

CA1  
EA980  
C17  
Jan. 1975  
DOCS c.1

LIBRARY E A / BIBLIOTHÈQUE A E  
3 5036 01031440 2

# CANADA

TODAY / D'AUJOURD'HUI

*"The skyline of Toronto is something you'll get on to, but they say you've got to live there for a while."* Gordon Lightfoot

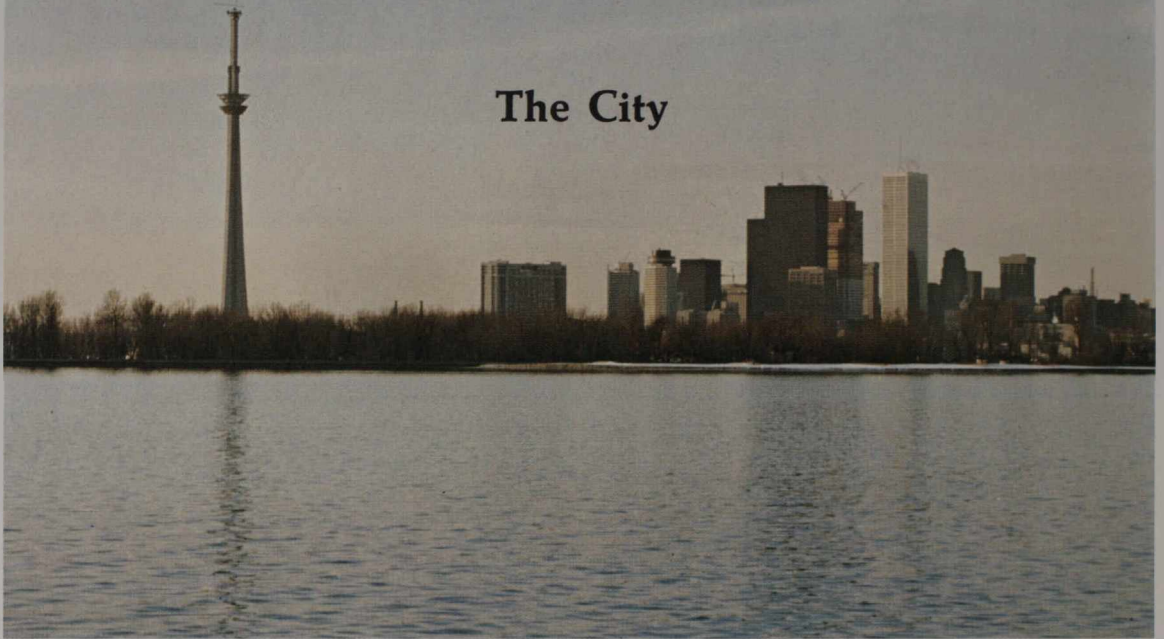
LIBRARY DEPT. OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS  
MINISTÈRE DES AFFAIRES ÉTRANGÈRES

## Toronto

Toronto is a noteworthy place. Much attention has been given to its phenomenal growth and its emergence as a sophisticated, multi-cultured city. In this issue of CANADATODAY/D'AUJOURD'HUI we will not attempt to sum up Toronto; we wouldn't know how. Instead we will take a look at the city and a couple of its more imposing structures, and at two remarkable Torontonians named John Holmes and Robertson Davies.



"The most stunning improvement has taken place in Toronto . . . a formerly tedious provincial capital has emerged as the world's newest great city" — *Fortune* MAGAZINE



## The City

Once the disgruntled young people of Toronto called it "Toronto the Good." Editor Robert Fulford has recalled that "we all grew up believing that ours was just about the most miserable and boring hick town on the face of the earth."

Today it is very different. Depending on the point of view, it is: "Swinging Toronto," "the only city in North America worth saving," "the middle class capital of the world," or "a monster consuming itself." Each view has some measure of truth. It is an entertaining city with good restaurants, good shops and theatres, and a semi-

sinful stretch for a few blocks along Yonge Street, but it is not Paris, London, New York, Montréal or even Baltimore, Md. It is close to the middle-class dream; a great many families live in satisfactory circumstances right in the city and it lacks the more grievous urban problems. It is obviously worth saving but so are (to name only two) Vancouver and Louisville, Ky.

