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Volume 7 No. 5

# CANADA



A Canadian Indian girl sings of her native Manitoba :

# Home

by Iona Weenusk

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*My home, where the aurora borealis  
Pulses with vitality  
Where the bright stars shine  
Against a midnight-blue sky,  
Where the full moon illuminates  
The broad expanse of pine trees  
On which shrouds of sparkling snow hang,  
Where the snowbirds rest peacefully,  
Where the wild animals pad softly  
Looking around curiously or searching for prey.  
This is my home.*

*Home, where the frost bites cruelly, despite  
The sun's shining vigorously.  
Where the dog teams race,  
Where the ski-doo's glide across the ice  
And narrow snow tracks,  
Where the airplanes take off  
And fly against the force of the rising wind.  
This is my home.*

*I cherish even more  
That land of freedom,  
Where I found that peace of mind  
That carefree feeling  
That intense life and beauty  
And that sweet contentment,  
With the knowledge  
That it was won so dearly  
And reserved for me.  
For this, I am thankful to the Great Manitou.  
May we learn through His great love, strength and wisdom  
To cherish our liberty and to live for peace.*

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Our cover picture is of Iona Weenusk, whose death at the age of 21 brought to a tragic end a life of great promise. We reproduce her poem above and an autobiographical essay on page 10. CANADA magazine is indebted to the Star Weekly, whose contributor Betty Campbell writes:

When Iona Weenusk was born on May 18, 1951, at the Oxford House Indian Reserve in northern Manitoba, it was to the land and traditions of her Cree forefathers. Today the isolated settlement, in the midst of hilly wilderness 380 miles northeast of Winnipeg, is scarcely changed from the one Iona knew as a child. The Cree residents still trap and fish for their livelihood and live in homes strung out for five miles along the crescent-shaped shore of Oxford Lake.

No roads lead to the reserve, but three times a week a small plane

*Continued on page 10*





**C**ATCH the '74 monsoon!

Bottle it in the biggest man-made lake in Kerala, a sprawling 70 billion cubic feet of storage formed by damming up the rivers Periyar and Cheruthoni in the Cardamom Hills. And barrel through to first power at the Moolamattam powerhouse by mid-'74.

There are two opinions about that. The Kerala State Electricity Board officials at the fabulous Idikki project are more optimistic than their Canadian colleagues. After '75, says Marcel Tremblay, Senior Canadian Engineer at what is already the Canadian International Development Agency's Indian showpiece.

Nobody knows, really. What is a deadline worth when a project that envisaged first power in '71 is still at least one year away from it? KSEB engineers reckon on plugging the Idikki dam diversion around March and letting the 1974 rains (160 inches or so if it's an average year) flood their reservoir to the 2,300-foot level. But that depends on getting the third dam in the complex, the Kulamavu, to requisite height.

Where's the hurry when first power is still so far away? For one thing, they don't want to leave Idikki too long without pressure. India's first double curvature arch dam, at 555 feet the loftiest in Asia, would have water up to three-fifths of its height under the KSEB floodings schedule. Thereby the water side of Idikki might get to look less like a chunk of cosmic tennis ball and more like, say, the stern of some vast super-tanker steaming down the Periyar.

The hitch is Kulamavu, a 328-foot-high rubble masonry dam which has seen more than its share of labour trouble even for this strike-bedevilled project. The KSEB engineers, who are directly in charge of this sector, reason: To top 2,300 feet we need so many more million cubic feet of masonry. We have so many days to lay it. Therefore we'll lay so many cubic feet of masonry a day from now till February. The Canadians figure the other way around: We've averaged so many cubic feet of masonry a day. We need so many cubic feet to top 2,300 feet. Therefore it will take so many more days.

As it happens, both cynicism and optimism are in order. On the one hand, as a KSEB engineer put it: "Idikki is being watched by everybody and when there is any problem it is solved." But at what cost in time and money? What in 1966 was conceived



# THE

# IDIKKI

# EPIC

as a Rs 626-million project is now expected to cost more than Rs. 850 million. The estimate had already risen to Rs. 682 million by 1967 when Canada advanced a \$ 19.5-million loan for powerhouse and switchyard installations (a \$ 5.25 million grant in 1964 took care of engineering services and construction equipment). But it was the saga of strikes that overtook Idikki in '68 and '69 that turned a five-year project into a nine-year one.

So look at the bright side:

Allowing for strike interruptions, the Idikki dam has been built as fast as it would have been in Canada. The credit goes to Hindustan Construction Company which handled both the Idikki and Cheruthoni dams, and to the Indian labourer. The Canadians' key contribution has been in the application of computers to the shaping of the arch dam and in sharing this know-how with their hosts. They have been working themselves out of a job at Idikki.

In terms of technology, at least. But that's only one of the Canadian roles. Another is to take responsibility. In the nature of government, a KSEB engineer cannot deviate from tender specifications without getting the green light from his audit department in Trivandrum. That takes time. So when a KSEB engineer and his Canadian consultant agree there must be changes, the Canadian sends him a note to that affect by way of support. As the party responsible for the design of the project the consultant has the authority to depart from it.

**P**RESTIGE is at stake. "You must have the guts to change the wording of your own tender specification," Rock Poulin, my escort, told me, "in order to allow them to do

something different. But we're not expected to say just what they want us to say. And if I can't convince you, there's something wrong with my argument".

The other function the Canadians fulfil is to act as a ginger-group. They chivvy their KSEB colleagues with complaints: poor coordination of activities around the intake, late start on erection of steel liners in penstock number 1, failure to award contracts in time, late completion of designs, and so on. They make recommendations for remedial action.

Which shows why the delays that have dogged the Idikki project cannot be blamed on one party alone. Government, contractors and unions all have a stake in the project and all have set their seal on it in different ways. It is not only the workers, haunted by insecurity, nor the fragmented unions, nor the KSEB engineers bound by government procedures, nor the backsliding contractors, but all of them together that have transformed Idikki from a slick paper project to a battleground for social forces.

Any society that aspires to raise itself above the peasantry faces the same challenge. To command resources of the order involved at Idikki is to launch on an economic revolution. The longterm effects of that gesture—the industrialization made possible by Idikki's 780 megawatt output and the irrigation of 150,000 acres downstream—belong to the later stages of the campaign. The front line now is at the dam sites, in the cavern where India's biggest underground powerhouse is shaping up, in the power shafts and the other farflung elements in this staggering conception.



"There'll always be lots of land, lots of concrete and lots of strikes," said Poulin. "And we'll always build them that way. The problem is insoluble." He may be right. Because a project which creates anywhere up to 10,000 jobs like this one has an intrinsic shortcoming: it doesn't last for ever. And the workers wish it would.

