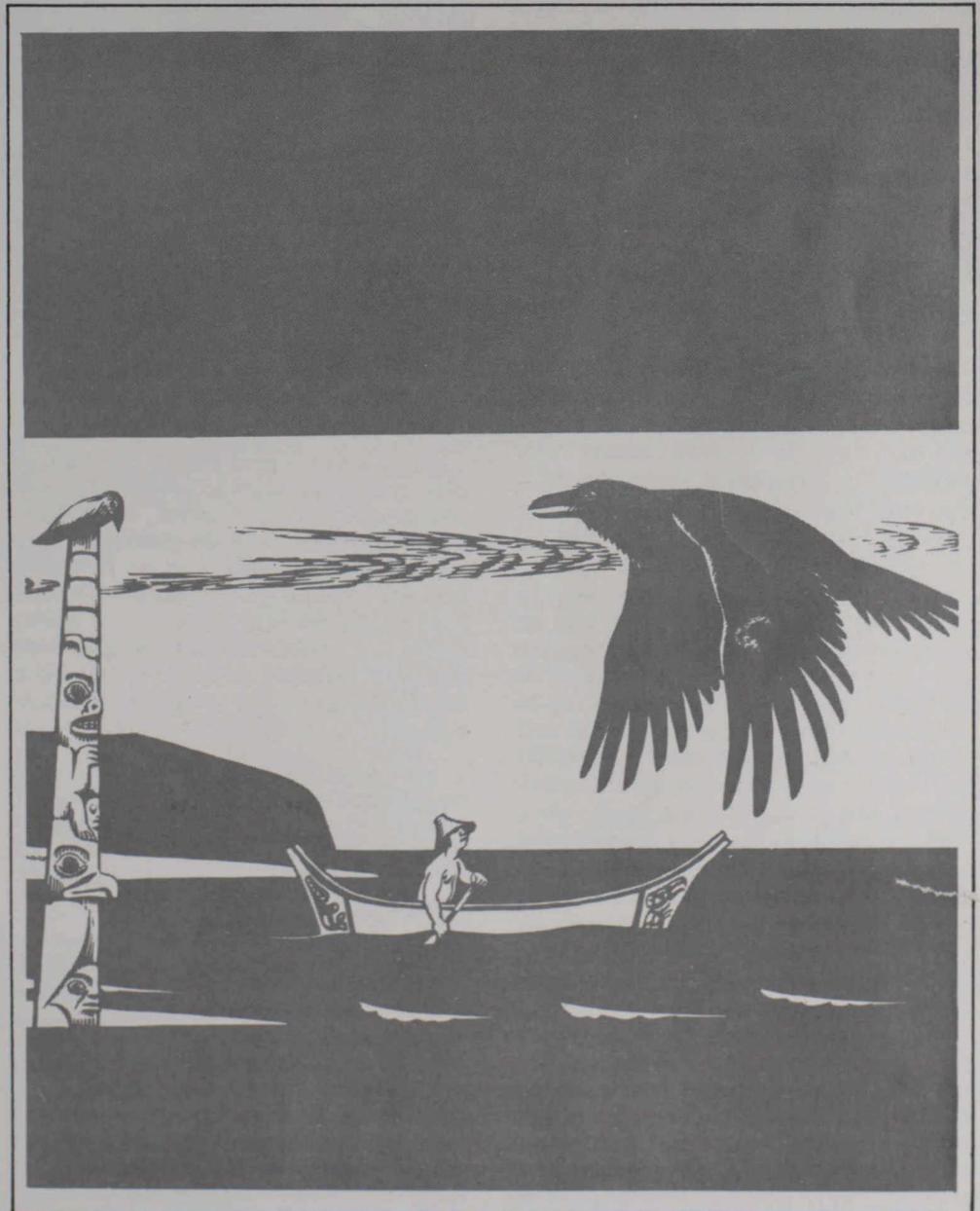
generation as "a happy, singing people."

He recalls how "quaint folklore tales were widely used to teach the young the many wonders of nature; the importance of all living things, no matter how small and insignificant; and particularly to acquaint him with the closeness of man to all animal, bird life and the creatures of the sea. The young were taught by the medium of tales that there was a place in the sun for all living things. This resulted in a deep understanding of man for all animal life. This was so prevalent that an Indian would show remorse and do penance on the spot whenever he killed an animal for meat. . . . The Indian parent refrained from the non-Indian adage of 'Don't do this. Don't do that.' Instead he taught his children in parables and tales . . ."

Below. "Sometimes he used his wings as the Raven and sometimes he paddled his canoe as a young Indian." Cover picture from *Sketcho, the Raven*.



Top. Ah-tush-mit, Son of Deer, entrances the wolves with his dancing and steals their fire, to take to the human people. A Tse-shaht legend recorded by George Clutesi.



Princess takes her culture to the white man

Princess Alanis Obomsawin is a gentle but persistent ambassador for her native Indian culture, as she tours and sings to audiences of children throughout Canada.

As she presents the songs, stories and customs of her people and talks about her life, she clearly feels that this should be of more than passing curiosity to her audience — that the western way of life has something to learn from the ways and wisdom of the Indian. But she would not, herself, frame it quite as strongly as that: she speaks simply of wanting to teach white children about Indians and help to eliminate some of the prejudice against her people.

