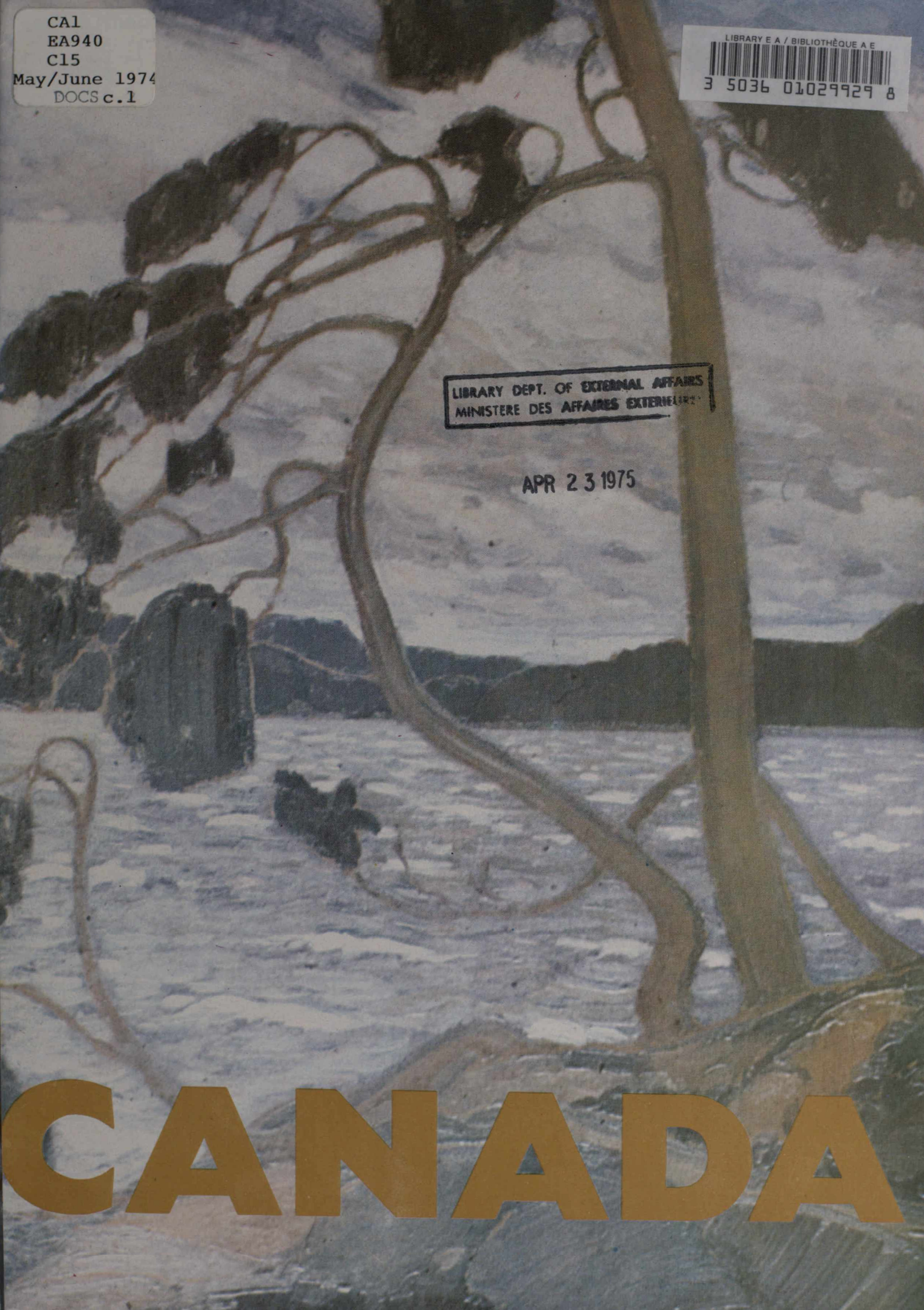
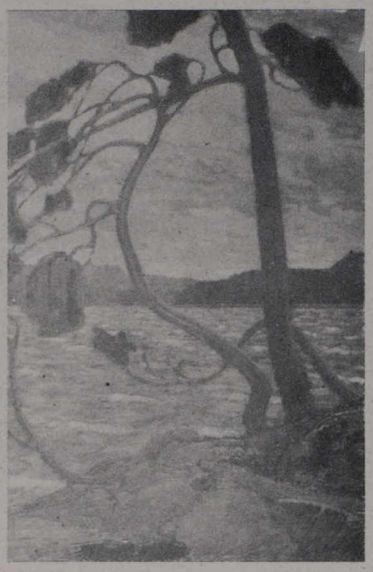


CANADA

Canada

Volume 8 No. 3



COVER : Tom Thomson's most famous picture, the West Wind, lends its name to the talk by A.Y. Jackson on succeeding pages, This reproduction (the orginal is broader) gives a glimpse af the impassioned line and colour that Thomson brought to his interpretation of the Canadian wilds. Back cover shows India's pavilion at the Man and his World exposition in Montreal which succeeded Expo '67.

Articles

ACKNOWLEDGMENT : "The Shop" is abridged from Robert Stall's article in Weekend Magazine Copyright 1974.

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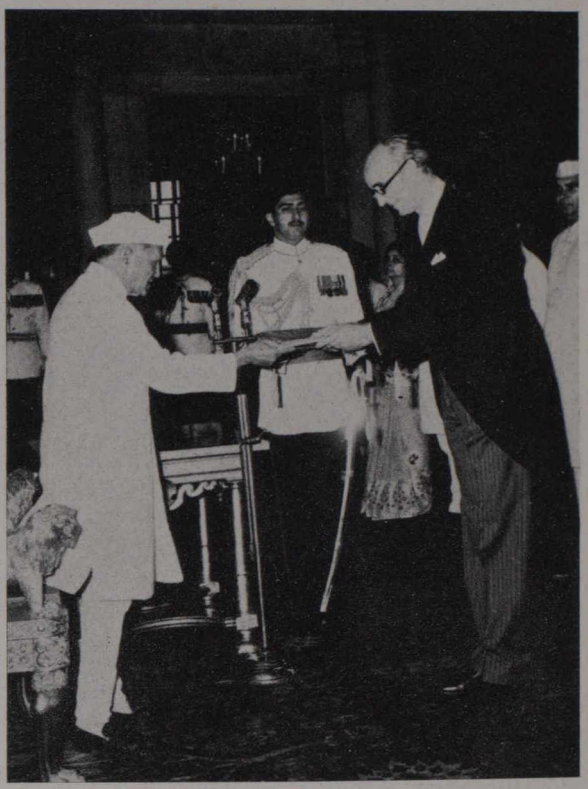
On September 26 Mr J.R. Maybee, Canada's new High Commissioner to India, presented his Letter of Commission to the President, Mr. Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed. In the course of the ceremony Mr. Maybee made the following statement which we think aptly summarizes the present state of Indo-Canadian relations and so should be of particular interest to our readers.

Mr. President :



It is a great honour for me to have been chosen as Canada's representative in India, a country with a rich and varied heritage which has made a distinctive contribution to the world community. It is also a matter of great personal satisfaction to be embarking on a voyage of discovery of the many facets of the Indian experience as well as to be contributing to the direction and development of Indo-Canadian relations.