Phase III of Idikki—this is Phase I they're on—calls for the construction of two small auxiliary dams and four miles of tunnel to increase the catchment of the reservoir. And there are other KSEB projects on the books, some of which will employ part of the Idikki labour force. "Otherwise," said a KSEB engineer, "they will not allow us to complete this work and leave the place."

The pathos of the worker who would like to postpone inauguration day indefinitely is grist for the unions, most of which are politically oriented and have powerful friends. There are about a score of them, ranging ideologically from the INTUC union to the far-Left Naxalites. Many are splinter groups. They are rivals for the workers' allegiance but they are united, every now and then, in championing the day labourer, whose morrow is a yawning unknown.

Useless to tell him that Idikki power will create many jobs in factories down in the plain. His concern is the next meal. That is why, when Hindustan Construction proposed to retrench 350 quarry workers in line with the progress of their operations, the unions could dig their heels in. At the instance of the State government, the contractor whittled the list down to 285, but the unions still wouldn't hear of it.

It was a test case. But of what? Whether the contractor could be obliged to retain his 4,800-strong work force in perpetuity, with or without work for them to do? The chances of employment at other projects had been hurt by the unions' own sons-of-the-soil policy. They had successfully opposed recruitment of labour from other parts of Kerala. The unions on other projects would be equally exclusive.

**T**HE quarry men would obviously have to go. The unions had pushed their case to the limit of credibility and would now have to retreat. If the contractor caved in on this one, how would he lay off the 1,000 scheduled to be cut in January when the work on the Idikki dam wound up? The government was preparing the ground for the inevitable. It had promised to draw up a seniority roll of daily paid labourers for rehiring when the occasion arose. Layoffs would be on a last-to-come-first-to-go basis. Monthly paid labour could expect to be retained.

It was probably the last big fight in Idikki's stormy labour history. The illogic of the situation had tied construction schedules up in knots. The workers, individually helpless, took shelter with unions whose labyrinthine operations were abetted by a legal anomaly: the contractor was bound by a labour settlement but not the union.

Not that the contractor was always blameless. One day work on the Kulamavu dam started an hour late because of rain. The contractor cut the workers' pay by 25%. Of course, there was a strike.

Those Canadians who've been around for a while follow these little dramas with sympathy and

despair. If there's a question that hangs over Idikki it is where do we go from here? And it applies as much to the Canadians and the KSEB engineers as to the labourers. "We don't know what will happen to ourselves," Poulin confided. "You work ten years on these projects and when you go back to headquarters you have to compete with a group of people who were your assistants before." There'll be no starvation, but there'll be resentment.

Or take the KSEB engineers. The Board has concentrated most of its graduate engineers at the project and promotions and retirements are a subject of absorbing interest. The KSEB officer knows he'll have to step aside at 55 but doesn't know what he'll do next. It may be a big comedown from Idikki.

The government, responsible to the tax-payer and the public at large, stands to lose millions of rupees in deferred power revenue, inflated costs and compensation payments to contractors whose own schedules have been thrown out. But it is under pressure from the unions to back their demands on the contractors. The labourers, in whose name all these activities arise, watch resignedly. "The great majority, are honest here," said Poulin, whose sympathies run deep with all the parties to this economic conundrum, but especially with the worker. "You shouldn't humiliate the poor guy by always forcing him to ask for something." But no one is in a position to be generous.

All these jostling interests, which might seem squalid in an urban setting, somehow assume heroic proportions against the physical backdrop of the Idikki project. Here is a hydra-headed system of streams about to be





**ROCK POULIN:** like a diviner. Here he examines core sample from exploratory boring.

submerged in a 23 square-mile lake 2,400 feet up in the lush wooded hills (3,500 tribals will have to be resettled). Water will be piped more than a mile through the granite hills to a system of valves and caverns which will regulate the flow. Thence it will fall nearly 2,200 feet through the rock to the underground powerhouse to turn six 130-megawatt generator sets (three will be installed in Phase I). The water exits through a 4,000-foot tailrace tunnel to emerge into a channel which will pass below the Nachar river before joining it downstream.

Rock Poulin—with a name like that he had to be a geologist—had been showing me the number 1 power shaft. It is a 20-foot diameter hole blasted out of rock descending inside Nedugani hill at 50°. They trained 15 engineers as welding supervisors to oversee the installation of the penstock sections which will then be set in concrete. The engineers took a look at the hole and refused to go down there—all but four of them. Now they were training another batch Humanly, one couldn't blame them, looking down that dank shaft to the solitary light bulb burning perhaps 1,000 feet below. All underground work has its dangers, but this prospect was unusually cheerless to boot.

We had emerged from the tunnel that gives access to the butterfly valve chambers at the top of the power shafts. "When I came here I was at home," said Rock. We were examining a chunk of black, mica-speckled gneiss. "They have the same type of rock here as we have in the Shield." He had used that familiarity to effect in the seating of the three dams. Like a diviner, Poulin can stomp on a slab of granite and diagnose sand underneath. Every time he makes that kind of discovery there are groans all round. About one-tenth of the cost of the dams went in the foundations. When Poulin orders so many cubic yards of rock excavated he makes a big hole in the rupees as well. But when they strike sand—which they do if Poulin said they would—they're glad to have him around.

Rock Poulin is a journalist's dream, spilling quotes that would be bread-and-butter for a Hollywood scriptwriter. "We're all mountain-climbers," he told the Kottayam Rotary Club, "and we're all looking for bigger mountains." (The smooth black slopes of the Idikki gorge put him in mind of the "original glass mountain" of the fairy tale.) Dams are a sort of challenge to the topography: "The bigger they are, the smaller they



look. When you have a small dam you compare it with yourself. When you get hundreds of feet high, you start comparing it with the mountain. It looks small then."

