# Habitat

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## "This city now"

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*Front cover: Downtown at night.*

*Inside front cover: "City planning set" by Harold Town.*
*Oil and lucite on canvas 64" x 81".*
*Collection of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Sachter, Toronto.*

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## This City Now

By a curious coincidence, several of the writers in this issue touch on the subject of a city's image.

Popularly, we are inclined to think of an image in terms of an artificially managed corporate or personal projection and sometimes rather larger than life. In urban terms it suggests the individual's response to the city's structure.

In time it might also imply an image in the personally creative sense, an ideal mental picture of the city each individual should have and which, through electoral and other accepted processes, he will attempt to translate into reality. This does not mean an urban Babel, but a city which reflects the order and variety, the beauty and vitality of like-minded citizens.

One way of achieving this is through exhibitions of the kind the Art Gallery of Ontario is holding in Toronto between the end of February and the end of March. Its purpose is to foster "a heightened critical awareness" of the urban scene with reference to Toronto in particular.

As urban problems are not peculiar to any one city, and in keeping with the policy that both national languages should be represented, three distinguished writers living in Quebec have been invited to contribute to the issue as well.

The co-director of the exhibition, Mr. Arnold Rockman, has provided a most helpful editorial function and it is hoped this edition will be a reminder of the problems and opportunities confronting those who live in This City Now.

I congratulate the Art Gallery of Ontario on its Centennial exhibition This City Now and for its choice of subject. The occasion and topic make it a pleasure for Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation to be associated with the undertaking through this magazine.

It has been said that next to maintaining world peace, metropolitan planning — and, of course, its attendant difficulties — is probably the most serious problem confronting mankind in the second half of this century. It is clear the accomplishments of education, science and communications have furthered man's understanding to such a degree it is not surprising that only in an advanced environment can his knowledge and abilities be used or that man himself can find fulfilment.

Will our cities be able to provide the necessary climate? This is a question we should ponder. Certainly through the National Housing Act, which CMHC administers, a wide range of financial and technical assistance is available to organizations and municipalities who wish to create some of the conditions suitable for Canadians in the years ahead.

The solution to our urban problems, however, does not rest with any particular group of people, nor is it to be found only in the clearance of decayed areas or the provision of decent houses. It lies inside our own front doors, with ourselves. If the exhibition at the Art Gallery of Ontario makes this one point clear, it will have been a very worthwhile venture.

H. W. Hignett
President
Central Mortgage and
Housing Corporation

Je tiens à féliciter la Galerie des Arts de l'Ontario d'avoir organisé cette exposition du Centenaire qui a pour thème This City Now et d'avoir choisi ce sujet. Etant donné l'occasion et le thème de cette exposition, la Société centrale d'hypothèques et de logement est heureuse d'y participer par la publication de cette revue.

Quelqu'un a dit qu'après le maintien de la paix dans le monde, l'aménagement des régions métropolitaines — et évidemment, toutes les difficultés que cela entraîne — est probablement le problème le plus aigu auquel le genre humain aura à faire face durant la seconde moitié de notre siècle. Il est clair que les progrès réalisés dans le domaine de l'éducation, des sciences et des communications, ont amélioré la compréhension de l'homme à un tel degré qu'il n'est pas surprenant que ses connaissances et ses aptitudes ne puissent être mises à profit et que l'homme lui-même ne puisse trouver son plein épanouissement que dans un milieu perfectionné.

Nos villes seront-elles en mesure d'établir le climat nécessaire à cette fin? Voilà une question que nous devrions examiner avec soin. Il est certain que, grâce à la Loi nationale sur l'habitation que la SCHL a le mandat d'appliquer, une grande variété de formes d'aide financière et technique s'offre aux organismes et aux municipalités qui désirent établir le climat qui pourra être favorable aux Canadiens dans les années à venir.

Ce n'est pas le propre d'un groupe particulier de personnes cependant, de trouver la solution à nos problèmes urbains; cette solution ne se trouve pas non plus uniquement dans le déblaiement des secteurs délabrés ni dans la construction de maisons convenables. C'est à nous tous qu'il incombe de la trouver. Si l'exposition de la Galerie des Arts de l'Ontario contribue à rendre ce point bien clair pour tous, elle aura été une entreprise d'une très grande valeur.

H. W. Hignett
le président
de la Société centrale d'hypothèques
et de logement

This special edition of Habitat marks the occasion of the Centennial exhibition of the Art Gallery of Ontario, This City Now. In answering the question as to why an art gallery is presenting an exhibition on the subject of urbanism it is enlightening to review the history of art museums. The concept of an art gallery developed in the 18th. century when a number of private, aristocratic collections were opened to the public. From this concept of the museum as an extension of a private collection there has developed the idea of the museum as a publicly supported educational institution concerned with the whole range of the visual arts. It is consistent with this development and also in sympathy with the general tendency in our society towards a broader definition of and an integration (or re-integration) of all the arts that this exhibition was organized.

It can also be argued that the city is traditionally the most important and potentially the greatest work of art created by man and is therefore the proper concern of an art museum. The city (civitas) is without doubt the nourishing mother of civilization. One certainly finds difficulty in thinking of the great creative achievements of man down through the ages without thinking of them in the context of the world's great cities. For it is the city which has most often been the symbol of man's highest hopes and deepest desires. The Celestial City, or the City of God, is synonymous with Paradise. In many civilizations artists have frequently represented their own cities when depicting heaven. Yet today there is a growing concern that our great cities are in reality fast becoming the very opposite. Not only to realize the dream of mankind but possibly to ensure our survival is going to challenge all our creative resources.

W. J. Withrow
Director
Art Gallery of Ontario

# Introduction

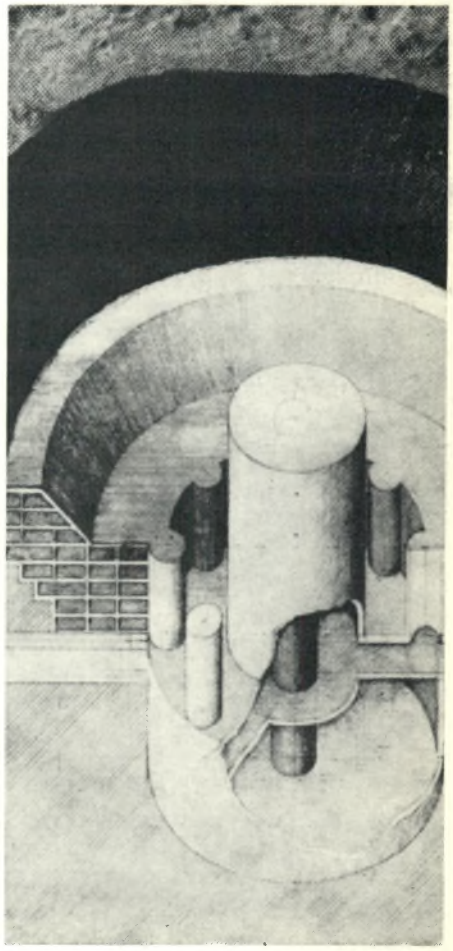
by the Exhibition Director
Arnold Rockman

Somewhere in the city, a baby is growing up. His family may be poor, unable to command many of the resources available in an urban, affluent society. His family may be rich and may live in the mansion of their dreams. But more likely, this baby's family belongs to the ever-growing middle-class and live in the continuously expanding ticky-tacky which fills more and more of the world's cities.

As this baby grows, and learns to inherit a world he never made, what horoscope shall we cast for him? Perhaps the stars in the cold sky over Canada foretell a happy future. This baby will go to an over-crowded school and develop his mind and body. He will explore his city with his friends. He will shout and scream with enthusiasm when the world-famous pop groups of the Eighties visit his city — even though he might not be lucky enough to get a ticket and may have to see them on wall-to-wall 3-D colour TV. He will get married.

The only certainties in his future are that his city will keep on growing and his whole world will keep changing at an ever-increasing rate.

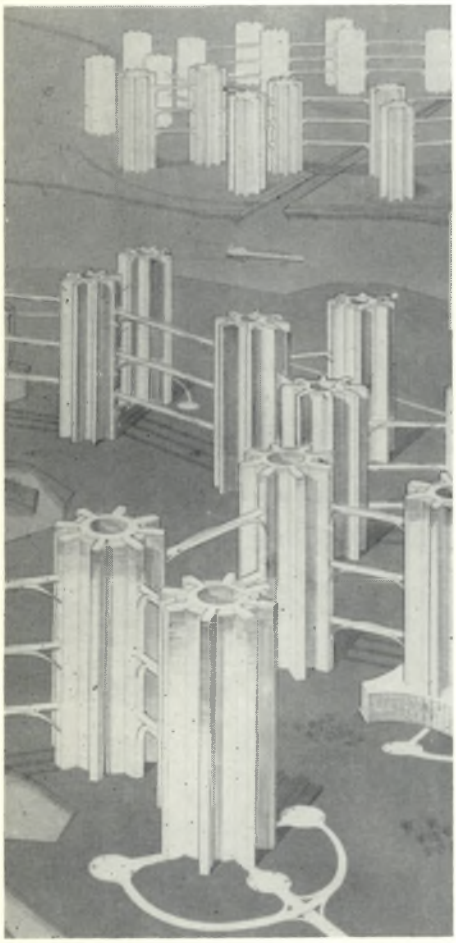
By the time he's ready to found a family of his own, he'll be looking for a place to live, in a city whose population will have doubled or tripled. What kind of place will it be? Will this new family live in a cube facing a street in the sky? Or will the sky be so polluted with ash, soot, carbon monoxide, neon light and sonic boom that the new family will be forced to look for a place underground?



Perhaps the newest and most efficient technology, the aerospace industry, will be enlisted to build completely new cities composed of rigidly controlled, massive towers linked by air-conditioned corridors. In such a city, will the single-family detached house become a dim memory?

In casting our horoscope for this future family, are we likely to learn any new lessons? Perhaps we shall continue to rape the earth for the sake of rich ticky-tacky or poor ticky-tacky.

How will our future family move from place to place in the city? Will they use the two-ton monster which devours forty percent of all the land in the city? And how will they travel between cities? If they go by train, will our railroads continue to scar the landscape with ugly wounds?




In the past, the car and the train have been some of the strongest forces shaping city spread. Today we must enlist the services of the computer to control those forces. Tomorrow, our family will live in a city powerfully affected by the invisible flow of information from computer to computer, a flow that may turn out to be greater in its impact on the city than the physical flow of cars in the city today.

Though our family may continue to travel by car and train, perhaps they will also use more efficient and comfortable forms of movement—elevated monorails, hovercraft, commuter trains speeding at 150 miles per hour between different parts of the megalopolis. Or urban life may become so burdensome that they will escape in a space capsule.

No matter what tomorrow's technology may do to tomorrow's city, our family will not greatly differ in their attitudes and feelings from a family in ancient Athens. For the Athenians, city-dwellers were of two kinds: citizens and idiots. Idiots were private people, passive, unconcerned with politics, ignorant and apathetic. By contrast, citizens were educated, actively concerned with the quality of urban life and participants in the process of maintaining that quality or altering it for the better. If, through human or divine mischance, the citizen's participation in the affairs of his city made things worse, then he shouldered the responsibility.

Today and tomorrow, city-dwellers make the same choice that Athenians made: to become a citizen or remain passive. The purpose of the This City Now exhibition at the Art Gallery of Ontario is to help Torontonians make a similar choice.

I should like to convey my appreciation to Mr. William J. Withrow, Director, Art Gallery of Ontario, for having invited me to co-ordinate the Centennial exhibition, This City Now; to Professor A. J. Diamond, School of Architecture, University of Toronto, for acting as Co-Director of the exhibition; Mr. Robert M. Hume, Planning and Development Consultant, Art Gallery of Ontario, for his assistance; Miss Margaret S. Machell, Executive Secretary, Art Gallery of Ontario; the volunteer research committee, Mrs. R. F. Eaton, Mrs. G. B. Butterfield, Mrs. M. H. Rapp, Mrs. M. C. R. Taylor; and the two secretaries to the exhibition, Mrs. Kristine Wookey and Mrs. June Clark.

# My town

by Harold Town

Instep hung, foot glued, the gum stuck to my shoe gives the raspberry to city planning, at least I hope that was the flavour.

A city is never more, and sometimes less, than the police turn out of a tramp's pocket, the dandruff on that shoulder next to your nose as you ride the subway, or the indigestion burning the chest of a broker leaving the dining room at the Granite Club. It can be the florid, florescent decline of a poster fading hourly on a hoarding, or the ecstatic whoops of boys swinging wildly on a rope suspended from the prim underpinnings of a metro bridge; or the limp dandy, waking in the middle of the day (and a hangover), high in a cement, air-conditioned, broadloomed, door-guarded bee-hive, wondering through the buzzing if he had remembered to put in a stock of Aspirin. It's the funereal Italian lady squeezing thirty peppers in the Power Store on College Street, before one will pass muster, trying time and the entire food processing industry, with every movement of the great tradition in her critical fingers.