Recent years have seen important steps in the evolution of the cordial relationship which exists between India and Canada. Canadians were honoured to receive your Prime Minister, Shrimati Indira Gandhi, during her visit to Canada in June 1973. As an important outcome of this visit, consultations were held in New Delhi last November which have brought about a better understanding of the possibilities of expanding economic relations between our two countries. In multilateral organizations, there is a tradition of friendly and useful cooperation, recently exemplified in a close and productive working relationship at the Law of the Sea Conference in Caracas and which finds continuing and special expression in our Commonwealth bonds. On the level of personal human relations, increasing numbers of Canadians are visiting India each year and, as you are aware, Mr. President, Indians are playing a respected and growing role in the Canadian social fabric.

The cordiality of our relationship has not meant, however, that there has been agreement on all issues between our two countries. A common outlook is not yet shared by our respective governments on a major question, but it is a measure of the maturity and depth of our relationship, nevertheless, that those issues where our views differ can be discussed in a frank and friendly manner. It is in this spirit of continuing friendship and mutual respect that my government looks forward to further common efforts to bring about a more peaceful world and a greater degree of international social justice.

Canadians have long taken an active interest in the development programmes of your country, and have welcomed Canada's association with some of them. I would like to assure you, Mr. President, that in the present economic difficulties which touch many parts of the world my government would like to continue to be associated with the social and economic progress of India.

Mr. President, with your help and that of your Government, I shall seek in my time here to maintain and develop the ties of friendship between India and Canada. I am resolved to do all I can to carry out this responsibility.

Continued on page 18

the WEST WIND

I WAS down in Southern Alberta painting about Waterton Lake, which is half in Montana, when I received a telegram from the Director of the National Gallery asking me if I would go up to the Alaska Highway and make some sketches there. So two weeks later I found myself sketching on another lake almost on the American border again, fourteen hundred miles north and west of the Lake of Waterton. This was Kluane Lake, and not so very different from Waterton when one considered how far apart they are. H.G. Glyde of Calgary was with me and for a thousand miles we sketched and made notes along the Highway, the last sketch being at the Peace River Bridge near Fort St. John.

I had been told many different things about this highway, that it was only beautiful at the far end and all the rest just monotonous bush. It may have been the low angle of the bright sunlight in late October and the sombre richness of the colour, ochres and browns, against blue snow-covered mountains, the frost on the spruce trees, the pattern of ice forming on lakes and rivers, but we found it fascinating the whole way. The monotonous bush country we did not discover at all.

For ten days Whitehorse was our headquarters. It still possesses much of the glamour that Robert Service endowed it with. "The Northern Lights have seen strange sights" : they are still lighting up the northern skies, and looking down on stranger sights then ever Service dreamed of. Doughboys, and trappers, airmen, prospectors, Indians, husky dogs and giant tractors, bulldozers and other monsters. Most of old Whitehorse is still there, with big camps shoved in wherever room could be found for them.

The recent death of A.Y. Jackson, the last surviving member of Canada's Group of Seven, calls to mind his remarks on an artist who in some way typified that school : Tom Thomson. Though not strictly one of the Seven, Thomson produced many paintings epitomizing their way of seeing nature. Jackson's reminiscences reproduced here were occasioned by the release of the National Film Board's documentary on Thomson, aptly titled *The West Wind*. His talk was given at the premiere of that film in Toronto in 1943. The film is available from the Canadian High Commission film lending library.

What to sketch was the problem, the highway with all the activity of construction, the country itself, mountains and lakes and rivers and great vistas changing with every rise or swing of the road, the camps with all the big road building machines, tents, Nissin huts, log cabins, the old settlements, shacks, trading posts, and all the junk one finds in such places.

You would step out of the car and would not know whether to sketch north, south, east or west. Great rivers we crossed that are only names to most of us, the Liard, the Muskwa, the Dease, the Sikana. Here is a great land suddenly opened up to us. We have a million square miles of almost unknown country that remains a challenge to every adventurous spirit in Canada.

Do we love comfort too much to pack over the long portage or run the wild rivers or to build the camp fire against the frosty nights or to

climb mountains which have never been climbed before and to study the flora or fauna of a great unknown land, or is it only in wartime that we rise to great achievements? I am not going to pretend it is necessary for artists to be explorers, but it would create a lot more respect for the craft if the artists brought back hard won impressions of places where the going was tough.

But after all the wealth of motits that the new highway has opened up I am going to tell you about an artist who had no need of vast panoramas of mountains and hills and rivers, one who poked around in an old grey canvas-covered canoe, put up his tent, made his camp-fire and fished and painted what he saw about him.

There is an old saying which seems to apply to Thomson, "Gazing man is keenest fed on sparing beauty". When you look over his sketches you are struck with the slightness of the motive which induced the painting, endless variations of almost the same subject matter, different times of the day, different seasons. Imagination and fine craftmanship endow it with a life of its own, always the feeling of the country, seldom the feeling of being tied down to a particular place in it.

Someone has said, "The power of the imagination is put to very feeble use indeed if it seems merely to preserve and reinforce that which already exists," and Thomson realized that. He gives us the fleeting moment, the mood, the haunting memory of things he felt.

We look back today and we wonder why there was such objection made to Canadian art from 1910 on. In Montreal Cullen and Morrice with a thorough training in France had been disturbing the conventional stuffy Dutch standards which prevailed there. In time Montreal became very proud of them, but it took a long time, and in the end Cullen's influence waned because he had little faith in painters like Cezanne, Matisse and Picasso. Quite the strongest influence on art in Montreal was the long-range influence Morrice exerted from his studio in Paris.

THE desire to liberate art came from two different motives in the two cities. In Montreal the modern movements in France were stirring the artists to bolder efforts while in Toronto there was the desire to break away from European influence and paint our own country in our own way. The two ideas are perfectly symbolized in Morrice and Thomson.

When I came to Toronto in 1913 this idea of painting our own country in our way was pretty well crystalized. MacDonald, Harris and Lismer had very definite ideas of where we were heading. As for Thomson it was the only road he could take. His whole life was wrapped up in the north country.

So many of our young artists spend years learning the technique of painting. Then they are turned loose with no particular convictions about what to paint. With Thomson there was no uncertainty at all. He knew what he wanted to do and he acquired a technique which suited his purpose perfectly. But when we are told that Thomson alone projected this Canadian art movement it does not make sense. Here is something to remember. I don't know of either Thomson or Morrice ever making a speech or writing an article on art, or taking any part in the organization of art societies, and yet no other artists have had greater influence on the art of this country.

There were a number of other artists here who shared Thomson's love of the north country. They camped and paddled, got jobs as fire rangers and sketched all over it. There was Albert Robson, Tom McLean, Bill Beatty, Tom Mitchell, Neil McKechnie and others. When Thomson started camping and painting up north he did what a lot of the other boys had been doing with pretty much the same results up to the end of 1913. He might have kept on being a commercial designer, working at the Grip company, going off on canoe trips and sketching, until in time the problem of making a living would have curbed his passion for the wilds.

In January, 1919, the Studio Building was completed. It was financed by Lawren Harris and Dr. James MacCallum as a centre for Canadian Art and it brought together a number of kindred spirits. First there was that dynamic figure, Lawren himself, eager, adventurous and restless. Every place he arrived at was the point of departure for somewhere else. On the spiritual side through theosophy, time and space opened up endless vistas for him.

MacDonald was the philosopher and scholar, widely read, with an amazing knowledge of historical design and ornament and lettering, an expert craftsman, and as an interpreter of the north country he approaches closely to Thomson, which is rather remarkable because he could not paddle a canoe, or swim or swing an axe, or find his way in the bush.

A lot of Thomson's knowledge of design came from MacDonald. A lot of MacDonald's understanding of painting came from Thomson. Life was a constant struggle for Jim MacDonald. He never complained, but a text he constantly made his students do as an exercise in lettering perhaps reveals what he felt about it all. It was: "Against stupidity even the gods are powerless".