For 16 years she has been singing in theatres, schools, children's camps, prisons and old people's homes, using primitive instruments to accompany her traditional songs of the North American Indians and telling their story. She began singing on the Odanak reserve where she lived, 75 miles northeast of Montreal, and at 24 she made her professional debut with a group of singers in an all-Canadian show in New York. When they asked her she was shy and reluctant, but eventually agreed to go. Afterwards, she backed hastily out of the limelight: "I thought, I've done it once, I'm never doing it again."

She did sing again, but by her own choice she concentrated on child audiences. Even today, she does relatively few adult shows and says she feels more secure with children. "I feel they're more honest," she said in a recent interview at the National Arts Centre in Ottawa, where she was appearing for 2½ weeks.

Her love for children, and a nagging concern that Indian youngsters often do not learn enough about their own culture and people, led her on to develop what she calls "perception kits" for use in schools. The kits contain maps, films and recorded stories about Indian life, usually narrated by an old person on an Indian reserve. She began making them while working as a consultant for the National Film Board. She then went on to make her own films about Indian life.

She is now 41. With many achievements behind her, she believes that before a person can become anything he must know who he is. "You can do many things, you can stand very straight and very well anywhere in the world so long as you know who you are," she says, speaking slowly and softly. But young people are losing their identity. "They don't know what their roots are. Everything is pressure and new things. How can they be good at



Princess Alanis with a group of Cree children at Moose Factory, Ontario.

anything when they don't even know who they are?"

Alanis says her own life has not been so easy: it took her years to develop the quiet confidence she now seems to radiate. At the age of nine she left the reserve with her parents to attend school in Trois-Rivieres, Quebec. As the only Indian child in her class she was taunted and beaten by her classmates. They called her a wild Indian and stared and jeered at her when history classes turned to stories of Indian massacres.

"It was not a happy time. The kids hated me for some reason, probably because they were afraid. But I was never ashamed of being an Indian." She doesn't blame the children. She feels their hatred was learnt from their parents.

Today she has few problems about the children she sings for, usually in Indian, but sometimes in French. She always explains the meaning of a song and the story behind it, so that audiences who don't understand the language won't be bored.

Alanis says she was able to grow up proud and without bitterness towards the white man because she was surrounded as

a youngster by wise old people and "showered by many beautiful things." She was given the title of "Princess" by the old people of her reserve as a compliment, but also on the understanding that she would bring something to her people.

The presence of old people is very important to a child's development, she says, and it is sad to see the spread of family breakdown and white people, especially, seeming to ignore the elderly. They were putting old people into homes younger and younger.

Old people were important to Indians. "The older you are the more precious you are, the wiser you are and the more we need you . . . Society is losing an awful lot by not having old people active in it."

Alanis is slim with dark hair framing her face. She describes herself as a sad person, but says she has lots of hope — hope that things will work out for her people. Progress is being made to eliminate prejudice towards Indians, but "there's so much to be done. I get very discouraged sometimes. And we have a lot of work to do ourselves. I don't want to put all the work on the outsider." ♦

Ponte's underground village beats cold winter

By John Young of *The Times*

Someone once described Vincent Ponte as looking like a contact man for the Mafia. The comparison was not only uncharitable but superficial; underneath the slightly camp exterior — dark glasses in mid-winter in a dimly lit Montreal restaurant, flamboyant gestures while he talks with an Anglicised drawl that a knowledgeable New Yorker might place somewhere east of Central Park — lurks a lively, articulate, in many ways a visionary personality.

It is Ponte's no small claim to fame to have devised the most imaginative solution yet to the problem of revitalising the centres of large cities. While others have talked of the need to separate pedestrians from traffic, he has gone ahead and actually created an "urban village" in the heart of Montreal of a size and beauty unmatched anywhere else in the world.

What he has done is to link several city blocks in the downtown area by a network of underground pedestrian streets, lined with shops, restaurants, pubs and cafés. The system provides direct access to several major office buildings, main line and Métro stations, hotels, department stores and theatres. The whole complex is climate-controlled which means that, for instance, an office worker can meet his wife for lunch, leave her to spend the afternoon shopping, meet again for a drink afterwards and go on to a play or a concert without either of them venturing out of doors. In a climate like Montreal's, with snow for at least four months a year and midwinter temperatures as low as -40 degrees F, those are no mean considerations.

Perhaps some 300,000 persons visit these subterranean arcades on a good day. A reporter prowled the network of promenades, malls, streets and tunnels and discovered that some citizens spend virtually all their time down there — and why not?

You can write a will, have your teeth fixed, get a visa for Pakistan or Brazil, take a train to Vancouver, get married, mail letters or buy a dog.

The multi-campus French-language University of Quebec is weaving its new \$80 million Montreal campus into the fabric of the city at the Berri-de Montigny station of the Métro, which links the various underground plazas. In those glittering corridors you can buy a bottle of booze or sit around and eat and drink in 54 restaurants and bars. You can shop in 450 shops and boutiques, attend any of six cinemas or make your way to any one of four major hotels or Place

Bonaventure's mart with its 1,200 display showrooms — without getting your nose cold or meeting a traffic light.