Toronto is Hercules Sales on Yonge Street; it is where the flotsam of war and other human frailties achieve a final dignity under the witty management of Lou Fine, the Bad Boy, Honest Ed's and Atomic Cleaners. A street that advertises antiques and junk at one end of the merchandizing scale, Harridges and the hokey hauteur of the clerks at Creeds at the other; the glories of ancient China at the museum, the continuing pomp of the King Edward dining-room, or the terrors of a pedestrian walk, more dangerous than a picnic held in the jungles of Viet Nam. Toronto is a city of churches, yet the growth of the Car Worship Cult makes the idolatries of primitive tribes positively platonic by comparison.

It is a city dissected by poisoned rivers; the Don, once choked with fish, now moves sluggishly under a polluted sky, frothing rabidly at every infinitesimal fall, as it goes in stench towards a dying lake. Toronto is the joy sliding over the ice in front of the new city hall, (a permanent record of Nathan Phillips vision), on a rink that is a jolly reminder of Phil Givens, our first 20th. century mayor.

Memories are everywhere, they cling to the front of the new Courthouse, built on the site of the Armory; here, on the first day of the war, spurned, rejected and unemployed men had immediately formed a line and waited patiently to join an army created to defend a political system that had no need of them till distant Poland was attacked. On Hillsdale Avenue gallant Mrs. Kate Burgess defends her home and way of life (57 years of love and memories), against the mindless encroachment of a construction company, "They can pull me out by the hair of my head because that's the only way I'll go", she said. From such tough spirits great cities can grow.

What was the fate of the Golden Lion that strode defiantly above the dry goods store of the same name back in 1867, or the Griffin that dominated the façade of a long departed King St. silk house? Where are all the bits and pieces which filled the eyes of the citizens who nursed the infant city through a critical childhood; those combinations of wood, stone, and brick, gracefully returned to our consciousness and brought out of the attics of forgetfulness by Professor Eric Arthur?

Presently we will destroy the old City Hall savaging, not just history, but the best single example extant of the spirit and character of Toronto at the turn of the century, for a complex of instant bland, tincture of tedium and international dreck. The old building dies in ritualistic sacrifice to the new, a casualty of the urbancide war. Strangely enough, the dark grandeur of the Dominion Bank Tower, a typical Miësian structure, the power of which will completely redefine Toronto's sky line, receives constant criticism. One can only wish the planners had seen fit to integrate the original (1911) Toronto bank into the scheme as a museum, or a living record of what banking once was. Everywhere buildings proliferate: Scarborough College brings Egypt to the bluffs, the University of Toronto spreads a cancer of unrelated architectural styles through the heart of the city, and much of what is done in the city is simply unmentionable.

And there are the stretching historical echoes, the social chimera; once it took hours for the Orange Parade to pass, now if you blink you've missed it. Can a real Torontonian ever remove the produce-laden, dung-dipped air of the Royal Winter Fair from memory's nose; or forget, at the age of four, the thrill of that first moment through the gates of the C.N.E.; or forgive the tawdry, hick shambles that the "Ex" has become? Santa Claus is a meaningless name in Toronto, unless preceded by "Eatons" and followed by "Parade", it is the one occasion in winter when children rise uncomplaining, early on a Saturday morning, to foot-freeze and eye-boggle the first real proof that Christmas is finally coming.

And there are the animals; pink poodles despoiling carefully tended parks, the racoon answering a catcall and getting to my door mat before I realized that the household feline did certainly not wear a mask. Toronto is the day migratory gregariousness of starlings, moving in comic jerks up a line of wire, making room for a new arrival, keeping a necklace of chattering space-beads in perfect order.

Or the disorder of a covey of kids sliding down the escalator panels in the subway, spilling like Disney birds

on the platform below. Or the peacock burst of pulchritude spreading happily from an office building, at the end of a working day, punching the cement with dagger heels that echo the pneumatic drill opening up yet another hole in fresh made streets.

Toronto is the old Gerrard Street village, whose mayor Ken Dawson, a man of infinite style and Sahara wit, has made a career of selling byegones for less than he paid for them. Just down the road, with walls held together by travel posters, Mary John's restaurant should be put on the national treasure list. This city is a new village, with an old history. Yorkville, where the cool cats tremble at the edge of the time in their lives when a younger breed of hippies will push them into the obsolescence of the "Oblong Square".

We are also a Neanderthal politician thumbing his ignorance at a hunk of bronze, while his minions place election signs in public parks, contrary to the law he was elected to uphold.

Among the hordes of Civic, Provincial, and Federal Government workers in this city very few make a personal contribution to the human style of our civic complex. My street is graced every day by the presence of a postman who has a permanent sun shining over his head; by comparison, Danny Kaye seems like a particularly lugubrious undertaker. He is followed by a dog (not his) that has waited on him for years and is now followed by my youngest daughter, equally slavish in her devotion; they make a touching caravan. Some enlightened day civic medals will be awarded to such lively citizens, for unlike the limited efficacies of fluoride, they help to prevent rot in the soul of the body politic.

All planning, all design, all the intelligence given to the creation of a human environment for urban man, will come to nothing without the complete control of the automobile, and its sinister consort, the idea that to drive is a God-given right, not just a social privilege. The egocentric belief that the purchase of a gallon of gas grants freedom of movement, at any moment, in any direction, locked within the comforts of a private home, a Muzaked womb, without restriction, must be redefined. The traffic light is not an interdiction, it is the commercial break in a full-color travel serial, the traffic ticket is a cover charge, the driver's permit, a marriage license legalizing the satiation of any appetite. The highway is a drug, an hallucinatory trip, it is no longer a means of getting from one place to another. Highway symbolizes unlimited action, and its use has become a daily rogation at the altar of speed, power or sublimated sex. Here in impersonal flow, the car can become an instrument of murder, useful for acting out the ultimate triviality of the aggression born in the sting of a mother-in-law's tongue.

There is a reason why the telephone has never become popular for cars; the telephone breaks the spell, the flow, the rhythm of being locked out of humdrum and locked into the big daily smear.

If you push a needle in your arm the trip is inside you, the gas is yours, the one unknown factor is how much is in your psychedelic tank. The car, as an experience, is quite the opposite, the driver enters the needle, and is constantly aware of how much fuel there is in the tank.

Radio is a natural handmaiden to the car, the interrupted flow, rhythmic, steady hum, ritualistic pauses, snatches of everything, all transpose the purely physical side of driving to another compatible plane.

Traffic, which is the idea of moving stated in experience as pluralistic, even ritualistic non-function or frustration, interrupted by spurts of hyperactivity, is just the newest form of urban pollution, indivisible in destructive effect from the carcinogens of factory smog, radio-active fallout, or the industrial effluents that turn our lakes to sludge.

The automobile and the killing vapours it emits, the gaping holes left in the face of the city by parking lots, the vacuous highway ribbons, are pollutants, destroying people, cities, architecture, earth and finally grace.

The car is a virus, carrying a disease that all urban complexes must find a serum for, not a sermon; the time to innoculate is now.

# Planning for the city in motion

by Hans Blumenfeld

## Origin of the "Traffic Problem"

Cities exist because people interact in co-operation and competition. Interaction leads to greater specialization, differentiation and to increased productivity and wealth; these in turn increase the need and desire for more interaction, as well as for more and more space.

Ever more people, goods, and messages move over ever-increasing distances. Technology is constantly at work, creating faster and more efficient means of movement; and, being human, we at once make use of these new means to move even more and farther. Because we can cover 10 miles faster and more easily by car than we can cover one mile on foot, we do so. Cities spread out further and further, and we travel for work, shopping, recreation, education, or social intercourse to places which previously would have been considered completely out of reach. So, in the end, we find that all these costly technical marvels, designed for the improvement of traffic, have not resulted in the hoped-for savings of time, but in the use of more space and in wider opportunities for contact, because that is what we wanted most. But once we have used the benefits of improved transportation for these purposes, we again regret the amount of time required for travel, and we complain about the "traffic problem" and demand more traffic improvements.

We have a "traffic problem", not because our means of transportation are so bad, but because they are so good — too good not to make use of them. It is therefore unlikely we ever will "solve" that problem. But in attempting to solve it, we gain more space to use, more opportunities for contact, more interaction — all made possible by greater mobility.

Metropolitan mobility

It is not easy to visualize this metropolitan mobility. The almost two million inhabitants of Metropolitan Toronto travel close to twelve million miles daily — equivalent to circling the globe almost 500 times. Over two-thirds of these trips are made by automobile; if trucks are included, at least six million vehicle-miles are travelled on the roads within the 240 square miles of Metropolitan Toronto, 25,000 vehicle-miles on every square mile.

The city is indeed in motion. But vehicles can only serve if they stop to load and unload passengers or goods; and, unlike transit vehicles, private cars and trucks require parking space not only at their home base, but also at their manifold destinations. Whether on or off-street, under, over or on the ground, more than twenty square miles are required for parking, equivalent to half the total territory of the City of Toronto.

City Streets

Our cities were not built for this. The streets and squares of cities have always served as outdoor living rooms for the city dwellers, where children and adults met, played, conversed, fought or traded. They still do; less so in the areas of the wealthy, who have other spaces at their disposal, but very much so in the quarters of the poor. But it is just here, in centrally located areas of high density, where traffic is most intense.

Yet movement must continue, if the city is to live, just as blood must continue to flow to keep the body alive. There is only one method to resolve the conflict between the needs of being and those of moving, and between moving by different means and at different speeds: separation. Separation can be achieved in three ways: separation in time, or horizontally, or vertically.

None of these is really new. Imperial Rome permitted vehicles to move on its streets only at night. Some Italian towns have traditionally reserved their main streets for pedestrians during the hours of the "Corso" in the late afternoon. We attempt to restrict trucking at night to non-residential streets. Recently the City of Copenhagen decided to close its main shopping street, Stroget, to traffic between midnight and 10:30 a.m.; and the dire predictions about traffic jams in parallel streets have not materialized.

Many European cities, such as Rotterdam, Coventry, and Cassel in Germany, have used the opportunity provided by war destruction to create large pedestrian shopping areas, with access for parking and loading from the rear or underground, as we do in our shopping centres. The same principle has been applied to residential areas by the "Radburn Plan". Here, access to the houses and garages by cars is provided by short, dead-end, "cul-de-sac" streets branching out from roads enclosing a large "superblock", while the main entrance on the other side of the house is connected by walking paths, both to the outer road and to a park in the interior of the "superblock". The Toronto architect, Irving Grossman, has developed this system further in his row houses in Flemingdon Park by putting the driveways and garages underground, thus combining vertical with horizontal separation.

Vertical separation, providing different levels for different activities and movements, is the most complete and efficient form of separation and the only one applicable over a large area; but is also the most expensive and difficult one to achieve in an already built-up area. In Philadelphia and in Montreal, fairly extensive underground pedestrian areas have been developed, including shopping areas, cafes, restaurants, and theatres as well as railroad and subway stations, and may gradually be extended further.

In general, it is more pleasant for pedestrians to be in the open air above, rather than below the street level; this has been done in the redevelopment of the centre of Stockholm.

More general is vertical separation between the street stystem, used by both vehicles and pedestrians, and the facilities for high-speed, high-volume traffic, railroads, rapid transit lines and freeways.

Individual and collective transportation

There is at present in all big cities a battle raging between advocates of a "Freeway System" and a "Subway (or Monorail) System", and figures are bandied about claiming speeds of 100 miles per hour or more for this or that technical innovation. However, freeways or subways do not constitute a system, but merely the trunk lines of an automobile system for individual movement and of a transit system for collective movement. The question of the top speed that can technically be achieved on a trunk line is quite irrelevant; speeds of over 100 miles per hour have been achieved for over half a century both by automobiles and by trains. What matters is how people get to and from the trunk line from the places where they are to the places they want to go. This depends on all the other elements of each system: interchanges and ramps, streets, parking and loading spaces for automobiles, "feeder" buses or streetcars, automobiles and taxis, escalators, elevators and walkways for transit passengers. The capacity of any flow system is determined by its narrowest point; it serves no useful purpose to enlarge the capacity of the other elements of the system beyond that point. The establishment of balance between the various elements of each system is one of the most important tasks of planning for movement in the city.

A balanced system

More fundamental, however, is the task of planning the balance between the two main systems of individual and collective transportation. It is a question of balance, not of either-or. The two systems are far more complementary than they are competitive. They serve two different types of movement. Individual transportation is indispensable for all movements dispersed in space and/or in time — and with the spreading out of urban development and with the increase in leisure time and leisure activities their number is growing rapidly. Such movements cannot be served by collective transportation, because it is not economically feasible to supply a bus and a driver, let alone a train, for one, two or three passengers.