Lismer was always the blithe spirit, just beginning at that time to poke fun at humanity with his deft left hand. He had not even dreamed he would go right round the world stirring up the unbelievers to the saving grace of art. I remember he was obsessed with the idea of making the reflection of the sun across the water dazzle you but could not make it any brighter than the paint. But by the end of 1914. he had painted the "*Guides Home*" which was acquired by the National Gallery, almost the first recognition of the new movement.

And it was not until Thomson had left us that Varley leaped into fame with his dramatic paintings of the war in France, and J. W. Beatty with his heart in the movement, but his long training in Dutch art holding him back, something always urging caution on his reckless soul.

SOME years ago Maclean's Magazine published a double page of great Canadian achievements, and symbolizing Canadian art was a painting called "*The West Wind*". A bent pine tree rooted to the rocks making a bold silhouette against a gray sky and windswept lake. This picture was stored in my studio for several years when it was not out on exhibitions. We put a price of $650 on it and tried to egt

Thomson Country

the Art Gallery of Toronto to buy it but they were not interested. It kicked around in a travelling show all over the United States with the price raised to $800 and it came back.

It was sent with the Canadian Exhibition to Wembley and the British press acclaimed it a great painting. On its return, the National Gallery at Ottawa intended to acquire it, when a member of the Toronto Gallery concerned over the idea that we did not possess a single example of this artist's work, stirred up the Canadian Club, who purchased it and presented it to the Art Gallery of Toronto. Today it is the best known painting in Canada.

Most of Thomson's canvasses—there are only about twenty altogether—are in public collections. All his early art training was through designing book covers, title pages and various forms of advertising. He dropped this work when he took up painting as a career.

The first time I met Thomson was in November, 1913, in a studio over the Bank of Commerce at Bloor and Yonge Streets, now the Ladies Club. It was then the studio of Lawren Harris.

Dr. James MacCallum is an art enthusiast who spent his spare time sailing all over the Great Lakes in yawls or dinghies. Few people know the intricate channels of the Georgian Bay as he does. Stormy weather, fog or dark nights just made it a little more exciting. His interest in art was allied with his love of the out-of-doors and the north country. He brought Tom Thomson in to see me and a painting I was working on which the boys called "Mt. Ararat". They said it looked like the land emerging after the flood. Thomson had just come down from Algonquin Park with a lot of small sketches, careful studies of lakes and islands and ragged shore lines. They had the feeling of the country, sincere, direct transcripts of nature, but the creative impulse had not yet awakened.

You liked Thomson right away, a quiet friendly chap, something of the Indian in his bearing, a kind of indolence that changed to sudden alertness and quick movement when occasion arose. Modest about his painting efforts, the idea of being an artist by profession he did not take very seriously.

But Dr. MacCallum thought otherwise. A few weeks before he had found me living in a shack on the Georgian Bay; the shack had such wide cracks in it that if you walked around inside quickly you could see outside. He signed me on for a year, that is, instead of drifting down to the States, I was to take a studio in new building in Toronto for a year,

etc. etc., for a year, he guaranteeing my living expenses, and so now I had to help him to persuade Thomson to drop his job as a commercial artist and devote all his time to painting.

At first Thomson would not entertain the idea. He wanted to paint for his own pleasure, but to earn his living at commercial art. If he could just drop his work three or four months a year and go off in his canoe with a tent, that was fine, but to make it his life's work was taking his abilities too seriously.

However, in his boarding house on Isabella Street we would talk it over and finally he decided to try it for a year, Dr. MacCallum guaranteeing his expenses too.

Early in January, 1914, we moved into the Studio Building while the workman were still all over the place and our fellow artist, J. W. Beatty, urging them to greater efforts to get the work done. J. E. H. MacDonald, Arthur Heming, Curtis Williamson and Lawren Harris were the other tenants.

No artists in Canada ever worked under happier conditions—spacious studios with big windows facing the North, with an open park across the way, only five minutes' walk from Bloor and Yonge Streets, and half that time to the Busy Bee or the Lennox Hotel, where most of us had our meals.

Thomson started to paint canvases from his sketches. He and I shared a studio. He was cheerful company, and loved talking of his life up north and liked to hear about my experiences during the years I spent in Europe, and as he had never been to Europe, and I knew nothing of the North, we pulled very well together.

As early as 1913 one of the Toronto papers had dubbed us "The Hot Mush School". We were merely visualizing a kind of painting which did not depend on cows or sheep, thatched cottages, windmills or all the stock junk which clutters up conventional rundown art movements which represented popular art at that time.

I remember meeting an old lady who had a large house, filled with very bad imported pictures. Among them I came across one small sketch by a Canadian artist. It was refreshing and I told her so. Her reply was "Oh, it's bad enough to have to live in this country without letting it into your house."

In our new quarters we soon settled down to work. There was a feeling of adventure in the air. We were out to blaze new trails. Harris and I wrote letters to the papers scoring the National Gallery for buying old masters and doing next to nothing for Canadian art. We expected Sir Edmund Walker, who was Chairman would be very annoyed, but he wasn't. He came around to the Studio Building to see what all the noise was about, and said he was hoping to see a Canadian movement develop, and that the National Gallery would do all they could to encourage it. They did, too.

We talked art, read books, visited each other's studios to discuss the latest experiments. I remember Harris working on a strange creation which was known as "Tomato Soup"; he would pull his brush through red, yellow and blue paint and flick it on the canvas, but this picture was never exhibited. Today, these efforts look very sane and conventional and people wonder why such exception was taken to them.

A MOVIE show on Saturday night was about all we could afford in the way of amusement. Thomson was not a great reader but if he found an interesting book, he would sit up all night and read it through, and then go on with his work. The doctor would drop in to look over our sketches and pretend to be very critical: "You fellows must have something wrong with your eyesight" or "you can't tell me you ever saw anything like that". "Well, I think I'll just take this one along with me," and he would dig into his pocket for some bills.

Thomson talked of his beloved Algonquin Park so much to me that I decided to go there, and arrived one night towards the end of February with the temperature 45 below zero and soon I was snowshoeing all over this country Thomson had described. It was a ragged country. A big lumber company had hacked it all up and then gone broke. Fire had swept through it and beaver had flooded it and it was a happy hunting ground for wolves.

To the few natives, Thomson's name was like a password. He had made his headquarters at the Frasers, with whom I boarded and from there he would start off in his old grey canvas-covered canoe and disappear for weeks on end.

Off course, we were accused of adopting a narrow nationalistic point of view but artists in Canada had been humble too long, too obedient to tradition and the obedient in art are always forgotten. Corot once remarked that those who follow are always behind.

When I returned to Toronto in the spring, Tom was packing up, not to return until November. With him went Arthur Lismer for several weeks sketching. It was autumn when I joined Thomson again at Canoe Lake and for more than a month we camped and painted round Canoe, Smoke and Ragged Lakes. It was a gay autumn, sharp frosty nights and sunny days, and the maple and the birch and later the tamarac in turn ran their gamut of color. We sketched on small birch panels, always with the idea that the sketch was a motif for bigger compositions later on. The difficulty of carrying canvases around by canoe and living in tents has led many Canadian painters to work in this way. In the evening round the campfire we discussed the day's work, while we cooked good husky meals—no canned stuff. Tom was an expert on bannock' and flap-jacks and of course we had fish, which Thomson seldom failed to catch.

