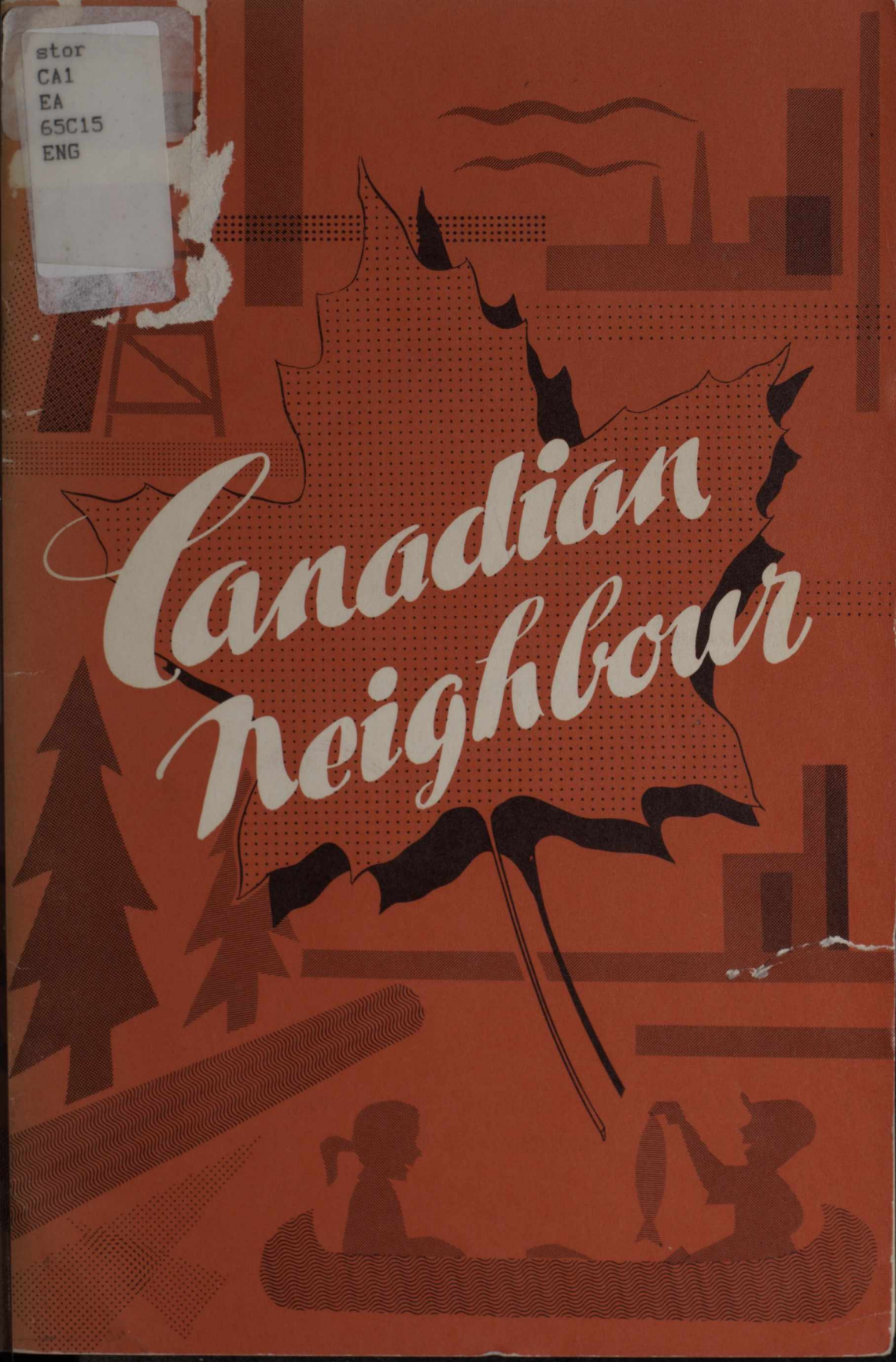

Canadian Neighbour

by REX LAMBERT

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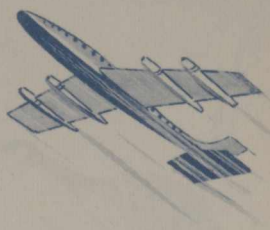
Canadian Neighbour



Full of curiosity, Betty and Douglas Simpson edged with their father through the waiting crowd nearer to the flight observation window in Toronto's new International Airport.

"But how will we recognize Paul Tyson among all these people?" asked Douglas. "He might slip past us into the lobby before we find him."

"Don't worry, children," replied Mr. Simpson. "It's not likely to happen. Passengers from all over the world have to go through customs examination, so we have time to watch them through this window while they're waiting. It's only a year since I was last in Columbus, Ohio, staying with the Tysons. I remember Paul well; he's the image of his father."

It was unmistakably Paul Tyson who came through the barrier and introduced himself with a confident handshake.

"Yes, that's right, sir, I'm Paul. My family asked me to give you and Auntie Kate their best wishes," he said.

"Thanks, Paul," replied Mr. Simpson. "Welcome to Canada. And now meet your cousins, Douglas and Betty."

"We've been looking forward so much to having you here, Paul," said Betty.

"And showing you a bit of Canada," added Douglas.

"I'm sure I'm going to have a grand time," Paul observed, as he picked up his suitcase. "Now where can I change some of my American money into Canadian dollars?"

"Right over here," said Mr. Simpson. "Come this way."

Mr. Simpson and Paul's father had been to university together, and were related by marriage. Earlier, the Tysons had told him they wanted to plan something interesting for Paul's long summer vacation from school.

"Splendid!" Mr. Simpson had said. "What about Paul making his first trip into Canada?"

The Tysons had agreed, not only to this but also that Paul might stay with the Simpson family in Toronto and make that city his jumping-off ground for as wide a tour of Canada as possible.

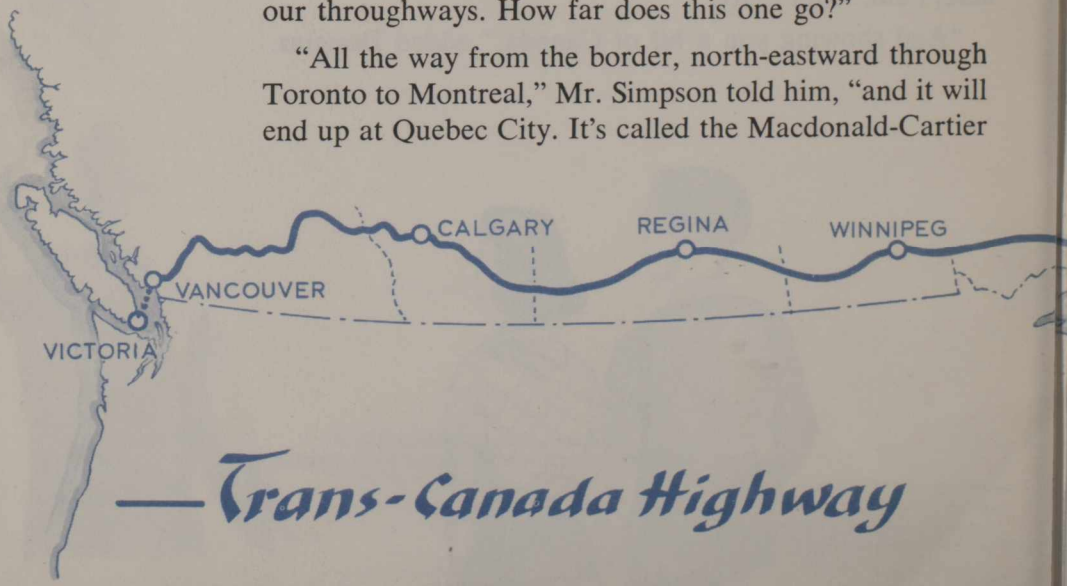
"It will also be great fun for Douglas and Betty," Mr. Simpson had added, "as well as a bit of education for them to show Paul around."

Now, in July, Paul had come from Columbus to Toronto to begin his grand tour of Canada.

A GLANCE AT TRANSPORTATION

On leaving the airport, the Simpsons and their guest started off for Toronto by car. Paul noticed they were on a big six-lane highway and said: "This is just like one of our throughways. How far does this one go?"

"All the way from the border, north-eastward through Toronto to Montreal," Mr. Simpson told him, "and it will end up at Quebec City. It's called the Macdonald-Cartier



—Trans-Canada Highway

Freeway, and is named after Canada's first Prime Minister and his senior French-Canadian Cabinet Minister."

"I suppose it's the longest highway in Canada?"

"Oh no," put in Douglas, "it's only 600 miles. The Trans-Canada Highway is much longer. It goes all the way across the whole country." Douglas showed Paul on a map how the 5,000-mile Trans-Canada Highway, with its car ferries, links all ten provinces, starting in Newfoundland, then crossing Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, passing through Southern Quebec, then across Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and finally winding through the Rocky Mountains and British Columbia to the Pacific Ocean.

Paul was impressed. "But it must have taken a long time to build."

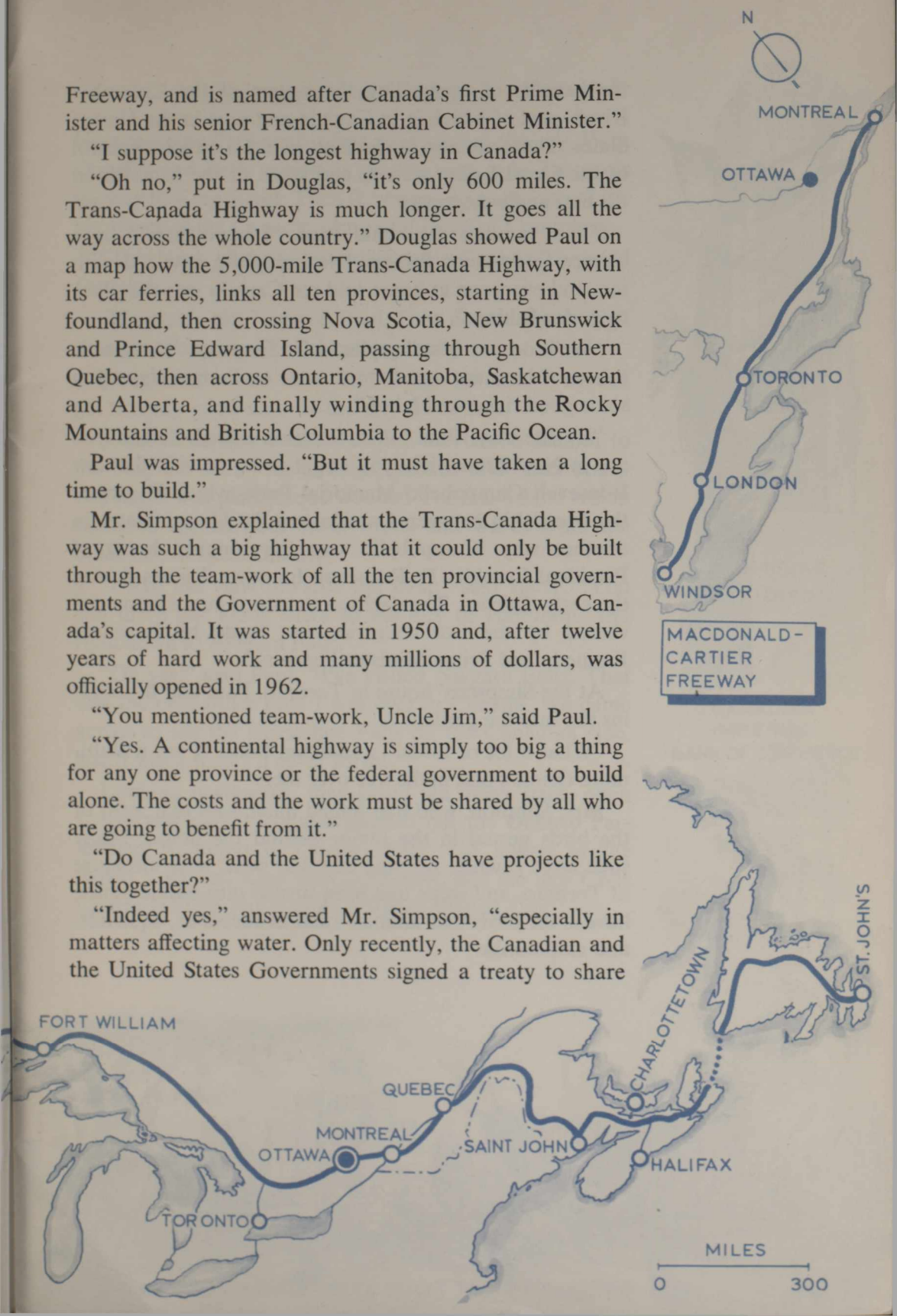
Mr. Simpson explained that the Trans-Canada Highway was such a big highway that it could only be built through the team-work of all the ten provincial governments and the Government of Canada in Ottawa, Canada's capital. It was started in 1950 and, after twelve years of hard work and many millions of dollars, was officially opened in 1962.

"You mentioned team-work, Uncle Jim," said Paul.

"Yes. A continental highway is simply too big a thing for any one province or the federal government to build alone. The costs and the work must be shared by all who are going to benefit from it."

"Do Canada and the United States have projects like this together?"

"Indeed yes," answered Mr. Simpson, "especially in matters affecting water. Only recently, the Canadian and the United States Governments signed a treaty to share



BALTIMORE ORIOLE

the benefits of controlling the waters of the Columbia River, part of which is in Canada and part in the United States. There are also agreements like this on joint control of the Great Lakes waters, and some of the fisheries on the east and west coasts."

"That reminds me," said Paul. "I hope there'll be a chance to do some fishing. I've brought a new rod with me, and everyone at home told me Canada was the place to go for fishing."

"We'll do our best," replied Mr. Simpson. "Douglas is a keen fisherman, and I think later on he can show you some good rivers and lakes."

"By the way, Paul," Mr. Simpson added, "when you are in New Brunswick, you ought to try to visit the new Roosevelt Campobello Memorial Park, which illustrates the friendship between Canada and the United States in another way. Campobello was the summer home of President Franklin D. Roosevelt for several years during the early Thirties. The decision to turn it into a memorial shared by the two countries was made by President Kennedy and Prime Minister Pearson."

At the Simpsons' house in Toronto, Paul and his cousins ran into the garden.

"What a lot of birds!" exclaimed Paul. "I see a Baltimore Oriole's nest in the tree over there."

Mrs. Simpson, who had joined them, said that most of the birds nested in the ravine behind the house. Many such large ravines, running east and west, were a feature of Toronto, and some had been turned into public parks, havens for birds and animals such as raccoons, squirrels, and chipmunks.

SIGHTSEEING IN TORONTO

Next morning Paul got his first good look at the city. With Douglas and Betty acting as guides, they rode Toronto's subway to King Street. Then they went up to the top of the big tower of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce.

"This is one of the tallest buildings in Canada," boasted Douglas.

"It's pretty tall," agreed Paul, "but not nearly so high as some of our New York skyscrapers."

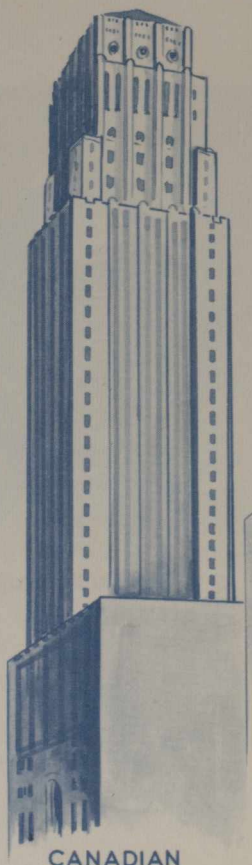
Douglas admitted this. "But look," he said, "you can get a really good view of the city from here."

Southward, they could see over the Union Station to the busy harbour with its ships, yachts, and other boats. Beyond it was picturesque wooded Toronto Island which sheltered the harbour from winds and waves from the other side of Lake Ontario.

"I like the view towards the west," said Betty. "You can drive out along there to the city of Hamilton, and right down to Niagara Falls."

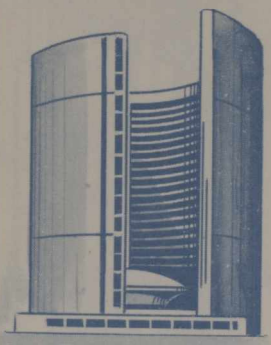
"Oh yes," said Paul, "I've visited Niagara Falls. That was the only other time I was ever in Canada. We came across to see the Horseshoe Falls on the Canadian side, and it was a sight I'll never forget."