Inversely, collective transportation is indispensable for all movements which are concentrated in space and time. If thousands of people want to travel to the same location from the same direction, or several such directions, it is not economically feasible to provide all the required streets and parking spaces. In addition, it should be remembered there are many who do not have a car, and many more without one at their disposal when they want to make a trip.

However, transit generally cannot provide transportation from door to door as can the individual vehicle. In the densely built-up big cities of the 19th. century, such as Paris, London, and New York, people walked from the subway station to their homes and then climbed up four, five or six stairs, and many still do. But contemporary North Americans increasingly refuse to live under crowded conditions, or to climb stairs, or to walk any considerable distance, especially if exposed to inclement weather. Thus any rapid transit system

must rely on some additional mechanical means of transportation.

In the central business district these means are vertical elevators and escalators. The great concentration of activities and people in the skyscrapers of the city center, most of whom travel from and to it, from — and to — the surrounding residential areas during one or two morning and evening rush hours, is best served by rapid transit lines radiating in several directions from the center. On the outer stations of these lines there is rarely a concentration of office or apartment towers sufficient to "feed" the line. Most people travel to and from these stations by mechanical means moving horizontally such as buses, trolley-buses or streetcars. In Toronto, for instance, half the subway passengers transfer to it from surface vehicles. Probably 60% use buses or streetcars for one end of their trip, 20% for both ends, and only about 20% walk at both ends.

Because the construction of subways is very expensive, it can hardly be justified if peak hour loads are less than 15,000 passengers per hour on the most heavily travelled section and 6,000 at the outer terminals. Only rarely, with relatively high densities and with a highly efficient feeder system, can these conditions be fulfilled for lines by-passing the center at considerable distances. In general, trips in these directions must be served by surface transit. Because of this, and because of its indispensable role as "feeder" to rapid transit stations, surface transit is the mainstay of any transit system.

So, planning of the road system, which has to serve surface transit and the movement of goods by truck and delivery wagons as well as by private cars and taxis, remains the crucial task of planning for the City in Motion. Ideally, roads should serve only one of their two contradictory functions; either be outdoor living spaces, providing access to the adjacent properties only, but free from any through traffic, as are "cul-de-sac" and loop streets; or serve only through-traffic, free from any access, as are freeways. In practice, collector-distributor streets and arterial roads must mediate between these two extremes.

Designing the "best" transportation system

Once, for any given city or area, a system of roads and rapid transit lines has been designed and their operational characteristics, such as speeds, headways, fares, and parking fees have been specified, it is possible to "simulate" or "model" the choices between possible trips and routes and between individual and collective transportation which people are likely to make. This is done, with electronic computers, by systematic analysis of a vast array of data concerning the choices people have made under varying conditions. By comparing several alternative transportation systems, it is possible to find the "best balanced" system.

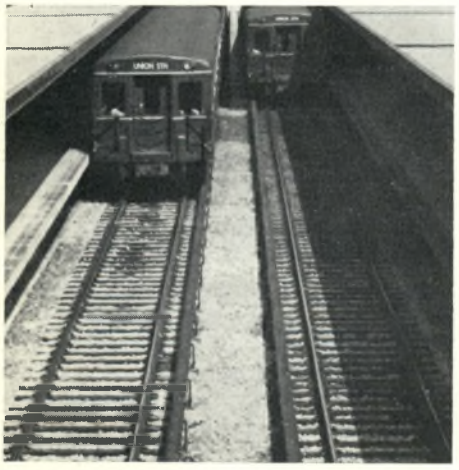
The "best" system can be defined as the one which provides the greatest mobility at the least cost in terms of money, time, and inconvenience. While it is hardly possible to express time and inconvenience exactly in money terms (or vice versa), a reasonable approximation can be made by measuring the price people are prepared to pay in order to save time or to avoid inconvenience.

Most transportation plans have, explicitly or implicitly, attempted to evaluate these costs for the users of the system. However, a transportation system inflicts losses in money, time and inconvenience, in the form of noise, vibration, fumes, glare, ugliness, accidents and nervous strain, not only on its users, but on other persons as well. In fact, the disruption of the living environment by traffic is the most serious aspect of modern mobility.

In medieval buildings one had to go through one inhabited room to reach another one. We have learned during the last four centuries to keep through-traffic out of the rooms in which we live, sleep, or work, by channelling it past them in corridors. We must now apply the same principle to cities, by channelling traffic in arteries and freeways around the edges of "environment areas". This principle has been brilliantly developed in the British report on "Traffic in Towns", known as the "Buchanan Report".

The city in motion

It is, however, strange that this report assumes that after the great increase in mobility, which it expects, people will continue to live, work, and shop in the same locations as they did before and will make the same trips which they made in the past, and no others. As mentioned earlier, increased mobility has always induced people to travel farther and spread out over a wider area. Not only do people, goods, and messages move in the city, but the city itself is in motion. Day in and day out, structures are erected, altered and demolished.

No fixed plan can "once and for all" cope with this constant flux. Planning, as planners like to assert, must be "flexible". But concrete or brick, unfortunately, do not flex. "Temporary" and "mobile" structures have been advocated as solutions to this problem of "the City in Motion". But, "rien ne dure que le provisoire", as our French-speaking countrymen say, and mobile structures have to be anchored to foundations and to utility pipes and ducts. It is doubtful that we can do more to provide for flexibility than to reserve some room for the unforeseen. Some planners, notably the famous Japanese architect, Kenzo Tange, have proposed that a city should consist of "megaforms", within which all kinds of changes could take place just as partitions are changed at will within the structure of an office building. In a way, the system of streets and railways is such a "megaform", and probably the only achievable one.

The image of the city in motion

The vast spread of both the urban area and the transportation structures which make this diffusion possible, notably the freeways, have completely changed the traditional image of the city. Two problems arise: the view of the road and the view from the road, and their requirements seem to conflict. In order to avoid disruption of the urban scene, we generally prefer to put freeways and rapid transit lines underground, in tunnels or in cuts. But the man moving in a car or a train — who also has eyes — can have a view of the urban scene only if he rides on or above ground level. Sometimes it is possible to locate a road in such a way that it does not disrupt urban or natural form, but emphasizes it at the boundary of a district or in the slope of an escarpment.

We now experience the urban environment on two different scales. For the man standing or walking, or looking out of a window, the human scale is still valid, with all the warmth and richness of spatial enclosure and the relation of detail to the whole. But his view encompasses only a very small segment of the total urban area. Except from an airplane, it can never be seen as a whole. However, in driving through it, there may be a sequence of impressions of an urban landscape which build up to an image of the urban structure, of the relations of its parts to each other and to its totality. Only occasionally, and by accident rather than by planning, have we realized this potential as, for instance, with the opening up of the view of the Humber Bay and the Toronto skyline from the eastern end of the Queen Elizabeth Freeway.

To sum up: planning for the City in Motion means planning the right balance between the opportunity for "going places" — and the preservation and creation of places worth going to.

# La ville humaine

de André Saumier

La ville, au Québec, et surtout notre seule métropole qui est Montréal, a toujours été stigmatisée. On en a fait la fontaine d'iniquités, la racine inlassablement féconde de tous nos maux, l'insidieux cheval de Troie menaçant à la fois l'âme et la culture du peuple canadien-français.

Il est cependant constant que l'homme s'en prend toujours à ses créations, avec une furie proportionnelle au mérite même et à la puissance de l'oeuvre. Freud démontre ainsi que nous détestons nos enfants, à qui nous consacrons pourtant le coeur de notre vie, et que chaque homme nourrit le secret désir de sa propre destruction. Sartre nous apprend que "l'amour, c'est la haine" et que "l'enfer, ce sont les autres", tandis que Simone de Beauvoir nous convainc que l'immortalité serait le pire des dons. Les grands artistes n'échappent pas à cette fatalité et voient leurs oeuvres méprisées de leur vivant par une critique réactionnaire et un peuple mystifié. Philosophes et paysans s'en prennent à l'industrialisation et parfois violemment aux machines elles-mêmes. L'automation et les ordinateurs électroniques évoquent aujourd'hui des réactions semblables et aussi violentes.

La ville n'échappe pas à cette manie. A mesure même qu'elle apparaît et grandit dans les lieux les plus divers, elle suscite des réactions uniformes dont on retrouve les traces dans les textes primitifs. La pensée, les arts, dont elle permet le progrès, se retournent contre elle pour en démontrer les tares. Les intellectuels, dont l'oisiveté manuelle est rendue possible par les richesses que la ville engendre inlassablement, comptent ses taudis, mesurent sa pollution, décrivent sa criminalité, dénoncent son gouvernement. Ils s'en font un laboratoire gigantesque dont ils vilipendent constamment la riche fermentation. Ecrivains et romanciers, qui vivent aux crochets de leurs lecteurs urbains, se livrent joyeusement aux mêmes exercices, avec l'acuité intuitive propre à leur art. L'homme de Sirius fouillant nos ruines et déchiffrant nos manuscrits s'étonnera de cette institution tentaculaire et étouffante et s'émerveillera de ce que pareille purulence humaine, sociologique, artistique, économique, politique, etc., ait continué d'exister contre le sentiment unanime de tous les grands esprits.

Malgré ces insultes, à travers ces dénonciations violentes et passionnées, les villes croissent, prospèrent, envahissent les campagnes et se reproduisent par scissiparité à une cadence accélérée, irréversible, avec le mouvement même de l'humanité et de l'histoire. Les peuples se pressent inlassablement à leurs portes; elles absorbent ces paysans, les triturent, les digèrent et les transforment en citoyens satisfaits d'un monde nouveau.

Cet extraordinaire mouvement est à la mesure même de l'homme, puisque la ville est sa création propre, le milieu symbiotique choisi et modelé par lui seul, dépendant des ressources fixes. Là se préfigure et apparaît graduellement le monde spécifique de l'homme, reflétant le microcosme intime dans toute sa richesse, avec son ambiguité profonde, ses tares, son atavisme et sa brutalité écrasante; mais aussi son élan, son dynamisme, son génie de l'ordre, sa capacité de dépassement, son bouillonnement intérieur fertile et sans cesse jaillissant.

Les villes prolifèrent et survivent parce qu'elles correspondent à la vocation profonde de l'homme qui par nature n'est pas campagnard ou collé à un sol brutal et rebelle, mais urbain. Si la civitas devient métropole et demain mégalopole, c'est qu'elle réalise un archétype caché au tréfonds de la race, archétype de l'Olympe, du Walhalla, des mille millions de divinités bouddhiques. La grande métropole contemporaine devient indestructible, — Leningrad renaissant trois fois de ses cendres révolutionnaires et guerrières, plus vigoureuse que jamais, — parce qu'elle incarne sans cesse plus fidèlement un mythe inscrit au vif de l'homme; le vieux mythe de Prométhée pyriphore secouant ses chaînes après avoir volé le tonnerre des dieux urbains. Correspondant aux forces intimes de l'homme, la grande métropole, la Babylone nouvelle ne pourra succomber qu'aux forces nucléaires cachées au profond des choses, qui ne cèdent d'ailleurs leur secret qu'aux assauts conjugués des grands centres scientifiques soutenus par la ville elle-même. Il y a là un équilibre révélateur et séduisant, qui devrait inspirer les bardes du vingtième siècle et susciter un Virgile urbain succédant à celui des Eglogues.

Il n'est donc pas étonnant que cette épiphanie de l'homme suscite une ambivalence fondamentale. Lewis Mumford, au terme de sa grande fresque sur la ville dans l'histoire, rend un verdict de condamnation. Il en est déchiré, pourtant, puisque le mythe qu'il brosse aux yeux du lecteur étonné le mènerait normalement à une conclusion contraire et plus exaltante. Mais là encore thanatos oeuvre dans l'ombre et détruit aveuglément d'une main ce qu'il construit avec une intelligence aiguë de l'autre.

De cette ambivalence à la fois paralysante et destructrice, l'histoire de l'urbanisation au Québec nous offre une tragique et lamentable démonstration. Mais elle manifeste aussi avec éclat le caractère irrésistible des dynamismes à l'oeuvre, qui vouaient à l'échec, dès l'origine, une tentative héroïque de renverser la vapeur de l'histoire.