For the moment at least Toronto has achieved a sort of pleasant plateau—a good place to live, a good place to visit and in the words of one writer, "a boomtown without peer and a com-

## Robertson Davies



Robertson Davies is Toronto's, and one may well argue Canada's, most illustrious literary man. He was born in Thamesville, Ont., he wrote his first book of fiction in 1947, and for the last decade he has been Professor of English and Master of Massey College at the University of Toronto. There are many who think he is the best novelist now writing in English. *Fifth Business* is considered

his best book to date, though *The Manticore*, a more recent one, is very close. His work has a quality that is profound, religious and humanistic. He is his own best interpreter, as can be seen in these comments by him, excerpted from a published interview by Donald Cameron:

*"Orthodox Christianity has always had for me the difficulty that it really won't come, in what is for me a satisfactory way, to grips with the problem of evil. It knows an enormous amount about evil, it discusses evil in fascinating terms, but evil is always the other thing; it is something which is apart from perfection, and man's duty*



Toronto tries, with real success, to blend the old and new. Nothing is newer than the Canadian National tower which looms, on page one, behind the fusty, funky Flatiron Building. On page two the tower stands in counterpoint to the city's downtown skyscraper cluster, a

view that suggests, inaccurately, that Toronto was born yesterday. The cluster (above in greater detail) is balanced by old, peaked homes in such places as Yorkville and Cabbagetown, now restored and selling for up to \$100,000.



pellung location for an office or factory. A third of Canada's purchasing power lies within a 100-mile radius." In the words of *Venture* magazine it is "the very model of a modern major metropolis" and a "big, clean city with a lot of building going on."

The vitalization of Toronto began in the late fifties or the early sixties though it wasn't immediately apparent. In *Fortune's* phrase it was still "a tedious provincial capital" with a traditional monochromatic Anglo-Celtic flavor, clean, safe and tree-lined streets and Sunday blue laws.

Pleasure seekers drove to Buffalo, N.Y., on the weekends. But immigrants who were clearly not Anglo-Celts had been pouring in since World War II, from Italy, Germany, Poland, the Ukraine, Portugal, France, Greece, the West Indies and Asia, and they had brought cultural variety and were bringing varieties of food, drink and philosophy as well. The subway system, which began to take shape in the early fifties (when many cities were dismantling their transit systems), has been a major factor in holding the city together. The trains are clean, quiet, re-

is to strive for perfection. I could not reconcile that with such experience of life as I had and the Jungian feeling that things tend to run into one another, that what looks good can be pushed to the point where it becomes evil, and that evil frequently bears what can only be regarded as good fruit. . . . I feel that I am a person of strongly religious temperament but when I say 'religious' I mean I am immensely conscious of powers of which I can have only the dimmest apprehension, which operate by means that I cannot fathom, in directions which I would be a fool to call either good or bad. . . .

"I really think I've now got to the age where I have to consider what I am and how I function, and I can only call myself an artist. Now people hesitate very much in Canada to call themselves artists. An extraordinary number of authors shrink from that word, because it suggests to them a kind of a fancy attitude, which might

bring laughter or might seem overstrained — but if you really put your best energies into acts of creation, I don't know what else you can call yourself. You'd better face it and get used to it and take on the things that are implied by it. . . .

"I am not of formidable learning; I am a very scrappily educated person and I am not of formidable intellect; I really am not a very good thinker. In Jungian terms I am a feeling person with strong intuition. I can think, I've had to think, and I do think but that isn't the first way I approach any problem. It's always, what does this say to me: And I get it through my fingertips, not through my brain. Then I have to think about it, but the thinking is a kind of consciously undertaken thing rather than a primary means of apprehension. Also intuition is very strong in me; I sort of smell things. As for this wit business, it's primarily defence, you know. Witty people are concealing something."

Torontonians enjoy a clean and pleasant subway system, thirty cents a ride, four tokens for a dollar, transfers free. The subway and supporting buses take them up and down their varied town, from the old Bank of Montréal, right, to a diversity of places, such as those on the opposite page: to the Kensington Market, up semi-sinful Yonge Street, to the ice skaters at City Hall, to the Henry Moore sculptures at the Art Gallery of Ontario, to a grocery in Chinatown and to a rustic ravine leading to high-rise apartment buildings.



liable and fresh-smelling. The fare is subsidized at thirty cents and transfers are free. Connecting buses come right inside the subway shelters. The suburban sprawl which has disfigured most major cities in North America did not occur since provincial law required developers to build only

where the new houses could be tied into municipal sewage systems. Random spread was further inhibited when a dozen municipalities were united with Toronto in 1953 in a Metropolitan government which coordinated planning and growth. The Provincial legislature reorganized the Metro-

## Toronto's Most Baffling Case

Though the Toronto police solve most of the crimes committed in their metropolis, they don't solve them all. The question remains: Was Ambrose Small murdered or did he just take the money and run?