EVERY few days we would change our camp and leisurely move on. Unless we were in a hurry Thomson liked doing all the paddling while I sat in the bottom of the canoe keeping a lookout for subjects. He paddled like an Indian, using the weight of his body more than his arms, and he could keep going all day with no sign of fatigue. We talked of going further afield. The Rupert River flowing into James Bay was going to be our objective, but in the background of all our dreams was the rumble of guns as the Great War spread its shadow even over the quiet serenity of the North Country.

Thomson was making amazing strides, his color becoming richer, his composition freer and bolder and his fine sense of design in commer-

cial work turned to good account in a new field of expression. Sometimes he would get discouraged, as most artists do. I remember one night he threw his sketch box as far as he could into the bush and said he was through with painting and in the morning we hunted it all up and took it over to Bud Callighan, the warden, to be repaired; there was a hook missing so Callighan cut one out of a piece of zinc. We kept painting until the gay colors were gone and there were only bare trees and then back to Toronto to work in the studio.

I left Toronto the end of 1914 and never saw Thomson again. He could not afford to keep on the studio alone and moved into an old tumble-down carpenter's shack back of the building, which he fixed up and made snug, and there most of his canvases were painted. Besides his canvases, there are between two and three hundred of the little panels, out-of-door studies, vivid records of all kinds of weather and changing seasons. Most of Thomson's slender income came from these little sketches. He asked $25 for them and if it had not been for his good friend, the Doctor, he would not have kept going. Now collectors offer ten times that price for a Thomson sketch and there are none to be had.

People used to say there is nothing to paint in this country—the north land is a dreary, monotonous waste, and yet out of one little section of it Thomson found riches undreamed of. Not knowing all the rules and conventions regarding what is paintable he found it all paintable, muskegs, burnt trees, drowned land, long chutes, beaver dams, northern lights, the flight of wild geese, intimate studies of leaves and flowers, creeks and wild rivers and placid lakes. His great love was autumn and early spring. In the summer he would often work as a guide or spend his time fishing. I remember him telling me about one party he took out. They let him do all the cooking and cleaning up and carry all the stuff over the portages while they stood round smoking cigarettes; he took them as far as he could in a day and, as Thomson told it, "When they woke up in the morning, they had no guide". He made his own fishing tackle with great ingenuity and with his rare intuition and much patience it was seldom he returned empty-handed.

ON THE top of a hill overlooking Canoe Lake, where he was drowned in 1917, there is a cairn. It was built by J. W. Beatty, who carried all the stones up from the bottom of the hill to build it. J.E.H. MacDonald composed and designed the bronze tablet on it.

The shack where Tom Thomson painted his canvases fell into disrepair, the wall caved in, the roof leaked and it seemed as though it would have to be torn down, when a prospector with the same careless, friendly outlook on life as Thomson had, found it, and now it is snug and tight again and Keith McIver and his dog, Brownie, live in it when the northland is too deep in snow for them to prospect.

Dr. James MacCallum is our guest of honour tonight. Years ago when the artist's friends were few and the Canadian art movement was a subject for ridicule or abuse he showed his faith in us, and above all in Tom Thomson. Without that never-failing belief in the genius of Thomson there would have been no *'West Wind'* or *'Northern River'* or all those precious records the artist made in his brief and amazing career.

The Wood

In the preceding article A. Y. Jackson has described something of the development of a distinctively Canadian school of art. It has taken longer for Canada's writers to learn to speak from a clearly independent stance, but *The Times Literary Supplement* has said that Canadian literature is now entering its Elizabethan Age . However that statement may be interpreted it is obvious that the literary scene in Canada has never been as vital as it is today. In future issues *Canada* will carry both examples and critical assessments of this vitality. Below is a poem by a writer from Vancouver, a city in the vanguard of the current renaissance.

No.
I said before there are
no roads in this wood,
And as for its being yellow,
or green,
I just don't know.
Yes, this is the wood,
and we *are* in it
aren't we?
Yes, some think they know,
and rush to find . . .
But why trees and no flowers,
or why trees so tall and dark.
I just don't know.

Samuel Sivel

a STITCH in TIME

Who could have predicted five short years ago that fashion buyers would "discover" Canada, sparking a boom in the clothing industry? From $27 million in 1967, Canada increased apparel exports to $93 million in 1972 and moved within striking distance of replacing Italy as the leading supplier of quality ready-to-wear to the United States, the most lucrative mass market in the world.

How did Canada make it from rags to riches? A serious threat to struggling apparel manufacturers developed during the 1960s when Canada was inundated with low-cost garments from developing countries on the one hand, and better-quality clothing from U.S. giants on the other. While quality of Canadian and U.S. clothing was on a par, their large-scale production methods gave U.S. manufacturers an edge in pricing. Canadian manufacturers faced two further disadvantages. To streamline production costs, U.S. firms increased the volume of certain lines to unprecedented quantities and reduced the number of lines they offered. While this worked well in their market of 200,000,000 people, it posed a problem for Canadian manufacturers. Canada's market of 21,000,000 people could absorb only short runs and to survive, manufacturers had to offer variety.

But Canadians had one point in their favour—the flexibility of their industry. In their race to achieve maximum efficiency, U.S. plants sacrificed not only variety but also the ability to respond quickly to sudden changes in fashion tastes. Canadians, meanwhile, were busily developing their own designing talents and upgrading standards of quality.

At the end of the last decade, it all came together for Canada. In the U.S., consumers rebelled against the limited choice of styling and unleashed an international fashion explosion. In Europe, even leading haute couture houses branched out into ready-to-wear, and emphasis started swinging from tailor-made to mass-produced clothing. Suddenly there was a huge market potential for quality clothing with a wide range of styling, and Canadian manufacturers found themselves uniquely equipped to deal with it. At least, they had the in-plant capabilities. With limited export experience, could they market their capabilities successfully?

The United States accounts for 70 per cent of the recent rise in Canadian exports—that is where Canada has concentrated its fashion drive. Most of the increase has also been earned by women's wear, which constituted the major part of the export effort. Canadian manufacturers staged their first fashion fair in New York in November, 1968. It was part of a program sponsored by the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce calling for four showings a year—spring and summer collections in November and January, and fall and winter wear in April and June.

The November and April showings are previews for New York resident buyers of department, chain and specialty stores. Buyers from all parts of the U. S. and from Europe attend the January and June showings that are timed to coincide with established market weeks. Seventeen manufacturers and 600 styles of ladies' rainwear appeared in the first show in 1968. It was the largest rainwear exhibition ever held in New York and attracted 110 buyers representing 10,000 stores, among them 12 of the largest retailers in the United States. The target was $5,000,000. With re-orders after the January showing, sales reached $800,000. By the end of 1971, the New York showings included ladies' coats, suits, sportswear, dresses, hosiery, lingerie, loungewear and sleepwear and attracted close to 1,000 buyers.

Impetus was added by two men's wear showings in New York and Philadelphia. Individual U.S. buyers were invited to tour Canadian showrooms intermittently through the year, and annual three-day exhibitions of ladies' and children's wear were held in Montreal. Five hundred U.S. buyers who attended a Montreal showing by 78 manufacturers in the spring of 1972 placed

Demure solid-colour turtle-neck sweater provides a perfect foil for the bright gold and purple banded skirt of this Canadian hostess gown knitted from 100 per cent wool.

initial orders worth $4 million between the months of May and September.

In spring, 1972, Canadian manufacturers held their first showings in London, England. Despite having to operate in London by candlelight, due to a power strike, men's wear manufacturers wrote on-site orders for $100,000. By September, 1972, the beginning of the fall-winter retailing season, sales had quadrupled. Women's and children's wear sales totalled $600,000, and more important, manufacturers of both categories were encouraged to hold second showings during London's market week in October, 1972—six months ahead of schedule. Canadian children's wear manufacturers are, in fact, one of few foreign groups to be permitted participation in London's October Junior Fashion Fair, the most important children's apparel show in Britain.