L'histoire du Québec en est en effet une de rejet de la vocation urbaine de l'homme et des écrasantes conséquences collectives de ce refus. Le peuple qui s'arracha aux famines d'une métropole continentale fragmentée par un féodalisme agro-religieux pour venir s'agripper aux rives du grand fleuve

était petit et habitué à l'exploitation du seigneur. Il reproduisit donc avec une fidélité prévisible le système dont l'oppression lui était familière et recréa avec énergie les liens qu'il aurait pu secouer, à l'image de ses voisins de Plymouth. Rivé aux abattis qu'il arrachait de dure lutte aux Indiens et à la forêt, coupé du monde par la glace et les océans, sans doute n'eût-il ni le temps ni le souci de s'interroger sur son destin, qu'on lui avait dessiné grandiose mais qui s'avérait avare. Les gouverneurs, les nobles et les évêques, vautours du système, cherchaient naturellement à le perpétuer et entretenaient habilement la soupape fonctionnelle mais stérile du coureur des bois. La métropole finit par n'exporter que ses virus, dont Bigot fut le plus spectaculaire. Ce pourrissement éclata finalement en France et la révolution, celle de la ville, celle de Paris, lança l'abcès qui la rongeait et entravait son essor. Le hoquet de Paris vomissant Louis XVI, préfigurant celui de Leningrad éjectant Nicolas et celui de Milan rejetant l'Autrichien, libéra l'estomac de la ville qui connut l'essor spectaculaire mais normal de tout organisme fort entravé par un système indigeste, archaïque et rétrograde. L'urbanisation de la France, marquée comme partout ailleurs par l'émergence d'une grande métropole, commença, suivant la voie tracée en Angleterre sous l'énergique aiguillon de Londres.

Ce puissant soubresaut se serait sans doute répercuté à travers les espaces marins, si l'empire français n'eût déjà passé sous le joug d'une autre couronne. Echappant ainsi à une domination monarchique, la Nouvelle-France tomba sous l'empire d'un pouvoir urbanisé qui en fit son hinterland. Les émigrants anglais se dirigèrent d'ailleurs vers les "villes" et se gardèrent de toucher les campagnes. Seuls les loyalistes, coupés eux aussi de la dynamique de leur mère-patrie, se réfugièrent dans les Eastern Townships, où ils cherchèrent d'ailleurs à reconstruire une pseudo-culture agraire rejetée par Boston et New York et dont la nostalgie, qu'ils méprirent pour la fidélité à une couronne symbolique, les hantaient comme un rêve du passé. La faiblesse latente de cette transplantation archaïque fut d'ailleurs démontrée lors qu'elle essaya de résister à l'assaut silencieux d'une culture également archaïque mais autochtone, donc plus vigoureuse. Les Eastern Townships devinrent les cantons de l'Est et maintenant l'Estrie, où des noms illustres et désuets sourient comme des cloches au crépuscule.

Cette tentative agricole illusoire fut perçue comme telle par les conquérants neufs, qui concentrèrent leur empire à Québec et surtout à Montréal, si bien que cette ville eut bientôt une majorité anglophone. Celle-ci n'hésita d'ailleurs pas à brûler le Parlement, comme leurs ancêtres spirituels la Bastille, lorsqu'ils s'opposaient trop à leurs visées.

Confiné dans ses campagnes éloignées d'un Montréal étranger, radicalement coupé de la métropole lointaine des conquérants, le peuple français et bientôt canadien-français sécréta par ses rares élites une mystique fiévreuse et paranoïaque qui le replia sur lui-même.

Cette mystique trouva d'ailleurs bientôt ses épigones et ses philosophes, dont certains s'exprimaient même dans la langue latine, pour un plus grand étonnement du peuple. Le médiévalisme qui dominait la pensée de ces époques s'en donna à coeur joie dans l'élaboration d'un système de valeurs d'autant mieux structuré et plus grandiose qu'il était plus coupé du monde réel des révolutions urbaines et industrielles. Les penseurs en arrivèrent facilement à faire remonter aux principes du droit naturel une vocation supposément agraire, seule gardienne de la foi et de la langue. C'est armé de telles bannières claquant au vent d'un monde révolu que toute une génération entreprit de se tailler un sens dans le roc intraitable d'une réalité réfractaire à cette croisade. Nous montâmes à l'assaut de terres sèches et rocailleuses, "ivres d'un rêve héroïque et brutal" sans doute. Hélas, nous ne trouvâmes guère de fabuleux métal dans ces cipangos nordiques. Une génération s'y engloutit silencieusement sans laisser de traces, tandis qu'une autre fuyait vers le Sud où elle se perdit également, mais dans un bourbier au moins un peu plus doré.

C'est ainsi qu'un peuple entier consacra ses forces vives à livrer de sanglantes batailles sur un front que personne ne lui disputait, tandis que la vraie guerre se jouait ailleurs. Il la perdit et ne conquit les oripeaux d'une supposée autonomie politique que pour se retrouver entravé par des chaînes d'or.

Nous retrouvons encore des échos de cet âge pseudo-héroïque parmi ceux qui sont issus de ces terribles expériences et qui proclament que leur pays, c'est l'hiver. Cette vision tragique est celle du colon repoussant le froid par un maigre feu de maigres épinettes. Elle n'est pas celle de l'urbain qui rentre chez lui par le métro pour écouter, bien au chaud, les poètes qui lui chantent leurs déserts de glace.

Nous commençons maintenant à découvrir au Québec ce qu'est une vraie métropole, les richesses fabuleuses qu'elle peut apporter à ceux qui vivent dans le présent et dans l'avenir. Montréal sera bientôt l'hôte du monde et elle vibre au diapason de toutes les mégalopoles. Elle libère des contraintes étroitement régionales ceux qui acceptent son rythme enlevant. Elle crée des hommes libres, rayonnant aux quatre coins du pays et du monde, libres de leurs énergies et de leurs mouvements, riches de leur savoir puisé à des sources sans cesse plus riches et plus abondantes. Son influence gagne peu à peu les régions pauvres et pourra les tirer bientôt de leur marasme grâce au rayonnement qui lui est propre.

Il apparaît de plus en plus claire que la vocation du Québec n'en est pas principalement une de colonisation. Elle est au contraire profondément urbaine. Sa fidélité à cette vocation mesurera désormais l'ampleur de son destin.

# The people in the city

by John Rich

A friend of mine, living in an apartment building in Trieste, noticed water dripping through his ceiling. On investigation, he found that a refugee peasant family from Albania were living upstairs and had covered the floor with earth so they could grow potatoes. He remonstrated. But, they asked, how could any family live without a potato patch?

It is characteristic of humans to impose their wills on the environment. Only to a small extent does the shape of the city determine its inhabitants behaviour and only for a short time. A new road, it is true, will create new traffic, but roads are built primarily because traffic demands them. And again, although slums can push susceptible people over the edge into slum behavior, if socially depressed families are moved into new housing without any concomitant steps to improve the families themselves, the new development will soon become a slum in turn.

Similarly, the large town house with servants quarters falls derelict or turns into offices when families become smaller and the servants quarters disappear. In short, unless all our plans and buildings are designed only for the next two or three decades, we must attempt to forecast the social structure of a more remote future.

What will this future be? We know that technology is causing rapid changes in our society, but we do not know if we can simply extrapolate—whether we shall have the same thing only more so. Jacques Ellul believes that there is no way out, that we are so used to thinking technologically that we are not even aware of any other approach. Ellul writes: "Enclosed within his artificial creation, man finds that there is 'no exit'; that he cannot pierce the shell of technology to find again the ancient milieu to which he was adapted for hundreds of thousands of years . . . In our cities there is no more day or night or heat or cold. But there is overpopulation, thraldom to press and television, total absence of purpose . . . ". He says that we now ask, "What is the best way to do this?" and not, "What is the best thing to do?" Paul Tillich said much the same thing — that we have stopped asking the important questions.

If Ellul is right, we can base our predictions on technological advances and plan accordingly with some expectation of being right. But is he right? An anonymous child once asked, "Suppose there was a war and nobody came?" There are some signs of a spontaneous rejection of society's present motivations and standards; perhaps the technologists will create a new world and nobody will turn up.

This is not merely an academic problem for after-dinner discussion. The effects of the industrial revolution were spread over several generations; the cybernetic revolution threatens to overturn our world within a single lifetime. In an old Strand Magazine of 1899 I found an article predicting the shape of the world half-way through the coming century. There were such wild fantasies as the frequent use of heavier-than-air machines by 1950. The accompanying artists' drawings had been overtaken by events before 1920.

Who, in 1899, would have predicted that Afro-Asian blocs would be swaying United Nations decisions in less than seventy years? Or even the existence of the United Nations, for that matter. It is only 150 years since printers on The Times were sentenced to imprisonment in London for the "most wicked conspiracy" of forming a Union. It is only 70 years since the U. S. Supreme Court declared that income tax was unconstitutional. The New York Sun said, "The wave of the socialist revolution has gone far, but it breaks at the foot of the ultimate bulwark set up for the protection of our liberties".

We like to say that our society is based on the family, but the family itself has changed fundamentally within living memory. The "extended" family of many nearby relatives and well-known fellow workers has become the "nuclear" family of today, consisting of mother, father, and a couple of children, moving to a new environment among strangers every few years. The psychological effects of this are profound, and lead to a growing alienation of individuals from society. This trend is becoming international and today there are more Americans living in London, England, than there are in London, Ohio. Forty years ago the whole U.S. civilian population of Thailand had Thanksgiving Dinner together, all thirteen of them. Today there are 6,000 in Bangkok alone (Newsweek, 28 November, 1966). This contrasts with the Minister of Education's Conference on Recreation in Toronto, where speakers advocated the development of local community facilities within a few blocks of people's homes, because they would not travel any further.

Is it true that increasing urbanisation brings people closer together? Cox, in "The Secular City", remarks that city dwellers often refuse to join community associations "as a sheer survival technique". They have so many neighbours that getting away from the Jones' has become more important than getting to know them.

Is the city exploding or imploding? The percentage of population that lives in cities is increasing; at the same time the city itself is spreading over a larger and larger area — not only because it contains more people, but because the corner store that had to be within walking distance can now be within driving distance. On the other hand, there is a trend to town houses and high rise apartments in the centre. But people with children cannot get into the apartments, so they move out

to the suburbs, where the mothers have so little meaningful relation with society as a whole that many of them develop a characteristic neurosis. Isolated? But they can now fly over to see their own mothers in the Old Country easily and cheaply. We seem to be getting further away from the people who live near us, and closer to the people who live a long way away.

So what on earth can we plan for? A society that is becoming more closely knit, or one that consists of billions of alienated individuals?

The family has changed, but the current sexual revolution will presumably change it still more. Fifteen years ago a Toronto newspaper would not allow the word "rape" to appear in its respectable columns; in that short time public discussion of sex has become commonplace, and with it a widespread acceptance of behaviour that would have been vehemently condemned a few years ago. What this will do to "the family" is unpredictable but it seems certain it will do something. We must not fall into the trap of thinking that we are witnessing the breakdown of the only possible type of family. In its history mankind has tried many different sorts — families in which the children of other men have been fully accepted, others in which the upbringing of children is the responsibility of the maternal uncle and not that of the father. There have been families in which the wives of brothers are available as sexual partners to all of them, those in which a wife's sisters are available to her husband. There have been families in which a father's authority is absolute until he dies, others in which all contact between parents and children is broken at puberty. We have also had concurrent polygamy, serial polygamy and polyandry. So we cannot take it for granted that our present concept of "the family"

will be maintained for more than a generation or so. And what will that do to beautifully designed housing developments? May they not go the way of the large family house with servants' quarters, still only fifty years old?

Alienation has already been mentioned. It is reflected, although it is not the sole cause, in increasing juvenile delinquency, violent crime and also in the reluctance of bystanders to intervene, even to save a life. Individual psycho-therapy can do little more than patch up a breakdown or help people adjust to a sick society. Something more fundamental is required.

Are there signs of a mass response to this problem? I think there are, although it is still largely unformulated. Within a short time over half the population of Canada will be under 25 — so the outlook of young people will have an ever increasing effect on the way we actually live, whatever the laws or traditions may say. It is not only the dullards who drop out of school; many of the brightest students are rejecting our educational system because they feel it to be irrelevant. They rarely know enough to come up with a realistic alternative, but their challenge, "writing, and talking, and making love is more important than making money" cannot be brushed off. Perhaps they are right, perhaps they have seen through our world of built-in obsolescence, of hysterical advertising, of give-aways and gimmicks. As J. K. Galbraith said: "We produce more and more cars and have nowhere to park them; we produce labour-saving devices but have nowhere to go for a walk; we buy TV sets for our children, but cannot afford cultural programs that don't have a high enough mass appeal; we produce surpluses of food and then have to produce millions of appetite controlling drugs; we spend billions on making people dissatisfied, driving them into the rat-race, and cannot afford hospitals and clinics to keep them going; we go for a picnic in our two-tone car with power steering, eat food which is perfectly packaged, from a portable icebox, and have to sit beside a polluted river looking at billboards". When a teenager rejects this world in favour of playing his guitar in Yorkville, we lecture him on his evasion of reality. We should take another look at reality, especially as the young people will soon be taking over, whether we like it or not.

If our present society and its values, and hence its present direction, is rejected by a large enough proportion of the population, our world will disappear, and General Motors and Madison Avenue will, in centuries to come, be classified with King Canute. The use of LSD does, it is true, enable people to evade one sort of reality, but it opens up another. Whether or not this is the best way to increase awareness is beside the point.