In wintertime a pedestrian outside on the pavement of, say, Dorchester Boulevard, may feel positively lonely. But it is more than just a glorified subway-cum-shopping centre; its bright, spacious halls have an élan and an elegance that make strolling through them not just convenient but stimulating and delightful. And that is Ponte's special achievement.

His involvement began in 1956 when he was introduced by his former professor of architecture at Harvard to a New York property developer called William Zeckendorf. Like most developers Zeckendorf had made enemies, but not even his fiercest critics could deny that he was a man of considerable vision who, in the best American tradition, thought big and only then started working out how to raise the money.

Ponte was offered a job and, within a few weeks, was despatched to Montreal to look at "a hole in the ground" in which Zeckendorf was interested. The hole was in fact the open cut through which the main Canadian National Railways tracks ran north out of the Central Station. It had long been an acknowledged eyesore, and it was clear that building over the top of it would create an immensely valuable piece of real estate; plans for such a development had been drawn up in the 1920s but abandoned during the Depression.

At that time Montreal's charms were beginning to look distinctly faded. The political and economic climate was unsettled and a commercial shot-in-the-arm was badly needed. The man who provided it was Donald Gordon, president of CNR, who decided first of all to rebuild the station and to surmount it with a new hotel, the Queen Elizabeth, and then to hand over the "hole" to Zeckendorf. The result was the immense Place Ville Marie, a spectacular complex which transformed not only the appearance but the whole character and status of the city. Conservationists who, often quite rightly, set their faces against redevelopment should sometimes be reminded of the great boost to civic pride and morale that such a development can provide.

In no time at all Montreal found itself in the middle of the biggest building boom in its history. But Ponte's great opportunity came a few years later when the city's apparently indestructible mayor and its most lyrical advocate, Jean Drapeau,

secured the cherished prize of the World Fair, which became known as Expo '67.

To mark the event M. Drapeau was determined that the city should have its first underground railway, the Métro. Ponte argued that, if trains could go underground, then so could people. Why not build down as well as up, linking all those bright new buildings by means of a multi-level concourse which would perform the dual function of a shopping centre and an escape route from traffic?

Nearly ten years later, strolling proprietorially round his 30-acre "estate" with its three miles of pedestrian avenues, Ponte is understandably thrilled by its success. He points out that Leonardo da Vinci was the first "planner" to suggest a city in which people would be permanently insulated from traffic, and he reckons that Leonardo would have approved of Montreal.

Plans for extending the scheme to cover some 100 acres, with a covered central avenue running past McGill University and linking the city's main shopping area with the business district, have inevitably fallen victim to the present economic recession. But the Olympic Games in two years' time should come at just the right time to revive flagging enthusiasm, and Ponte hopes that by the late 1980s his eventual "dream city" will have been translated into fact.

To those who claim that urban renewal should have less of a commercial and more of a social connotation, Ponte's answer is that the two aims are virtually connected. "Of all the ills which beset the modern city — the proliferation of slums, the disappearance of green areas, the spread of ugliness, of poverty, of crime — the most serious in my view is the weakening and blight at the core," he maintains. "For when the core fails, then the city is stricken at its heart."

He readily concedes that Montreal's particular circumstances — the sudden frenetic wave of concentrated redevelopment — did provide the ideal opportunity to put his ideas into practice. "But in every city from time to time large parcels of land, centrally located and publicly or privately owned, come up for large scale redevelopment," he points out. "Too often, unfortunately, these opportunities have been thrown away or used short-sightedly, either by crowding the land with a dense forest of speculative new buildings that merely add to the congestion, or else setting up something spacious and grandiose

that lacks any vital, living link with the surrounding urban tissue and remains forever a void." ♦

Calgary beats traffic with express bus lanes

Calgary, the oil and cattle city in the province of Alberta, has had considerable success in tackling traffic congestion — not by the more usual method of widening streets and building freeways, but by giving road space to a speeded-up bus service.

It is a case of putting into practice that familiar poster which advertises public transport in Britain: a road full of people in cars can become an empty road, with all those people riding on a bus.

Calgary has not outlawed cars. It has made over two out of four traffic lanes in one of the city's busiest main streets for the exclusive use of express buses, leaving only two lanes open to use by regular traffic.

The result has been a spectacular increase in the numbers of people using buses — and this in a city where public transport has never boasted very high patronage. The Blue Arrow Bus Express System, which owns most of the buses on the route, almost quadrupled its passengers in the first 21 months, when numbers rose from 2,800 to 10,000 a day.

The volume of non-bus traffic on the street declined by only 4 per cent, but its average speed is lower than it was before the change — a disincentive which, while not actually forcing the private motorists off the road, must have some effect in encouraging him towards use of the buses.

Most impressive of all, a survey by the Blue Arrow people reveals that 60 per cent of their passengers use the buses by choice: that is, they could drive a car to work or to the shops but prefer to go by express bus.