Looking northward, they could see many trees, open spaces and parks. Douglas pointed out the Ontario Parliament Buildings in Queen's Park, the towers of the Royal York and King Edward Hotels, and the new Civic Centre with its remarkable cylinder-shaped City Hall.



CANADIAN IMPERIAL BANK OF COMMERCE

TORONTO SKYLINE SEEN FROM TORONTO ISLAND



NEW
CITY HALL

"That's an odd-looking building," commented Paul. "There aren't any windows on the outside wall."

"That was done on purpose," his cousin explained. "The Finnish architect who designed it, Viljo Revell, wanted the offices to be shielded from city noise."

Paul also learned from his guides that Toronto is a great industrial centre with nearly two million inhabitants, and "the fastest growing city in North America."

Douglas and Betty took Paul for a look around two of Toronto's big downtown stores, Eaton's and Simpson's, and they had lunch cafeteria-style. Then in the afternoon, accompanied by Mrs. Simpson, they toured some of the places famous in the history and cultural life of the city.

Paul specially enjoyed old Fort York, which once guarded the harbour and approaches to Toronto from across the lake. As they walked round the walls of the Fort, past the old cannon and the garrison buildings, Paul asked: "Was there ever any fighting here?"

"Of course there was," said Douglas. "In the War of 1812, York, as Toronto was then called, was raided by American troops who took the Fort and burned down most of the city." "But," he added, "later the British troops raided Washington and burned the capital in return."

"Well, those days are over," remarked Mrs. Simpson. "Canada and the United States have since been good neighbours for more than 150 years."

Later that afternoon, they went to the Art Gallery of Toronto, and at the Royal Ontario Museum they examined Indian exhibits and the world-famous Chinese art collection. They looked into a tiny house that had once

PARLIAMENT BUILDING, TORONTO

FORT YORK

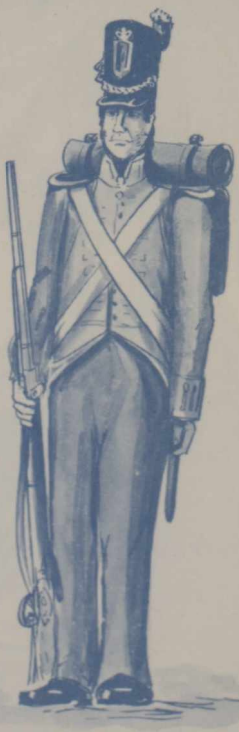
belonged to Toronto's first mayor and best-known citizen, William Lyon Mackenzie, who led an armed rebellion in 1837 against a ruling clique called the "Family Compact" under a British Governor. While admiring the century-old furnishings of the house, Paul could not help wondering about Mackenzie, by all accounts a republican fighting against British rule, and now a national hero. But he thought Canada still belonged to Britain and was ruled by the Queen, and said so to Douglas.

"No, we *don't* belong to Britain any more," corrected Douglas.

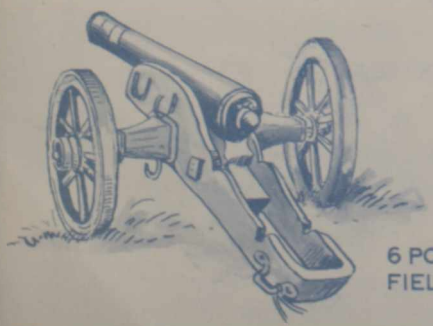
Mrs. Simpson explained that Mackenzie was one of a number of early Canadian reformers who started Canada on the road to self-government. It is true, Paul learned, that Queen Elizabeth is Queen of Canada, as well as Queen of Britain and of a number of other countries in the Commonwealth of Nations; but Canada is fully independent today and acts on her own in world affairs. She is a Charter member of the United Nations, contributing to its work in helping less-developed nations and to its peace-keeping activities. Because Canada believes in co-operating with other countries in matters of defence, she was one of the first countries to join Britain, the United States and others in forming the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO), and has also joined the United States in an arrangement for protecting the North American continent from air attack. This joint arrangement is called the North American Air Defence Command.

"Well," said Paul, "later I'd like to find out more about your system of government."

QUEEN ELIZABETH II



BRITISH INFANTRY SOLDIER (WAR OF 1812)



6 POUNDER FIELD GUN (WAR OF 1812)

Continuing with their sight-seeing in Toronto, one afternoon they visited the University of Toronto, where Mr. Simpson pointed out to Paul the various colleges which make up the University and the well-known students' centre, Hart House. It was on this campus that Sir Frederick Banting and Dr. Charles Best discovered insulin, which has saved the lives of so many children and grown-ups affected by diabetes.

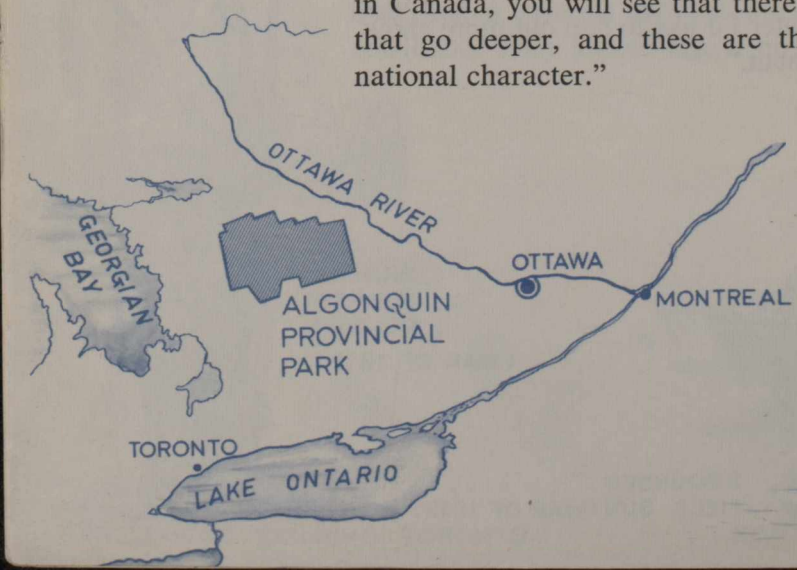
At the end of Paul's first full week in Canada, Douglas and Betty asked him how he liked it.

"I like Toronto tremendously," he said. "I feel so at home here. In many ways it's like some of our big American cities. For example, we all talk the same language, shop in the same kind of stores, watch the same games and shows, eat the same food, and so on."

"That's true," said Douglas, who had often been to Buffalo from Niagara Falls. "But even though our two countries are so much alike, there are quite a lot of differences, too."

"I suppose so," Paul admitted, "but apart from your different expressions and accents, the military uniforms I've seen, and your money, there doesn't seem to me to be too much of a difference."

"Well, Paul," Mr. Simpson broke in, "you'd better wait till you've seen something of the country and visited other provinces and cities. The differences you have noticed between Canadians and your fellow-countrymen are actually superficial ones. When you have travelled more in Canada, you will see that there are other distinctions that go deeper, and these are the true marks of the national character."



EXPLORING ONTARIO'S COUNTRYSIDE

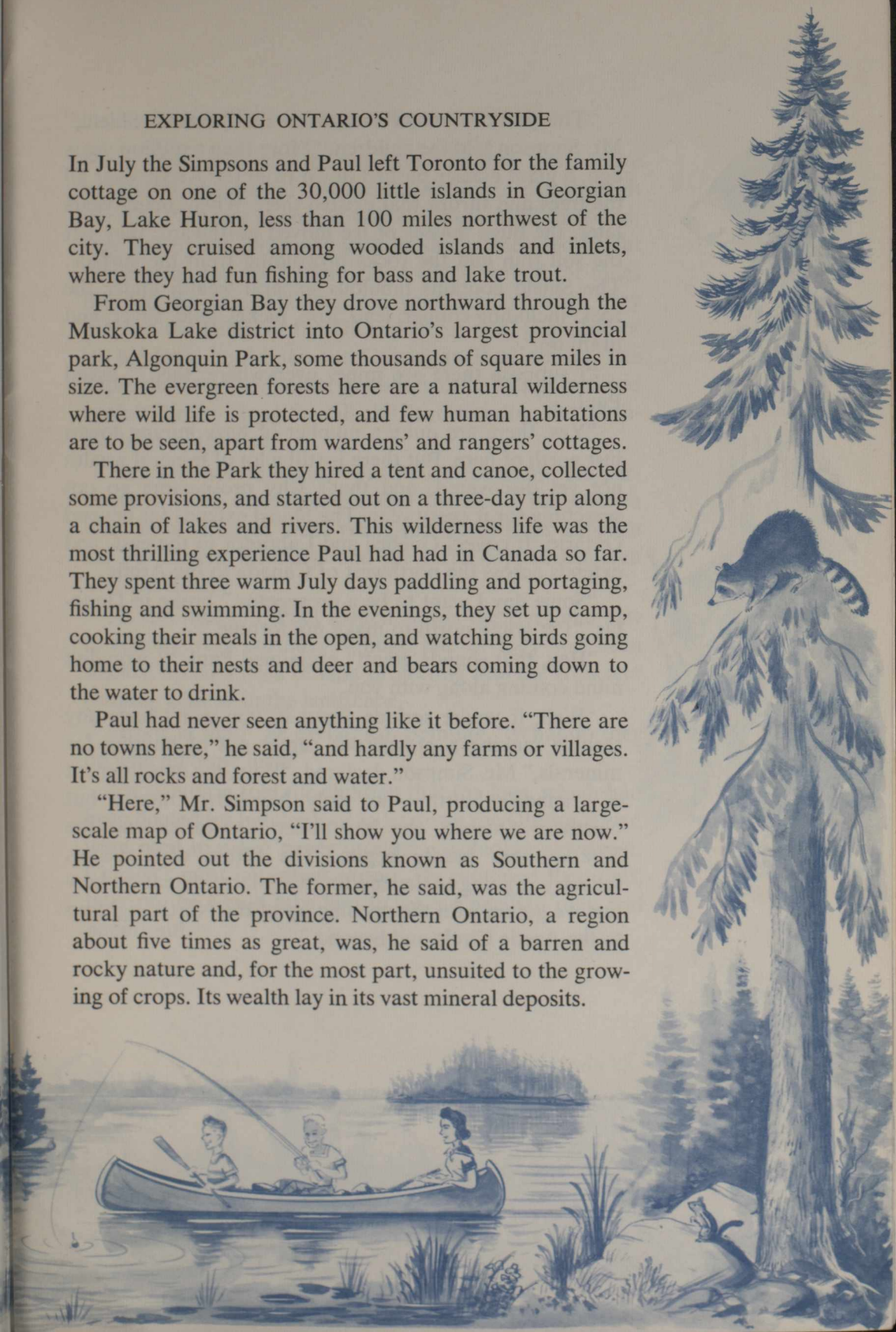
In July the Simpsons and Paul left Toronto for the family cottage on one of the 30,000 little islands in Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, less than 100 miles northwest of the city. They cruised among wooded islands and inlets, where they had fun fishing for bass and lake trout.

From Georgian Bay they drove northward through the Muskoka Lake district into Ontario's largest provincial park, Algonquin Park, some thousands of square miles in size. The evergreen forests here are a natural wilderness where wild life is protected, and few human habitations are to be seen, apart from wardens' and rangers' cottages.

There in the Park they hired a tent and canoe, collected some provisions, and started out on a three-day trip along a chain of lakes and rivers. This wilderness life was the most thrilling experience Paul had had in Canada so far. They spent three warm July days paddling and portaging, fishing and swimming. In the evenings, they set up camp, cooking their meals in the open, and watching birds going home to their nests and deer and bears coming down to the water to drink.

Paul had never seen anything like it before. "There are no towns here," he said, "and hardly any farms or villages. It's all rocks and forest and water."

"Here," Mr. Simpson said to Paul, producing a large-scale map of Ontario, "I'll show you where we are now." He pointed out the divisions known as Southern and Northern Ontario. The former, he said, was the agricultural part of the province. Northern Ontario, a region about five times as great, was, he said of a barren and rocky nature and, for the most part, unsuited to the growing of crops. Its wealth lay in its vast mineral deposits.



BLACK BEAR

"This part of Canada is known as the Canadian Shield," Mr. Simpson told the children. "More than a million years ago, a giant glacier pushed down from the Arctic over all the trees and shrubs that existed then. When, many years later, the huge masses of ice moved northward, they left the soil thin and the rocks protruding from the surface. The Shield contains fabulous mineral wealth under the rock, including copper, lead, iron, nickel, gold, silver, and uranium."

"I suppose there are mines everywhere, then?" asked Paul.

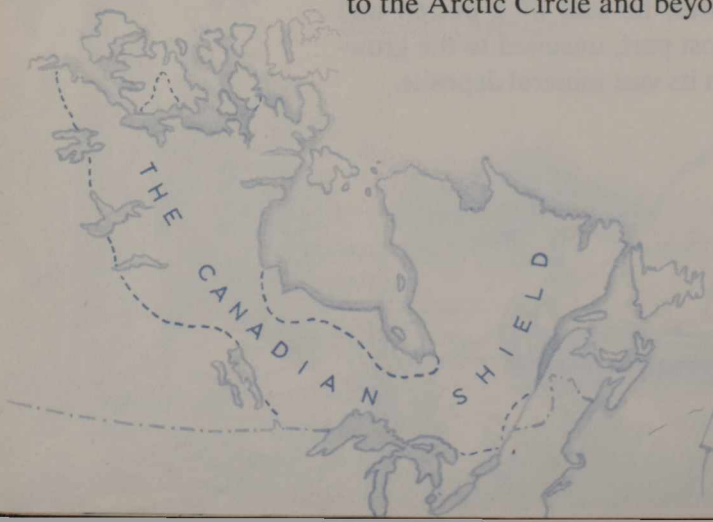
"Yes, there are quite a number of busy mining towns just north of here. But there is still a lot of mineral wealth not yet discovered, and that's why prospectors go out searching for it every year. The Shield extends far beyond Ontario. It covers Quebec and Labrador to the east, and extends across the northwest of Canada to the Arctic."

CANADIAN LYNX

"Some day I want to be a prospector," broke in Douglas. "I'm going north to make my fortune."

"Hey, that sounds great!" exclaimed Paul. "I wouldn't mind coming along with you."

"Well, if you're serious about it, you won't have any trouble making a prosperous career out of hunting for minerals," Mr. Simpson declared. "Why, the development of Canada's North — not only Northern Ontario but Northern Quebec, the Northwest Territories and the Yukon — has hardly begun. The future of Canada's industry is going to depend to a very large extent on how fast we get on with the opening up of the North, right up to the Arctic Circle and beyond."



VISITING THE NATION'S CAPITAL

From Algonquin Park the Simpsons and their guest drove to Ottawa, the capital of Canada. As they drove through the city, Paul was at once struck by its beautiful surroundings and by the Driveway with its shady trees and bright flowerbeds, and the Rideau canal which wound for miles through the city. The children were thrilled when they reached the banks of the Ottawa River and, from one of its bridges, could see the Canadian Parliament, the Supreme Court, and other government buildings outlined against the sky along the tall cliffs commanding the southern bank of the river.

"It's a wonderful sight," was Paul's comment. He particularly liked the Rideau Canal linked to the Ottawa river by a series of locks rising like giant steps between the Parliament Buildings and the turret-topped Chateau Laurier Hotel.

At this moment, Paul looked across the river and saw something very curious. A huge pile of logs had been stacked up on a neck of land projecting into the river and forming a break in the landscape.

"Look at that!" he exclaimed, pointing. "What do they do with all those logs?"

Mr. Simpson told the children that the logs, which had been floated for hundreds of miles down the Ottawa River, were used to make paper products, including newsprint, Canada's most important export. He promised Paul that, later on, he would take him to see a Canadian pulp and paper mill.

THE PEACE TOWER, PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA

PILES OF PULPWOOD

Next morning, they left the car at their motel and travelled into the city by bus. Alighting opposite the Chateau Laurier Hotel, they crossed Confederation Square to look at the Capital's fine War Memorial. Then they strolled up Wellington Street on to Parliament Hill, the seat of the nation's Government. They stared up at the three main blocks of the Parliament Buildings and waited for the big clock in the Peace Tower to strike the hour.

ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE

Paul suddenly pointed out two familiar figures. "Mounties!" he cried. "Scarlet coats and cowboy hats — just like the movies. I wish they were on horses."