But what has all this to do with town planning? Simply this, that there is no need to build expressways if people are going to sit at home and visit the depths of their own unconscious minds. This may appear exaggerated, but it is certainly true that the social structure in a medieval town, in a rural community of the late nineteenth century and in a metropolis of the middle twentieth century were very different, and hence they required vastly different living arrangements. It matters little whether or not we can explain the changes in outlook and philosophy by the change from wood and water to steam to electricity. It was not steam that changed the city; steam changed the people and the people changed the city. We are on uncertain ground anyway, when we try to explain social change only as a result of technological change.

Erich Fromm has argued that the industrial revolution would never have been possible without the rise of Protestantism; a concept of personal unworthiness is a prerequisite of the human degradation demanded by the machines. The Jews discovered history, out of Judaism came Christianity, and out of the concept of history came materialism and the admass. Toynbee says that the Christian Era is over. Is the next dominating philosophy visible as a sapling whose growth can be forecast, within limits, or is it still in the form of a seed beneath the surface of society?

Young people grow older and more like their parents were. They are more likely to put away their guitars when they have to support a family. But even so, they are never quite like the preceding generation; can we detect a trend? John R. Seeley believes we can. He sees a rejection of the "combative virtues" in favour of love in all its many forms, a refusal to glorify work for its own sake, a rejection of "reason" and control as the sole valid measurement. This latter view leads to a greater integration within the individual of thought and feeling, of artistic expression and personal consumption. He sees less idolatry of self and projected self, (one's own class, nation or race), and a movement towards something "more than tolerance". In short, a move away from nearly all the motivations that make our present society what it is. If he is right (and my own experiences with young people certainly support his views) the cities of the future will not be the technological marvels so vividly described by science fiction, but different places altogether.

The certainties are very few. We can be reasonably sure that the amount of physical energy available for production will continue to rise in relation to individual workers, and this will increase the goods available to individual consumers. What we do not know is whether abundance will cause mass unemployment, leading in turn to fan-

tastic frustration exploding into nuclear war — in which case we should build everything underground — or whether people will seize the opportunity to travel — in which case we should construct airports, expressways, helicopter pads on the roof and seek the development of new recreational areas in untouched country or, in fact, whether people will turn back into themselves for the first time in a thousand years. If so, they will want studios, libraries, concert rooms, adult schools — all near home. If they abandon the rat-race they may discover the rewards of parenthood, and start having large families again. On the other hand, The Pill and its successors, combined with the separation of sexuality from procreation, may push events in the opposite direction. What is more, the next few years may see a breakthrough in research on ageing and on test-tube babies. The extended family may be reconstituted by telecommunications and cheap travel; it may give way to something like an Israeli kibbutz.

Of one thing we can be sure, "Le futur a déjà commencé", said Robert Jungk. The Toronto International Airport, opened so proudly in 1964, is already too small for jumbo jets. Highway 401 was too small before it was even finished. These failures in prediction arose merely from the speed of technological advance. As for the social changes that are upon us, we have hardly begun to think of them.

# Anthropology on the town

by Charles Tilly

Once upon a time, anthropologists were supposed to spend all their time out in the bush, smoking hemp with primitive people. Not any more! Some of them may still be smoking hemp, but the old, ethnocentric division between "primitive" and "civilized" peoples has fallen by the wayside. No one is sure which is which now. And many anthropologists have come to town. Some have followed their subject matter from tribal areas to cities, while others have simply realized that their methods apply to city dwellers as well as to inhabitants of tiny villages.

As an urban sociologist, I greet them with mixed feelings. Have they come to fight for my turf, my city? Yet as a student of cities I have to admit they have something: a style of disciplined, direct observation which gets at the experience of living in different nooks and crannies of big cities.

Now, everyone knows what life is like in his own cranny. The trouble is that we don't know enough about each other's worlds — how they overlap, how they differ, how they add up. Sociologists have done fairly well at adding up pieces of individual lives to get the big picture of land use, or the location of different nationalities within a city, or the distribution of crime. Their development of the sample survey has provided a convenient way of detecting the main trends and major subdivisions in big-city population. They have helped design the biggest survey of them all — the census — and have invented some ingenious ways of using numbers from the census to find out where the city is going. The urban sociologists are great at averaging, at finding the main line. That helps in learning whether the population is getting more mobile, or if one national group is sending more of its children to college, or who is getting what during a general rise in prosperity. It is important to know the averages.

Yet once we know the averages, the deviations from the average begin to matter; so does the way it feels to be at the average, or far away from it. That is where the urban anthropologist shines.

We can see the difference in the study of urban poverty in North America. The sociologists and economists have not done a bad job of finding out how many poor people there are by various definitions of poverty, how the proportions have been changing, and roughly who they are. Where they have often fallen down is in analyzing how people got into their various categories, and what it is like to be there.

Three non-sociologists — an anthropologist, a city planner, and a freelance writer — played a large part in turning students of cities back toward greater attention to the ways poor people face life in the city. Oscar Lewis, an anthropologist, began his work by studying everyday life in a Mexican village. Later, he followed his villagers to the slums of Mexico City. There he lived with them and let them tell their own stories while his tape recorder turned. The results were a new kind of book, built almost entirely on the oral autobiographies of the people under study, and a new understanding of the distinct way of life Lewis called the "culture of poverty". Since then, the ideas and techniques Oscar Lewis put into such books as "Five Families" and "The Children of Sanchez" have turned up more and more in the study of North American cities.

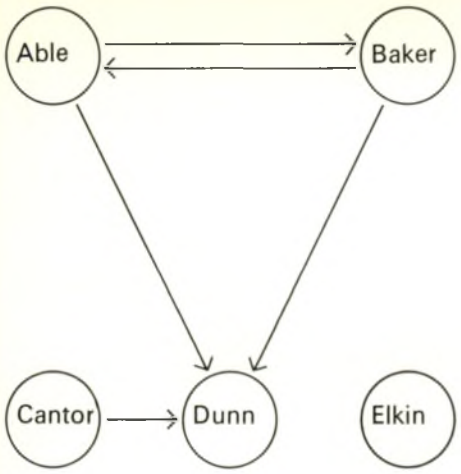
The city planner was Herbert Gans, who went and lived in the West End of Boston. The West End was a low-income section, with many Italian families, slated for razing and replacement by a tall complex of expensive apartments. His book, "The Urban Villagers," reporting what he learned, did not appear in time to save the West End from destruction. But it raised prickly questions about outsiders' assumptions that the West End was "disorganized" and a "slum", that it was therefore good only for clearance and that its residents had everything to gain through relocation. Since then, planners in Boston and elsewhere, have taken their responsibility for learning what kinds of communities they are proposing to renew, much more seriously.

Michael Harrington, the writer, tells us himself how he went from a useful, but distant, statistical analysis of poverty to a first-hand exploration of its labyrinths:

"After I wrote my first article on poverty in America, I had all the statistics down on paper. I had proved to my satisfaction that there were around 50,000,000 poor in this country. Yet, I realized that I did not believe my own figures. The poor existed in the Government reports; they were percentages and numbers in long, close columns, but they were not part of my experience. I could prove that the other America existed, but I had never been there."[1]

Then he went to the streets of New York and other cities to live with the poor. Harrington laid out the results of his inquiry in a powerful book, "The Other America." And the American government listened as it established its anti-poverty program.

It happens that Lewis, Gans and Harrington all wrote influential books. But writing books is not all that comes of the anthropological approach to the city. When the group building the big new city of Guayana, in Venezuela, asked Lisa Redfield Peattie to join them as staff anthropologist, they probably thought she would work mainly at feeding back information about sore spots in people's adaptation to the city, and at explaining what




was going on to the natives. With her wide experience in rural Latin America, she certainly could have done this. In fact, she did become a good source of information about what was going on in the poor people's neighborhoods in Guayana, but she did it by settling with her family in the local shacktown, and helping its residents organize a successful protest against living conditions there. Now she is teaching city planners at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and once again helping poor people — this time in Boston — articulate their demands for planning which will take their needs into account.

It is easy to see the implications for urban action in these investigations of poverty. It may not be so obvious that they contribute to our general understanding of how cities work. The very title of Gans' book, for example, states an important idea: the similarity between the social organization of many of the city's ethnic enclaves — urban villages — and of the small communities from which their members or their members' forebears came. People have been noticing the diversity of cultures in North American cities for a century, but usually under the impression that they were transient residues of old-country customs. Gans establishes the durability of some of these village cultures, and helps explain that durability. Thus a piece of work with direct practical applications contributes to the theory of the city as well.

What do these urban anthropologists do besides settling down in slums? Well, that in itself is an important beginning. It is a way of sharing an important experience and gaining acceptance at the same. The trained participant observer has a chance to see people when they take off their business faces, and to accompany them through the full daily, weekly or monthly round. He makes sure he establishes some contact with all parts of the population he is dealing with, not just the talkative élite. He records what he sees in a systematic way — in classified field notes, in a journal, or perhaps on cards representing different individuals or groups. He may very well take a "sociometric" approach, concentrating on the frequencies and kinds of contact among pairs of members of the group. Those observations he can sum up in diagrams of group structure like this hypothetical, but realistic, respresentation of visiting patterns among a group of housewives in adjoining houses, shown above.

Here, Mrs. Able and Mrs. Baker regularly exchange visits; Mrs. Able, Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Cantor regularly visit Mrs. Dunn; and Mrs. Elkin stays by herself. We can do the same diagramming for other members of the families, or for different kinds of contact, like giving help, borrowing tools or going shopping together.

The people actually involved do not need a diagram to tell them that A and B are close, that D is a center of attraction, or that E is an isolate. However, where the observer is a newcomer, where twenty or thirty households are involved, or where the question is whether the same kinds of clusters keep reappearing, only some sort of systematic recording and analysis will bring out the true state of affairs.

This general technique has many versions. It can neatly summarize what groups intermarry in a large city, what kinds of people form cliques in a high school, what individuals talk to each other most in an office.

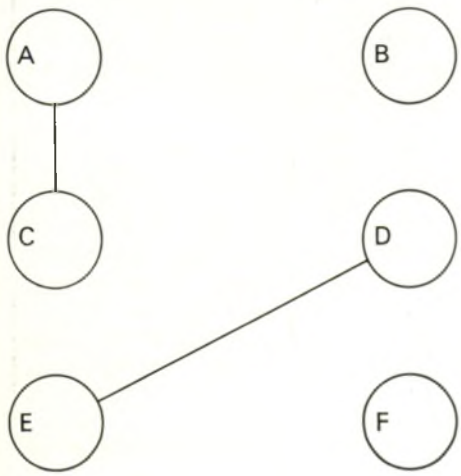
It is a natural starting point for a study of the flow of communications within a neighborhood. And when done at a scale larger than the pair of individuals, it helps us distinguish three vitally different social arrangements (below).

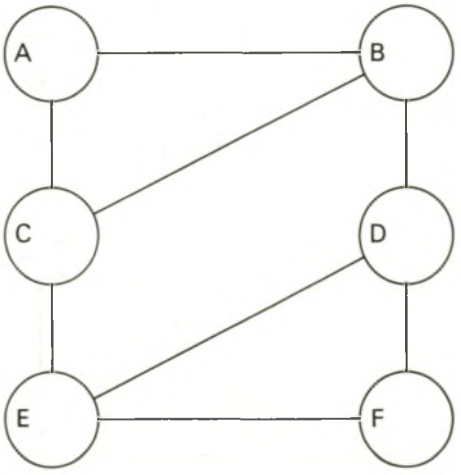
The first might be the structure of a rooming-house district, the second the structure of a Chinese neighborhood, the third a high-rise apartment area.

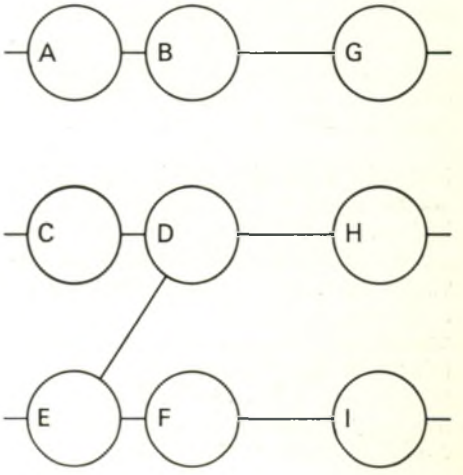
Sociometric observation can get very complicated. There are simpler and faster ways of getting a sense of social life in one section of a city or another. Very often, all an intelligent observer needs is a stroll through a neighborhood to spot the main points of congregation of the local population — doorsteps, bars, stores, clubs, churches. If they are public enough, he can station himself there and take a small part in local life. Or he can deliberately create his own social situations. When Kevin Lynch, the city planner, was trying to find out what kinds of roads and buildings made strong impressions on people, one of his devices was to stop people on the street and ask them directions to other sections of the city, noting what they used as their points of reference.