Because the scheme has been so successful, Calgary is now planning to run a rapid transit line along the 10-mile express bus route. As a forerunner, they are already treating the bus service as if it were a subway or transit rail system, stepping up the frequency of service to one bus every seven minutes at rush hours. Eventually, they plan to give over the whole street to public transport, so that the city will have at least one fast-moving artery through the centre of it throughout the day.

The change has not been made without problems. At the start, businessmen complained that they would be seriously affected, especially as the scheme did away

with parking space on the street. Taxis complained they would not be able to get into hotel driveways. Trucks complained they would not be able to load and unload in front of stores.

The businessmen, however, have been pleasantly surprised. So many more people ride the bus now that trade has actually increased as they stop in to shop before going home. Trucks are forced to load and unload in the middle of the night, unless they are prepared to apply for a special \$20 permit each time they want to unload in daylight hours. Taxis have been accommodated by moving the reserve bus lane to the middle of the street for the length of one block where three large hotels are situated.

Before the special bus routes were created, 7th Avenue was a one-way street, so that today one bus lane runs against the traffic flow in the other three lanes. This has the advantage that buses in the reverse lane move even faster, since they don't get held up behind cars making right turns — and left turns are forbidden.

To encourage suburbanites on to the buses, commuter parking lots for 200 and 300 cars have been established at strategic points. A huge parking lot adjoining the McMahon Stadium is also used by commuters. A dial-a-bus service has been instituted in a suburban community of 11,000 people which connects with the Blue Arrow express buses: within a few months it was being used by 1,100 people a day. ♦

And they climb right over the dam

For years, conservationists agreed there was no way to raise the thousands of young migrating American eels 100 feet over the huge Robert Saunders dam below Lake Ontario, to continue on their journey from spawning grounds in the Sargasso sea. Some were getting through the nearby shipping locks, but the rest were apparently doomed to end their journey at the foot of the dam.

The sight of man-made concrete frustrating the migrating instincts of creatures that had already swum 2,000 miles from south of Bermuda was too much for Russ Whitfield, a biologist working for the Ontario government. He proceeded to make a study of eel ladders in other parts of the world. The result is the highest eel ladder ever built and it works. In its first week, tens of thousands of eels, between eight and 30 inches long, wiggled up the 500 feet of switchback trough and went safely on their way to Lake Ontario.

The ladder consists of a series of wooden

troughs resting on steel angles bolted to the wall of an ice sluice underneath the dam. The troughs are watered by hoses and criss-cross the dam face many times in order to maintain a 12-degree slope of ascent. The flow of water down the trough is slowed by wooden baffles and willow cuttings. The eels entangle themselves in the cuttings to rest and to get leverage. Mr. Whitfield estimates that it takes an eel at least 90 minutes to make the ascent, during which it will rest several times in deep-water troughs at the ends of the switchbacks.

Giving the eels free access to their natural migratory range not only satisfies a sense of fair play — it is also a benefit to commercial eel fishing on Lake Ontario. Before the ladder was erected, there was evidence that eels in the lake were decreasing, endangering the industry which exports 250,000 pounds of smoked eels to Europe each year.

After spawning in the Sargasso sea, the young eels move north into the Gulf Stream and enter fresh water streams and rivers all along the eastern part of North America, but principally the St. Lawrence River. Most are able to get by the Beauharnois Dam further down river because the flood control gates in the shipping canal there are open from the end of November until the beginning of May each year. Only the female eels migrate inland, where they live possibly eight to ten years to maturity, growing to a length of three to four feet. Then they return downstream. ♦

Musk Ox ranch

A long-term experiment in musk-ox ranching has been launched by the government of the Northwest Territories, after some eight years of consideration. The question to be studied in the course of this project is whether keeping these huge, shaggy animals on ranches and shearing their valuable quiviat, or wool, can form the basis of a profit-making industry.

The territorial council has approved the establishment of a privately owned, government-subsidised ranch and the initiation of a "cottage" knitting industry attached to it. Starting with 30 calves, captured on Banks Island and flown to a suitable site on the mainland, it is expected to take eight years before the industry will become self-supporting and show a profit.

The Economic Development Department have undertaken to subsidise the ranch's operation over the first few years as well as the initial cost of setting it up. Critics have called the project uneconomic and suggested that instead the government

promote musk-ox hunting as a sport, but this form of wool-gathering has been firmly rejected on the grounds that there would soon be no musk-oxen left. The species was at one time in danger of extinction. Between 1917 and 1968, all killing of musk-oxen was banned by the Federal Government and sports hunting of the animals is still forbidden. ♦

Musk oxen to Soviet Union

This winter a small herd of fourteen musk-oxen were travelling in the opposite direction from the deer of 1899 — from Canada to the Soviet Union, with love. They are a gift from the governments of Canada and the Northwest Territories to the people of the U.S.S.R., in response to a request for help to re-establish these rugged animals in the Soviet Arctic.

Fossil evidence suggests that musk-oxen crossed to North America from Asia about 90,000 years ago. Today, however, the only native populations of musk-oxen are found in Arctic Canada and Greenland. Some herds have recently been introduced to Alaska. Their re-introduction into Siberia is a positive step to maintain and preserve this unique species in its natural habitat.