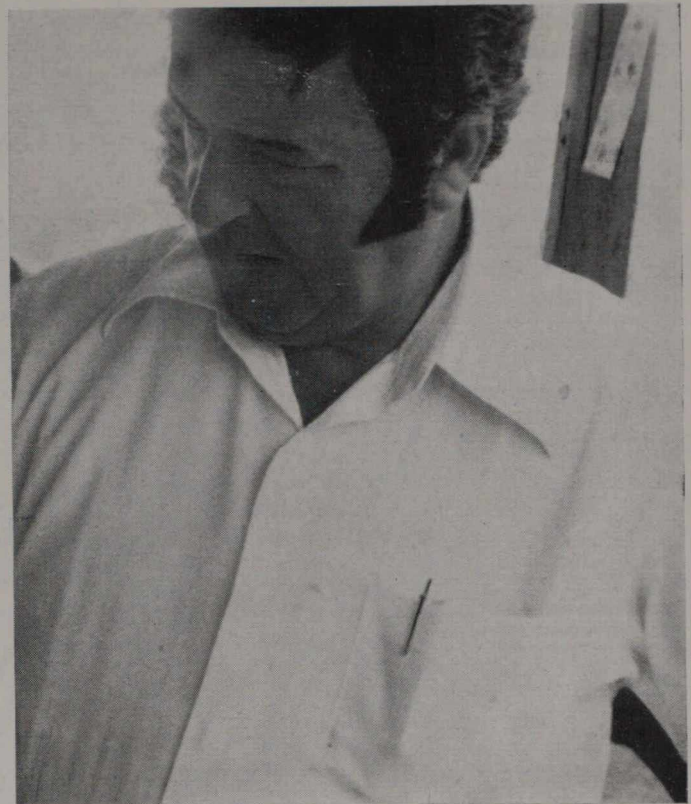
**P**OULIN is short, bespectacled and balding. Trembley is big, beefy and tousled, a man whose presence matches his responsibilities. The third Quebecer here is Martin Rancourt, Project Engineer responsible for the power system. There's also a real Frenchman, name of Maurice Coutaud, who works for the turbine company, Neyrpic, Canada. The rest of the Canadian team: John Lees, in charge of quality control of concrete, Erskine Flook, engineer in charge of installation of the generators, and Lazo Zakula, a Yugoslav by origin, who is Project Engineer, Dams.

We were standing in the powerhouse now, looking up at the 110-foot-high ceiling of the cavern. Poulin assured me it wouldn't come down on our heads. There's wire mesh and rock bolts and other things to stop it, but the basis of his confidence was past experience.

Most of the powerhouse has already been concreted with natty fluted walls and control rooms. The ceiling remains unconcreted, but the lighting will be up there and the only bare rock in the place will be lost in the glare. But for the absence of windows there will be nothing to remind the powerhouse worker he is under a granite hill, 2,000 feet down the access tunnel. The cost of excavation is offset by subsequent economies in upkeep by comparison with surface powerhouses. Also the head of water entering the turbines is so many more feet—the powerhouse is only 196 feet above sea level. It is proof against landslides and hypothetical bombardment. The switchyard, on the surface, is connected to the powerhouse by a cable tunnel.

A big yellow gantry crane moved silently along the rails atop the powerhouse walls. It was hard for a layman to figure out how it got up there. Rancourt described the process, which appeared to have involved clever improvisation. "It took the same time it would take in Canada," he said. "And we had half as many men as they would use in Canada."

Three men died excavating the powerhouse. One of them was the contractor himself, felled by a chunk of roof which he had warned his workers was unsafe. Two others died in a freak accident when lightning struck at the mouth

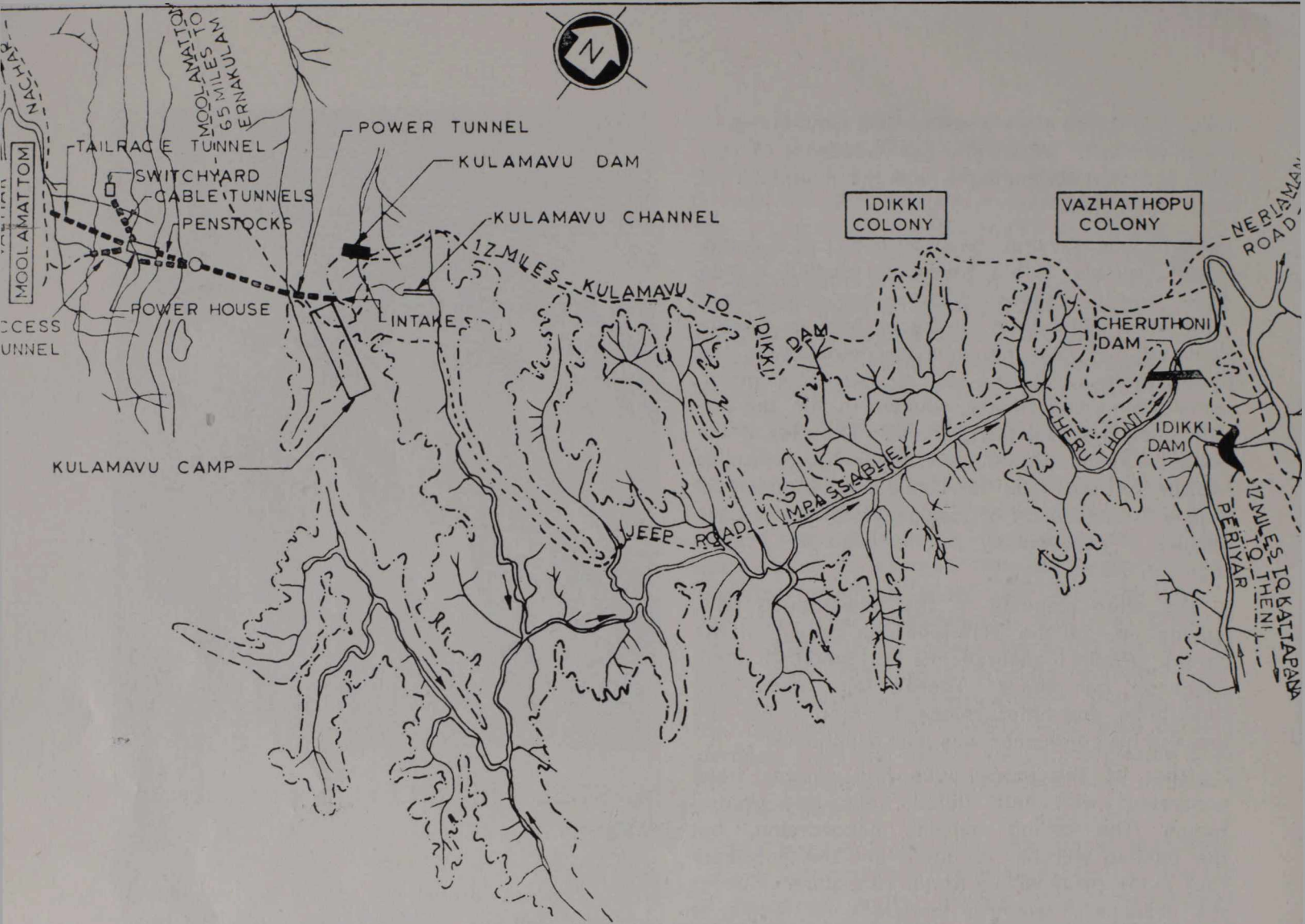


**MARCEL TREMBLEY:** a presence to match.

of the access tunnel, ran along the ventilation pipe and set off detonators that had just been placed. Like all the massive hydro projects around India, Idikki will have its martyrs' list, presumably inscribed in black on a white marble plaque alongside the names of the 15 or so Canadians who worked here and their KSEB colleagues. And not all the casualties at Idikki were accidental. There were those who fell from ledges or died in other contrived ways during the bitter days of '68.