Lynch also adopted a slightly more formal way of finding out how people visualized their cities. He asked them to draw maps. His instructions went like this:

*Left: Atomized—pairs and isolates*
*Centre: Tight-knit—overlapping sets*
*Bottom: Specialized—extensive chains*



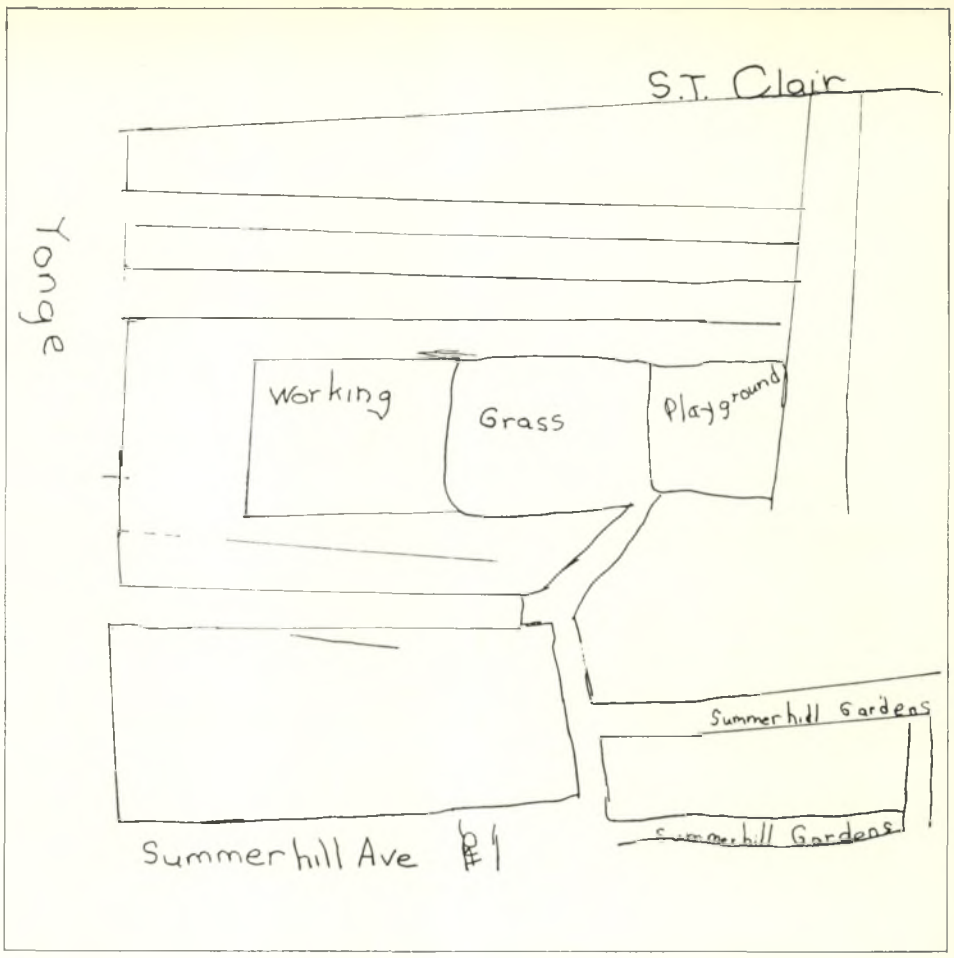



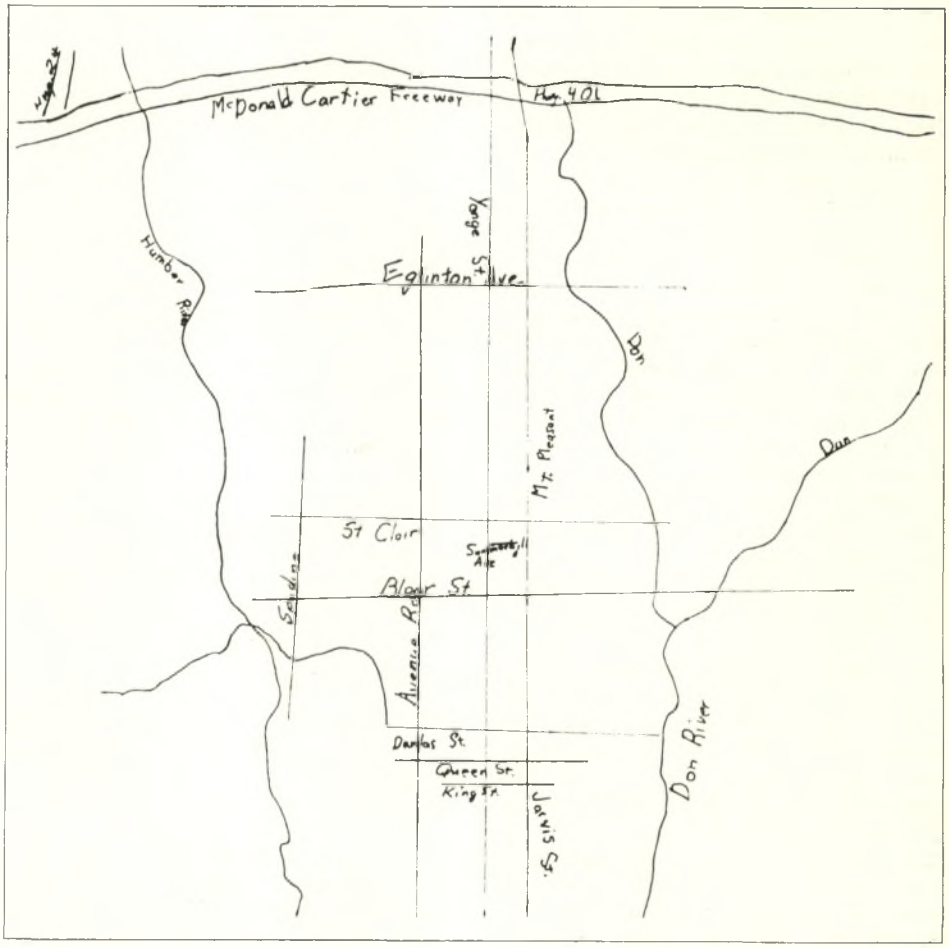
"We would like you to make a quick map of central Boston, inward or downtown from Massachusetts Avenue. Make it just as if you were making a rapid description of the city to a stranger, covering all the main features. We don't expect an accurate drawing — just a rough sketch."[2]

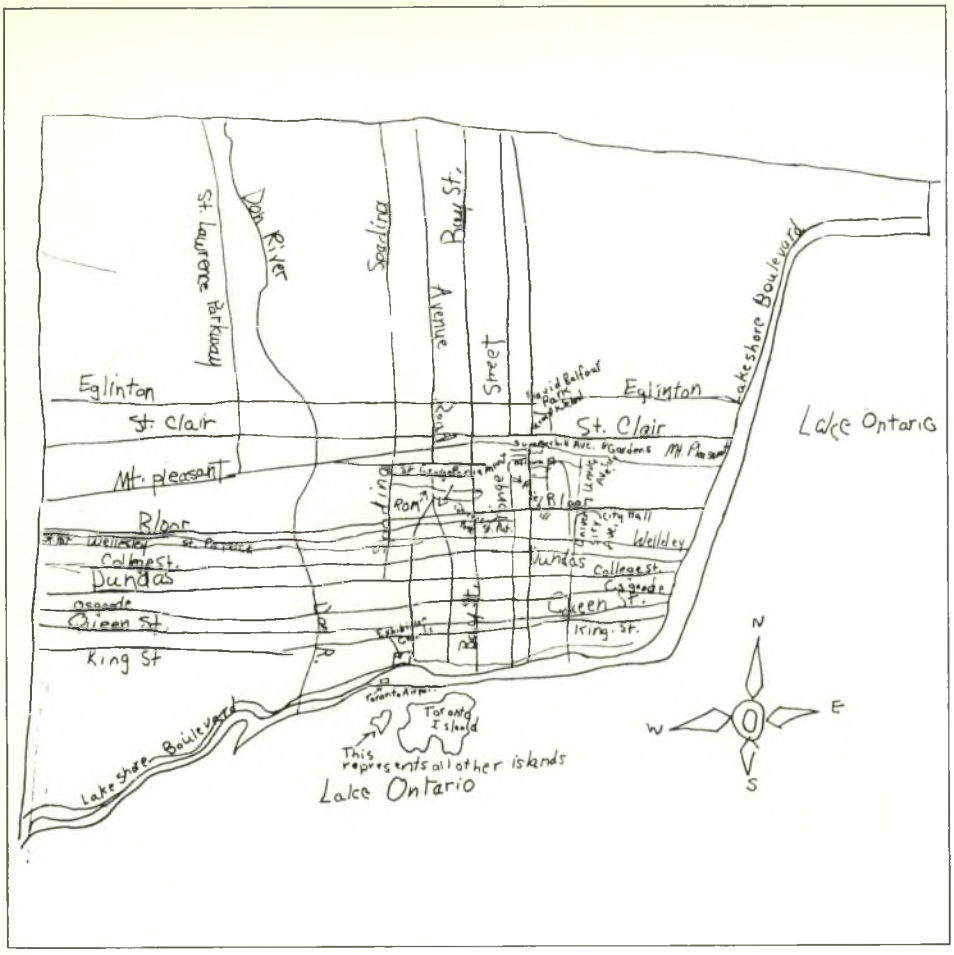
And the interviewer was supposed to note the sequence in which the map was drawn. Everyone marked down Beacon Hill, the Common, the Charles River and the Back Bay, but there were large areas of the central city which simply disappeared from these maps for lack of what Lynch calls "imageability".

With due allowance for skill in drawing and for visual imagination, we have a lot to learn about people's experience with the city from the maps they sketch. As an experiment, I asked my three eldest children to do maps of central Toronto. They are not elegant, but they are revealing. The seven-year-old's world (top right) is the path from home to school and its fringes, with her own block and the play areas she knows best blown up out of all proportion to their actual size. The nine-year-old (bottom right) has grasped the grid pattern of the streets and has had enough experience with the downtown portions of the subway to put some important thoroughfares into the central business district; the appearance of the rivers and of Highway 401 on the map, however, probably comes from booklearning in school. She still gives her own section of the city (from Bloor to Eglinton along Yonge) much more space than its due. The eleven-year-old (opposite page) is aware of too many details for a map on this scale, so many that he gets some wrong and has trouble fitting others together. His map includes the lakefront, and shows places like the Royal Ontario Museum, the Exhibition Grounds and the Airport as well as streets and waterways. Each child's view of the city is selective, but the older children can roam mentally through more of its territory, and they select on different principles. It would be fascinating to see how children of the same ages in other parts of the city played this game.

Instead of starting with real cities, sociologist William Michelson of the University of Toronto asked different sorts of people to map out ideal environments. He did this because he happened to wonder what systematic connection there was between the things people wanted out of life in general and what kinds of communities they preferred, but his technique could be used for many other purposes.






The map-drawer began with his own dwelling, placed a number of facilities like schools, movies, shopping centers and workplaces on the map, then drew a line around the area he would consider his neighborhood. Of the two examples on page 24, the upper one describes a house with a yard some 200 feet square, a neighborhood including schools and a church within a fifteen minute walk, and an area outside the neighborhood containing shopping facilities, a restaurant and a job. The lower one banishes everything but houses from the neighborhood, puts a post-office and a store just across its boundary, places a well-defined street between the house and all other facilities, and then traces detailed separate paths to a wide variety of centers of activity. These are rather different pictures of what the residential parts of cities should be like.

To complement this picture of the ideal world, people can tell us a great deal about what they do with the actual space of the city by simply recounting where they go, what they do and with whom, during an average day. One version of this is the "yesterday interview", in which the interviewer asks the person to give a history of yesterday from 6 a.m. to midnight, including each activity lasting ten minutes or more. Another version is the diary kept under the same rules. Either one produces a valuable picture of how much time different kinds of people spend doing what, where and with whom. If they compared their own "time-budgets" with their wives', many husbands would begin to understand why wives are often eager to talk, talk, talk when they get a chance — for so much of their time is spent alone or with no one but small children. The student of cities has other facts to learn from time-budgets, such as when and where in a city the most people are likely to be in sociable contact with others, how much of all the time available to city-dwellers goes into travelling, what activities most people do alone, what sections of the city are used in the daily rounds of old people, or rich people, or newcomers. How do the daily time-budgets of these individuals fit with the maps of the city they would draw?

Again we have gone from a simple notion to a complicated application. Some parts of these questions about the patterns of activity in the city can be broken off for a separate study. Just who is on the street, and when, is in itself an important fact about local life, and fairly easy to observe. Our students at the University of Toronto have found they can make an informative first contact with a section of the city by going to a local intersection and recording who goes by during scattered five-minute intervals. They set down not only how many people pass the corner, but also a rough judgment of age, sex, and whether they are alone or with others. They can do it by tallying within a grid:

alone

| | male | female |
|---|---|---|
| over 60 | 𝍸 | |
| 20-60 | 𝍸 I | I |
| under 20 | I | I |

in groups

| | male | female |
|---|---|---|
| over 60 | III | 𝍸 I |
| 20-60 | 𝍸 𝍸 I | 𝍸 𝍸 I |
| under 20 | II | II |

These distributions vary sharply and informatively from place to place and from time to time.