Should you know the answer, the reward — \$50,000 alive, \$15,000 dead — was cancelled, unfortunately, on March 29, 1924. Still it would be nice to know.

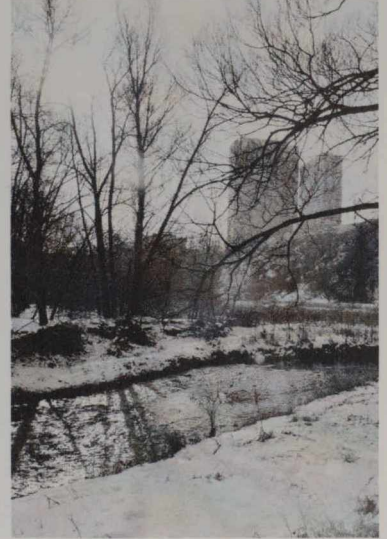
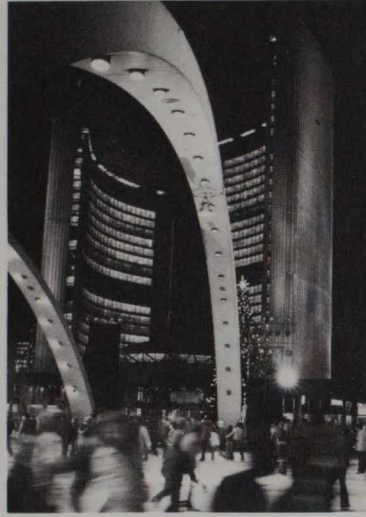
Ambrose was a small man, five feet, six inches, 135 pounds, "very quick in his movements," with a clipped moustache. When last seen at 5:30 p.m., December 2, 1919, he was wearing a double-breasted tweed suit and an overcoat with velvet lapels.

He was the son of a hotel and bar owner and he began his career as a bartender at the Grand Old Opera House on Adelaide and Yonge Streets. In 1902 he married his stepmother's sister,

Theresa, went into the theatre business and was as effortlessly successful as the original Floradora Girls. His single house soon became a chain across Canada.

On the morning of December 2 all seemed totally right in Ambie's world: He had sold his theatrical holdings to a Montréal firm for \$2 million, received half in cash, and that morning had prudently put it in a bank. Toward the end of that full and fruitful day, Ambrose invited his solicitor, Mr. E. F. Flock, to dinner but Flock declined and hurried off to catch a train home to London, Ont. It was then 5:30 p.m. That, as far as the verified record shows, was the last anyone saw of Ambie.

After several days someone suggested that Ambie had been kidnapped. Someone reported seeing three men digging in the Rosedale Ravine across from his home on the night of December



politan structure in 1967, forming six major units, the City of Toronto and the Boroughs of East York, Etobicoke, North York, Scarborough and York. The units retain local autonomy and responsibilities but the major regional services, such as the administration of justice, police work

and some aspects of education, are under Metro control.

Today Toronto is compact but not overcrowded; it has 2.7 million people and while the population density is four times as great as Phoenix's, it is only one-seventh of Manhattan's.



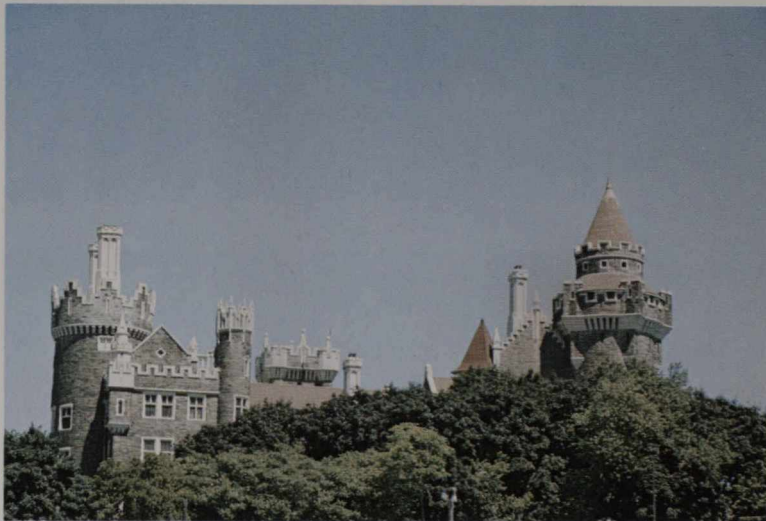
2. A steam shovel dug up the ravine to no avail. Ambie's safe deposit box was opened and his bookkeeper reported that \$100,000 in government bonds were missing. Mrs. Small offered a reward. Small's sisters, Gertrude and Florence, hired their own private detective, a gent named P. Sullivan.