UP-TO-THE-minute styling, high quality, good workmanship and sound marketing techniques have been instrumental in attracting attention to Canadian clothing, but the industry's flexibility has played a large part in the export success.

Canadian manufacturers aren't sitting back congratulating themselves for turning their adversity of the 1960s into advantage in the 1970s. Low-wage countries, now specializing in low-cost garments, are already beginning to upgrade their products. U.S. firms are reverting to shorter production runs and styling diversity.

Canadian manufacturers are preparing for new markets and stiffer competition by increasing the efficiency and the capacity of their plants, and by recruiting and training more talent, from machinists to management. In addition, the federal government has implemented a special program—Fashion Design Assistance Program—to expedite development of the country's abundant designing talent. Finally, the Canadian government is preparing to extend its fashion fair program to the western and southern parts of the U.S.A. to Japan, France, Scandinavia and other west European countries.

MONTREAL, Canada's biggest city (pop. 2.5 million), the country's financial capital (a title disputed by Toronto) and the second-biggest French-speaking centre in the world (after paris) is in fact bilingual: the street sign (bottom, left), reads: Rue St. Jacuques O. (for "Ouest"-West) on one arm and Victoria Square on the other. In the view of Montreal port (above) the Jacques Cartier pier commemorates the French explorer who discovered the Indian settlement of Hochelaga on the St. Lawrence river island that later became Montreal. Picture also shows contemporary skyline with Mount Royal in the distance. Picture top left is a view from the 'mountain'' looking south. A cosmopolitan city with Latin overtones, Montreal has space for people who have time (top, right), intriguing Dickensian alleys (bottom, right) and the uniquely Quebec province outdoor staircase to apartments. Rush-hour commuters ignore statues of Christian saints (below) which adorn St. James Cathedral, a scaled-down replica of St. Peter's, Rome. Montreal will be the venue of the 1976 Olympic Games. Back cover shows India's pavilion at Man and his World exposition which succeeded Expo '67.

the SHOP

MENDELSON'S is a secondhand shop on Craig Street in Montreal. "We Buy & Sell Everything Of Value." Lots of coins, lots of gold and lots of action, especially these days, when Hymie and Harry must be thriving, although they'd never come right out and say it.

Mendelson's is situated on one of the ugliest streets in the country between a fire station and a bus terminal and opposite the back of a bank. "Ask any director of the Bank of Montreal. In fact, go to the vice-president and ask him who's behind the bank of Montreal. He'll say Mendelson's." Harry G. Mendelson knows his place in the cosmos. The "G", he says, stands for God.

"Hey, Leonard," he says to an old friend who comes into the store every afternoon, "you got a couple of hours? Tell this man how wonderful I am."

Harry is one half of Harry and Hymie, the two senior Mendelsons now running Mendelson's. It was their father, Morris Mendelson who was a legend of Craig Street. There was never an official apostrophe in Mendelson's but, from the day he opened its doors in 1906 until he died in 1964, it was most assuredly his store.

Morris Mendelson used to say, "Leave it lay. It doesn't eat bread." If it didn't eat bread it was entitled to gather dust and, sooner or later, there would be a customer who would want precisely that item and then the merchandise and the buyer would go happily off into the sunset and another sale would be rung up. Harry Mendelson is an expert on the subject of gold. The newspapers call him up to discuss price fluctuations and what does it mean, Harry?

"An expert," says Harry, "is a jerk who's not afraid to shoot off his mouth." But the thing about experts shooting off their mouths is that Harry doesn't. Not, anyway, about those subjects on which he has a genuine expertise. Not, certainly, about gold. Instead he just jokes, mostly about himself and his place in the universe.

"Harry," I said, "Harry, what's the most valuable thing you've got in the shop?"

"Harry Mendelson," he said.

I decided to do a story about Mendelson's. The next day I went back again and said to Harry, "Harry, I'd like to do a story about Mendelson's."

So he told me about the time in the 40s or 50s when a big-time magazine writer came from Toronto to do a story on Mendelson's. She stayed three days and just before leaving she said to Harry's father, "Mr, Mendelson, I want to thank you for three of the most fascinating days of my life." Harry's father responded courteously to the compliment and then said he'd like her to show him the typescript of her article before it was published. She said, no, she was sorry, she couldn't do that. Harry's father reached over onto the counter where the lady had placed a large folder full of the notes and observations she had meticulously transcribed during three days of hard work on the story at Mendelson's. He picked up the folder, took out her notes and tore them all up into little pieces.

Harry's eyes narrowed as he told me this story.

"I want to see your story before they run it," he said.

"No way," I said. "I'd be compromising myself."

"So let's compromise," Harry said.

I said no, but I still wanted to do the story, and he said he'd have to consult with Hymie who had suddenly upped and gone to Florida until the week after next, which is when he said I should come back, which is what and when I agreed to and did.

The week after next. Hymie had a terrific tan and his teeth looked whiter. He wanted to know why I wanted to do a story on Mendelson's. I said because he and Harry are funny and Mendelson's is fun and, besides, gold is topical these days and he and Harry were rumored to have some. Hymie became very serious and said, OK, he'd trust that I wouldn't do a shylocking-merchant type of story. He said he would prefer that I refer to him as Hy, rather than Hymie. I tried to use Hy once but it didn't feel right. It felt the way it would have felt had Harry suddenly decided to be addressed as Hal.

VISITING the store that afternoon was Joseph Mendelson, a Montreal lawyer and first cousin to Hymie, and Harry. The ties are interesting. His father, Morris's brother was the late Harry Mendelson, not to be confused with the present Harry. The late Harry was Honest Harry of Honest Harry's, another secondhand shop just up the street from Mendelson's. Business there isn't as good.

"My family," said Joseph, "produced one doctor and one lawyer. But—[and here he paused]—but all the wealth in the family is right here." Joseph is the lawyer son of the late Honest Harry. His only brother is a doctor. This means that none of the sons took over Honest Harry's up the street, while here in Mendelson's the sons begat by Morris were able to keep the business going well. Joseph said that the reason there is wealth in Mendelson's is that Morris knew a long time ago that gold would do what it is now doing. He told his sons to hang on.

"My father," said the present Harry, "was the smarter one." Harry always says such things in such a cool-caustic, wry-winsome manner that nobody is ever offended by him. Always, he says these things like a bit of a joke. So he was a little surprised when his cousin Joseph responded seriously and agreed with him. "Yes," said Joseph, "the two brothers weren't on good terms. My dad always thought the sharper brother clipped him."

It is now another generation. There are no brothers clipping brothers. There is in fact great filial solidarity. Look at Hymie and Harry. Even Joseph, the son of the brother who didn't get along with their father, is a good friend of Hymie and Harry. It looks that way, at least as much as an outsider can tell these things, which you never can. But this certainly does appear to be one of those nice stories that you read sometime.

There wasn't, however, much point in going to Mendelson's to talk to Harry about gold. He knows gold with his eyes closed, by the feel. He's confident—because it's happened—that if a customer argues with him about the value of a certain gold coin and he tells the customer to call so-and-so on the other side of town

and ask him the value, he knows that so-and-so will probably put the customer on hold and call Harry himself on one of Mendelson's three other lines and the button will light up on the phone that the customer's hanging onto and Harry will pick up the extension and so-and-so will say. "Uh, Harry, what's the value of such-and-such a coin?" It's happened before.