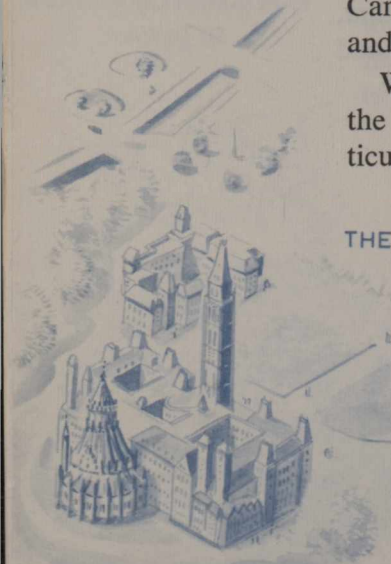
"You should see their Musical Ride!" Betty said. "It's really fun watching them drilling to band music, and then making their galloping charge at the end."

It was Douglas who drew the others' attention to the number of people who were entering and leaving the Parliament Buildings. "There must be something going on in there, Dad," he pointed out. "Could Parliament be sitting?"

"Usually it doesn't sit in July," replied Mr. Simpson, "but this year is an exception and Parliament is still in session. If you like we could go to the Visitors' Gallery in the House of Commons and see what's going on."

In the Gallery they listened for more than an hour to a lively discussion on the Government's plans to celebrate Canada's centennial in 1967. Both the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition spoke.

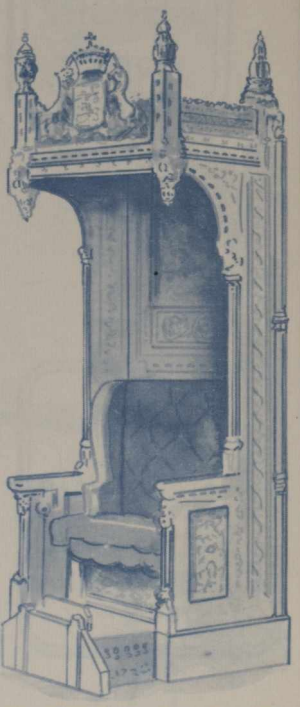
When they came out, Paul was full of questions about the working of Canada's parliamentary system. In particular, he wanted to know whether the Queen had the



THE THREE MAIN BLOCKS OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS IN OTTAWA

same powers as the President of the United States. Did she appoint the Prime Minister, or was he elected by the people? And how often were elections held?

Mr. Simpson explained that in Canada the Queen is Head of State. All government is carried on in her name, through the Canadian Governor-General, who is appointed by her on the recommendation of the Prime Minister. But, unlike the President, the Governor-General does not exercise his powers personally. He acts in the Queen's name only on the advice of Canada's chief minister, the Prime Minister, who is generally the elected leader of the party commanding a majority in the House of Commons. By law, general elections are to be held every five years, or sooner, if Parliament is dissolved.



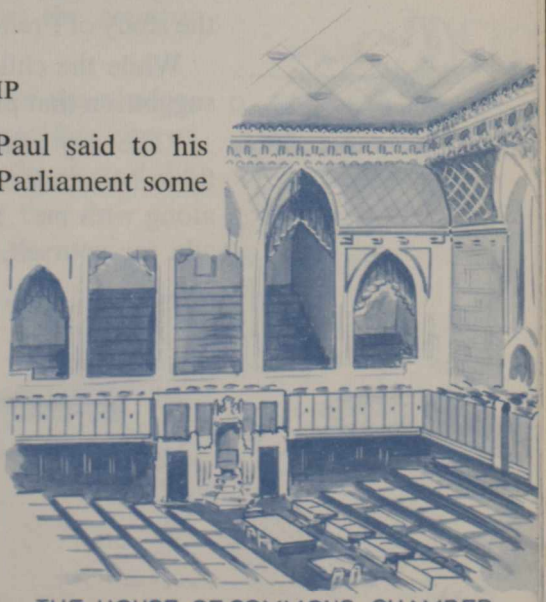
THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR

They were still discussing politics when they got back to their motel after dinner. The following day they completed their sightseeing with visits to the National Gallery and National Museum. When they came out of the National Gallery, Paul asked Mr. Simpson what was going on behind the long boarding on the other side of Elgin Street, where he could hear blasting and other sounds suggesting a big construction job. "That's the site of the National Arts Centre," Mr. Simpson told him. "Ottawa, which is very proud of this big cultural project, had hoped to have the Centre ready for Canada's centennial celebrations in 1967, but this is impossible, so the complex will be opened in 1968."

CANADIAN PARTNERSHIP

"One thing I noticed the other day," Paul said to his cousins when they got home, "is that in Parliament some

NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS CHAMBER

of the members made their speeches in French. And didn't I see signs in some streets printed in both French and English? Why is that?"

The Simpsons explained that in the beginning Canada was founded by two main European families, the French and the British, who both shared in its development. He learned about the first French settlements in Nova Scotia (1603) and Quebec (1608) by Samuel de Champlain, and about the later arrival of the Scottish and English in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and other parts of the Atlantic seaboard.

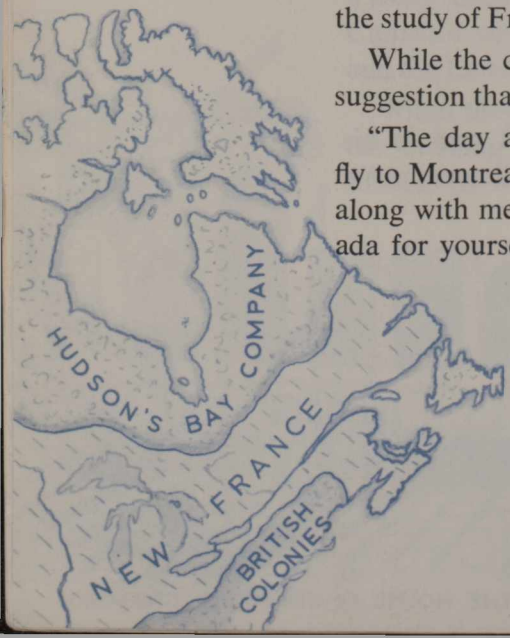
The European wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries affected the lives of the two groups of settlers in the new country until, in 1759, the British fought and defeated the French in a final battle on the Plains of Abraham outside Quebec City. But French Canadians were granted the right to retain their own language, laws and religion, as they have done to the present day. In 1867, when Canada became a self-governing country, French and English were proclaimed the two official languages of the new nation.

So Paul understood then why there are French and English signs in Canada's capital.

"But I don't see many signs like that here in Toronto," said Paul. "Can you both speak French?" Douglas and Betty nodded, saying that special attention was given to the study of French in their school.

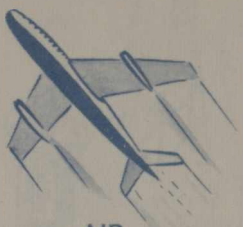
While the children were talking, Mr. Simpson made a suggestion that pleased everyone.

"The day after tomorrow," he told them, "I have to fly to Montreal on a business trip. Suppose I take you all along with me? You could then see a bit of French Canada for yourself, Paul, and I think we could make time



for a short trip to Quebec City. I'd like to give Betty and Doug a chance to practise their French."

"Oh, I love Quebec City!" cried Betty. "It'll be fun to go there with Paul."



AIR CANADA

CANADIAN COMMUNICATIONS

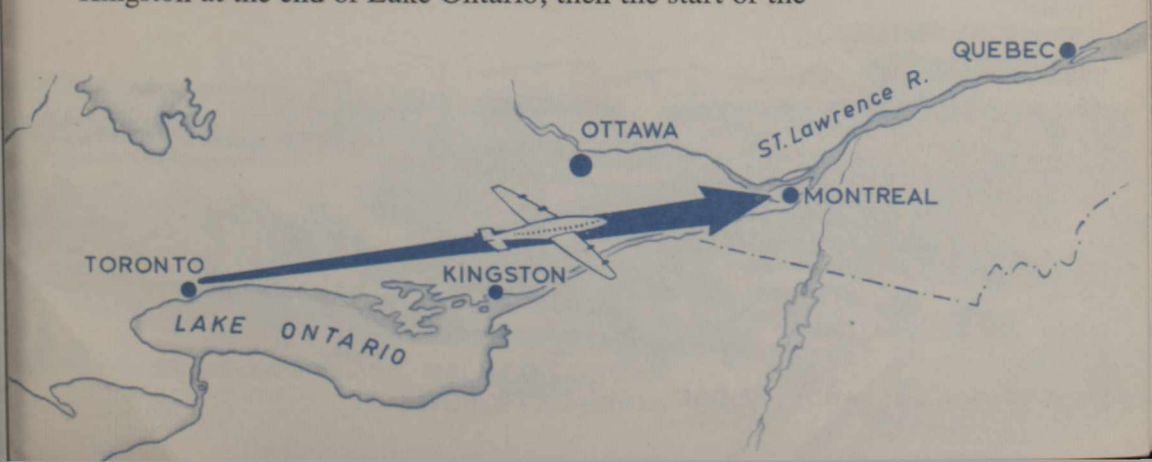
"What does *Air Canada* mean?" asked Paul, as they were boarding the jet for Montreal.

"It is the government-owned airline," answered Mr. Simpson. He went on to tell Paul that it links every part of Canada, from St. John's in Newfoundland to Victoria in British Columbia, and carries people to many other parts of the world. Without the nation-wide transportation services such as Air Canada, Canadian Pacific Air Lines (a privately owned airline), the Trans-Canada Highway, and the two national railroads, Canada would be poorly equipped to survive as an independent nation.

CANADIAN PACIFIC AIRLINES

The children listened while Mr. Simpson told them about another side of Canadian communications. He said that Canada has two main television networks, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and a privately-owned television network (CTV). The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has its own radio network, and there are also many privately-owned stations. Another government agency, the National Film Board, produces documentary films about Canada for distribution across the country and abroad.

During the flight Paul kept looking out of the window to scan the landscape below. First he saw the city of Kingston at the end of Lake Ontario; then the start of the



CANADIAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION

NATIONAL FILM BOARD

mighty St. Lawrence River. Eastward, the river wound its way, first through a cluster of tiny islands, then between green banks lined with trees, farms and villages. As the plane flew steadily on, the river seemed to meander through open, flat country; then it narrowed and flowed, it seemed, through artificial channels edged with rough rapids. Suddenly Paul realized what it must be.

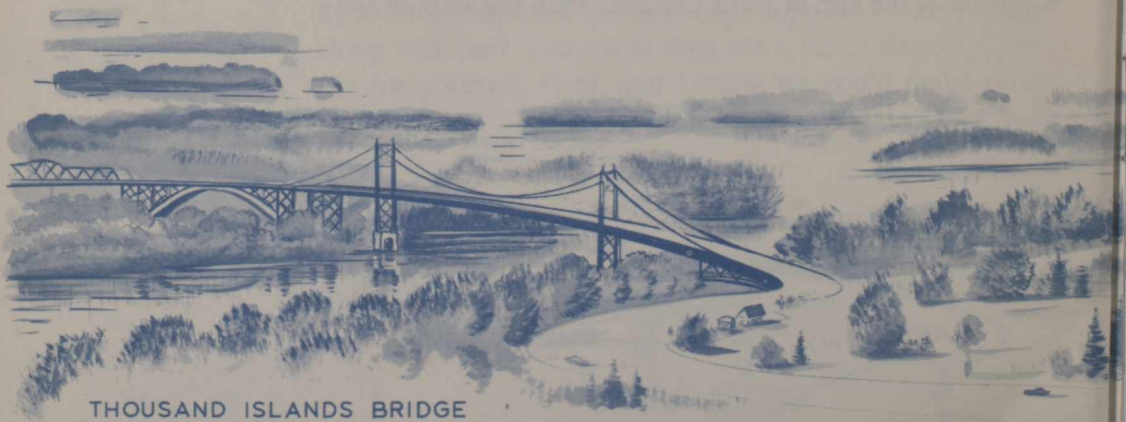
"The Seaway," he called out: "The St. Lawrence Seaway!" The others leaned forward in their seats to get a view through the plane window.

"I can see ships on it," cried Betty. And it was true. The Seaway was crowded with vessels of all kinds — freighters, tankers, grain ships, and pleasure boats — all passing steadily up and down stream as they plied their way between the Atlantic Ocean and Canadian and American ports 2,200 miles inland at the western end of Lake Superior.

"This is another example," said Mr. Simpson, "of how our two nations have completed a great project together, such as the Columbia River power project will be. When the Seaway was officially opened in 1959, President Eisenhower and Queen Elizabeth came to Montreal to perform the ceremony."

CANADA'S METROPOLIS

At this moment the voice of the stewardess could be heard: "Fasten your seat-belts, please. We are now approaching Montreal." A few minutes later they had landed at Montreal's International Airport.



THOUSAND ISLANDS BRIDGE

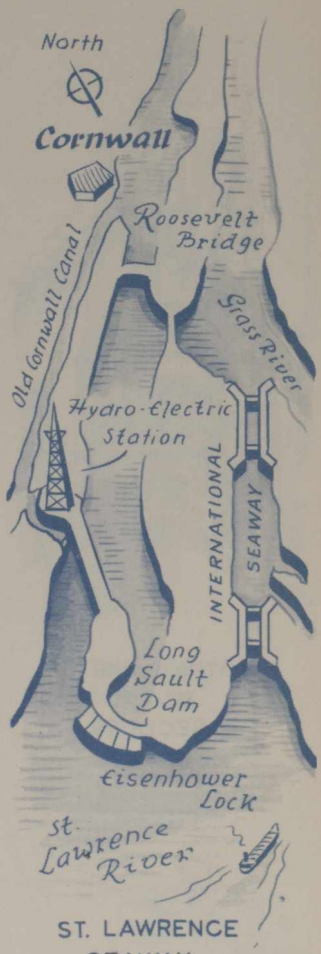
They stayed that night at a big downtown hotel. Next morning Mr. Simpson announced that he had to give up his day to a round of business engagements. Since the children would be on their own, he engaged a French-Canadian guide to take them on a tour of the city.

They were first taken to the Chalet lookout on top of Mount Royal, a mountain 800 feet high dominating the city. It is a beautiful park with slopes for skiing in winter and a fine view southward from the lookout over the city and some of its suburbs. They could see the St. Lawrence River and its many bridges beyond the huge skyscrapers rising from the heart of the city.

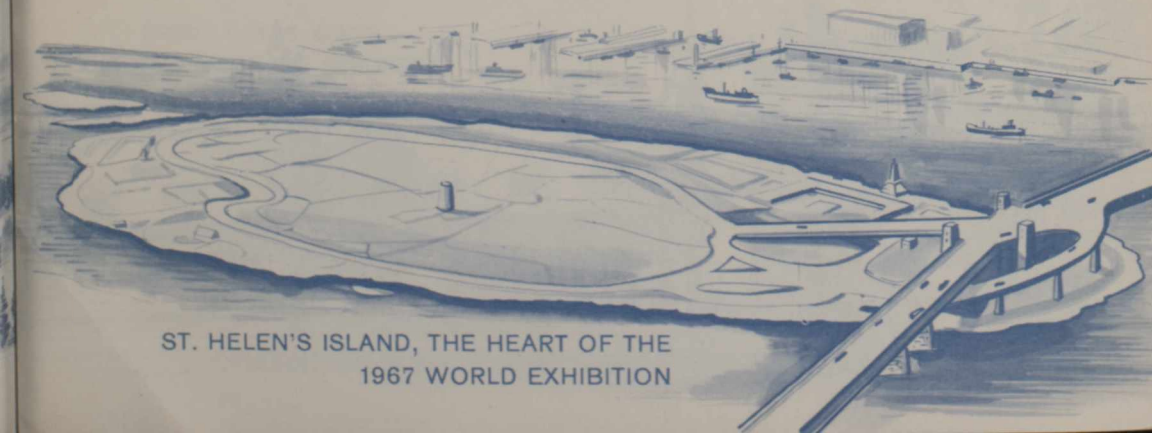
The guide pointed out the Ile Notre-Dame and St. Helen's Island, where, he said, the site of Expo '67, the 1967 World Exhibition, was being prepared. He told the children that Ile Notre-Dame was man-made, built up from the river bottom specially for the Exhibition. "We won't have time to visit it today," he said, "but maybe you can go there later by yourselves. Anyway, I hope you will be back here in 1967.