The Old World species became extinct in Europe following the disappearance of the continental glaciers, although there is evidence that the beasts may have continued to exist in Siberia up until about 2,000 years ago.

Canada's musk-oxen live mostly on the Arctic Islands. The three largest herds, on Ellesmere, Melville and Banks Islands, number 4,000, 3,000 and 4,000 animals respectively. The fourteen destined for Russia, including young male and female animals, are being taken from Banks Island in the Northwest Territories. The Eskimos who live on Banks Island were reported to be enthusiastic about the scheme and keen to help gather the animals for shipment. Arrangements are being made to fly them direct to the Soviet Union, with two Canadian biologists accompanying them as far as Moscow.

The Soviet Government has indicated that their final destination may be the Taymyr Peninsula on the Siberian coast. The people who live there, known as Dolgans and Nentsy, follow a lifestyle similar to the Canadian Eskimo.

Mr. Judd Buchanan, Minister of Indian and Northern Affairs, commented in announcing the plan, "This gift is made in the spirit of co-operation which exists between our two countries as circumpolar neighbours, particularly in the field of Arctic science." ♦

Reindeer farming produces cheap meat in the Arctic

By Nick Noble

It doesn't take more than a couple of reindeer to pull Father Christmas' sleigh, but in northern Canada hundreds more are serving in a more mundane and practical way to get mankind over the winter solstice and through to spring. Reindeer farming is producing growing quantities of meat to fill the ice boxes and stomachs of hungry Eskimos, at prices they can afford — about quarter the price of beef.

The recent success of the project is largely due to a biologist, Robert Nowasad, who six years ago was appointed by the Canadian Government to investigate and advise on the already existing reindeer farm, which for various reasons was not doing well.

The story began way back in 1899, when reindeer were originally imported from Russia to Alaska: the Americans say they bought the beasts, but the Russians still insist they were stolen. Then in the 1920s, the Canadian Government were seeking to supplement the diet of natives living in the Mackenzie Delta on the shores of the Beaufort Sea. There was plenty of fish, but the only meat came from the indigenous caribou: it was a case of hunting the animals or going hungry. They decided on a grand experiment, allocating a 17,900-square-mile reserve for the establishment of a reindeer farm — a ranch as big as Denmark.

They bought 3,000 reindeer in Alaska, and in 1929 the task began of herding them together and driving them to their new home — a drive which took six years, at the end of which only one tenth of the original animals arrived safely.

These formed the basis of the herd which is there today. The thinking behind the project was that reindeer could serve the purpose of Arctic cattle, since they had the capacity to live in an extremely cold climate. Reindeer are of the same species as the local caribou, but where the caribou is footloose and fancy-free the reindeer does not have strong migratory instincts. Yet the reindeer farm did not prosper. Robert Nowasad went to find out why.

When he arrived at Inuvik — a modern arctic town whose name means 'place of man' in Eskimo — the reindeer herd was a mere 2,500 strong. Today it has doubled in size and over 600 carcasses, primarily excess bulls, have been sold locally.

He found that one of the main problems was with people, not reindeer. Eskimos are by nature hunters, not farmers, and looking after reindeer is a full-time job, he said. Indians were even less adaptable.

"On the other hand I reckon we have lost about 35,000 head since 1935. There are the predators, such as wolves, foxes and ravens which are particularly active in the fawning season.

"Then the reindeer see the caribou all fancy-free, and wander off to see the boys on the other side. Some interbreed; some go off on to the ice which melts and they drown; and we have lost some through poaching." Some of Nowasad's problems were a direct result of oil exploration. Seismic teams have torn up strips of forest, and as a 125-year-old tree can be as small as 3 ft in diameter it takes another century to replace.

Nobody is permitted to kill reindeer on the reserve, but the opening up of the area has increased the danger of poaching — the prevalence of which is directly linked to accessibility.

Said Nowasad: "The attraction of the reindeer is that they stay put. You know where to find them, but the snag is so do the poachers."

A developing bi-product of the reindeer experiment is tourism, and each year about 3,000 visitors fly north to Inuvik to see and photograph the now healthiest herd on the North American continent. The health of the herd was one of Nowasad's prime interests, and one result of his six-years as manager of the project was the banishment of dogs from the reserve.

"We discovered that there was a parasitic link between the reindeer and the dogs we were using, and we didn't help by feeding the dogs on reindeer meat. So we got rid of the dogs and now use snowmobiles for herding purposes. At least they, like the reindeer, are predictable."

Actual animal husbandry is a relatively straightforward affair because the reindeer find more or less the same food in the Canadian Arctic as in their native Lapland. In summer they forage along the Arctic coast eating grasses, shrubs and seaweed — "and take off at top speed if they find some mushrooms," said Nowasad. Then in winter they migrate about 140 miles south to their new range, existing mainly on lichen below the treeline.

What concerned Robert Nowasad was that too many trees might be lost as a result of oil exploration or, in summer, fire which is another result of man's presence. At least the Canadian Wildlife Service, in the person of Nowasad, proved that the Arctic reindeer project can be a success, provided man can be contained — and the natives can be educated away from their hunting instinct towards farming. ♦

"There is," said Nowasad, "no reason at all for further failure."