So Harry's a genuine expert and even though he pretends to regard experts as unabashed loudmouths. It's clear that that's not his opinion of a real expert, which is what he is and pretty tightlipped about it too. Funny thing though—the last thing anybody would ever say about Harry Mendelson is that he is tightlipped. He's a talker.

"When I was nine years old. I kicked my brother and God said he would punish me. He did. Look at this staff I got. The other day I yelled, 'Hey, Stupid,' and three of them turned around."

The thing about Mendelson's is that Harry and Hymie are funny. It's a secondhand store where you haggle. Where you can get bargains. Where you kind of always feel that you're being done, but you can't put your finger on it because they're doing these routines and it's funny and obvious and you must be getting shafted, but somehow you always walk out with something pretty good pretty cheap. Listen.

Customer : Have you got any cassette recorders?

Hymie : This one's in new condition. A Philips. I can let you have it for $42. You'll be very happy with it.

Customer : I'll give you $30

Hymie : No, I can't let it go for less then $40.

Customer : $35.

Hymie : OK, here, take it for $38.

Customer : Make that $38, including tax.

Hymie : I'll tell you what. You go and get a letter from the Prime Minister telling me he doesn't want to collect sales tax from me on this transaction and it's a deal.

[Almost at the other end of the store, Harry has had the corner of his eye riveted on this scene. He sort of ambles in the general direction His brother accosts him on cue.]

Hymie : Harry, I've asked $42 for this machine and.—

Harry : Oh, come on, Hymie! You can give it to him for $40.

Customer : But he already said $38.

Harry : No!

Hymie : Yeah, I did, Harry.

Harry : But that's a good machine. It shouldn't go for under $40. We're going to go broke like this. But if you already made the deal, then you made it.

Hymie : Yeah, all right. *[He shrugs and addresses himself to the customer]* Do you want any cassettes to go with that, sir?

Customer : No, that's all, thanks.

THE man, happy, left with his purchase. Hymie, happy, rang up the sale. I took notes. You're just like my whole staff," said Harry. "You're pretending you're working."

Harry answered the phone. "Hello, Moe, you're looking good," he said.

More customers came in and were dealt with by Hymie and Lee Mendelson, who Hymie said I should get into the story because he's the only member of the next gene ation working in the store. Lee is their nephew and will probably be the one to inherit Mendelson's, according to Hymie. Harry overheard this.

"Nah," he said, getting off the phone, "I intend to take it with me."

A customer wanted an old-fashioned, square watch and Lee spent an hour showing him about 100 of them. One at a time, he took them from a huge pile in the cupboard behind the counter. He laid out a watch, flat, on a piece of blue velvet for the customer's inspection, and then took it away before showing him the next. Standard procedure. Looks better. Customers don't believe that a bunch of old watches in a pile can be worth $50-$100 each. One at a time is class.

"I only have two words to say to my customers," said Harry ominously.

"Yah? What are they, Harry?"

"Thank you."

Hymie was trying to sell a ring to a well-dressed man who had not come in with the intention of buying a ring. "Are you partial to rubies and diamonds?" he asked.

"No," said the man.

"Do you like an initial ring?"

"No."

He tilted the tray slightly so the customer could see the light glinting off the stones. The man's hand reached tentatively out.

"Ah, I knew you'd like that one." said Hymie when he saw the exact focus of the reaching hand.

"No, thank you."

"Just try it on. Make me happy. Try it on for a second. It can't hurt."

He slipped it on the man's little finger.

The man said it was too small and Hymie instantly hollered for his jeweller, had it enlarged in minutes and rang up another big sale.

"What can I seduce you with?" he said, turning to the next cutomer.

HARRY told about the lady client who convinced Hymie to extend her credit. After quite a few months she still hadn't paid. " So my brother, who likes a buck, gives her a call and asks for the money. She said she was insulted that he should call. She paid a while later. Then, a few months after that, she asked for credit again. I said, 'No.' She said, 'Why?' I said. 'I don't want to insult you."

Hymie sold a watch chain for $9. He said he felt a little dissatisfied, a little empty as a result. "Why, Hymie?"

"Because he took the first price without batting an eyelash. I could have asked $10."

A lady walked in. "Hello, sexy, You mad at me?" said Harry.

"I couldn't be mad at you, Harry," she said.

Harry smiled radiantly. "You know, I tell my customers so often that I'm nice that they start to believe it."

Another friend of Harry's walked in. He had been to a funeral that morning. He'd been one of the pallbearers.

"Did you read the will yet?" Harry asked him.

"No," he said.

"So how do you know if he left you anything?"

"I don't know," said the man.

"So why did you carry him?" said Harry.

Everybody chuckled. Harry has a way with jokes.

ROBERT STALL

WHERE WE LIVE

Canada's western seaport city, Vancouver, will play host two years hence to the United Nations Conference on Human Settlements. Authorities on urban problems from all over the world will meet from May 31 to June 11, 1976, to discuss six vital issues:

1) Human needs in the environment of human settlements
2) The role of settlements in national development
3) The structure and quality of the environment of human settlements
4) Special problems in human settlements
5) Managing human settlements
6) International cooperation

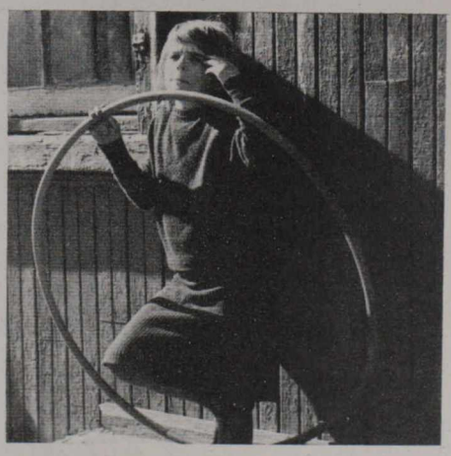
In a preliminary survey, Britain's Barbara Ward has summed up the predicament confronting urban man in a preliminary study titled *Human Settlements: Crisis and Opportunity.* **She was invited to set down her views by the Canadian Government.**

Miss Ward begins by reminding us that increasing urbanization will place more than half the human race in cities and towns by the turn of the century—three-and-a-half billion out of the six-and-a-half billion men, women and children who will be crowded onto the planet by the year 2000. In developing countries alone, city and town dwellers will increase threefold from 1970's 464 million to 1,437 million. To house the world's urban hordes, more buildings will have to be constructed in the next three decades than were put up in the whole of mankind's history.

Along with the increase in the quantity of urban life there has been and will continue to be, unless governments act fast, a steady deterioration in quality. That is what the Vancouver conference will basically be about. Tourists flock to the old, unspoilt parts of cities or to the wilderness: man doesn't much care for the cities he has lately built. The increasing pressure on urban amenities has spawned a major part of the pollution which threatens to reduce the environment to one big garbage heap. The philosophy of the consumer society has culminated in the five-mile traffic jam. Paradoxically, the worldwide trek from the country to the city finds its worst expression in the developing countries, where poverty and squalor on an unprecedented scale exists side by side with the modern travails of industrial smog and longdistance commuting.

So far it has proved beyond human talent to solve these problems or to avert them by intelligent anticipation. Urban growth is too fast, too unpredictable. Partly to blame are economic values which ignore costs in terms of pollution and the quality of life. The Vancouver conference is being held in the faith, that given the political will, solutions can nevertheless be devised, such as have already been successfully applied in certain settlements.