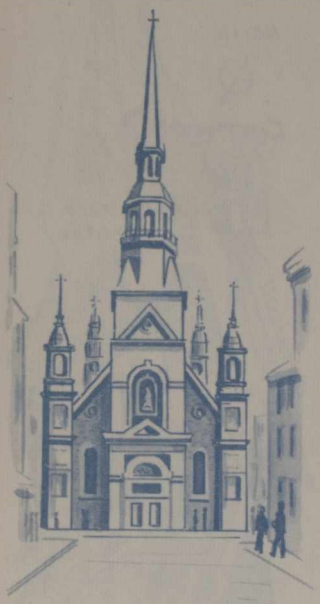
"Expo '67 is going to be part of Canada's centennial celebrations," Douglas explained. "We think it will be as popular as the New York World Fair. So far, 68 countries, including the United States, have promised to take part."

Next, their guide took them down to the ancient centre of Montreal. They wandered through winding, narrow streets, past old stone houses, across markets and public squares. Obviously he was intensely proud of Montreal's long and colourful history, and described to them how Jacques Cartier had found here in 1535 the Indian settle-



ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY


ST. HELEN'S ISLAND, THE HEART OF THE 1967 WORLD EXHIBITION



NOTRE DAME
DE
BONSECOURS

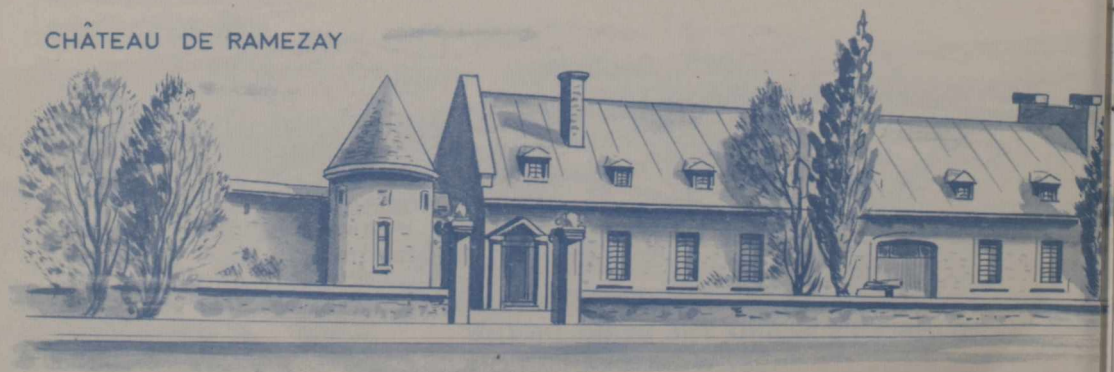
ment called Hochelaga, where he was welcomed by a thousand Indians with bonfires and feasting.

"In 1642," he told them, "the heroic Governor Maisonneuve founded the city of Montreal. Here," he pointed, "was where Maisonneuve went out and defeated a band of marauding Iroquois. . . . There, in that little church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours (Our Lady of Good Help) the sailors from our ships and canoes used to come and lay their offerings before the statue of the Virgin. . . . Now look at this old mansion near the City Hall; it is the Chateau de Ramezay, once the home of Governor Claude de Ramezay, in the eighteenth century. Under the English it became Government House, but now it is a museum."

Afterwards, they drove along Dorchester Boulevard, a big wide street running between the towering skyscrapers they had seen from Mount Royal. The first huge structure they passed was, the guide told them, the 43-storey Bank of Commerce Building. Two blocks further on he showed them the 42-storey Place Ville Marie complex. "You can see all over Montreal from the tops of these buildings," he said, "and a long way south into the United States. The view is much better than from old Mount Royal." Then they drove north to Sherbrooke Street, a wide tree-lined thoroughfare, and along past the great gates and green campus of McGill University. This university is world-famous, among other things, for its Medical Faculty where Sir William Osler once studied and taught, and for the Neurological Institute founded by Dr. Wilder Penfield.

By this time Paul realized how different was the atmosphere of this city from that of Toronto, or the large American cities he knew. It was not merely that French was the language heard everywhere. There was also the

CHÂTEAU DE RAMEZAY



fact that Montreal, although 1,000 miles from sea, is one of the world's largest seaports. This gives it a cosmopolitan flavour, and explains why it is often described as "the Paris of North America".

Another reason why Montreal deserved this distinction, Douglas told Paul, was because it was the second-largest French-speaking city in the world. Only Paris itself was larger.

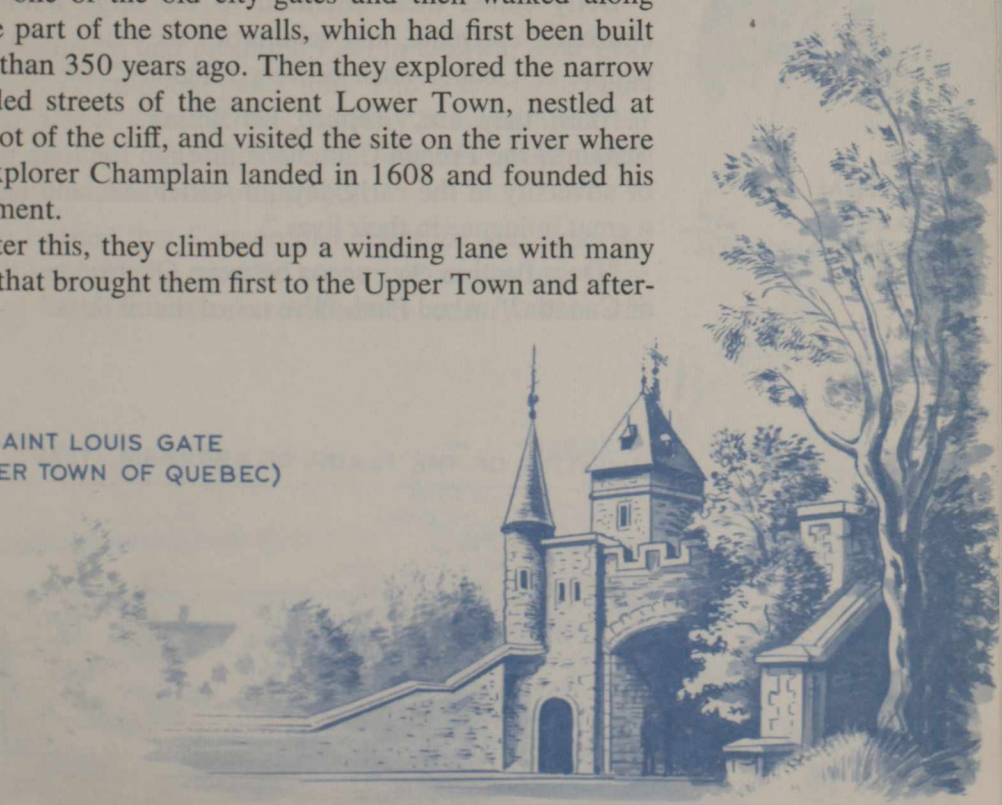
STATUE OF CHAMPLAIN

HEART OF FRENCH CANADA

The next day Mr. Simpson and the children flew 200 miles down the St. Lawrence to Quebec City, capital of the Province of Quebec. Here Betty and Douglas practised speaking French wherever they went. Although their pronunciation was not perfect, they found that their efforts awakened a warm welcome and friendly understanding everywhere.

They were struck with the great beauty of the rocky fortress round which Quebec had grown. Instead of climbing straight to the top, at Betty's insistence they first found one of the old city gates and then walked along beside part of the stone walls, which had first been built more than 350 years ago. Then they explored the narrow crowded streets of the ancient Lower Town, nestled at the foot of the cliff, and visited the site on the river where the explorer Champlain landed in 1608 and founded his settlement.

After this, they climbed up a winding lane with many steps that brought them first to the Upper Town and after-



SAINT LOUIS GATE
(LOWER TOWN OF QUEBEC)

GENERAL SIR
JAMES WOLFE

wards on to the spacious boardwalk in front of the imposing Chateau Frontenac Hotel, which occupies the site of the former Citadel and Governor's residence. Standing there and gazing out over the river, they watched, far below, the Canadian Pacific ocean liner the *Empress of Canada,* sleek and white, gliding towards the piers at Wolfe's Cove.

Mr. Simpson said, "You can see that this city could only be captured by getting control of the higher ground to the west . . ." and he pointed towards the Plains of Abraham in the distance, Canada's most famous battlefield.

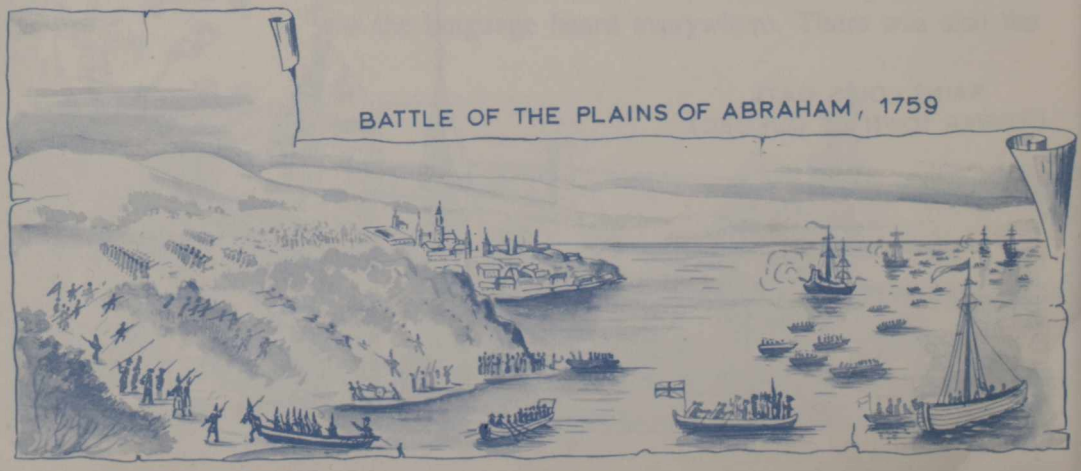
"Let's go there next," suggested Douglas. So they went on to visit the Plains, now a public park containing memorials to the heroic rival commanders, Wolfe and Montcalm. Mr. Simpson explained the position of the two armies and the nature of the battle in 1759. They followed the course of the narrow pathway by which Wolfe's troops had climbed up from the cove by the river in the dark of night to take the French by surprise.

GENERAL
MARQUIS
DE MONTCALM

Betty called their attention to the large number of churches, convents, and seminaries they had seen. "The people of Quebec must be very religious," she observed.

"Yes, they are," replied her father. "Their religion sustained the French Canadians through the long periods of adversity in the early days of settlement, and it is still a great influence in their lives."

"Does friction ever occur between Quebec and the rest of Canada?" asked Paul. "I've heard that it does."



BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, 1759

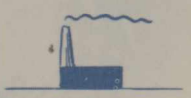
Mr. Simpson pointed out that Canada is still a new nation with many races and religions. The two leading groups, French and English Canadians, have not always seen eye to eye. Because they are a minority the French of Quebec have felt that they were not always given their fair share of recognition as the earliest founding group which contributed so much to Canada's development.

"But we are trying hard to remedy those differences now," he continued. "Our government leaders in Ottawa and the provinces are right now working on ways to change the constitution of Canada and bring it up to date so that the French Canadians and the people generally will be better served. And we believe that, with patience and goodwill on both sides, any differences you may have heard about will disappear."

Then Mr. Simpson emphasized a feature of Quebec which was not common to the newer parts of Canada, that is, the old-world charm and beauty blended with today's progress.

WORLD EXPORT OF NEWSPRINT

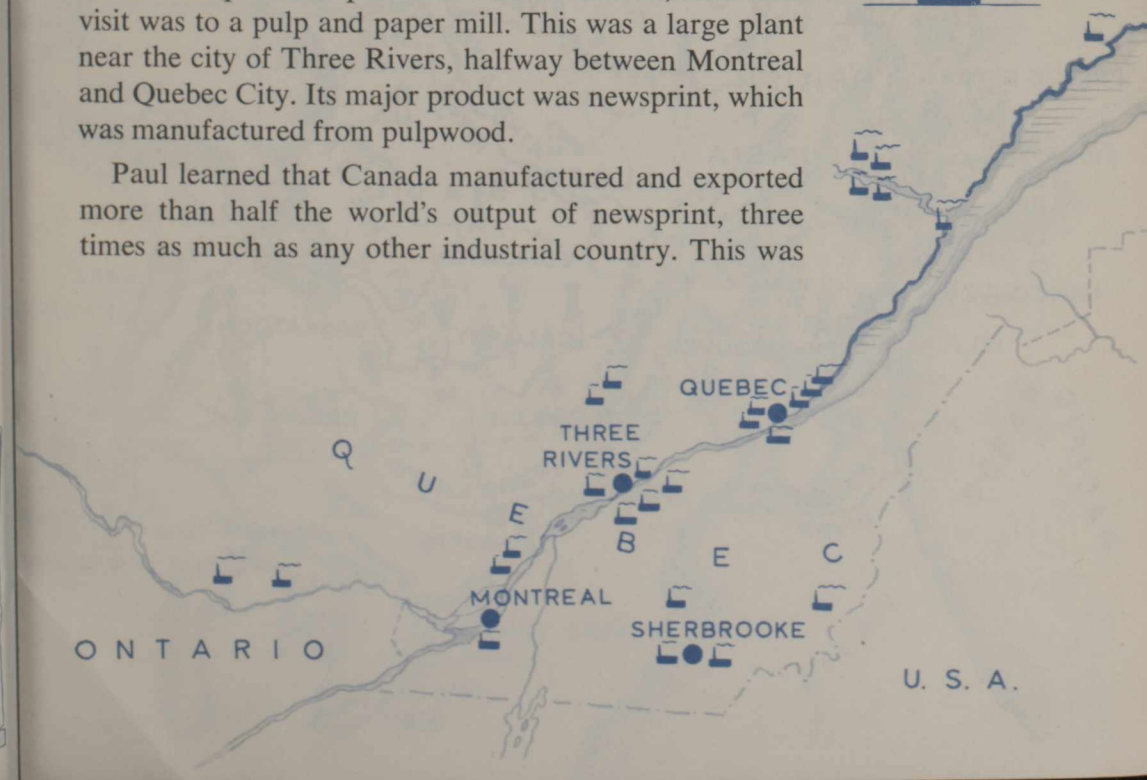
PULP AND PAPER MILLS IN QUEBEC



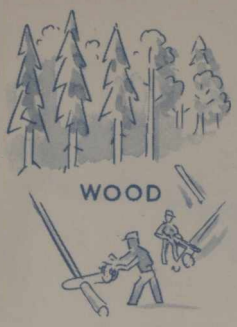
A PULP AND PAPER MILL

As Mr. Simpson had promised Paul in Ottawa, their next visit was to a pulp and paper mill. This was a large plant near the city of Three Rivers, halfway between Montreal and Quebec City. Its major product was newsprint, which was manufactured from pulpwood.

Paul learned that Canada manufactured and exported more than half the world's output of newsprint, three times as much as any other industrial country. This was




CANADA
SCALE OF MILES
0 200 400
Hydro – electric power
Oil and natural gas
Mining
Lumbering
Fishing
Wheat
Fur animals
ARCTIC OCEAN
ELLESMERE ISLAND
BAFFIN BAY
BANKS ISLAND
VICTORIA ISLAND
BAFFIN ISLAND
FOXE BASIN
YUKON
YUKON RIVER
MACKENZIE RIVER
GREAT BEAR LAKE
WHITEHORSE
NORTHWEST TERRITORIES
GREAT SLAVE LAKE
HUDSON STRAIT
NEWFOUNDLAND
HUDSON BAY
CHURCHILL
PRINCE RUPERT
BRITISH COLUMBIA
PEACE RIVER
ATHABASKA RIVER
LAKE ATHABASKA
CHURCHILL RIVER
NELSON RIVER
JAMES BAY
QUEBEC
ST. JOHN'S
ALBERTA
SASKATCHEWAN
MANITOBA
EDMONTON
SASKATCHEWAN RIVER
LAKE WINNIPEG
ST. LAWRENCE RIVER
VANCOUVER
FRASER RIVER
CALGARY
SASKATOON
ONTARIO
P.E.I.
N.B.
NOVA SCOTIA
ISLAND
VANCOUVER
VICTORIA
REGINA
WINNIPEG
FORT WILLIAM
QUEBEC
HALIFAX
PACIFIC OCEAN
COLUMBIA RIVER
RED RIVER
OTTAWA RIVER
MONTREAL
LAKE SUPERIOR
OTTAWA
LAKE HURON
TORONTO
LAKE ONTARIO
HAMILTON
LAKE ERIE
ATLANTIC OCEAN



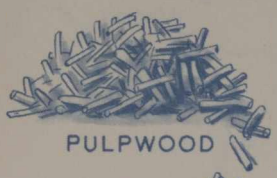
Canada's largest export, Mr. Simpson told him, just as the industry that produced it was the leading one in Canada — in its exports, in the wages it paid and in the amount of capital invested in it.