**I**DIKKI has already racked up 50 years of chequered history, if you take E. J. Jacob's original report to the Travancore government in 1919 as the starting point. The basic shape of the present project—diversion of the waters of the Periyar and Cheruthoni to another basin—was first mooted in 1932 by W. J. John in another report to the Travancore government. In 1937 it engaged two Italian engineers for yet another study, but they ignored John's contribution. It was left to the Travancore government's chief engineer, Joseph John, to spell out this suggestion. He foresaw the lines the project ultimately took with the location of the powerhouse at Moolamattam. That





CONSULTING engineers' map of project area. Dotted line indicates projected shape of northwestern part of reservoir as it will appear when water attains 2,400-foot level.

was financially beyond the means of Travancore in 1947. It was another 10 years before the Kerala government asked New Delhi to examine the scheme, which was cleared by the Planning Commission in 1962.

The project was put up to the Canadian government, which engaged the firm of Surveyer, Nenniger and Chenevert to make a feasibility study. In 1965 Canadian engineers came to India to discuss the project. The salient features were considerably revised: the height of the dams

was raised to tap a bigger power potential and the Indians accepted the underground powerhouse concept. Designs were finalised in Montreal with Indian collaboration. Major contracts were let in 1966. The then Canadian High Commissioner, James George, inaugurated the Idikki dam works two years later. After a rash of strikes, a review board was constituted in '71 in an effort to revitalize the project. Progress was still erratic. Early in '72 representatives of the Government of India, the KSEB and

Surveyer, Nenniger and Chenevert, used a routine meeting to get together on construction schedules, which had grown apart over the years.

Even then they were not out of woods. As late as last April, five contractors threatened to give up the contract unless the labour situation improved. They told a press conference they had incurred heavy losses because of labour trouble and appealed to the State government and the KSEB to maintain discipline.



**E**VIDENTLY the appeal had some effect. Work was going on when we visited the Kulamavu dam. A bulldozer was gouging mud away from behind the dam as a preliminary to curtain grouting against seepage. Nearby the massive intake for the headrace tunnel towered above the shallow valley floor. When the lake is filled to the 2,400-foot level the intake will be more accessible for cleaning away debris than if it had been flush with the bottom. It

will also be less vulnerable to landslide damage from the hillside. When we saw it they were making gashes in the clay slope to assess the likelihood of such a mishap.

I had arrived at Kulamavu camp at dusk in the midst of a State-wide power strike. It seemed to augur ill. But the Rancourts' bungalow was hospitably candlelit and the whole Canadian gang was there with their wives. Lazo Zakulo took time out from dams to strum the guitar and lead the

singing. Naturally they sang "Alouette", but also:

A la claire fontaine, m'en  
allant promener,

J'ai trouve l'eau si belle que  
je m'y suis baigne.

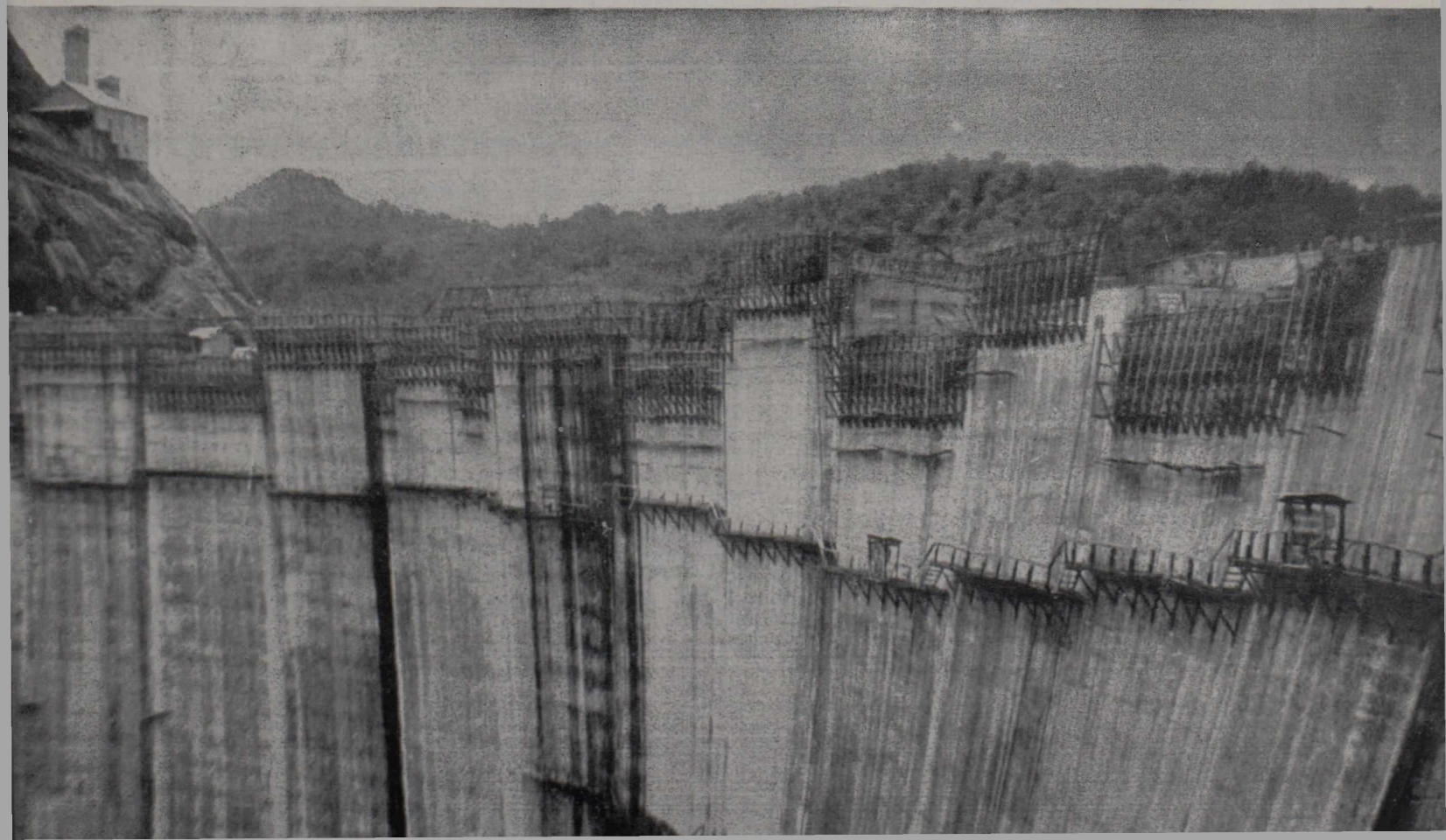
Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.\*

D. E.

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\*Traditional French song: 'While out walking, in the crystal fountain I found such beautiful water that I bathed there. I have long loved you, I shall not forget you.'