The variety of needs catered to by a modern city notwithstanding, the basic biological needs are uniform. Within the increasingly standardized matrix of concrete and steel that is the contemporary city, it is these basic needs that are being neglected as far as a significant portion of the population is concerned. In the developing countries, although it is the lure of wealth that attracts people to



the cities, many of them remain unemployed. They cannot afford basic amenities and are reduced to shantytown subsistence. The Vancouver conference may undertake to define the minimum standard of living acceptable in human settlements for the guidance of urban planners around the world.

But curiously, even where this standard is surpassed by a wide margin, cities are more and more being written off as failures in terms of the quality of life of the average citizen. Violence, crime, congestion and attendant inconvenience, air and noise

pollution are the by-products of the technological power that the modern city enshrines. It is to be hoped that the Vancouver conference will point up the classic functions of the city which tend to be submerged in the wake of today's headlong urban development. These include the preservation of the citizen's identity in an organic social setting, personal safety, the opportunity to participate in community affairs, cultural amenities and aesthetic satisfaction, recreation, privacy and peace. Prior to most of all of these is equality of access to basic amenities such as drinking water and transport.

IN A world where the exploding population is causing urban settlements to double and re-double in size, the narrow economic factors that originally located settlements become increasingly irrelevant. Further economic factors bypass considerations like social convenience, turning, say, a modest seaport town into a megalopolis in a few decades. Unfettered economic forces ignore the danger to environments and precipitate decay. To correct this, development policy will have to abandon the policy of giving economic growth free rein at the cost of social and biological considerations.

The effective use of space involves farsighted planning of new settlement areas in relation to population projections, migrations from countryside to town, the urban-rural relationship

and the tendency of one region to flourish at another's cost. Like any major project, the siting and expansion of settlements has an economic multiplier effect which planners must take into account. But the biggest challenge facing the planners is the possibility of viewing the location of settlements as a policy objective rather than as the residual result of other development policies like the siting of industry and the laying down of highways. The Vancouver conference may help to shift the perspective from one priority to another.

The home being the setting of the biological unit, the family, the spreading blight of slums and shantytowns threatens the very foundations of the individual's security. The house is the basic component of the settlement, but there is no one formula governing its construction. In

warm countries where a bamboo hut is adequate shelter an amenity like piped water deserves higher priority than the provision of brick walls and a tile roof. But the disparity in housing specifications does not diminish the fact of the vast backlog in housing the world over. Even when the necessary capital is forthcoming, the resultant housing may be functionally inefficient. Unplanned development can destroy the neighbourhood concept and generally ignores civic amenities. Provision of amenities, made accessible by public transport, is one of the ways people living in the countryside can be dissuaded from migrating to the city. The worldwide tendency for population to become concentrated in a few big cities can be counteracted by imaginative regional decentralization. This has been achieved in some of the smaller developed countries.

In cities the world over, public transport has lost out to the private vehicle,which is indirectly subsidised. The resulting traffic congestion combined with the high-rise development of city centres has tended to debar the underprivileged from the cultural hub of the metropolis while the suburban sprawl around it has equally deprived them of the countryside. Beyond a certain point, cities conforming to this pattern outgrow the possibility of regeneration in the sense that no amount of urban renewal can make them livable again.

THE picture of urban development around the world is complicated by the pace of change and the variety of functions a given area must fill in response to successive waves of demand. The earth may be compared to a disturbed anthill. The biggest single source of human suffering resulting from this instability is the mushrooming of squatters' colonies around the developing world's cities. The mass migrations from the countryside that create these colonies reflect the diminishing availability of land and employment in the context of a growing rural population. These squatters or "urban pioneers" are quickly disillusioned. Their conditions can be bettered partly by their own efforts and partly by a brand of planning which gives high priority to employment, income distribution and housing. Migrant communities must be sited near employment opportunities. But many recent migrations have produced ghettos of workers from economically less favoured areas who fill relatively low-paid, unskilled jobs. Socially they resemble the shantytown squatters of developing countries. These movements leave behind them a countryside drained of vitality. To reverse or check such movements countervailing attractions, like reformed land tenure, have to be deliberately fostered: there is no automatic cure. A prosperous countryside retains its population and may also be a tourist draw, although tourism too must be regulated to avert another kind of lopsided development.

Unplanned settlement produced by uncontrolled economic growth tends to produce unacceptable living conditions. An effective policy involves control over the use of land as well as all other major resources. Zoning and other controls are needed to forestall land speculation and the resultant loss of amenities that her-

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HUPPENNY-TUPPENNY

CANAJAN. No, it's not the trade name for a jar of preserves, nor is it the latest parlour game. Well, perhaps that's not strictly accurate, as it has almost become a game. "Canajan", some people are beginning to say, is what is spoken by those of us who live north of the 49th parallel on the North American continent, and insofar as it is a game it involves identifying those linguistic patterns of Canadian English which distinguish it from American English as well as English English. What keeps the game interesting is that with a modicum of effort almost anyone can track down even a few "canajanisms" but they haven't proliferated to the point where it isn't any fun any more. One of my favourites is the *Shadow* (that's the Chateau Laurier Hotel in Ottawa). Replacing *t* with *d* is a widespread North American linguistic development and one of the many ways in which American English has influenced Canadian, sorry, Canajan.

Actually, Americans think there's no difference in the way we speak, which may explain why Canajan is becoming so popular. There are, in fact, a number of words we can't agree on the pronunciation for. Americans claim they hear us say "oot" and "aboot" for "out" and "about". (Of course they say "aoot" and "abaoot".) Announcers working for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation are instructed to say "shedyule", "clark", and "tomahto" while south of the border they say "skedyule", "clerk", and "tomayto". Actually, a great many Canadians also use the latter pronunciation, which illustrates again the great Canadian penchant for compromise, or schizophrenia, depending on your point of view. Most Canadians prefer "billboard", "muffler", and "hood", to the British "hoarding", "silencer", and "bonnet", but at the same time use "blinds" and "tap" rather than the American "shades" and "faucet". Sometimes, magnanimously we use both: "rubbish" as well as "garbage", "parcel" and "package".

There is a theory, of course, that at the time of Confederation Canadians went around speaking Victorian English and that this English purity was gradually polluted by contact with American English. Fortunately this myth has been exploded, but as the examples I have given illustrate "Canajan" is distinct from American English in both pronunciation and vocabulary. This is not to say that we simply steer a somewhat haphazard course between our British heritage and our American present. We have contributed a number of new words to the language, and not surprisingly many of these were sponsored by the tremendous Canadian geography—"muskeg", "splake", "goldeye", and "caribou". Different regions of Canada have made their own contributions: a "puffup" is child birth in Labrador, and "pucklins" are small boys in New Foundland.

There are at least ten specifically Canadian ways of speaking English, though they don't strictly correspond to the ten provinces. Some of them are so different from general American English they sound like Irish or Scots by comparison. The Scots were prominent among the early settlers of Canada and in fact they still are. Jack Webster, a Scots immigrant, has parlayed his gravelly brogue into a $100,000-a-year job as Vancouver's bestknown news commentator over the past 20 years. He couldn't have done that with an English public school accent.

Of course, this same variety exists in Indian English. Indians share with Canadians the experience of having been given something (the English language) which each has subsequently changed to suit his own purposes. What's huppenny-tuppenny in India is two-bits in Canada. In different ways both countries have cut the apron strings with Mother England. Huppenny-tuppenny is a cocked snook at the English language and English money to boot (it's what happened to tu'penny-ha'penny). Two-bits (25 cents) is the result of Canada's decision to adopt the dollar as the unit of currency and to spend, if not always speak, American. However, if our vocabulary swings erratically between American and

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Canada has a new Secretary of State for External Affairs. Mr. Allan J. MacEachen, President of the Privy Council and Government House Leader since 1970, was appointed by Prime Minister Trudeau as Canada's new Secretary of State for External Affairs on August 8. He replaces Mitchell Sharp, who is now in Mr. MacEachen's former portfolio.