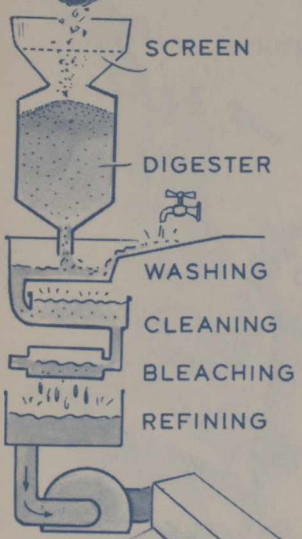
"Does that mean," Paul asked, "that our newspapers in the United States are printed on *your* paper?"

"It does indeed," Mr. Simpson replied. "Four out of five pages that you read at home are printed on paper that comes from Canada's hardwood forests."

"Oh boy! I must see how it is made," said Paul eagerly.

Paul noticed the excellent English spoken by the mill's French-Canadian foreman. Before taking them through the two large factory buildings, the foreman first showed them the raw material they used, a great raft of logs moored on the surface of the river in front of the mill. He then pointed to a huge pile of logs near the entrance to the mill. These logs were being drawn up by jack ladder into the mill, where they were first sliced into pieces, then ground to a mass of chips that were afterwards dissolved into pulp by means of chemicals.

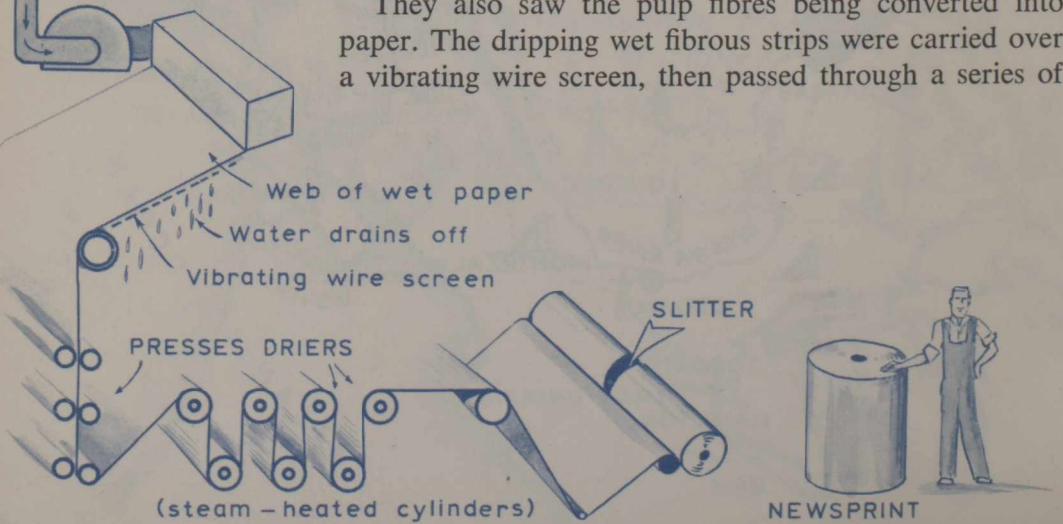




"There are four different ways of preparing pulp," the foreman said. "Here we use a sulphite chemical process."

Next they viewed an immense tank called a digester, in which the chips were cooking in an acid solution of sulphite until everything in the wood was dissolved except the fibres. The pulpwood fibres were then washed, chlorinated, bleached and pressed.

They also saw the pulp fibres being converted into paper. The dripping wet fibrous strips were carried over a vibrating wire screen, then passed through a series of



steam-heated cylinders, and finally pressed to the desired smoothness. From these emerged the long wide ribbon of paper which was cut from time to time to make large rolls for shipment to the presses of the world.

"Canada leads the world in pulp and paper production," said Mr. Simpson, "because of its large timber stands and the enormous hydro-power resources."

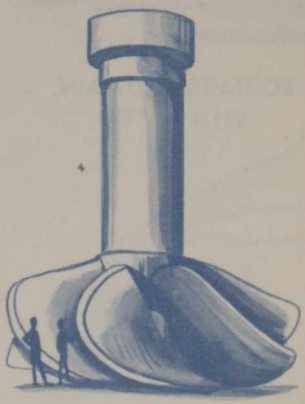
"How many people altogether work in these mills?" asked Paul.

"About 60,000," replied the foreman.

"And that's not counting all the lumberjacks," said Mr. Simpson, "who cut millions of trees into logs in the woods during the winter. And don't forget all the people working in our hydro plants."

"When I read the paper back home," said Paul, "I'll always remember how it looked when I saw the newsprint being made here."

LARGE – SCALE TURBINE ENGINEERING



FIFTY – TON TURBINE PART FOR A SEAWAY POWER PROJECT

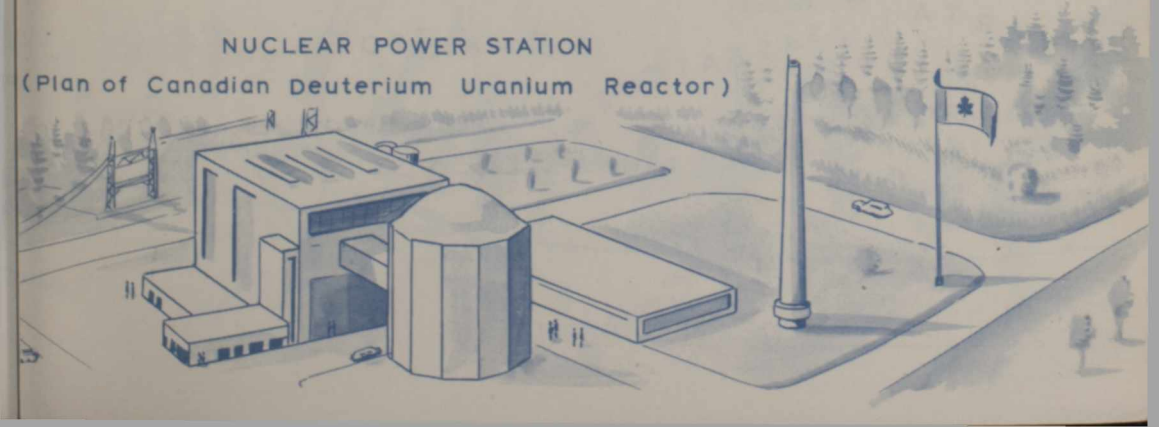
WESTWARD HO!

Soon after the Simpsons and their guest were back in Toronto, Paul asked his uncle, "What sort of opportunities would there be for me here in Canada when I grow up?"

"Well, Paul," said Mr. Simpson, "I believe your father wants you to study science at university, when you get through high school. After graduating, you'll find there are plenty of openings in Canada for qualified scientists and technicians, especially in research and development in our leading industries."

Mr. Simpson gave Paul an outline of a few of the biggest industries in Canada, including manufacturing, as

NUCLEAR POWER STATION
(Plan of Canadian Deuterium Uranium Reactor)



well as agriculture, forestry, mining and other primary industries.

Paul had already written home in glowing terms to his parents in Columbus, and they encouraged him to cover as much ground as he could, while the vacation lasted. There would be two separate trips, one to the West and the other to the East. So early in August, Paul was on his way from Toronto to Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba and the largest city on the Canadian Prairies.

PORTAGE AND MAIN, WINNIPEG

GATEWAY TO THE WEST

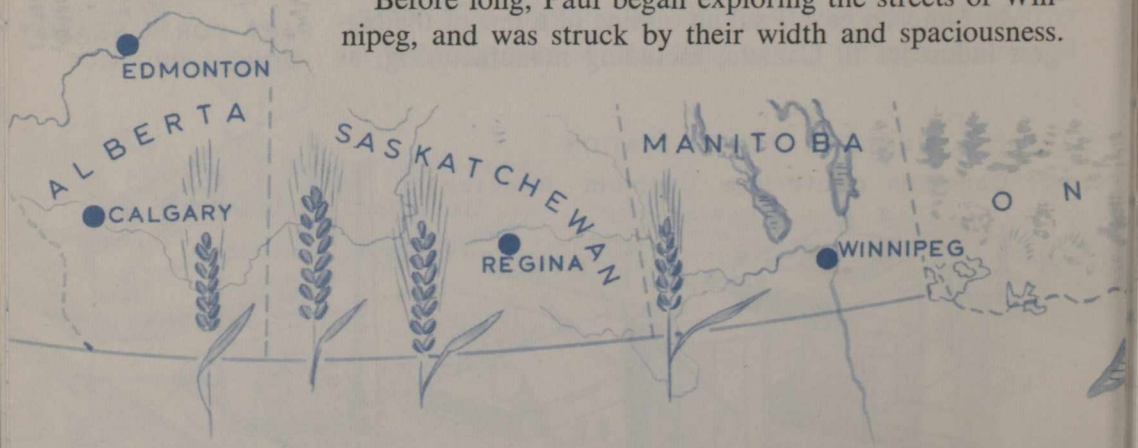
At Winnipeg, Paul was met at the airport by a friend of the Simpsons, Mr. John Young. "Have a good flight?" he asked.

"Very," replied Paul. "It gave me a good idea of the size of Canada's open spaces. As we flew along the shore of Lake Superior, I could see forests through the clouds, and hundreds of lakes and rivers. There were some railroads passing through tiny settlements, too."

Mr. Young drove Paul to his house near the banks of the Red River, which could be seen through the trees in his garden. "'Winnipeg' is an Indian word, isn't it?" Paul asked. "Yes," Mr. Young replied, "it comes from the Cree *win-nipiy*, meaning 'murky water', which was suggested, I suppose, by the muddy colour of the Red River."

Paul was warmly welcomed by Mrs. Young; and, during his stay, he came to realize that Westerners were remarkably hospitable and friendly people.

Before long, Paul began exploring the streets of Winnipeg, and was struck by their width and spaciousness.



He learnt that the Winnipeg Grain Exchange was one of the great grain markets of the North American continent. As the financial and distributing centre for an enormous area, Winnipeg had a valid claim, Mr. Young assured him, to the title "capital of the Northwest". "Did you know that the city lies almost in the dead centre of Canada?" he asked. "As a result, Winnipeg is one of Canada's most important transportation junctions, with the largest marshalling yards in the world."

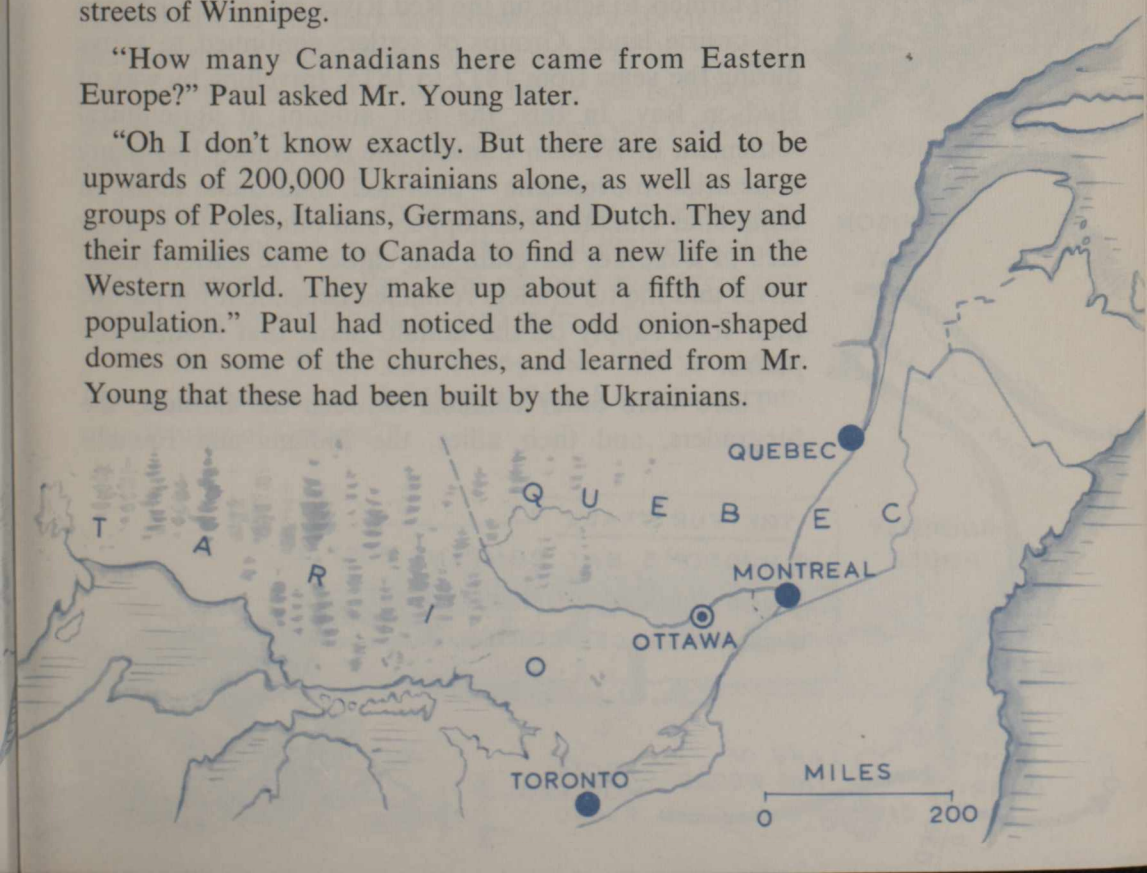
"Don't get the idea, however, that Winnipeg is nothing more than a big prosperous city," Mr. Young went on. "It is also one of the most important cultural centres in Canada. The Royal Winnipeg Ballet, the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra and the Winnipeg Musical Festival are proof of that. So are our two fine newspapers, the *Free Press* and the *Tribune*."

UKRAINIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH

Paul noticed that other languages besides English and French, such as German, Ukrainian, and other Eastern European tongues, were fairly frequently spoken in the streets of Winnipeg.

"How many Canadians here came from Eastern Europe?" Paul asked Mr. Young later.

"Oh I don't know exactly. But there are said to be upwards of 200,000 Ukrainians alone, as well as large groups of Poles, Italians, Germans, and Dutch. They and their families came to Canada to find a new life in the Western world. They make up about a fifth of our population." Paul had noticed the odd onion-shaped domes on some of the churches, and learned from Mr. Young that these had been built by the Ukrainians.



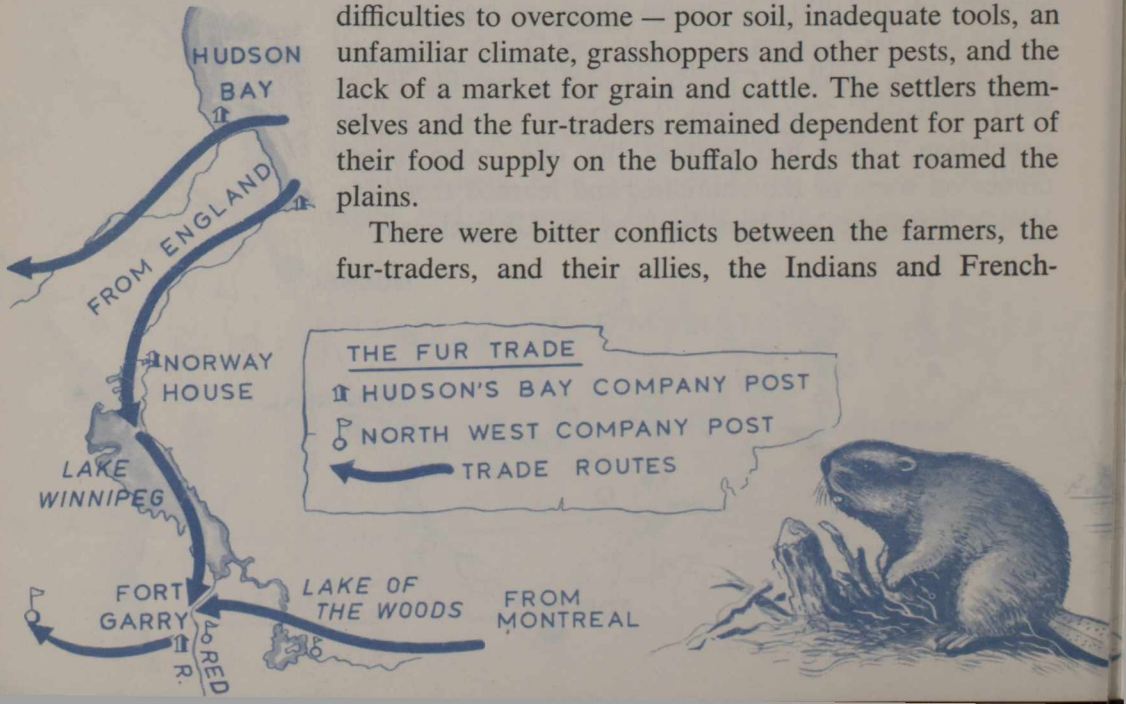
FUR TRADER WITH CANOE

Mr. Young told Paul that, although in Winnipeg the Ukrainians were the largest group of non-British and non-French origin, in Canada as a whole they were the fourth largest "ethnic" group, following the British, the French and the Germans and followed by the Scandinavians, the Dutch, the Poles and the Italians. "People of all these nationalities make an important contribution to the variety of Canada's culture and economy", he said.