The investigations produced nothing. Blackstone the Magician, a friend of Ambie's from theatrical days, reported to police that he'd seen him gambling in Tijuana, Mexico, and had called "Hi, Ambie" across the smoke-filled room, but nothing came of that. Mrs. Small died in 1935

Theatre tycoon Ambrose Small, left, disappeared abruptly in 1919, leaving behind \$2 million, his wife Theresa, centre, and his bookkeeper, John Doughty, right. The bookkeeper eventually went to jail for rifling Ambie's safe deposit box, but no one ever discovered what happened to Ambie. His two spinster sisters, Gertrude and Florence, and a private eye named P. Sullivan, shown above, tried unsuccessfully to put the blame on Mrs. Small. After many a wrangle she got the estate.

and P. Sullivan produced a signed "confession" in which she admitted doing Ambie in. Several handwriting experts examined the confession and some said it was genuine but more said it was false.

If Ambie was murdered his body was remarkably well hidden. If he still lives he is 90 years old. If you should see an old, old man gambling, in Tijuana or anywhere else, say "Hi, Ambie," and see what happens.



By the mid-sixties a great many people who'd moved out to the suburbs began moving back to the city, which was still clean, with good schools and a range of housing choices, including detached bungalows, row houses and high-rise apartments.

It was also safe. Crime in Toronto is less of a problem than frost. It has crime — forty-five persons were murdered in 1973, including two constables — but the rate of offenses in terms of population remains notably below those of American cities of similar size. The majority of crimes, 54 per cent, are cleared by arrest and major "index" crimes have been diminishing in recent years. Many factors contribute to the comparative calm; Toronto is prosperous with few bottom-level slums, and though there are many ethnic neighbourhoods, there are no ghettos in which the residents are trapped by tradition or circumstances.

The core of Toronto never decayed to any great degree, but its survival as a residential city was threatened when anonymous, rectangular steel and glass towers were replacing gingerbread verandas at an accelerating clip. In 1972 Harry Bruce wrote in *Saturday Night* magazine: "The monster cannot escape his own rapacity. He has the eternal, gnawing gut of some poor, doomed, hideous wheeling old shark. He gobbles not just mansions and trees but parks, movie-houses, schools, ravines, lanes and backyards that are historic simply because somebody must once

have loved them and known their lilac bushes as individuals."

Some Torontonians felt that Mr. Bruce had overstated the case but he was certainly not alone in his outrage. In 1972 the voters elected an "antideveloper" group, with David Crombie, a professor of political science, as mayor. The new City Council passed a two-year ban on building anything over forty-five feet high and architects began recycling old warehouses, factories and row houses into office buildings and shops. Today the lilac bushes survive, the height ban is still under vehement discussion, and the massive rebuilding of the waterfront is being reconsidered in terms of the best human-scale replacement for the old freight yards. The residential neighbourhoods are intact but they are not easy to move into — ordinary single-family houses on one-seventh acre lots have been selling in the Toronto outskirts for \$65,000 each. Fashionable in-city remodeled row houses go for \$100,000. Most new houses carry high mortgages and in Canada mortgage interest is not deductible from income taxes.

If Toronto's superboom is slowing down the citizens aren't all aggrieved; many feel, to use Marshall McLuhan's word, that it is time to replace the cult of moreness with a sense of "enoughness."

Old Toronto (or "Toronto the Good") still lives in grand structures such as the St. James Cathedral, left above, and the Casa Loma, the eccentric home of a very rich man and in the homely delight of a neat garden behind a neat fence. New, multi-cultured Toronto is vivid too, with, for example, checkered brick house fronts. The CN tower, in day and night, is pure late-twentieth century, but older towers rise on Cherry Beach.



## The Tower of Toronto



The Canadian National's new communications tower on the Toronto waterfront is the tallest free-standing structure in the world—1805 feet high. It is not a building in the sense that the Sears Tower in Chicago (1454 feet) is a building, since almost all of its bulk consists of impenetrable, poured concrete, but it is 57 feet higher than its closest proper rival, the Otkankino Communications Tower in Moscow.

It is a sturdy reed which can withstand a direct hit by a 747 airliner or a 150 mile-per-hour wind; a possible danger to migrating thrushes; part of the biggest single downtown redevelopment project ever undertaken in North America; an efficient television and FM radio broadcasting centre; and the sole support of a revolving restaurant, 1150 feet high, from which it will be possible to see Buffalo, N.Y., across Lake Ontario, on a clear day.