If only the process of walking by could be slowed down enough for the observer to take copious notes, there would be many other things to jot down: the objects people are carrying, the way they are dressed, the languages they are speaking, how much they dawdle or gawk. A camera can catch some of these things very effectively. The photographs on page 25 show two locations about two miles apart on Bloor Street in Toronto. On the top is a fashionable downtown shopping-apartment complex. On the bottom is a business street or an area heavily populated by European immigrants, especially from Italy. The pictures show the two spots around noon on successive days in December — Friday, Saturday and Sunday. The observer at the shopping-apartment area tends to see well-dressed women on Friday, couples and families on Saturday, practically no one but an occasional single individual on Sunday. Up the street, in the Italian neighborhood, he also sees women — but not so expensively dressed — on Friday, many mothers with their adolescent sons or daughters on Saturday, numerous groups of men roughly graded by age on Sunday. A series of photographs at intervals through the day would show the contrast even better. Even with only

one time of day, the contrasts in activities and populations are obvious.

Of course, it takes a little bit of nerve to tally passers-by or take pictures on the street. For observers with less chutzpah, the objects people leave around them also say something important about their lives.

Here are some ideas culled from different research projects:

count the proportion of door-buttons pushed down in automobiles on the street in different areas, in order to see how willing people are to leave their cars unlocked;

notice how many backyards in a neighborhood contain grass, how many flower gardens, how many trash piles, and how many vegetable patches, to get an idea of the local style of life;

check the percentage of blinds which are drawn, to judge how much people are shutting themselves off from others on the street;

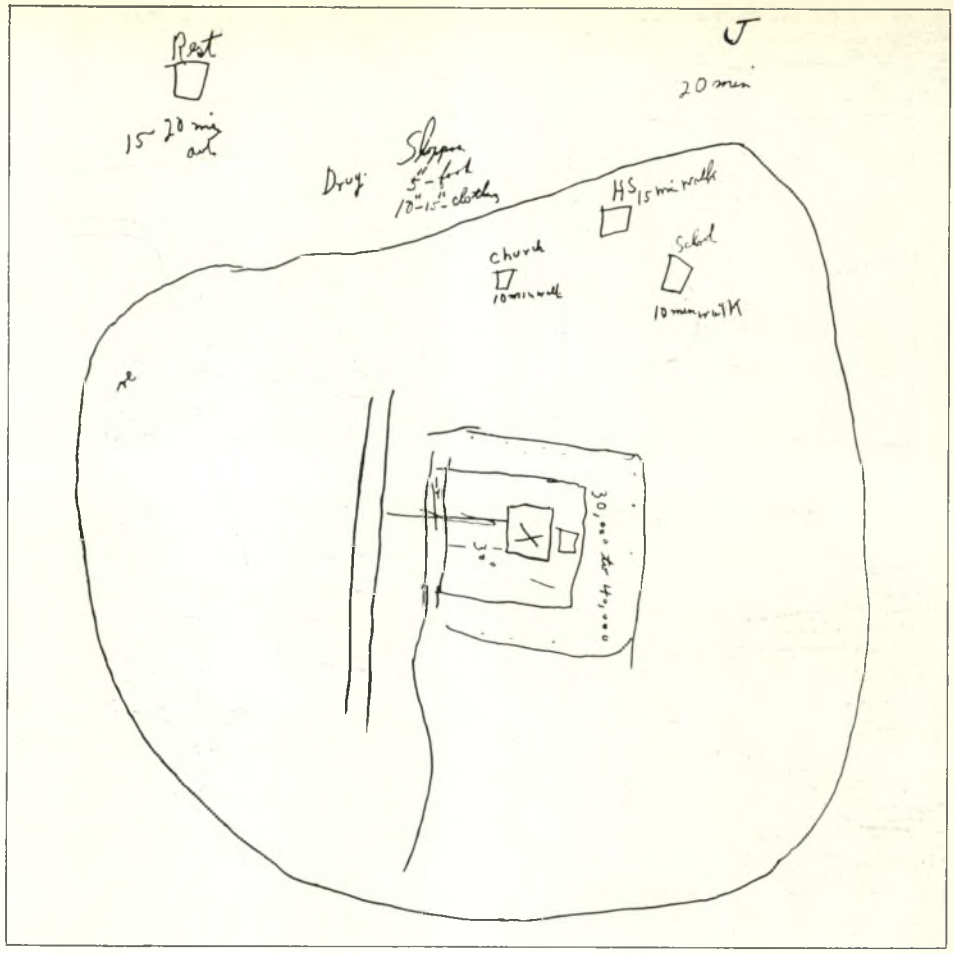
notice how many liquor bottles are thrown out on trash day, and what kind, to guess the home drinking patterns;

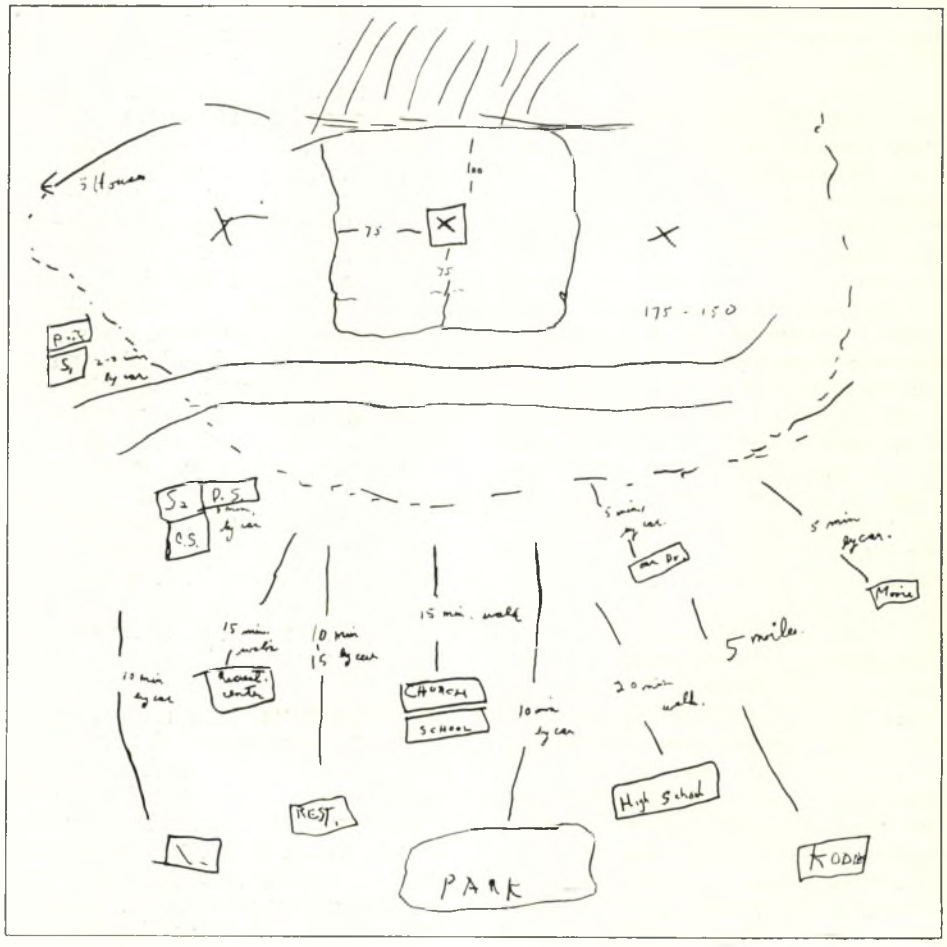
record how many houses have outside Christmas decorations, and how elaborate they are, to gauge how much it is an occasion for public display.

In fact, all of us make such observations half-consciously, every day.

Considering how much a part of everyday life these various sorts of observation are, it might seem that "urban anthropology" is nothing but a dressed-up version of common sense. Is it? It does deal with things everyone knows something about. It should build on good, common sense. But it also has more discipline and greater focus than casual observation does. When a woman steps into a roomful of other women, scans it quickly, then mentally ticks off the boutique-bought dresses, the hand-crafted shoes and the genuine pearls, that takes both discipline and focus. It takes training and attention; almost any wife can (and, unfortunately, will) testify that her husband is an ignoramus on such matters.

The urban anthropologist's discipline shows up in his insistence on observing exactly how somebody says something or just how many people gather in a certain place, as well as his faithfulness in recording the observation for future reference. His focus is on social relations, especially on those







*Top left: Colonnade, Friday*
*Top centre: Colonnade, Saturday*
*Top right: Colonnade, Sunday*

*Bottom left: Bloor St. West, Friday*
*Bottom centre: Bloor St. West, Saturday*
*Bottom right: Bloor St. West, Sunday*

which reveal something important about the way groups are organized in the city.

Many pressing questions about cities need this systematic first-hand treatment. What difference does it make to people's social lives whether they live in separate houses, chains of garden apartments, or tall buildings? Does the dislocation of urban renewal wound people irreparably? Under what conditions do people have strong attachments to their neighborhoods? When are the dispossessed of the city likely to get together and protest their fate? What does it mean to become poor, and to stay poor? How, and when, does assimilation work? Who, and where, are all the lonely people? Urban anthropology can produce at least some of the answers.

The satisfying thing about the anthropological approach to the city is that it brings theory, policy, action and personal experience into contact with each other. Just as some city planners, uneasy at seeing almost all their colleagues working for governments and real estate developers, have started to organize "advocate planners" to criticize official plans and offer alternative proposals on behalf of the people being planned for, so we need skilled and independent social researchers devoted to scrutinizing the facts and presumptions on which urban policies are based. Like Oscar Lewis, Herbert Gans and Michael Harrington, they will have the chance to deal with vital theoretical issues along the way.

For the same reasons, urban anthropology has an important role to play in education. More so than learning about the history or the government of the city from books, it challenges the student to link his own fate and private experience to the life of the city as a whole. An inveterate city-walker myself, I often send my students out to walk a randomly-assigned section of a city and report back on what they have seen. Even the lifetime residents often find themselves in areas they have never really looked at before. Most of them learn something important about their city, and about themselves.

One final virtue of the methods of urban anthropology is that they still leave room for the gifted amateur. I mean amateur in the exact sense of the word: someone who does something for the love of it. Survey research and much of the large scale quantitative analysis so important to the study of cities depend on teams of specialists and expensive equipment. A few of the techniques I have described here are also easier to use with computers and other machines at hand. But most of the procedures are feasible for a single person with a camera, a tape-recorder, a sketchpad, or just a quick eye and a ready notebook. Many of them consist of making observations most people make anyway, but doing so more systematically. There is nothing wrong with the back-to-nature yearnings of mushroom-hunters and bird-watchers. Why not get back to human nature by watching people?

Acknowledgements

Mr. Tilly wants to thank William Michelson for allowing him to reproduce two maps, also Richard Carlton and Kenneth Toldness for generous assistance in producing the illustrations.

# Montréal— laboratoire urbain

de Guy Desbarats

Le renouvellement du centre de la ville de Montréal se poursuit depuis une pleine décennie à un rythme qui évoque les superlatifs.

Le touriste y admire surtout l'étalage d'une gamme presque complète des tendances architecturales contemporaines.

Par contre, les experts de l'environnement physique de la ville décèlent dans certains projets déjà terminés, ou encore à l'état de chantiers, la réalisation progressive d'un de leurs espoirs les plus vivaces.

Il s'agit du réseau tentaculaire des circulations pour piétons qui réuniront bientôt Place Ville Marie à Place Victoria, en passant par ce nouveau noyau des transports urbains, la Place Bonaventure.

Ce réseau sera abrité sur toute sa longueur et offrira aux piétons, en plus du confort physique, une sécurité complète, grâce à la séparation totale des voies véhiculaires.

Le bien-être et la sécurité du piéton étant demeurés un souci de l'urbanisme académique et n'étant à peu près jamais réalisés dans la ville moderne, on comprend l'intérêt que suscite le réseau montréalais, surtout par l'échelle qu'il assume dès le départ.