One morning Paul went shopping with Mr. and Mrs. Young in the big Hudson's Bay Company store on Portage Avenue. An unusual feature of this store was its museum, containing relics of the pioneer fur traders, the Indians, and the Eskimos.

Mr. Young explained to Paul that as far back as 1670 the Hudson's Bay Company owned, by special charter from Britain, the whole of Western Canada. It monopolized the valuable fur trade of the Northwest and grew rich on the profits. It had rivals, above all the North West Company from Montreal. Then, about 150 years ago, the Hudson's Bay Company brought out from Scotland the first farmers to settle on the Red River and clear and seed the prairie lands. Groups of settlers continued to arrive during the years from 1812 to 1815, travelling by way of Hudson Bay. In this, the first attempt at agricultural settlement in Western Canada, the new colony had many difficulties to overcome — poor soil, inadequate tools, an unfamiliar climate, grasshoppers and other pests, and the lack of a market for grain and cattle. The settlers themselves and the fur-traders remained dependent for part of their food supply on the buffalo herds that roamed the plains.

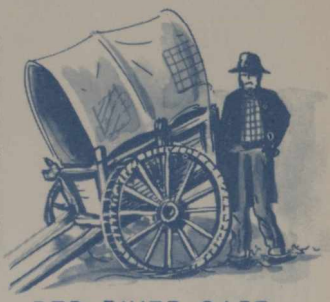
There were bitter conflicts between the farmers, the fur-traders, and their allies, the Indians and French-



speaking Métis (half-breeds), who lived by hunting the buffalo. At last wheat farming completely displaced hunting; the buffalo became almost extinct, and the Prairies developed into the greatest wheat-growing region in the world.

"And what happened to the Hudson's Bay Company?" asked Paul.

"It lost its monopoly, but it is still a great trading corporation with department stores all through the West."



RED RIVER CART
USED BY METIS

About the only public relic Paul could find of the Hudson's Bay Company was a stone gateway marking the spot where it had one of its first forts, Upper Fort Garry.

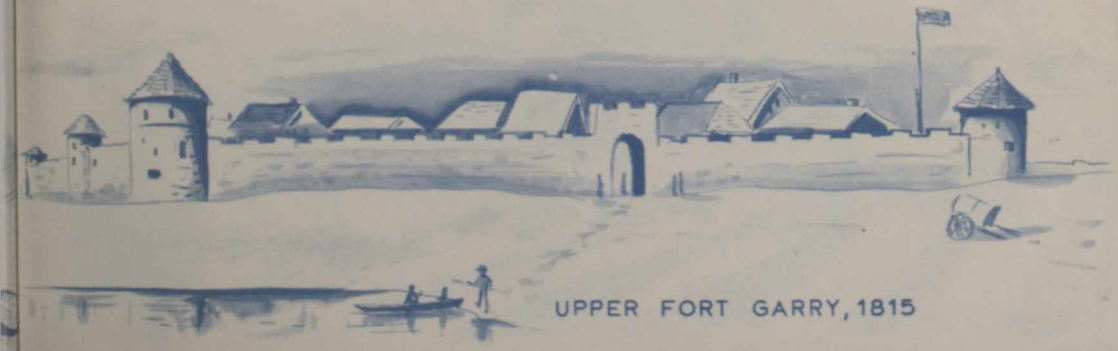
The original Fort Garry, which was built in 1822, was so badly damaged by a flood four years later that it was soon abandoned for Lower Fort Garry, 19 miles down the Red River. In 1835, however, the Hudson's Bay Company returned to the vicinity of the original post and built Upper Fort Garry.

YORK BOAT

Paul next visited the Manitoba Legislative Building, situated in a 30-acre park and crowned by a 200-foot high dome on top of which is the famous statue of the "Golden Boy" carrying a sheaf of wheat. Inside the building, he walked up a great marble staircase which was flanked by two massive bronze buffalo.

Another day, they drove through the neighbouring city of St. Boniface and there examined the grave of the Métis' patriot, Louis Riel, who opposed military forces sent by Ottawa to establish law and order in Saskatchewan.

"By the way, Paul," Mr. Young said, "did you know that St. Boniface was the largest French-speaking community west of Ontario?"



UPPER FORT GARRY, 1815

When they approached the open country under the hot August sun the golden grain stretched for miles in all directions.

"What a marvellous sight!" exclaimed Paul. "I'd like to see how they do their harvesting here."

They drove up to a farmhouse which Mr. Young often visited, and talked with the farmer's wife.

As Mr. Young had expected, the farmer's two sons were working with their father on the combine and bringing the wheat by truck into the granary as soon as it was threshed.

"So it's all done in one operation?" Paul asked the farmer's wife.

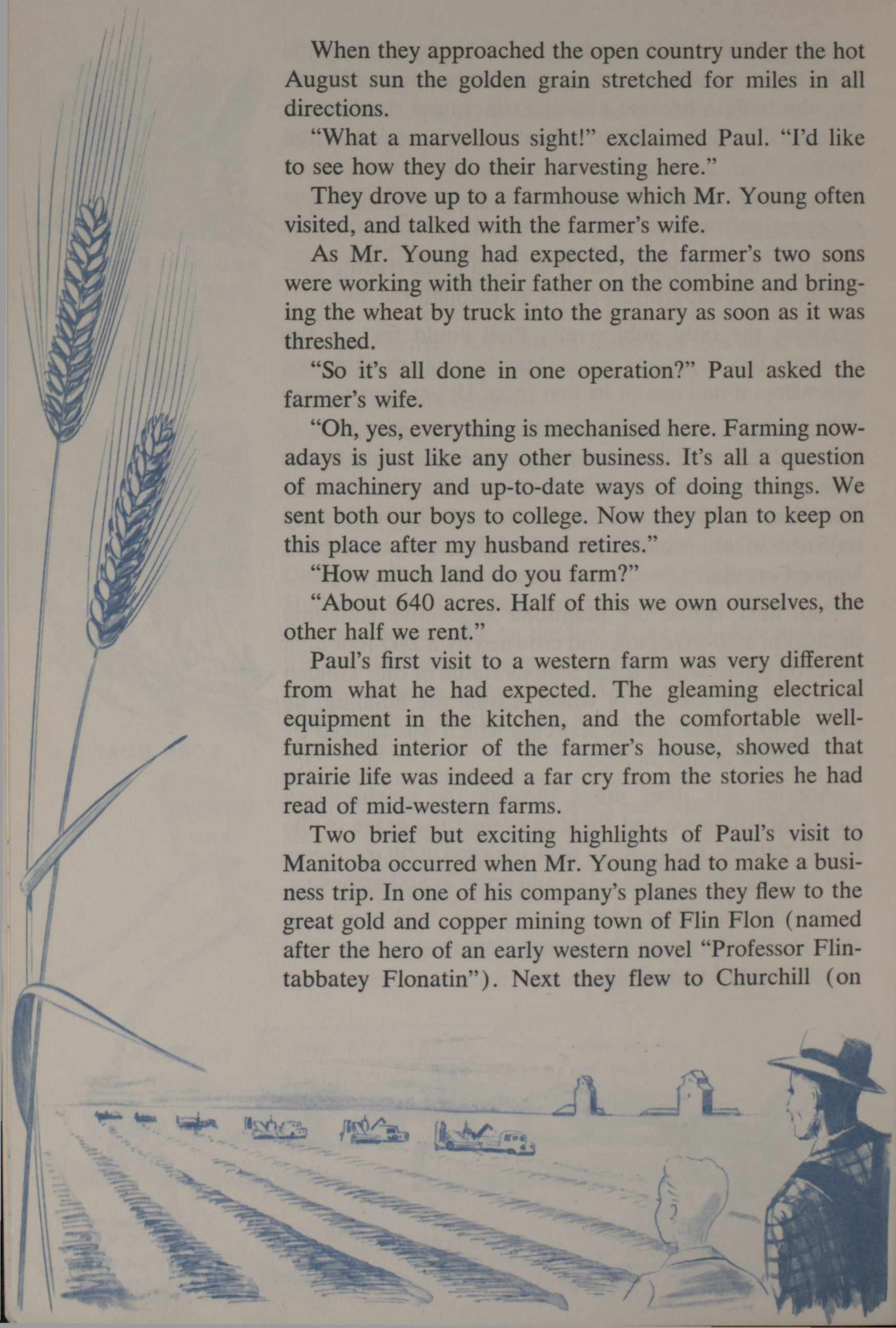
"Oh, yes, everything is mechanised here. Farming nowadays is just like any other business. It's all a question of machinery and up-to-date ways of doing things. We sent both our boys to college. Now they plan to keep on this place after my husband retires."

"How much land do you farm?"

"About 640 acres. Half of this we own ourselves, the other half we rent."

Paul's first visit to a western farm was very different from what he had expected. The gleaming electrical equipment in the kitchen, and the comfortable well-furnished interior of the farmer's house, showed that prairie life was indeed a far cry from the stories he had read of mid-western farms.

Two brief but exciting highlights of Paul's visit to Manitoba occurred when Mr. Young had to make a business trip. In one of his company's planes they flew to the great gold and copper mining town of Flin Flon (named after the hero of an early western novel "Professor Flintabbatey Flonatin"). Next they flew to Churchill (on



Hudson Bay), Manitoba's only seaport. It is a major Canadian-American training base for Arctic survival and weaponry, and a rocket-launching centre for scientific research. Paul was lucky enough to see from a distance the launching of a small space missile which streaked into the pale blue Arctic sky leaving a silvery trail behind it.

From Churchill they flew back to Winnipeg where Paul said farewell to the Youngs.

REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN

Next came Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan. This was the real heart of the Prairies.

Paul took a guided tour through the handsome Legislative Building and spent some time examining the fine wildlife collection at the Saskatchewan Museum of Natural History.

It was at Regina, the original headquarters of the North West Mounted Police, that Paul had a second chance to see the colourful Mounties, and this time they were on horses. All the young trainees were working out their beautifully groomed mounts in jumping exercises. One of the instructors told Paul of the exciting history of the "Force", including the famous meeting in 1879 between Inspector Walsh of the North West Mounted Police and the notorious Sioux Indian chief, Sitting Bull, who attempted, after his fierce battle with General Custer, to settle with his band of warriors in Wood Mountain on the Canadian side of the border.

MEDICAL CARE

SASKATCHEWAN LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, REGINA

At Calgary, the second city of the Province of Alberta, Paul was glad to find Mrs. Simpson and Betty waiting for him at the Palliser Hotel.

They informed Paul that Douglas was having a great time at the Boy Scout camp he had earlier arranged to attend. Mrs. Simpson described the Calgary Stampede while they drove past the Stampede ground. Paul realized how much he would have liked to see the Indians in their colourful headdress and beaded costumes. She also told him of the cowboys whose bronco-busting, roping and chuck-wagon races drew thousands of people from all parts of the world every July.

One of the first thrills in his visit to Calgary was the Natural History Park, with its life-size figures of dinosaurs and other giant prehistoric monsters, whose bones have been found from time to time in Southern Alberta.

One day they drove from Calgary to visit a ranch in the foothills of the Rockies, not far from Calgary. They saw the ranchers supervising their huge herds of cattle in well-kept corrals, at the foot of the snow-capped Rockies.

Back from the ranch, Paul expressed a longing to see the Rockies from the air.

"It may not be quite so good as seeing them from below," replied his aunt. "The best way, I'm sure, is to see them from the observation car on the train."

So they set off on a Canadian Pacific Railway train from Calgary for Banff, which, like Jasper, is a spectacular mountain holiday resort. They spent most of the trip in the observation car. After quite a short journey, their

DINOSAUR IN NATURAL HISTORY PARK OF CALGARY

train stopped at Banff, a fascinating little town nestling on the banks of the Bow River and surrounded by evergreen forests and snow-capped mountains. Here they got off the train and stayed overnight.

Banff is the centre of the national park to which it gives its name, a district of over 25,000 square miles, with shining glaciers, fragrant forests, jewel-like lakes and countless rivers, streams and waterfalls. The park is inhabited by wild animals and birds, and patrolled by game wardens. Paul was excited to have his first chance of seeing this mountain wild life at close quarters. They stayed the night at a lodge, and were thrilled next morning to see a black mother bear and her cubs walking about near the cabins, mountain goats crossing the highway, elk, moose, and deer nibbling in the gardens, and beavers at work on their dams in the streams and lakes.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP

After a dip in one of two hot sulphur springs, Paul noticed that there was an aerial cable carrying gondola cars from the foot to the summit of nearby Sulphur Mountain.

"We must go up!" he cried. Betty and Paul made the breath-taking ascent to the 7,500-foot summit, from which they could see a panorama of Banff, the Bow River, and the surrounding mountains.

MOUNTAIN GOAT

Before they left, the children were told that Banff was a Scottish name given to the community by Lord Strathcona, a Canadian financier who was largely responsible for the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the last century. On November 7, 1885, Lord Strathcona drove a symbolic golden spike to tie down the last piece of track, thus marking the completion of Canada's first railroad, to span the continent.

Next day, the party continued their railway journey through the Rockies.

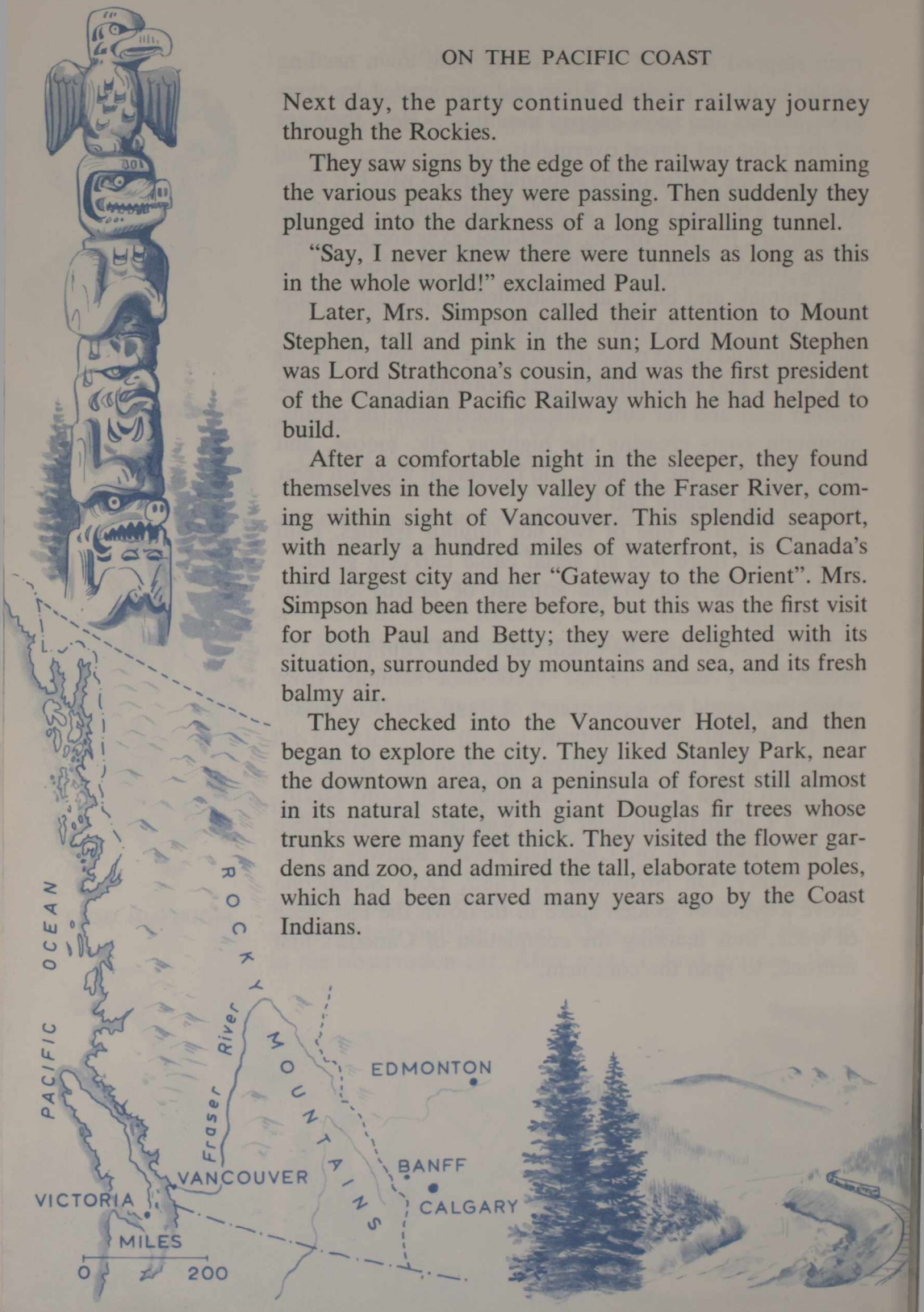
They saw signs by the edge of the railway track naming the various peaks they were passing. Then suddenly they plunged into the darkness of a long spiralling tunnel.