FRONT VIEW of middle section of Idikki dam with building about 100 feet short of summit. Outward curvature from vertical is clearly visible at centre of span, left. Photo on page 3, taken at same stage of building, shows outward curvature from water side of dam.





*Continued from page 2*

brings in mail and the occasional visitor. Except for serious medical cases and students going south to high school the inhabitants never leave. To the people of this Cree community, a big city is as remote and fearsome as the moon.

Three brothers and two sisters were born before Iona; 11 more would follow. Their home was a one-room log house with just two beds, so Iona slept on the floor near the wood-burning stove.

As she grew up, she shared the family chores, which included five-mile trips to the Hudson's Bay store, sometimes in 40 below weather. Often there was only "bannock" (a cake-like bread) and tea for supper, and at Christmas Santa Claus could never spare anything more than a small bag of candies.

Iona walked a mile to the elementary school and back each day, and she loved school. A quiet, mystical child, she read a lot and often wandered through the forests alone, composing stories and poems.

When she graduated from Grade 8, the Department of Indian Affairs sent her to Portage la Prairie Collegiate more than 500 miles southwest.

Excited by the prospect of civilization, and wider chances to learn, Iona first found little more than frustration—and terrible homesickness. She spoke and understood English with difficulty, and her natural shyness made life especially hard for her in the relatively fast-paced society around her. But she struggled, made friends, became a fan of the singer Tom Jones—and continued writing stories and poems that convinced her teachers she had a remarkable literary talent.

By the time Iona graduated from Grade 12 last June, her achievements were the talk of the tribe. Oxford House elders saw, in the education of Iona and her Indian classmates, new hope for all their people's future.

On June 24, 1972, Iona and seven other Cree students took off for home from Winnipeg International Airport in a twin-engined Beechcraft Super 18. Moments later the engines failed. The pilot tried to land on a nearby golf course but the plane crashed into a tree. Iona, her seven friends and the pilot were killed.

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## **Two Different Worlds**

**by Iona Weenusk**

**T**HE absence of high schools in the North has brought many of us Indian students to Portage la Prairie to gain an education. Only one month has passed since school started, and already many Indian students have dropped out or else have turned to liquor for temporary escape from their frustrations—a way of escape which does nothing but add to our problems.

Right now I wish to share with you the experience I had in leaving reservation life for city life and vice versa in the hope of making someone realize that he is not alone in his troubles, conflicts and tensions.

I come from Oxford House, a Cree Indian reserve about 500 air miles north of Portage la Prairie. About 800 Cree Indians reside there and three white families.

Although our means of transportation includes dog teams, snowmobiles, canoes, boats, two trucks, three motorcycles and one lone horse, our main transportation is the airplane.

Oxford House, with its picturesque scenery, is a reserve of peace and quiet. The sounds of nature blend with the sound of happy children at play. This reserve is set in a land of great



forests, colourful northern lights, unforgettable sunsets and numerous lakes. On this reserve the houses are all situated on one side of Oxford Lake. The opposite side is the area where most of the men go to hunt, trap and chop wood for fuel.

At Oxford House most of the older people do not speak nor understand English. Very few have even a Grade 6. Although some may understand English, they cannot speak it. And even though almost all the young people can speak and understand the language, they do not practise it outside of school.

When I first came to Portage la Prairie I had a difficult time learning to speak English all the time. Even though I was in Grade 9 at the time, I had never used the language orally unless I was asked a question in class. When I arrived here, I found difficulty in expressing myself in English and pronouncing the words correctly. I had to think first in Cree, and then try to translate my thoughts into good English sentences. People must have gotten the idea that I was either dumb or just plain rude not to bother answering because they would just stare back or give me a strange look. That look would make me feel uneasy and my mind would go blank. Also, because I was very shy about speaking English, that made the situation even harder for me.

On that first separation from my home in the North at the age of 14, I left with great expectations. I knew I was about to enter into a world that was completely different from mine but I never realized it would be so complicated and harsh. I had expected, in the new world, that things would be modern brighter, happier, more beautiful and easier. That trip to reach what

would become my new home meant my first long plane ride and my first exciting bus ride. It also meant my first glimpse of the lovely cars, the great city of Winnipeg, and the beautiful Prairies. Here, too, I was introduced to television, the modern telephone and the stamp machine. Everything was so much fun and so exciting.

**A**FTER a while I was settled in my boarding home. I found it hard to communicate with the family with whom I was living, and also with the other students at school. Because I did not know what was expected of me, as a result, I could not get along. My high spirits began to slide downhill as each day passed, and more and more I began to miss my family and long for home. I missed, moreover, being surrounded by nature and its sounds. I detested sitting inside a huge building all day with so many strangers. I hated the roars of the city and its continuous traffic. I could not find a corner all my own; everywhere I turned there were buildings, automobiles and people.

So many times I seriously considered quitting school even though I was determined to go on. I realized there was no future in returning home with no education. My ambition had always been to go through high school and in some way become of help to my people. These thoughts kept me here.

The school year dragged on and on. At long last the end of June finally came and I could leave. That was a glorious day when I got home. It seemed as though I was in some sort of heaven with sweet, fresh air, the placid lake, the lovely forests, the sounds of birds and animals calling out to

me, and the very atmosphere of freedom and wilderness. For the next two months I never spoke one English word.

In my second year, I moved to a new boarding home. Things continued pretty much the same as in the previous year. Now, whenever I think back to those first two years, I truly wish I could relive those times and make them better. I had been so wrapped up in my own troubles and problems I had never really considered other people. During those times I had actually considered life not worth living. I didn't even try to run away or take to drinking; I knew I would come face to face with the same old situations I was already in, and probably I would make it worse.

Oh, the misery, the desperation of those times !

I used to wonder how much longer I was going to go through that kind of life, but then I used to tell myself, "Nothing lasts forever, it will end sometime." Then, too, I thought of all the handicapped people I saw every day around the city and how their burdens were far greater than mine. I also thought of the people who had no homes or a family such as mine to go home to. Thoughts such as these were incentive enough for me to continue what I had begun.