Nowasad has now left Inuvik and the federal government has sold the herd to an Eskimo group, Canadian Reindeer Ltd of Tuktoyaktuk, for \$45,000. A spokesman for the Ministry of Indian Affairs and Northern Development said the sale was in line with federal policy to assist northern residents establish local business.

Included in the deal is an agreement for an advisory committee of business experts and representatives of Inuvik and Tuktoyaktuk to confer with company directors twice a year. ♦

When is a new car not a new car

A court decision against an Ottawa car dealer earlier this year has brought into the open a trade practice which shocked members of the public, though the car industry went on declaring that the practice was in everybody's interest.

The court ordered the car dealer to pay \$400 for "grossly misrepresenting" a 1970 model as a 1971 model. They were acting on a claim brought by Miss Helene Brousseau, who bought what she thought was a new 1971 auto from an Ottawa dealer for \$2,545. Although her bill of sale and agreement stated the car was a 1971 model, Miss Brousseau testified that she was told the car needed parts of a 1970 model when she took it for servicing.

The Ford Motor Company in Canada, commenting on the court's decision, defended the practice of redesignating cars, or updating, as "an industry-wide practice."

A spokesman for Ford said in Toronto, "As far as we are concerned, and I think the entire industry, redesignation works to the advantage of the customer." The Cortina's design had not changed from 1970 to 1971, so the updating was not deceiving. A customer selling the car at a later date would get a better return on it if it was listed as a 1971 model rather than a 1970, he said.

The \$400 damages award to Miss Brousseau is the highest possible in the Ontario small claims court. Mr. Phil Edmonston, President of the Montreal-based Automobile Protection Association, hailed the decision as a major breakthrough for consumers. He said that his organisation had 55 similar cases prepared and that actions had been launched against seven different motor companies. ♦

Games of Christmas past

At Christmas time every year, children are invited to a party at a little old house in Toronto where two small girls, Ellen and Eliza, used to visit their uncle John Howard 120 years ago. The decorations, food and games at the party are arranged to re-create the atmosphere which Ellen and Eliza enjoyed at Christmas time, so that for children attending the party today it is a step into Christmas past.

The house, called Colborne Lodge, belongs to the Toronto Historical Board, and their children's party is one way of keeping alive the customs of the past in a changing world. Mrs. Nan Vronski, who organises it each year, says that many of the games Ellen and Eliza would have played are still familiar to modern children, having been handed down through the generations. For the party, she chooses a few that have proved fun but are also safe to play in a small room among antiques.

One game is called "Ring the bell." Hang a small holly wreath from the door frame and a small bell inside the wreath. Players line up and try to hit the bell with cranberries or small cotton balls. The one who hits it the most times wins. (If you use cranberries, you need paper or something to catch them so they don't squash on rugs and walls.)

Another bell game is called "Find the bell." Players sit in a circle on the floor around one player in the middle. He counts to 20 with his eyes closed while the players in the circle pass a bell round behind their backs, ringing it while they do. When the counting player reaches 20 the player with the bell keeps it, holding it quietly, and the person in the middle tries to guess who has it. If he succeeds, that player takes his turn in the circle.

The party children also play "I spy with my little eye," or a variation of it called "I see blue." In "I see blue," the child selects an object that can be seen by all the players and whispers it to the leader. He then says "I see blue" — or yellow, or whatever colour the object is — and the others try to guess what he is thinking of.

In "Indian Chief" one child is chosen to be Scout and sent out of the room while the other players choose a Chief, who leads them in actions such as clapping, waving, holding an ear. The scout watches and tries to guess who the chief is.

Other games they sometimes play are Blind Man's Bluff, "Simon says" and a hiding game based on "Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe." Mrs. Vronski says there are a number of books describing and dating traditional children's games.

Publisher's Appointment recalls Anglo-Canadian Ties

By Alan Harvey

Wartime links between Britain and Canada spring to mind with the appointment of publisher Ross Munro as president of Canada's national news agency, The Canadian Press.

Mr. Munro, 60, was one of Canada's most distinguished correspondents in World War Two. From a base in Fleet Street, he watched Britain's fight for life after Dunkerque and covered the Canadian-led raid on the French coastal town of Dieppe in August 1942. Hours after the raid, he was back in London, battledress torn and bloodied, writing the first full story of an assault that cost 3,371 in dead, wounded, prisoners and missing from a 5,000-strong force.

Chain-smoking and swallowing benzedrine tablets to keep awake, Munro assembled into clipped news-agency style the searing sights and sounds of battle. This was his lead paragraph: "For eight raging hours, under Nazi fire from dawn into a sweltering afternoon, I watched Canadian troops fight the blazing, bloody battle of Dieppe."

The raid, ill-starred but useful, taught lessons applied in the later invasion landings. Mr. Munro filed that despatch for The Canadian Press, Canada's national

news agency which he adorned for a dozen years. The story was front page across Canada.

Now, as president, Mr. Munro will serve as link between the co-operative news agency, widely known as CP, and the publishers of its 100-odd member newspapers. His background as a celebrated CP "old boy" makes his appointment a natural. CP serves news media from coast to coast through a leased-wire network which helps to unify a nation spread over the free world's largest land mass.