It will cost \$29.5 million, it will be in full function this spring and it is expected—through rentals, admission charges and incidentals—to

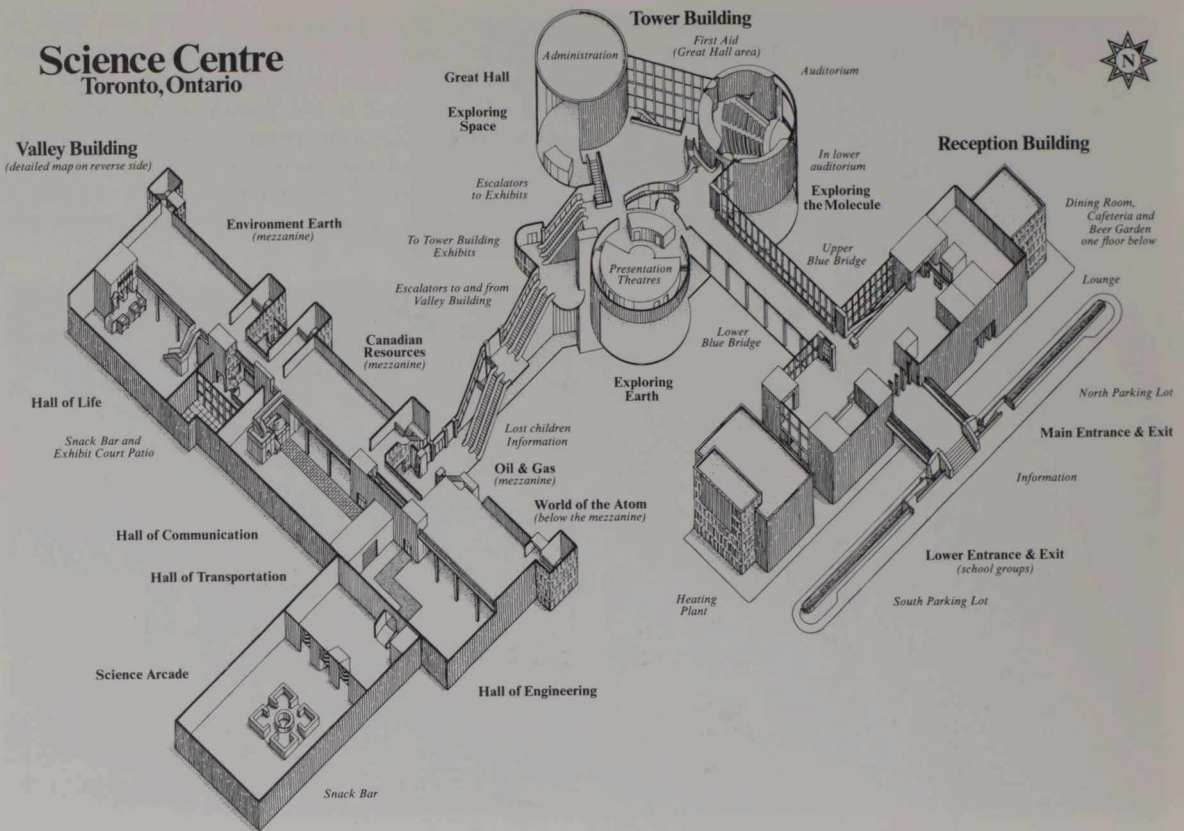
net \$3.5 million annually, before financing and depreciation charges.

It is, basically, a concrete, hexagonal shaft, internally reinforced by miles of steel cable.

The Tower was conceived when Howard Hiliard, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's Director of Divisional Services, decided in 1967 that CBC needed a new, tall antenna in downtown Toronto. The Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific railways were planning the redevelopment of 190 acres on the lakefront, surrounding their Union Station. (The redevelopment has moved very slowly, while the citizens and government of Toronto have considered the desired shape of the future city.) Hiliard went to Stewart Andrews, the project's general manager, who expanded the antenna into the tower. Canadian National Railways agreed to lend the money.

The first design was for three slim pillars of varying height, connected by enclosed bridges, but the technological problem of keeping them slim proved enormous. By 1972 the plans for separate tubes had coalesced into plans for the present structure. The construction problems were still unique; the site was excavated through thirty-five feet of overburden into twenty feet of rock. A huge, special movable form was con-

# Science Centre Toronto, Ontario



structed for pouring concrete — in effect it was a movable, three-storey building of I-beams, steel-grid and wood, which rose in the air twenty feet a day, growing narrower as the tower tapered. Concrete was poured through the top, into the bottomless mold below. As the concrete set the platform was pushed up by hydraulic jacks. The falling, wet concrete tended to swirl, the way water swirls down a bathtub drain, so it was checked by transit, plumb bob and optical sight after each pouring to make sure that it set untwisted, straight up and down. The final check, in March, 1974, showed that nowhere did the tower vary from the perpendicular more than one inch.