I clearly remember the day I was to go home again for the summer. To my surprise, I discovered that though I yearned to be back home once more, yet I wanted to stay here. Maybe I wanted to remain to try to make up for another bad year, or maybe I had resigned myself to city life for by now I had grown accustomed to it.



**A**T any rate, once I was back home, I became aware of things that I had never bothered to notice before, or may be they were not there before. In any case, I seemed to notice that the people stared with their hawk-like eyes, trying to decide whether city life and education had changed me for the better or the worse. Some hesitated to talk to me. From a few, there were even accusations of denying my own background and trying to be one of the white people. I was not sure, by this time, just where, if anywhere, I really belonged.

On my third year, I moved again to another boarding home. This time I shared a room with a Sioux girl. The couple we lived with were understanding, patient, very

kind and hospitable. We all got along fine. I felt as if a heavy load which I had been carrying around for so long was lifted from my back. The future appeared rosy and happy; and it was.

To start with I joined a few of the clubs through the school. The meetings and the projects we did kept me occupied, which gave me a sense of belonging or contributing to something. This gave me the incentive to explore and reach out for things outside my own little world. In addition, I went on a trip which was sponsored by the Centennial Commission to one of the Maritime provinces along with a group of students mostly from Winnipeg. The trip to the Atlantic province and our visit there was simply super! Every-

one of us had a great time. It was then I began to discover, or rather realize, how beautiful life is, how nice other people can be, and that "everyone smiles in the same language".

Right now I just need two more subjects to complete my Grade 12. Next year I hope to start training either as a registered nurse or a dental hygienist.

I am glad now that I resisted the temptation to yield to my pessimistic tendencies to drop out of school and go back home. I know that there are many other Indian students who feel now as I did a few years ago. I hope that they, too, will find the kind of people who are willing to help, understand and accept them. □

Where Iona lived: map on back cover shows corner of eastern Manitoba with Oxford House Indian Reservation indicated by eastern arm of compass bearing. Scale: 14 miles to 1 inch app.



*Most things become exhausted with promiscuous use. This is not the case with the sea. It can be exhausted neither by fishing nor by navigation, that is to say, in the two ways in which it can be used.*

**T**HE Dutchman Grotius, author of the doctrine of the freedom of the high seas, wrote that in 1609.

He was wrong.

There are a lot of reasons but one of them can be summed up in the word "oil".

Take the supertanker Shaughnessy. She's big...as long as three football fields. So long the crew pedal about on bicycles to save time. She's over a quarter of a million tons, one of the biggest ships ever to enter a Canadian port. The Shaughnessy can enter fewer than a dozen harbours in the whole world.

Hundreds of ships register under a flag of convenience, adopt a foreign flag of state. By registering in a foreign country, the owners have taken advantage of that country's lenient tax laws. And if they are American or Canadian, they don't have to ship a North American crew, the highest paid seamen in the world. The only Canadian aboard the Shaughnessy when she edges into dock somewhere along the Nova Scotia coast is the pilot. He went on board and took control when she was about 15 miles offshore. Ships like this, that require 11 miles of open sea to stop, need careful handling. It takes four hours for the tugs to bring her to the dock along a sealane that is under constant surveillance and control from a command point ashore. It's a new approach, similar to air

traffic control. It's the only such set-up in North America.

Oil is the big cargo on the sea these days. More of it is shipped in and out of Canadian ports than any other commodity. Tankers even bigger than the Shaughnessy ply the sea and more are under construction in Japan. They're as safe as modern science and skilled craftsmen can make them.

# WHO OWNS THE SEA?

But what about the hundreds of other ships that enter coastal waters? Not all dockings are as smooth and flawless as the Shaughnessy's. People naturally get nervous when they consider what would happen if a big tanker like the Shaughnessy were to be wrecked off the coast.

Canada wants to ensure that any passing tankers will comply with Canadian regulations. Whether they're Americans, British, Liberian, Greek or whatever, we want to be sure that they're absolutely safe when they enter Canadian waters. In international law nobody can touch a ship on the high seas except the flag state, which means the country where it was registered. Canada sees no reason why this restriction should be absolutely sacrosanct right up to the moment of disaster. Because at the time of a disaster, here's what happens: the flag goes down, and the flag state jurisdiction mysteriously disappears. And it's left to the coastal state to clean up the mess.

The record shows that in the second half of 1969 tanker losses in accidents on the sea totalled 600,000 tons. That's the equivalent of 33 average-sized ships. When the Liberian tanker Arrow Rock foundered off the coast of Nova Scotia 190 miles of shoreline were contaminated with oil. Forty-eight hundred seabirds perished. Canada had to lay out more than \$3 million to clean up. Here's an extract from the report of the task force which handled the job:

Mr Minister, we would like to stress that we have recovered and put into shore tanks only 1.3 millions gallons of the Arrow's cargo and we have placed in approved dump sites perhaps another half-million gallons. The rest is on the shores of Chedabucto Bay, polluting the Atlantic ocean or being eaten by microbes.





Drilling for oil off the coast of Newfoundland



We have cleaned only 30 miles of beaches. The remaining shoreline is virtually uncleanable....

We are appalled by the callousness and sloppiness that we find in the operation of the world's tanker fleet, particularly those that sail under flags of convenience. From the record available to us the standard of operation of the world tanker fleet, particularly those that sail under flags of convenience, is so appalling that the people of the world should demand immediate action.

But is there an even greater threat? Alan Beesley, Canadian delegate to the UN First Committee session on the law of the sea last November, says there is: "We're devoting too much attention to oil, which certainly has a tremendous impact on amenities, like beaches, recreation and so on, but I don't think we need worry that much about the ability of the environment to somehow cope with a natural product like oil. It's been around for some time. But when it comes to P-C-Bs, these substances very much like the chlorinated hydrocarbons such as the famous DDT, and the P-D-Cs, the exotic chemicals, ones that never existed until man invented them: that these are turning up in the oceans in alarming amounts, small perhaps quantitatively, but alarming in terms of what these small amounts might do to the living resources of the sea—this is the real danger. Then there's lead, that comes out from exhausts, and mercury: I don't know where in the world mercury's coming from, but it's turning up in alarming amounts in animals. So there is some real cause for concern that the oceans aren't quite as healthy as one would like to see them. You're playing around with biological dynamite when you say, 'Oh well, what does a bit of DDT matter?' And the fact that you don't know

is in my view a very good reason for saying: 'Stop! Let's find out what it matters, because if we happen to be wrong there won't be in a real sense a second chance.'