Mr. MacEachen was born in Inverness, Nova Scotia on July 6, 1921.

Educated in Inverness schools, and at St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N.S., where he received his B.A., he received an M.A. from the University of Toronto, and did post graduate studies in economics and industrial relations at the University of Chicago and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston.

Mr. MacEachen first entered federal politics in 1953.

From 1958 to 1962, he worked in Ottawa as special assistant (for economic affairs) in the office of the late former Prime Minister L.B. Pearson, who was at that time the Leader of the Official Opposition.

Following the election of a Liberal Government in April 1963, the new External Affairs Minister was appointed Minister of Labour. In this portfolio, Mr. MacEachen piloted the Canada Labour Code through Parliament and brought about the settlement of a longstanding Great Lakes labour dispute.

Mr. MacEachen was appointed Minister of National Health and Welfare in December 1965, and during his tenure, a series of major programs in the field of social security were brought forward and passed by Parliament. These included the Canada Assistance Act, the Health Resources Fund, Medicare and the Guaranteed Income Supplement for old-age security recipients.

Mr. MacEachen was Government House Leader in 1967-68 and served as chairman of the committee on the reform of parliamentary procedure. This committee produced a series of wideranging reforms that became the basis of a major updating of the rules and procedures of Canada's Parliament.

After his re-election in the general election of June 25, 1968, in the new Nova Scotia constituency of Cape Breton Highlands-Canso, Mr. MacEachen was appointed Minister of Manpower and Immigration.

He served as Manpower and Immigration Minister until September four years ago, when he was named President of the Privy Council and Government House Leader.

The article (p. 14) introducing the Conference on Human Settlements, which is slated for Vancouver in 1976, brings to mind some of the predictions experts have been making for Canadian cities. According to D.J. Reynolds, a Canadian federal Government economist, the next twelve years will be a critical boom period for urban growth in Canada. He claims that Canada's nine major cities will double in size by 1986. What this means, among other things, is that there will be twice as many cars on the road using twice as much petrol. But rather than push the panic button and undertake massive investment in building roads to cope with the additional traffic,

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British versions, Indians, I have noticed, demonstrate a prononunced preference for Victorianisms which send me scurrying for my Shorter OED. "Resiling" and "fissiparous" and "the miscreant is thought to be absconding" are among my favourites.

WE ALSO share the perils of bilingual cultures. The French Canadian who likes to "take une biere avec les boys" is paralleled by the Indian academic who was called upon to move a vote of thanks after a lecture by a visiting professor. He eulogised the lecture but chided the professor for delivering his talk in English, not Hindi: "Angrezi men itna *force* nahin hai". But I must admit that the various liguistic strata of the subcontinent have contributed far more to the richness of the mainstream of the English language than has "Canajan". One has only to think of "tiffin", "gherao" or "kutcha" to name but a few.

Canadians are forever being characterized as dull, and I must admit that our "Canajan" does little to remove the tag. I suppose it is to our credit that "Canajan" is not rich in acthronyms, or derisive names for racial groups, but what can you say about the Canadian Parliament prescribing such weak abuse as "absolutely unfair" and "he ceases to act as a gentleman?" At least the Australians are a bit more imaginative in banning "a miserable bodysnatcher" and "my winey friend" and the *Vidhan Sabha* of Uttar Pradesh in forbidding "mulish tactics".

This brief survey of the common linguistic heritage of India and Canada would be incomplete without a mention of the monosyllable "eh?" Canadians did not invent it (we'll have to give the English credit for that) but we have certainly taken it over. "Eh" is to some extent the equivalent of the Indian "isn't it?" and has easily as many uses. If there is one irreducible difference between Americans and Canajans, it resides in the use of this humble expletive. And it is never deleted.

LEE BRISCOE

Mr. Reynolds would like to see investigated alternative forms of transportation such as Ontario's proposed Go-Urban, a magnetic-cushion train which is electrically propelled. It is expected that electricity will be in adequate supply in Canada at least into the forseeable future and Mr. Reynolds calculates that the use of systems similar to the Go-Urban could save almost a billion gallons of fuel a year. Of course this is only one aspect of the problems "human settlements" are causing: for a fuller discussion, turn to page 14.

The Bank of Montreal has become the first Canadian bank to open an office in India. The Office of the Senior Representative for India is manned by V. C. Vijaya Raghavan, a former career diplomat in the Indian Foreign Service whose last posting was Dar-es-Salaam, Tanzania, as High Commissioner. From his office in the Ashoka Hotel Mr Raghavan will look after the Bank of Montreal's interests in Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan as well as in India. Founded 157 years ago, the Bank of Montreal styles itself "The First Canadian Bank" It has offices and branches in 17 countries besides Canada. It specializes in financing.

While natural gas now is used as fuel in industrial furnaces, to produce plastics, artificial rubber and petro-chemicals, to heat buildings and cook food, a chemical engineer at the University of Toronto is using it to make feed components for cows and sheep. As another raw material to produce protein he uses previously useless wastes from the pulp and paper industry.

Professor Morris Wayman, who has already made major contributions to the wood pulp industry, is producing a nitrogen-rich, white powder from natural gas called urea formaldehyde, which he says could have an impact on agriculture similar to the invention of artificial fertilizer 60 years ago. Nitrogen is needed by animals for the production of protein and amino acids, necessary for life and growth. Cows and sheep get their nitrogen mostly from grains.

The idea of using urea derivatives as a synthetic source of nitrogen is not new, but making it work has given scientists problems, since large doses of urea are usually dangerous because urea breaks down quickly in the digestive system and enters the blood stream as toxic ammonia.

However, with funds provided by Canada Packers, Professor Wayman has modified urea to prolong this breakdown from about 30 minutes to six hours. He says he hopes to increase the amount of modified urea in ruminant feed to completely replace protein nitrogen, which would be nearly four times the amount now possible.

The main reason for making animal feed components from natural gas is be cause of the tremendous amounts of agricultural land taken every year for urban development.

But diminishing farm land is not the only concern. "Our aim is to find cheaper and more readily available feed-components not dependent on the whims of nature," explains Professor Wayman. "Modified urea is made in a factory and is unaffected by bad climate, unfavourable weather conditions and other infestations that plague traditional sources of livestock feed—corn, hay and oats—and ruin many other crops every year."

The time will come says the professor, when land alone will not be able to supply all the world's food.

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alds social breakdown. Successful planning is based on a well-tried mix of public and private enterprise and coordination of basic facilities like transport, water and recreation space. Planning authorities must take into account the overall impact of settlements so that one area does not prosper at the expense of another. The city and the hinterland are interdependent. In a way developing societies are better placed than countries long-industrialized because urbanization has not yet engulfed a large part of the population and there is time to learn from others' mistakes. But this calls for new concepts imaginatively implemented. These must counter the tendency to take over uncritically the concepts and technology of the developed countries.

International aid has inevitably followed conventional thinking on development. For aid, as for national governments, settlements have been the residual items of economic policy. The United Nations has only recently begun to consider the possibility of channelling more resources towards settlement needs. In part the success of the Vancouver conference turns on the conduct of varied innovative pilot projects and studies beforehand. The allocation of international funds for major settlement projects presupposes the availability of the skills to implement them. The kind of planning involved demands of the individual the flexibility to function as part of an interdisciplinary team.

Eds note : Mr. Enrique Penalosa, the Secretory-General of U. N. Conference on Human Settlements, visited India between November 6—10.

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