Four exterior elevators, in glass-covered shafts, will be able to carry one thousand, three hundred people an hour to the 70,000 square-foot skypod

at the 1100-foot level. The skypod, 149 feet wide and 116 feet high, contains the revolving restaurant (one thousand, four hundred diners) and two observation levels, one indoors and one out. An interior elevator will carry the determined observer to a third observation level at 1500 feet. When in full operation the tower will broadcast programmes from eight TV channels and eleven FM radio stations.

The tower's effect on wildlife is still undetermined. Naturalist Barry MacKay contends that when it is fully illuminated it will attract thrushes, warblers and other night-migrating birds and that in bad weather "hundreds and perhaps thousands" will be killed. The Canadian National insists that so far, at least, not a single bird has hit the tower.

## The Ontario Science Centre

"I think," one visitor wrote, "the Science Centre is a great improvement for science." "It finds a way to my brain," said another.

The observations were substantially correct; the Ontario Science Centre, if not precisely an improvement for science, is an improved way to make the fascination and joy of science perfectly clear to the young (two of whom made the observations above) and to the old.

The fascination begins with the Centre itself,

a set of singular structures that cover a small part of the 180-acre Don River conservation area, at the geographic centre of Metro Toronto, ten minutes from downtown. The site is hilly, split by a ravine, with a ninety-foot drop from the knoll at the top to the valley floor.

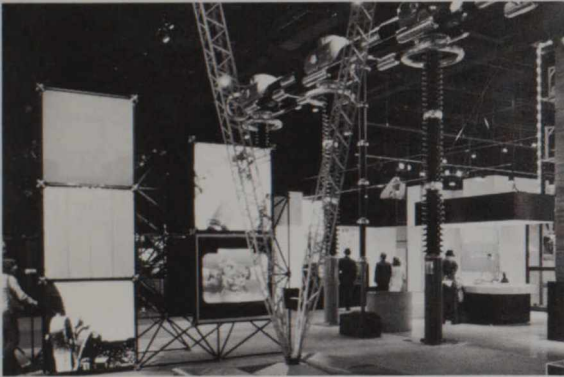
Architect Raymond Moriyama was commissioned to design the Centre in 1964; he took the job, went to work and kept a diary.

First he defined his goals: "The Centre must





*The Ontario Science Centre, in cut-away on page eight, is fascinating, outside and in. The children are waiting to play tic-tac-toe on a computer.*



be a place for everyone — not cater to twelve specialists and ignore twelve thousand. . . . It must arouse curiosity. It must be a place of wonder. It must have unmeasurable qualities of comfort and joy, of discovery with others. It must fuse the visitor with ideas through active participation."

By January, 1965, he had learned that "medically an average man can absorb only about 20,000 square feet of detailed man-made exhibitions before his mind refuses to function" and he had conceived the basic plan for the Centre. Intensive exhibit areas would be broken into units of 20,000 square feet or less. They would be linked by "adjustment places," where visitors could relax, reflect and recharge their curiosity. Moriyama based his design on the Japanese character for the "heart," the basis for the composition of most Japanese gardens.

The \$23 million result is unlike any other museum, or building, that comes readily to mind. It is in three sections, two joined by a bridge across the ravine and the second joined to the third by escalators which move up and down a hillside.

The buildings are rough, poured concrete. Visitors approach a rectangular fountain in which water spurts from three hundred jets. Behind the fountain are low, broad steps leading to the low, broad Reception Building, which contains the heating plant at one end, a dining room and cafeteria at the other and the reception area between.

A two-level bridge extends from the back of the Reception Building, across the ravine to the Core Building. The north wall of the bridge is mostly glass with a continuous impressive view of tree-tops; the interior has blue carpet on the floor which extends up the south wall. The bridge is intended to take the visitor out of the routine world of the Reception Building (a place for removing hats and coats and for eating and drinking) to the special world of science. At the end of the bridge are the Core Building's three round barrels — one enclosing a 500-seat auditorium (with orange-coloured seating and walls of rugged, ribbed concrete), one containing two smaller theatres and the third holding the offices and administrative areas. Within the triangle formed by the barrels is the Great Hall.