"Say, I never knew there were tunnels as long as this in the whole world!" exclaimed Paul.

Later, Mrs. Simpson called their attention to Mount Stephen, tall and pink in the sun; Lord Mount Stephen was Lord Strathcona's cousin, and was the first president of the Canadian Pacific Railway which he had helped to build.

After a comfortable night in the sleeper, they found themselves in the lovely valley of the Fraser River, coming within sight of Vancouver. This splendid seaport, with nearly a hundred miles of waterfront, is Canada's third largest city and her "Gateway to the Orient". Mrs. Simpson had been there before, but this was the first visit for both Paul and Betty; they were delighted with its situation, surrounded by mountains and sea, and its fresh balmy air.

They checked into the Vancouver Hotel, and then began to explore the city. They liked Stanley Park, near the downtown area, on a peninsula of forest still almost in its natural state, with giant Douglas fir trees whose trunks were many feet thick. They visited the flower gardens and zoo, and admired the tall, elaborate totem poles, which had been carved many years ago by the Coast Indians.



"What is a totem pole for?" asked Paul. Betty supplied the answer. "They were marks of family standing among the Indians," she told him. "And they stood outside the lodges in their villages."

"We can see them as they used to be," said Mrs. Simpson, "if we visit the art gallery here." One of Canada's best-known artists, Emily Carr, a native of British Columbia, is noted for her paintings of Indian and forest scenes on the West Coast. They went to the Vancouver Art Gallery, and admired Emily Carr's work there.

"I *like* Vancouver," said Paul, enthusiastically, "because you're never more than strolling distance from the ocean."

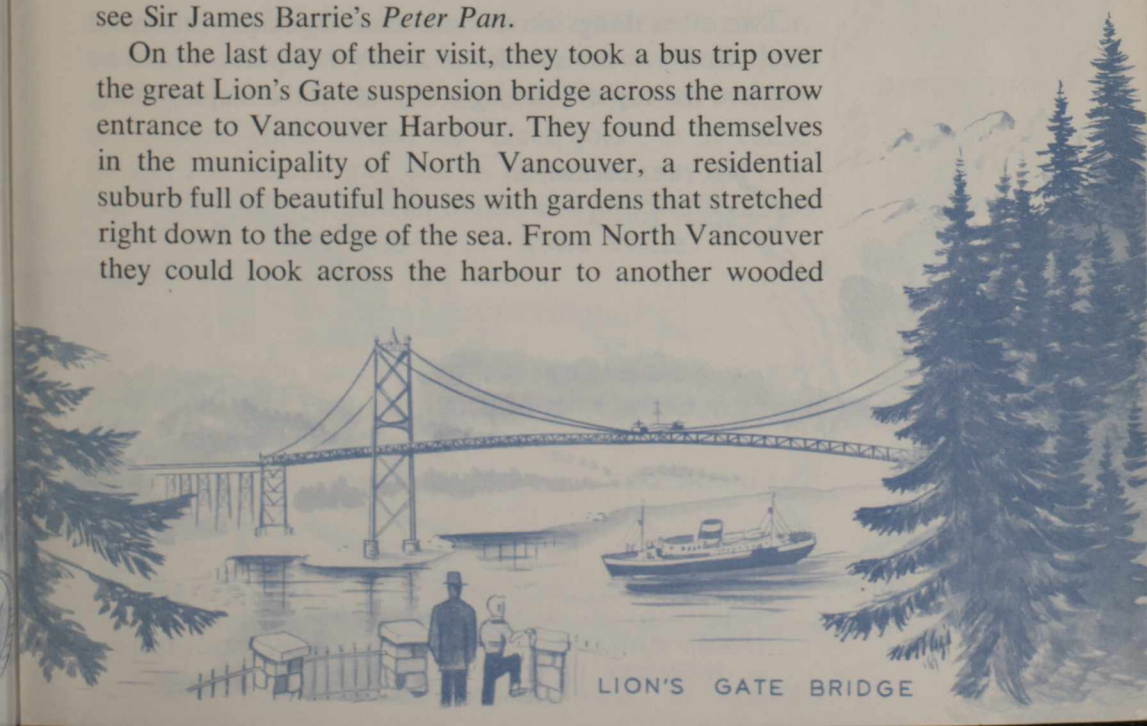
He was actually on the ocean the next day when they took the ferry from Vancouver to Victoria, the capital of the province, on Vancouver Island. During the short sea voyage they passed through the Gulf Islands, and the perilously narrow Active Pass. After lunch at the Empress Hotel in Victoria, they went to the famous Butchart Gardens, and strolled on Beacon Hill before catching the ferry back to Vancouver.

The city was full of tourists attending the annual Vancouver Festival of music and drama. Mrs. Simpson took Paul and Betty to the new Queen Elizabeth Playhouse to see Sir James Barrie's *Peter Pan*.

On the last day of their visit, they took a bus trip over the great Lion's Gate suspension bridge across the narrow entrance to Vancouver Harbour. They found themselves in the municipality of North Vancouver, a residential suburb full of beautiful houses with gardens that stretched right down to the edge of the sea. From North Vancouver they could look across the harbour to another wooded

NOOTKA INDIAN WITH MASK

HAIDA DESIGNS



LION'S GATE BRIDGE

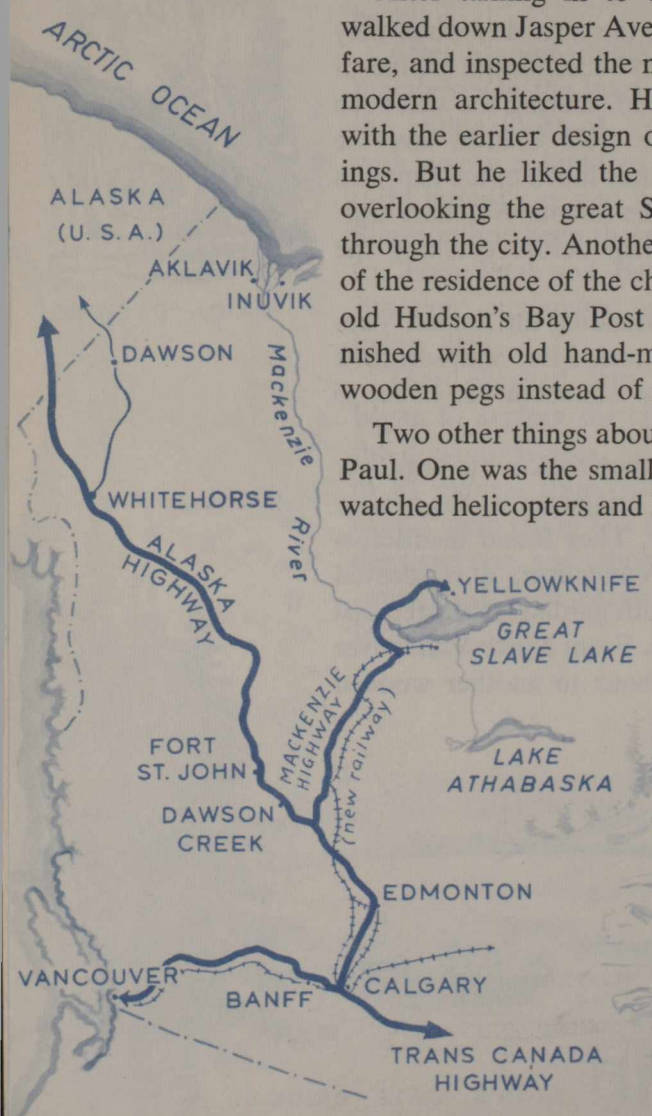
promontory, Point Grey, on which stood the University of British Columbia, with a thousand-acre campus.

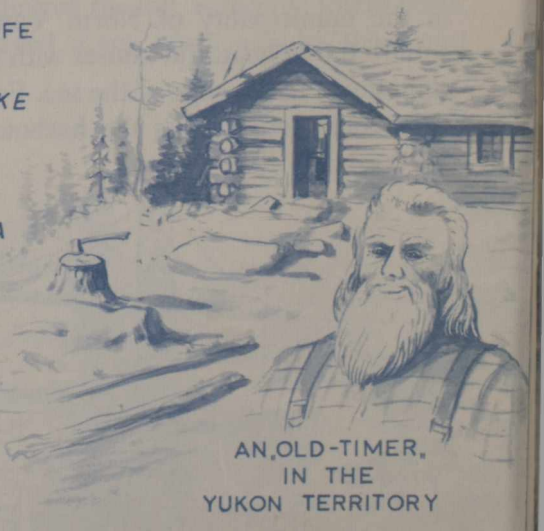
EDMONTON

Just as Vancouver was the "Gateway to the Orient", Edmonton (Alberta), Paul's next stop on his return east, was Canada's "Gateway to the North." At Edmonton's main airport he parted from Betty and Mrs. Simpson, who had to return directly to Toronto. But Paul stopped over in Edmonton because he was anxious not to miss the northernmost major city on the North American continent.

After taxiing in to the city from the airport, Paul walked down Jasper Avenue, Edmonton's main thoroughfare, and inspected the new City Hall, a striking piece of modern architecture. He thought it contrasted sharply with the earlier design of the Alberta Parliament Buildings. But he liked the imposing position of the latter, overlooking the great Saskatchewan River, which runs through the city. Another attraction was a reconstruction of the residence of the chief factor (post manager) of the old Hudson's Bay Post at Fort Edmonton. It was furnished with old hand-made furniture held together by wooden pegs instead of nails.

Two other things about Edmonton especially interested Paul. One was the smaller of the two airports, where he watched helicopters and light aircraft of the major mining




AN OLD-TIMER IN THE YUKON TERRITORY

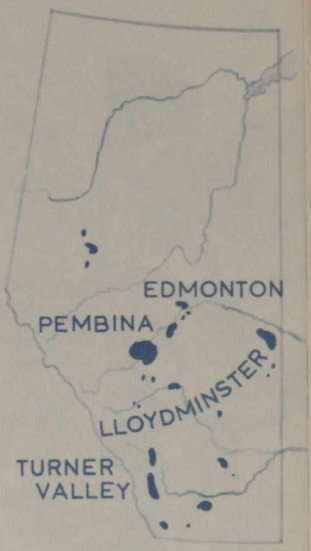
and oil companies engaged in exploration work in the Canadian Northwest. There were planes from Yellowknife, the great mining centre on Great Slave Lake, from Fort St. John on the Peace River, from Aklavik at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and from Dawson City, the gold rush capital of the Yukon.

An "old-timer" whom he met in the airport lounge showed him some photographs he had taken on the Alaska Highway, built by American and Canadian engineers during the Second World War. The Highway was financed by the United States, but is now completely owned by Canada.

"I drove a truck up there," he told Paul, "for five years . . . and I wish I was still up north. It's the finest country for a young man, these days. And mark my words, before long there'll be cities built there where thousands of people will live."

Paul had been told by Mr. Simpson not to miss seeing what he could of the oil and natural gas refineries at Edmonton. In the evening he drove out in a taxi, about four miles east of the city, to "Refinery Row" where at dusk the brilliance of plant floodlights on the weird cylinders and spheres of steel made the whole area look like a fairyland. Paul was lucky enough to see an oil well where the surplus oil was being burned off from its gusher, a smoky torch whose glare could be seen for miles around.

His genial taxi driver told him of the thousands of miles of pipelines which carried the "black gold", as he called the oil, and natural gas, east as far as Ontario, south to the northwestern American States, and westwards across the Rockies to the Coast.



OIL FIELDS OF ALBERTA

EASTERN ADVENTURE

From Edmonton back to Toronto, Paul's flight took only four hours, and Paul had much to tell Uncle Jim about his adventures in the West.

THE "BLOW IN" OF AN OIL WELL IN ALBERTA

CABOT SIGHTING NEWFOUNDLAND 1497

"Boy!" he remarked. "That's the place for me! I think some day I'd like to head out to Edmonton and start prospecting in the north. Will you come with me, Doug?"

"Sure I will," replied his cousin.

"Now, Paul," said Mr. Simpson, "there's just enough time left to visit the Atlantic seaboard, where I have to make a number of business stops next week."

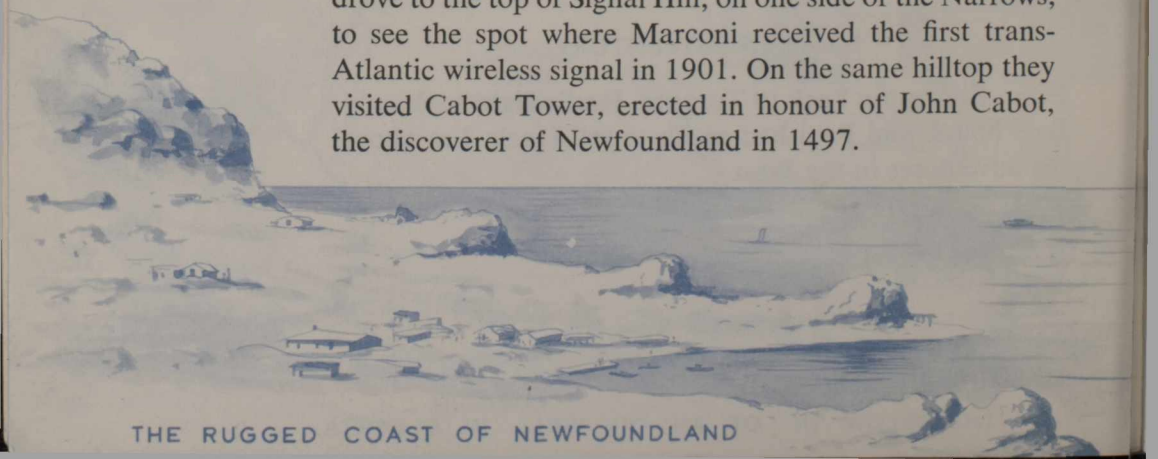
A GLIMPSE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

From Toronto Mr. Simpson and his nephew flew to Halifax, and from there to St. John's, Newfoundland.

"You'll only get a glimpse of Newfoundland, I'm afraid," said Mr. Simpson, "still, we'll see what we can do in a few days."

As their plane flew over the Avalon Peninsula, at the southeast corner of the Island, Paul was able to get a good idea of the rugged 3,000-mile coastline, with its high cliffs and scattered tiny outports (fishing villages) nestling in crevice-like coves, and separated from one another by unbroken stretches of shoreline. Inland he could see spruce forest and open moorland. In the seat pocket of the aircraft Mr. Simpson found a map of Newfoundland, and drew Paul's attention to the many imaginative names of the outports: Little Heart's Ease, Heart's Desire, Cupid's Crossing, Come-by-Chance, Harbour Grace, and Joe Batts Arm.