**D**R John Anderson of the Department of the Environment in Ottawa laments the lack of action at international forums:

"On the pollution problem, strangely enough, there is as yet relatively little awareness of the sort that can be translated into political activity and into the kind of terms needed for action on the international plane. Scientists have been speaking about these dangers for some time, but we can't go into a conference and just say there are dangers. We have to point to actual present dangers and say, as we have done, that on the international plane there's virtually no law of the environment. And we think that this is just ridiculous in this day and age."

Dumping, drilling for oil, mining—the uses of the sea have multiplied since Grotius wrote. And the strange thing is, we have no international law to regulate these activities. We have rules for the land, rules for the air space above the sea, but nothing comparable for sea and the drowned land underneath. The need for rules is urgent, because developers are saying we need the sea's resources and conservationists are saying: "Keep out: the sea is frail." The situation calls for a revolution in attitudes, because for centuries the sea has been the one sector of the world's surface that has been open to all men of all nations to come and go pretty much as they pleased. And all too often, the doctrine of the freedom of the

high seas has meant in practice freedom to pollute, freedom to fish species to extermination. It's only in the last 20 years that we've realised that what Grotius claimed reflects a big misunderstanding. Immense as it is, the sea can be exhausted.

A map of the sea off Canada's east coast shows the sites of scores of holes drilled in the ocean floor below the shallow waters of the continental shelf (Canada's continental shelf is equivalent to 40 per cent of the Canadian land mass). These exploratory oil bores cost the oil companies \$75 million in seven years. They're drilled from unguinely ships which have a tool-pusher for a captain and a crew of tough oilmen. The ships stay in one location an average of six weeks, then move on to a new site.

Every move needs Ottawa's approval. A lot of Canadians feel uneasy about these rigs and the holes they're drilling in the seabed, especially after the big Santa Barbara spill from the hole off the California coast and the fire on the rig in the Gulf of Mexico off New Orleans. The Canadian government has enacted pretty tough regulations to govern the exploration program for gas and oil. Canada is a leader in this field. Canadian gas and oil regulations serve as a standard for other countries with potential oilfields off their coasts.

First, the oil company must take out a hunting licence. If they want to drill within a specific area they take out an exploration permit. It's good for 12 years. It requires the company to perform a certain amount of work. The work allocations issued so far require the oil companies to spend





## The Canadian Coast Guard icebreaker John A. Macdonald in arctic waters

close to \$2 billion in the next 10 years. The company takes out a lease that covers half the permit area. The other half reverts to the state. Only a Canadian-incorporated company can obtain these extraction leases.

**W**HEN a well is at the exploration drilling stage, daily contact is maintained with Canadian federal authorities to ensure that all the regulations are being met. Canadian government engineers come aboard at critical phases of the operation. Canada has exploration permits out on more than 1 million square miles of seabed, the bulk of it on the Atlantic coast and in the Arctic.

Protecting the marine environment from oil and gas blowouts is considered all-important. From the deck of the oil rig, high above the surface of the sea, the bit

travels down through casing that leads to blowout prevention controls on the seabed below. The whole apparatus is locked in a column of concrete running half a mile down into the ocean floor.

Now the question is: who owns the seabed? Under an agreement signed at the UN Conference on the Law of the Sea in 1958, each country can go after the mineral resources on its continental shelf to the limits of exploitability. When that was agreed to, we didn't have the means to drill for oil in very deep water that we now have. Hence the need for a third law of the sea conference, scheduled to be held next April (a second conference was held in 1960).

Canada's stand is that the whole central part of the ocean seabed should be for all to use, that it should belong to no country.

We adhere to the exploitability clause of the UN agreement but we don't think that gives us the right to march right out to the centre of the ocean and drill for oil and the other minerals simply because we may have the technical capabilities.

Alan Beesley says the maritime nations have begun a major overhaul of the law of the sea. He says the big development is that they're ready to reconsider their rights and obligations. What is involved is a sacrifice or sovereignty in the common interest. Similar concessions are being made in connection with the use of outer space and ecology. An example of the preparatory work towards the formulation of a new law of the sea is the London conference on Ocean Dumping in November, 1972. The work of this and other meetings and the



negotiations in the UN Seabed Committee have produced a body of thought which it is hoped the Santiago conference will codify.

Some of the goals of that conference:

To establish an equitable international regime and machinery for the resources of the seabed beyond the limits of national jurisdiction.

To define this area in precise terms.

To reformulate the regimes governing the high seas, the continental shelf and territorial waters.

To establish an international regime governing fishing and conservation of the live resources of the high seas (including the question of the preferential rights of coastal states).

The preservation of the marine environment.

Formulation of a regime governing scientific research.

**C**ANADA'S interest in the law of the sea is a function of her geography.

Canada has the second-longest coastline in the world (after Russia's). In the Arctic islands Canada considers herself to have very special rights and obligations, notably the regulation of pollution. Canada is not a major maritime power with an extensive merchant marine, but she is one of the major trading nations of the world with a stake in the freedom of commercial navigation. Further, Canada is a coastal fishing nation interested in preserving the live resources in the waters near her coast.

One five-mile radar sweep of the Labrador coast reveals 90 fishing vessels engaged in mining the products of the sea. Many

are Canadian ships. But many more are from Russia, Japan, France, Norway, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Poland, Britain and Denmark. St. John's, Newfoundland, sees the ships of almost every fishing nation in the world. Servicing and supplying them provides a major source of income for many of its merchants. But how much longer? What will happen now that the fish are hunted so relentlessly? Grotius said the sea could not be exhausted by fishing. But today many species are threatened. It will require a drastic change of thinking to save them. Canada believes the imposition of quotas based on a concept of resource management is a necessary first step.

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Based on the transcript of the Canadian National Film Board documentary Who Owns the Sea?



# One World

*Excerpts from the Canadian press that  
prove it's the same all over*

From CANADA WEEKLY :

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau announced measures to stem the increase in food prices.

At a news conference in Ottawa the Prime Minister made these points:

The Government is deeply concerned about rising food prices. There is no shortage of food in Canada, nor will any be allowed to develop. There are, however, food shortages in world terms.

As a major trading nation and one of the world's greatest exporters of food Canada cannot be isolated from all the effects of rising world food prices.

Inflation is a world-wide problem that Canada cannot solve alone.

Steps would be taken to produce orderly increases in food supplies in such a way as to enable farmers to plan increases in production with assurance that when the goods came to market they would receive reasonable returns.

The staff of the Food Prices Review Board would acquire additional investigative officers, including officers from the misleading advertising branch of the Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs.

The Government would ask the Canadian Association of Consumers to mobilize its members to assist the Board in identifying cases of unwarranted price increases.

Where unwarranted price increases were identified the facts would be made public by the Board and given wide publicity.