One of the publisher's strongest beliefs is that Canada must understand itself better. Because of Canada's immense distances, there has been a tendency for some provinces to lead self-contained lives, knowing little about other areas. "CP is probably the most unifying force in the whole country," says Mr. Munro.

In his wartime days, Munro was CP's correspondent during the 1943 attack on Sicily, the landings in Italy and the D-Day thrust into Normandy. He looks back fondly on those epic days when civilization trembled in the balance. "Wartime England — the phrase enshrines my most nostalgic memories," Munro told me this month. "When I arrived in August 1940, Britain was still the Imperial power and you felt it and saw it wherever you went. The Royal Navy was still its shield, a determined — yes a heroic — people its greatest strength, and of course there was the incredible Winston Churchill who put it all together."

Canadian troops were in Britain in their tens of thousands, thronging the pubs and going to Saturday night dances at "The Pally" — the popular Hammersmith Palais in London. After the war, attracted by English life, many veterans chose to remain in England. An Anglophile steeped in English history, Mr. Munro felt himself a privileged spectator at England's hour of trial. Life was lived at the nerve-ends. Emotions too big for words played in the mind during the days of doodle bugs, blackouts, casualty reports and a comradeship ripened in centuries-old inns.

"For a young fellow from Ottawa, British history flowed down every street of London," recalls Mr. Munro. "I was enchanted with the villages of Sussex and Surrey, where the Canadians waited for action. I remember so well London under fire . . . watching from Leatherhead one night as the Nazis firebombed the docks and set the East End aflame . . . I remember Saturday nights walking from Fleet Street to the station on lonely streets, with the ack-ack guns blazing, searchlights probing and shrapnel rattling on the pavement as bombs crashed on the city.

"I remember the people in the underground shelters, deep under the stations, the women and children living cheerfully as moles. The Britons everywhere were such a resolute people in those days . . . and the kindness they showed to thousands of young Canadians was extremely warming.

"I saw the best of Britain and her people in those stirring, desperate times. It is a memory that I cherish."

Economic Digest

Bank rate

The Canadian Bank Rate was cut by $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to $8\frac{3}{4}$ per cent on November 18. It had stood at $9\frac{1}{4}$ per cent since 24 July 1974.

Governor of the Bank of Canada, Mr. Gerald K. Bouey, said the reduction followed a substantial decline in market interest rates in Canada since late August and the termination on November 15 of sales of the new Canada Savings Bonds.

The decline in market interest rates during the period had in turn been associated with some slackening in credit demand, a moderate easing of the Bank's tight rein on chartered bank liquidity, and a sharp drop in interest rates in the United States.

Wheat crop down

The 1974 wheat crop in Canada totalled 522.5 million bushels — about 13.5 per cent down on the 604.7 million bushels harvested in 1973, reports Statistics Canada.

Estimated production of oats, barley, corn for grain, flaxseed and rapeseed were also down on 1973, but rye production was expected to rise to an estimated 18.9 million bushels compared with 14.3 million bushels last year.

The agency said seeding in the spring of 1974 was the latest on record due to exceptionally wet ground in the prairie provinces. This was followed by very dry weather in some districts and early frosts.

The Statistics Canada report said that by mid-October Canadian farmers had prepared an estimated 58 per cent of the land intended for field crops in 1975 compared with 66 per cent a year earlier.

The Budget

Cuts in personal income tax, relaxation of taxed interest income, and improved pension benefits were among the wide-ranging measures in Finance Minister, Mr. John Turner's November budget — his second this year.

For 1975, the basic federal tax reduction will be increased from five per cent to eight per cent with a minimum of \$200 and a maximum of \$750, increased from \$500.

To help the lower-paid, a tax cut proposed in his May budget is reintroduced. This continues the five per cent tax reduction introduced last year but raises the minimum cut from \$100 to \$150.

All taxpayers will benefit from the changes. Federal taxes will be reduced by

\$615 million in 1975-76, of which two-thirds will be enjoyed by people earning less than \$12,000. Take-home pay next January will reflect not only this cut and the 1974 cut but also a statutory reduction of tax on the first \$500 of taxable income and the indexing of exemptions and tax brackets.

A married wage earner with two children under 16 will pay no federal tax next year unless his annual income exceeds \$5,871. If he earns \$10,000, his take-home pay will rise by \$300.

Mr. Turner gave a boost to savings by reintroducing the May proposal exempting the first \$1,000 of interest income from tax. This will be extended in 1975 to include Canadian dividend income.

And to help the elderly taxpayers, he brought in a new exemption, with effect from January 1 next year, to private pensions. This will make the first \$1,000 of pension income — other than universal pensions paid by government — free from tax.

A further benefit to pensioners will allow a spouse who could not use his or her age exemption to transfer it to the spouse who can. The measure takes effect next year when the exemption will be \$1,174.

All these changes are indicative of Government economic policy to try and sustain demand by means of tax reductions and at the same time protect those most vulnerable to inflation.