St. John's is finely situated in a sheltered harbour. From the aircraft Paul could see the Narrows, a small channel through which ships from the Atlantic passed in and out. Later, when they had landed, Paul and Mr. Simpson drove to the top of Signal Hill, on one side of the Narrows, to see the spot where Marconi received the first trans-Atlantic wireless signal in 1901. On the same hilltop they visited Cabot Tower, erected in honour of John Cabot, the discoverer of Newfoundland in 1497.



THE RUGGED COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND

The city as a whole seemed to lack the number of large-sized buildings he had seen in other cities. Mr. Simpson told Paul that this was because of a number of terrible fires that had ravaged the city over a period of years.

Although Newfoundland was Britain's oldest colony, he added, its history is one of very slow progress until more recent years. While the island lies in one of the world's richest ocean fishing grounds, the Portuguese, Spanish, French, and British who fished off the Grand Banks did not settle it in large numbers. Its parliamentary evolution, too, was slower than that of the rest of Canada, until 1949, when its people elected by plebiscite to become Canada's tenth province. Today it has a number of enormous pulp and paper mills, mining and hydro developments, as well as its basic fishing industry.

ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR

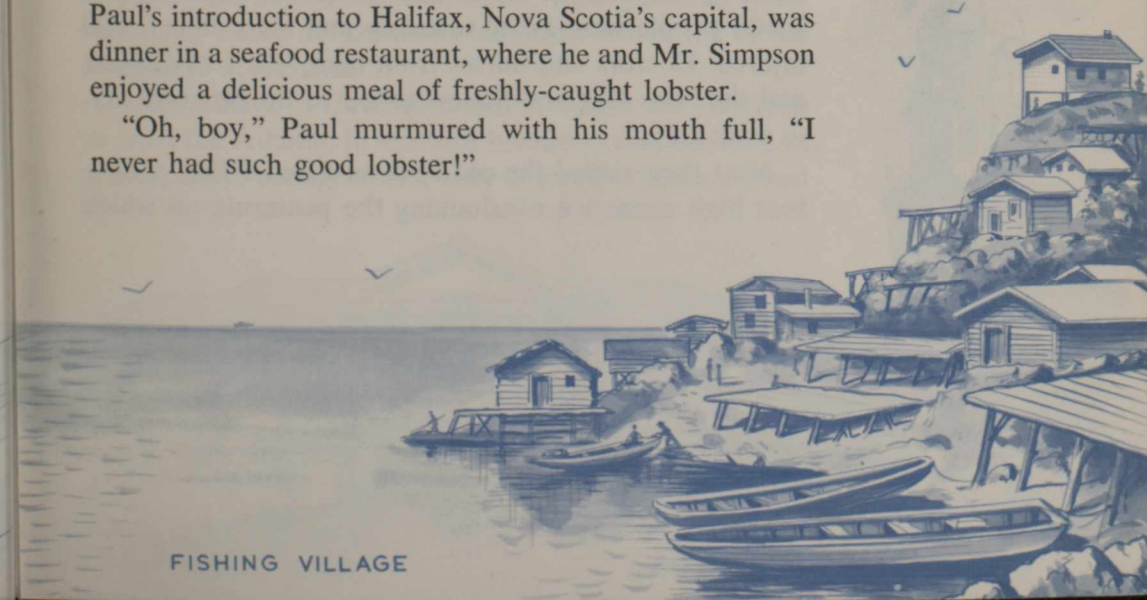
Paul liked the people of Newfoundland, who are steeped in the tradition of the sea. Their speech, he thought, was as tangy as the ocean spray along the rocky coastline.

A heavy fog delayed their direct flight to Halifax from St. John's. Instead, Mr. Simpson and his young companion travelled overnight by rail to Gander, a great international airport. The rail trip from St. John's to Gander was particularly interesting to the two travellers, for it was their first ride on a narrow-gauge railroad.

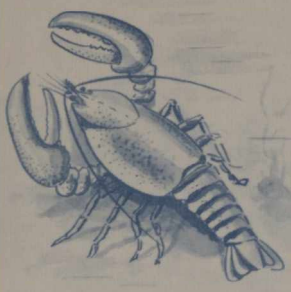
A GREAT CANADIAN SEAPORT

Paul's introduction to Halifax, Nova Scotia's capital, was dinner in a seafood restaurant, where he and Mr. Simpson enjoyed a delicious meal of freshly-caught lobster.

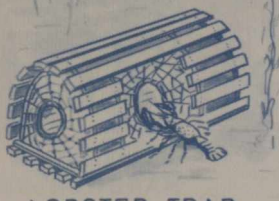
"Oh, boy," Paul murmured with his mouth full, "I never had such good lobster!"



FISHING VILLAGE



LOBSTER



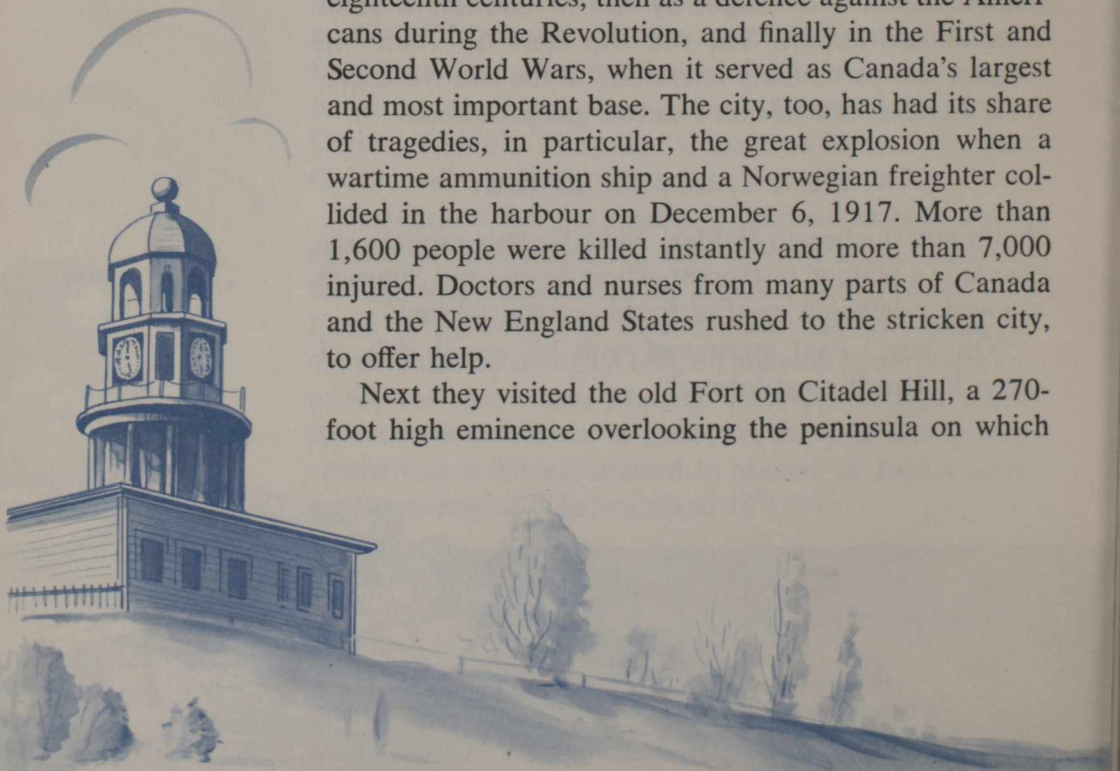
LOBSTER TRAP

Later, on Barrington Street, one of the city's main shopping streets, Paul commemorated the meal by buying a miniature lobster-pot made by a local craftsman to take home as a souvenir of Halifax.

The great natural harbour of Halifax was busy with the movement in and out of ocean liners, merchant ships, and trawlers. Alongside the naval headquarters pier Paul saw the *Bonaventure,* a Canadian aircraft carrier, and several escort destroyers, noted for their ultra-modern design and military equipment. On the far side of the harbour lay the bustling twin city of Dartmouth. Further along the shoreline could be seen an immense oil refinery, and a part of a naval air station.

Spanning Halifax Harbour, high above the masts of the largest ships, was the Angus L. Macdonald Bridge, named after one of Nova Scotia's most famous premiers. Mr. Simpson told Paul that the harbour, being so well sheltered, is ice-free in winter and can be used year-round. He described the important role played by Halifax in more than three and a half centuries of wars: first, as a British base for attacking French Canada in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, then as a defence against the Americans during the Revolution, and finally in the First and Second World Wars, when it served as Canada's largest and most important base. The city, too, has had its share of tragedies, in particular, the great explosion when a wartime ammunition ship and a Norwegian freighter collided in the harbour on December 6, 1917. More than 1,600 people were killed instantly and more than 7,000 injured. Doctors and nurses from many parts of Canada and the New England States rushed to the stricken city, to offer help.

Next they visited the old Fort on Citadel Hill, a 270-foot high eminence overlooking the peninsula on which



OLD TOWN CLOCK, HALIFAX

the older parts of Halifax were built. It is now a national historic site containing two museums. Below the Citadel, with its thick stone walls and old gun sites, stands a clock tower dating back over 150 years.

Then they visited the North West Arm, a long inlet of the sea, where they hired a boat and went swimming. Also, they made two excursions outside the city, one to the National Historic Park at Grand Pré, site of the Acadian village made famous by the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in his *Evangeline;* the other to Peggy's Cove, a tiny fishing village noted as an artists' paradise with its enormous rock formations running down into the Atlantic Ocean and symbolised by its stately white lighthouse.

STATUE OF EVANGELINE AT GRAND PRÉ, N.S.

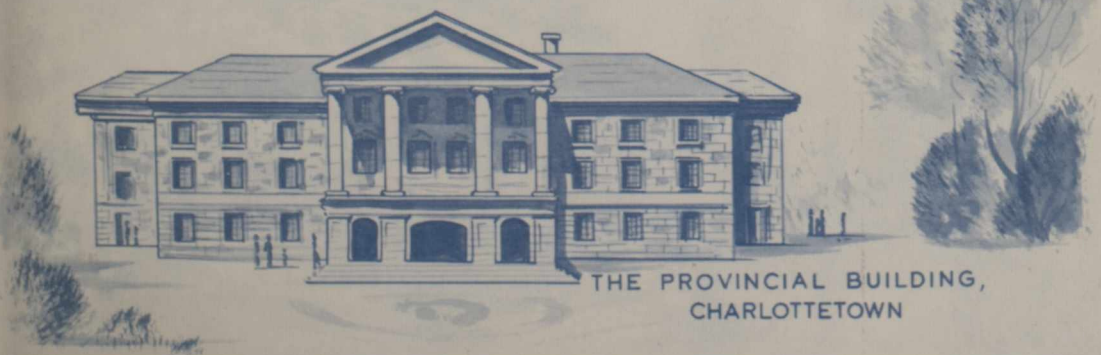
OTHER MARITIME CITIES

At Moncton, New Brunswick, Paul and Mr. Simpson made a brief stop-over, chiefly to take a side-trip to Charlottetown, capital of Prince Edward Island, and to Fredericton, capital of New Brunswick.

They reached Charlottetown in a short plane hop across Northumberland Strait. There they saw the birthplace of Canadian Confederation in 1864. They went into the room in the Confederation Chamber of the Provincial Building where just over a hundred years ago the delegates from five British North American colonies met around a conference table to discuss their union.

In this historic chamber they found a tablet which read in part: "On September first, 1864, were gathered those statesmen whose deliberations led to the formation of the Dominion of Canada."

After a drive to Cavendish Beach, where the surf rolls in from the Atlantic in ten-foot breakers, they lunched at a neat, white cottage where they enjoyed a home-cooked



THE PROVINCIAL BUILDING, CHARLOTTETOWN

meal, including freshly harvested potatoes from one of the many rich farms on the tiny island known as the "Garden of the Gulf". They then returned to the capital. To conclude their stop they visited Confederation Centre, a new centre for culture officially opened by Queen Elizabeth in October 1964 to commemorate the Island's part in Canadian Confederation.

UNITED EMPIRE LOYALIST

Next, Mr. Simpson and Paul returned to Moncton, New Brunswick, and from there went on to visit Fredericton, the capital of the province, an attractive little city on the St. John River. Paul asked Mr. Simpson to tell him something about Fredericton. He learned that Fredericton was built away from the sea, in a secluded forest area, far enough from the coast to make it difficult for American raiders to reach during the Revolutionary War. At that time thousands of people living in the Thirteen Colonies decided to remain loyal to the British Crown and moved into the Fredericton area. They were called United Empire Loyalists, and made many contributions to Canada's development.

Walking along the tree-lined avenues on the banks of the river, they passed the old Officers' Barracks and visited first the elegant Legislative Building, and next to it, the century-old Christ Church Cathedral, one of the handsomest Gothic-style churches in Canada. Everywhere in Fredericton they saw evidences of the generosity of the city's chief benefactor, Lord Beaverbrook, who was raised in New Brunswick and became one of the world's most famous newspaper publishers. Among his more notable gifts are the Beaverbrook Art Gallery and the Library of the University of New Brunswick, where he once studied law.

AU REVOIR CANADA!

It was a happy homecoming for Mr. Simpson and Paul when, several days before the Labour Day weekend, they returned to Toronto. Paul, Betty and Douglas all exchanged views on the final phase of the summer vacation — Paul on the romance and history of the Atlantic Provinces, Betty on her preparations for school after returning from the West with Mrs. Simpson, and Douglas his Scouting experiences.

But then, the next day, it was time for Paul to return to Ohio.

"We've enjoyed having you as our guest, Paul," said Mrs. Simpson. "In a way, it's a pity your mother and father have all your school arrangements made, because I'm sure you'd enjoy a year of school in Toronto."

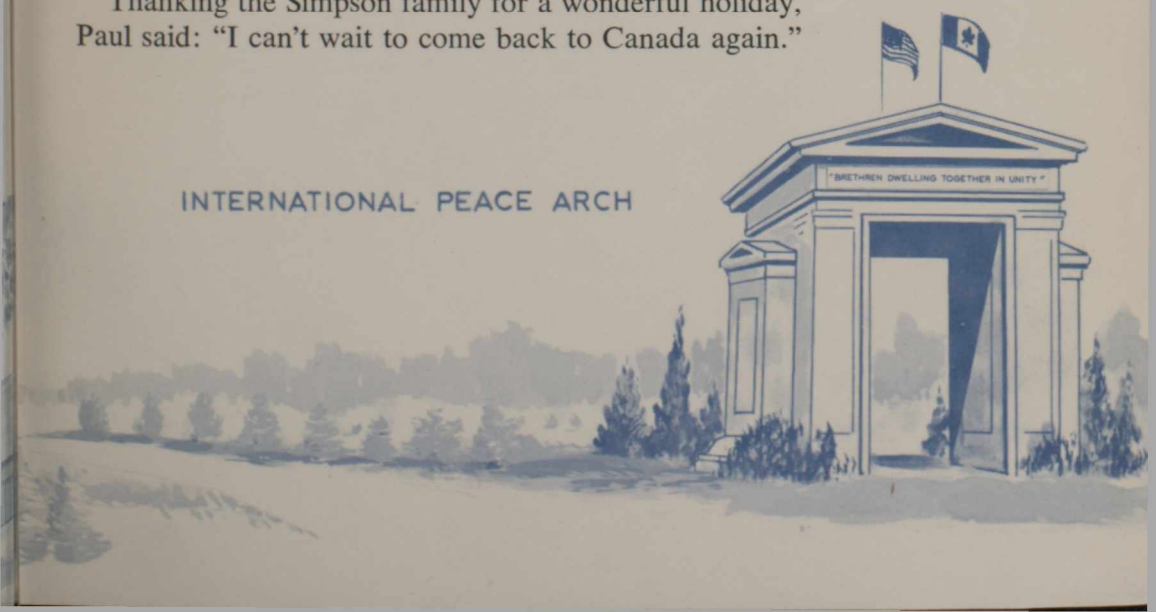
"I certainly would, Auntie Kate," exclaimed Paul.

"Oh, that would be fun," smiled Betty. "Then you could read in our history books all about the places you've seen."

"And try out for our junior hockey team," joined in Douglas.

As they were about to take the car to the airport, Mr. Simpson said: "You know, Paul, if only a quarter of the people who visited Canada showed as much interest as you, we'd be delighted. There's so much to be gained from travelling and talking with people across the country, and perhaps, best of all, learning and understanding."

Thanking the Simpson family for a wonderful holiday, Paul said: "I can't wait to come back to Canada again."



INTERNATIONAL PEACE ARCH

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