Where is the museum? It is to the left, down the hill; escalators lead to and from the exhibition areas and the visitor is (as he was in the Great Hall) separated only by clear glass from the woodlands outside.

At the bottom the outside world is abruptly shut out. The architecture of the exhibition halls is, in Moriyama's word, "negative;" instructive, entertaining exhibits are located with great imagination in low, dark spaces. The visitor forgets the building, as a theatre goer forgets the theatre for the stage.

The exhibits are arranged in the Hall of Life, the Hall of Communication, the Hall of Transportation, the Hall of Engineering, Environment



*Visitors to the Ontario Science Centre find the displays right on target.*

Earth, Canadian Resources, Oil and Gas, the World of the Atom and the Science Arcade. The distinguishing motive of all exhibits is visitor participation; the viewer is directly and usually physically involved. He operates pumps, from the Archimedean screw to modern sophisticated ones, he generates electricity by riding a stationary bicycle, he plays tic-tac-toe on a computer, he zooms, pans and focuses a remote control TV camera, he stacks cubes with mechanical hands, he cracks a safe and he walks through the "Disorientation Room," a lopsided ship's galley which plays tricks with his inner ear.

The exhibits were designed with school children in mind and the school children have responded remarkably. The Centre solicits com-

ments in visitor's books and they are invariably enthusiastic: "I like the show on pollution we must stop it," "I saw many thing that helped me with lessons. This place is educational and fun," "I've seen things that make you feel like your not on the earth." Adults have responded too. The children often have to wait for them to finish, before they can ride the generator bike or play tic-tac-toe.

*All photos copyright 1975, Carol Myers; except, Robertson Davies, John Holmes, and the Chinese grocery, Canadian Press; Toronto subway, Information Canada Phototèque; Kensington Market and Ambrose Small photos, Toronto Star. Cut-away schematic courtesy Ontario Science Center.*

In the November 1974 issue of CANADA TODAY/ D'AUJOURD'HUI we inadvertently and inexcusably said that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was the first Liberal Prime Minister. Alexander Mackenzie was, of

course, the first. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was the first French Canadian Prime Minister.

We apologize to all and particularly to the descendants of Mr. Mackenzie.

*If you are interested in learning more about the aspects of Toronto discussed in this issue, you may direct your inquiries to the following addresses:*

**Community Information Centre  
of Metropolitan Toronto**  
110 Adelaide Street East  
Toronto, Ontario M5K 1K9

**Ontario Science Centre**  
770 Don Mills Road  
Toronto, Ontario M3C 1T3

**Canadian Institute of  
International Affairs**  
31 Wellesley Street East  
Toronto, Ontario M4Y 1H1

*If you would like to go and see the city for yourself, your nearest Canadian Government Office of Tourism would be happy to provide helpful information for planning your trip.*

*The Canadian Institute of International Affairs, which has its headquarters in Toronto, is an independent, non-partisan organization devoted to the study of international questions and Canadian external relations. Through its publications, study groups, conferences, research and other services, it tries to help Canadians become better informed about international relations.*

## The Boundaries Question



*John W. Holmes is Director-General of the CIA and one of North America's most provocative political thinkers. Below are excerpts from a lecture by him, entitled "In Praise of National Boundaries," which was*

*first delivered at St. Lawrence University in Canton, N.Y. In it Mr. Holmes considers the possibilities of "continentalism" as it might apply in terms of the land mass north of the Rio Grande. It is difficult to excerpt Mr. Holmes and we apologize for the substance lost in the process.*

The world is not, and presumably never will be, laid out logically. All states — and not just Canada — are artificial products of the politics and economics of past generations. . . . We are led astray, however, by an unthinking devotion to the idea that the more countries which can be wrapped up in bundles the better. . . . Internationalism too often has been a negative belief that barriers should be torn down, that national boundaries are unnatural and offensive to human dignity. It is particularly hard for people on this continent to realize that the customs and immigration controls which irritate us when they interfere with our swift passage across our famous unguarded frontier are in fact essential guarantees of our respective ways of life, including our jobs. . . . The unreasoning instinct of nice friendly people is to tear the nasty barriers down. That is the path of unity. It is also the path of the homogenization of mankind, the domination of the great powers, the crushing of smaller ones. . . . Smaller countries do not exist only out of perversity. They exist so that government, even in a cybernetic age, can remain closer to the people. . . .

The threat of continentalization comes not from governments but from forces beyond the control of governments. The men in Washington insist that Canadian nationalists are flogging a straw man, that the United States has no intention of annexing Canada or interfering with the Canadians' perverse will to maintain a national existence. . . .