Since early summer the economy has showed signs of slowing down and the Government sees the greatest threat to growth of production and employment coming from abroad. Massive balance of payments deficits and surpluses resulting from a fourfold increase in world oil prices are putting strains on the entire world system.

However, the Canadian economy is expected to grow at a rate of about four per cent next year, unless anything unforeseen happens at home or abroad. It is also estimated that about 250,000 new jobs will be created next year in addition to the 870,000 new jobs in the past two years.

The Budget is designed to restrain Government expenditure to an increase of 15 per cent in 1975-76 compared with a 25 per cent rise in 1974-75. It also aims to sustain capital investment by removing the 12 per cent federal sales tax on \$1 billion sales of transportation equipment, and by extending indefinitely the two-year write-off for new machinery and equipment for manufacturing and processing.

To encourage house construction, Mr. Turner reduced the federal sales tax on building and construction materials to five per cent from 11 and 12 per cent. And taxpayers will be allowed to charge against income from other sources capital cost allowances on multi-unit residential buildings for rent.

Oscar Peterson talks jazz in the Rockies

By Iris Fleming

How many people realise that Oscar Peterson is a Canadian? Born in Montreal, he now lives in Toronto. A few months ago he took time off from the international jazz scene to take part in a jazz workshop with students at the Banff School of Fine Arts in the Rocky Mountains of Alberta. Iris Fleming interviewed him there and wrote this in the Toronto Globe and Mail, which is reprinted with permission.

It wasn't easy prying Oscar Peterson away from the students at the jazz workshop he and the Phil Nimmons Quartet of Toronto were conducting at the Banff Centre School of Fine Arts, high in the Rockies.

They clamoured for his instruction morning, noon and night.

He wished he could give them more time, he said as we finally escaped to the faculty lounge — with his admirers still trailing in his wake.

He's a big man — 6 feet, 1 inch and about 225 pounds — trying to keep in shape by doing early-morning exercises. He needs only five or six hours' sleep. At home in Toronto he works out with weights.

Oscar Peterson is as comfortable as an old friend from the moment he shakes hands. He slips easily to a first-name basis. He discusses many subjects other than music. It's hard to believe he'd been described as shy and introspective, offhand and impatient.

"I think I do have a lot more patience now," he said. "I was always too demanding of myself and the musicians I worked with." He recalled a time when he'd been riding his group hard. They finally rebelled. "What do you want of us?" one of them yelled angrily. "Music!" Oscar snorted, and slammed out of the room.

He apologised to them later. ("No, I've never found it difficult to apologise," he said.) One of the musicians, still bewildered, said "We didn't know what you wanted. You weren't taking the trouble to get through to us." The lesson, Oscar said, was good for him.

He had to learn to control his temper, too. When he was younger he'd get mad at someone or something and hang around and say nothing. It would build up inside him. "Get mad more often," his mother



kept telling him. "Don't let it all come out at once." If he did this, she said, he'd be less inclined to get mad at all. The advice worked — eventually. He also gives credit to his wife's influence.

He's been married twice and has five grown-up children by his first marriage. He's grinningly proud about being a grandfather, especially of recently-arrived twins.

He has always had a phenomenal memory. It made school easy for him in Montreal, where he was born, and it meant he could get away with hardly any practicing when he was forced to take piano lessons. He could run through a piece once or twice and know it. His father would return after several days at his railway-porter job and praise his son for practicing well.

Oscar hated the piano for many years — he was 5 when he took his first lesson. Then something clicked and he knew it was for him. He quit high school to give it full time, though by then his father wanted him to become a lawyer.

The rest everyone knows. He became a master in the field of jazz. He plays all over the world. His scheduled appearance in the Soviet Union will be his first in that country.

After his week of teaching at the Banff Centre, he went fishing in the mountains for a few days. Fishing, photography and astronomy are his hobbies. And he likes to think he's a pretty good handyman around the house.

He never worries about hurting his famous hands. Other people do the worrying. Some of them persuaded him to insure his hands with Lloyds. "And that," he said, "started something. The day the policy became effective, I slammed the car door on my hand, and I had one accident after another after that. I cancelled the policy and I've had nothing happen to my hands since. How do you explain that?"

A shudder went through him when he was asked how he'd cope if an accident did put an end to his playing. "I don't like to even think about it," he said. "I suppose I could go on composing, but just the thought of not being able to play..." He shuddered again.

This doesn't mean that, although only 49, he isn't thinking of retiring. "Not tomorrow or the day after," he added, "but I have it in mind." He is cutting down on appearances, which have taken up 44 weeks of the year.

He talked happily about his new house just outside Toronto. And that led to talking happily about his dog. Oscar loves all animals, but most of all he loves his two-year-old Boxer named Sanford, who sounds as dumb as they come.

Sanford graduated from obedience school and Oscar still can't believe it.

"I went along with my wife to one of the classes," he said, "and it took that dog about 10 minutes before he knew my wife was trying to get his attention. And then he knocked down everything he was supposed to walk around. Everything went flying."

Oscar told more stories about loveable ol' stupid Sanford's awkwardness around the house and, as he did so, laughed so hard he could hardly speak.

Which mightn't go down too well with Mrs. Peterson. She was stuck with training loveable ol' stupid Sanford. ♦