Parliament would be asked to approve several measures to help the Canadian consumer: Family allowances would be nearly tripled to an average of \$20 per child per month, effective January 1, 1974.

The Canada Pension Plan would be amended, with the concurrence of the provinces, to provide for the full escalation of pensions to protect their purchasing power.



From The Sun, Vancouver, British Columbia (an editorial) :

The critics who affect to be "thunderstruck" by the lavish renovations to the offices of New Democratic Party cabinet ministers betray an ignorance of the power of words.

When the Welfare Ministry was called the Welfare Ministry, for example, threadbare was fitting.

When the Welfare Ministry became the Ministry of Rehabilitation and Social Improvement, something had to be done about those spittoons.

When the Ministry of Rehabilitation and Social Improvement became the Ministry of Human Resources, well, what else but a suite framed in "dark, rich, wooden panelling", new "padded chairs and couch," a new lighting system, and a "desk that would easily sleep three?"

To condemn Norm Levi for "living high on the hog" and "wasteful excess" is to misunderstand his predicament. If he were Welfare Minister Levi, a little tasteful shabbiness would be apropos. As Human Resources Minister Levi, he deserves nothing but the best. And as a man trapped by his title, he is more to be pitied than scorned. Ask any king.



From The Globe & Mail, Toronto (an editorial) :

Why has it come to seem impossible to expect any planning sense, any appreciation of priorities, from the City Hall group charged with investigating and improving Metropolitan Toronto's inadequate taxi industry?

The recommended fare increases may be justified. That's beside the point. The point is that North York Mayor Mel Lastman's review committee was able to get the fare increase recommendations on this week's legislation committee agenda but there are going to be weeks and weeks of waiting before the recommendations on the industry's operation are ready.

In a report produced two months ago, the committee did deal with some of the problems. It recommended increasing the number of licences, because Toronto is short of cabs. They're not to be found in the rain or the snow, they don't exist in the suburbs.

What the committee accepted without questioning was the traffic in cab licences. Why should it cost someone between \$15,000 and \$25,000 to buy out a previous licence holder and put a cab on a publicly owned street? Nobody owns the streets but the public.

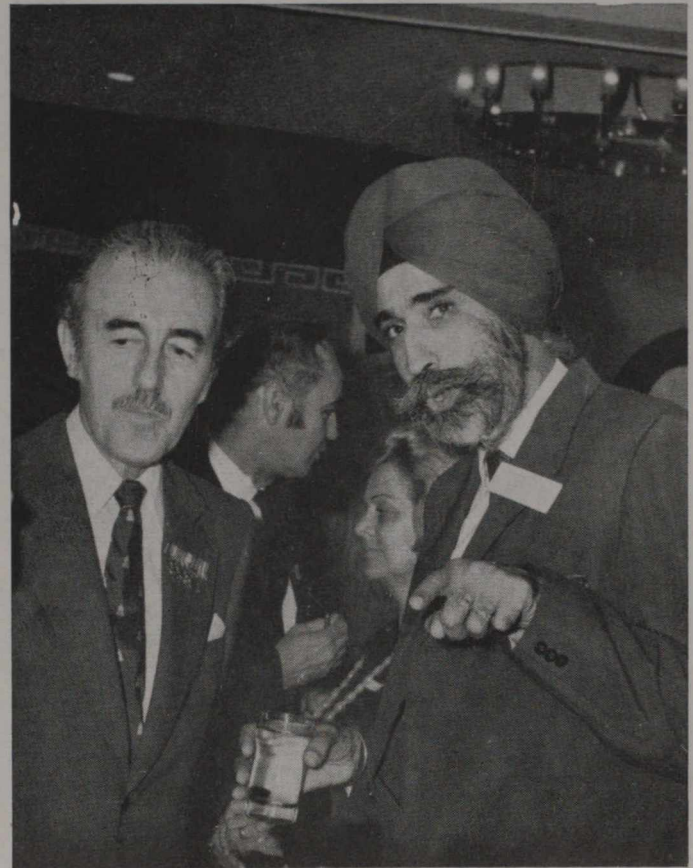
And yet, really what is the point of the public becoming exercised over what the committee omitted to do when the recommendations that the committee did make have disappeared from sight? The report is sitting somewhere in limbo, waiting for other reports, waiting for the whole package to be rewritten, re-reviewed, and no doubt finally put together in some glossy, four-colour, calf-skin-bound album and only then sent on to Metro Council for consideration.



The following are letters to The Globe & Mail:

The increasing number of bicycles on our streets is creating dangerous situations every day, not only for bicyclists, but for all road users. On a recent drive downtown I saw several bicycles on the wrong side of the road and going against





Air Vice-Marshal L.S. Grewal receives a memorial mug from John Harvey, chairman of reunion committee of Royal Canadian Air Force World War II squadrons 435 and 436 who trained and served in India. Occasion was their first reunion in Delhi. In picture at right, the Air Vice Marshal talks with Al Rosati, treasurer of the reunion committee. Fifty-two Canadian veterans and wives made the trip to India.

the traffic on one-way streets. How often have you seen bicyclists riding through red lights and stop signs? Any car driver knows how bicycles suddenly appear out of the night, almost invisible because they are not well-lighted, if at all. At corners and intersections most cyclists do not follow the standard traffic rules if they are aware of them.

These renegades are a menace, mainly because they seem to believe that rules applying to trucks, cars and motorcycles do not apply to them. In the public interest, their activities must be controlled.

R.E. Aksim  
Ottawa



I was horrified to read that three youths spent two hours bullying and terrorizing passengers on the Bloor

subway route. They attacked a passenger by bullying a knife on him, and kicked and punched him. They also threatened a TTC employee with a knife, and abused and bullied other subway users, pulling women's hair, and blocking doorways. The worst part of this episode is that other passengers sat like zombies, not lifting a finger to help. They could easily have jumped these three toughs, disarmed the one, and shoved them off at the next station. Better still—strong-armed them and held them until police were summoned.

What is Toronto coming to?

Jane Christie  
Mississauga



For those who are prepared to risk life and limb to intervene there must be an adequate compensation program for the

families of such public-spirited citizens in the event of death or disability. On a less dramatic scale there must be adequate monetary compensation for people to appear as witnesses. Many citizens who might be willing to do their bit pay dearly to be present at the resulting interminable judicial process and, last but not least, one would like to be reasonably sure that it was all worth it with some good long prison terms.

But it is not just a matter of compensation and retribution, it is also a matter of public attitudes and the willingness to take the first step, let alone a matter of good example. Our elected representatives are seemingly paralyzed before strikers who defy the law and before any other group of dissidents who have the strength to wave a few placards.

Law and order is unfashionable.

Charles L. Cooper  
Agincourt





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