I not only agree that there is no evidence

whatsoever of a U.S. intention to annex Canada, I disagree strongly with the simple-minded assertion that the United States is planning to take over Canada economically. The United States, thank God, has no plans for Canada at all. . . . It isn't annexation by the United States we have to resist now; it is creeping continentalism, the incorporation of Canada by suction into an entity called North America.

If Canada ceases to exist it is more likely to be death by hypnosis than by foreign investment. The vitality of the American media, from NBC to *Penthouse*, is such that Canadians are losing consciousness of themselves. . . . We are in danger of becoming a zombie nation, our physical structure intact but our souls and minds gone abroad. . . . Canada may well be conquered by American television. That's a hell of a way to die. . . .

We have to remind ourselves of this central principle of North American co-existence because we are entering a new era when our relations may be fundamentally changed from those to which we are historically accustomed. Present trends indicate that the balance of advantage may now be shifting to the smaller country even though that country is bound to remain the weaker in aggregate power. . . . Already there has been a dramatic shift in the flow of immigrants, altering a century-old pattern of a preponderant flow of Canadians to the United States. . . . We must consider the possibility that a shift of economic advantage would invite a shift of population which could bring with it some baffling and disturbing dilemmas. . . .

In the past the United States on the whole played the game with Canada. . . . Quiet Americans seemed to prevail in the end over the rabid senators and editors and generals who hollered at the Canadians to get in step or else. In any case, . . . there was no need, it was said by a distinguished American, to push, because when the Canadians were ready Canada would fall like a ripe apple into the arms of the Republic. . . . The British miscalculated, like the Americans, because they regarded Canada as an aberration . . . , which had no future. . . .

There may have been something to be said for continental union at one time, although it would

always have been an annexation rather than a merger. In any case it is too late now. . . . Canada has created over several centuries its own *raison d'être* and, what is more, Canadians now know we have a good thing going for us. . . . The oil of Texas or the coal of Pennsylvania were not regarded as continental resources when Canada was in short supply. . . . Our fear may well have made us too dogmatic, however, for there is an argument, which is at least worth looking at, to draw up bilateral principles for disposing of resources in the two countries based on the idea of orderly adjustments rather than the sharing of resources and shortages on the present basis of population and industry. We have to rid ourselves of the notion that we always come out the loser if we negotiate with the Americans or the British. It is historically unsound, and it is demeaning. . . .

It is in the Canadian national interest to seek accommodation rather than confrontation with the United States. . . . Many Canadians fear that we went too far in losing control of our economy in the name of growth, but surely fair-minded Canadians would blame Canadians rather than the United States government for letting this happen. . . . The fact that the position of Canada *vis-à-vis* the United States has been fundamentally altered in the past decade may be better realized in Washington than it is among Canadians — who tend to be reluctant and embarrassed millionaires. . . .

It should be noted, nevertheless, that in spite

of his acceptance of the continental divide, (President) Nixon (when in Ottawa in 1972) could still talk about the desirability of a continental resources policy. There is a dangerous clash of Canadian and American perceptions over those words. Canadians are in no mood to be denied the opportunity to exploit our new-found advantage in order to raise our industrial base, social infrastructure, income and population. That includes the right to surpass the American level of consumption. . . .

The great epic of North America is not the sharing of a continent; we only share a border. It is that after having divided the continent by traditional rough and tumble methods we settled down to live with it like civilized people — inventing procedures like the International Joint Commission and thousands of *ad hoc* agencies to seek out equitable solutions for the issues we shall never cease to have between us. . . .

We are a very long way from being equal. Still the new balance could be a healthier one and . . . more mature. . . .

When it comes to resources we may be better off than the Americans, but together we form the uniquely fortunate continent. A peculiarly seductive form of continentalism we may have to resist is the temptation to withdraw into Fortress America to protect our hoard from the barbarians. That mentality, bred of fear, would lead us inexorably to the philosophy of the efficient continent — a philosophy which has always posed the greatest threat to the Canadian dream.

*This newsletter is published monthly except July and August. The views expressed are not necessarily those of the Canadian Government. Unless specifically noted, articles are not copyrighted and may be reproduced. If you have questions or comments on these or other Canadian subjects, please be in touch. Address and telephone number below.*

# CANADA

Today/D' Aujourd'hui

The Canadian Embassy  
Office of Information  
1771 N Street, NW  
Washington, DC 20036  
202: 785-1400

Address Correction  
Requested



BULK RATE  
U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
PERMIT NO. 1167