Je ne me propose pas de faire ici l'historique des événements ou le panégyrique des hommes dont l'interaction dynamique assura le cheminement de ce réseau abrité. Plusieurs reportages récents en donnent déjà l'essentiel.[3]

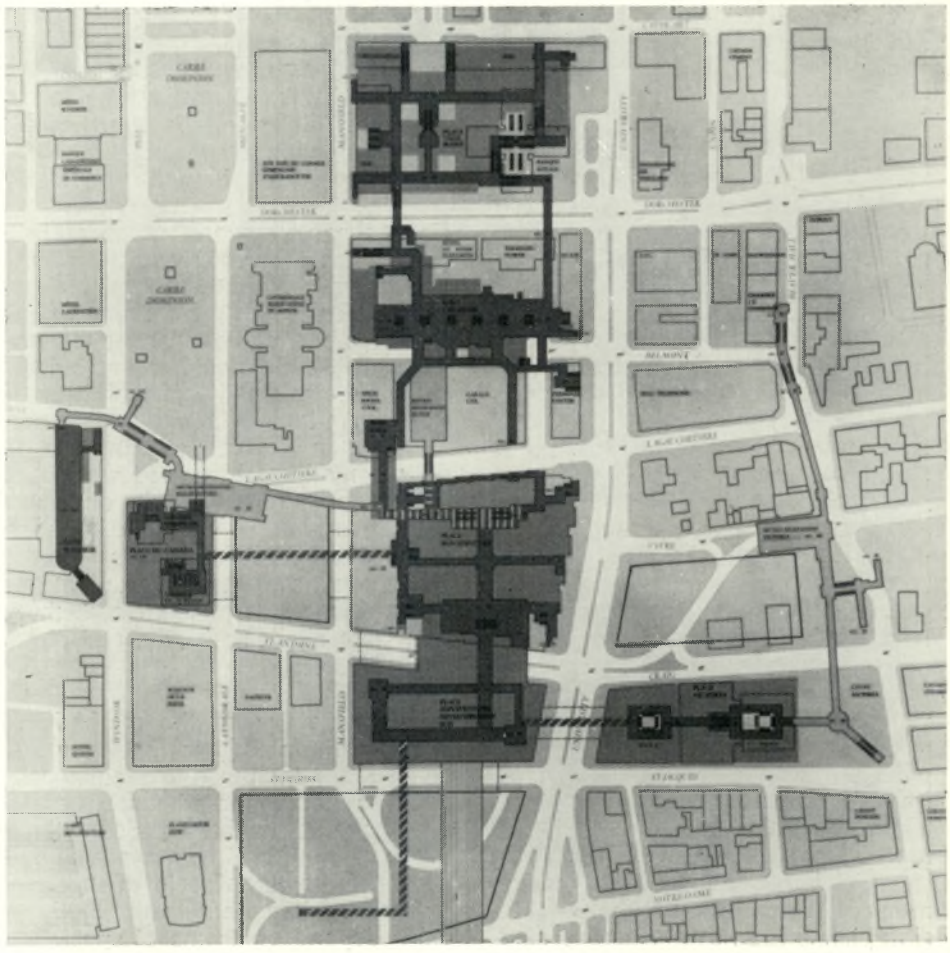
Je crois plutôt qu'il serait utile, pour le bénéfice du progrès d'une urbanisation bienfaisante, de souligner en les détachant de toute cette matrice si récente, quelques-uns des phénomènes précurseurs ainsi que les conditions marquantes de l'évolution quasi spontanée du réseau en question.

Le premier phénomène dont l'apparition exerça une influence dominante sur les autres est le débordement des anciens cadres de propriété qu'entraîne l'enchaînement de fonctions urbaines variées, réunies sous un seul contrôle économique.

Je n'entends pas ici le seul rassemblement de parcelles réduites et disparates en vue de la création de superficies plus vastes; c'est un phénomène reconnu et en vue duquel sont prévus des mécanismes légaux, ainsi que des apports financiers visant à encourager le redéveloppement urbain. La réalité paraît déjà vouloir dépasser cet acquis légal vers une perspective nouvelle, celle du rassemblement des propriétés en super-blocs.

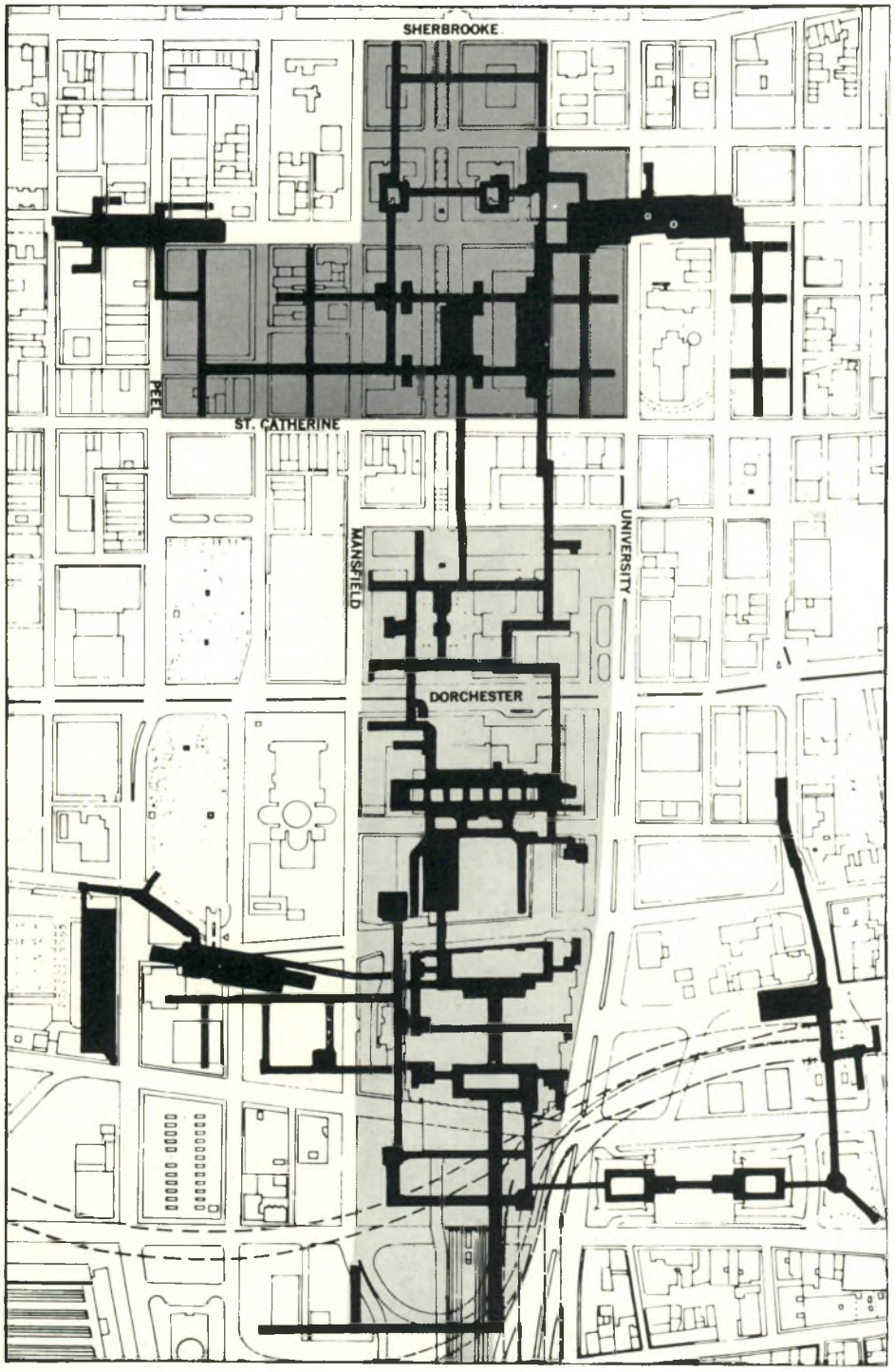
Le propriétaire qui a complété un premier rassemblement dont la dimension atteint les limites disponibles à l'intérieur des tracés de voirie, et dont le succès économique est acquis, a ensuite tendance à rechercher l'apport d'autres fonctions urbaines comme garantie de son succès. Il cherche donc la croissance en enjambant les réseaux de circulation publique vers d'autres rassemblements de terrains disponibles.

Tout naturellement, les propriétaires du



nouveau super-bloc désirent retenir les mêmes avantages de circulation à l'intérieur du super-bloc, que ceux dont ils jouissaient au premier stade. Ils voient subitement se multiplier les difficultés lorsqu'ils tentent de réaliser ces avantages au-dessus ou en dessous des espaces publics. Deuxième phénomène donc, découlant du premier; l'accroissement radical du nombre de permissions spéciales requises du gouvernement municipal en vue d'assurer la liaison directe, aérienne ou souterraine, entre des propriétés séparées par les voies publiques.

Le seul grand propriétaire qui ait su transformer ses arpents vides au coeur même du Centre-Montréal en y groupant de très nombreuses fonctions, a eu jusqu'à maintenant le double avantage de la contiguïté de ses propriétés, et des droits acquis de passage souterrain d'une parcelle à l'autre. Cependant, il a subi très tôt au moins deux contretemps extrêmement graves, dès qu'il a voulu surplomber la voie publique. D'abord avec Place Ville Marie: le mail et le pont d'accès prévus entre la rue Sainte-Catherine et la Place elle-même, au-dessus de la rue Cathcart ne vit pas le jour: le Conseil de la Ville de Montréal ayant jugé que ce passage causerait un inconvénient à la propriété publique. D'autre part, le refus de la Ville de Montréal d'accepter le passage d'accès de service au-dessus de la rue Lagauchetière occasionna de sérieuses difficultés de planification à l'équipe de la Place Bonaventure.




La passerelle de piétons vers le Carré Dominion, bien qu'acquise à la Place du Canada, n'aurait été acceptée par la Ville de Montréal qu'en vertu de son utilité publique, justifiée par le dénivellement du terrain à cet endroit. D'autres croisements de ce genre suscitent une vive discussion à leur stade actuel de planification. Il paraît évident que l'exigence naturelle du resserrement des réseaux entre fonctions connexes, pose aux autorités municipales un problème de premier ordre. Ce problème s'annonce d'autant plus aigu, que certains propriétaires distincts s'engagent déja dans une planification coordonnée en vue de l'unification de leurs réseaux abrités; ceci parce qu'ils en conçoivent bien les avantages.

Le problème que soulève auprès du gouvernement municipal ce croisement tri-dimensionnel des réseaux, se présente comme celui d'un avantage à la propriété privée acquis aux dépens de la propriété publique.

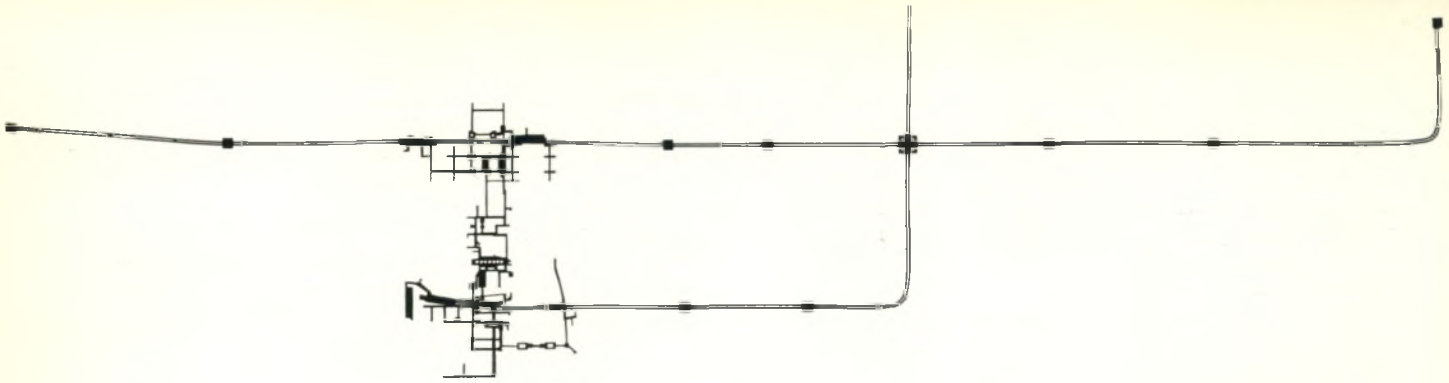
La solution du problème légal des droits aériens au-dessus des voies publiques nous apparaît donc comme l'un des pré-requis au développement de la séparation et du contrôle climatique continu des réseaux de piétons.

Faut-il établir la valeur de la séparation et de la climatisation artificielle des réseaux de circulation urbaine afin d'en démontrer l'importance? Je crois qu'il suffit ici d'en exposer le succès à Montréal, qui porte à croire au consensus favorable des propriétaires et promoteurs, à la suite des théories énoncées par les urbanistes et les architectes.

L'idée du réseau abrité n'est après tout qu'une solution logique de la revitalisation commerciale du Centre-Ville, laquelle s'est imposée partiellement en réponse à la concurrence des centres commerciaux de banlieue: ceux-ci ont démontré que la sécurité et le confort du client ont une importance économique primordiale. Or les propriétaires du centre-ville pour satisfaire des besoins identiques, doivent

*Super-bloc: propriétaires multiples (superficie approximative)*

*Super-bloc: propriétaire unique (superficie approximative)*



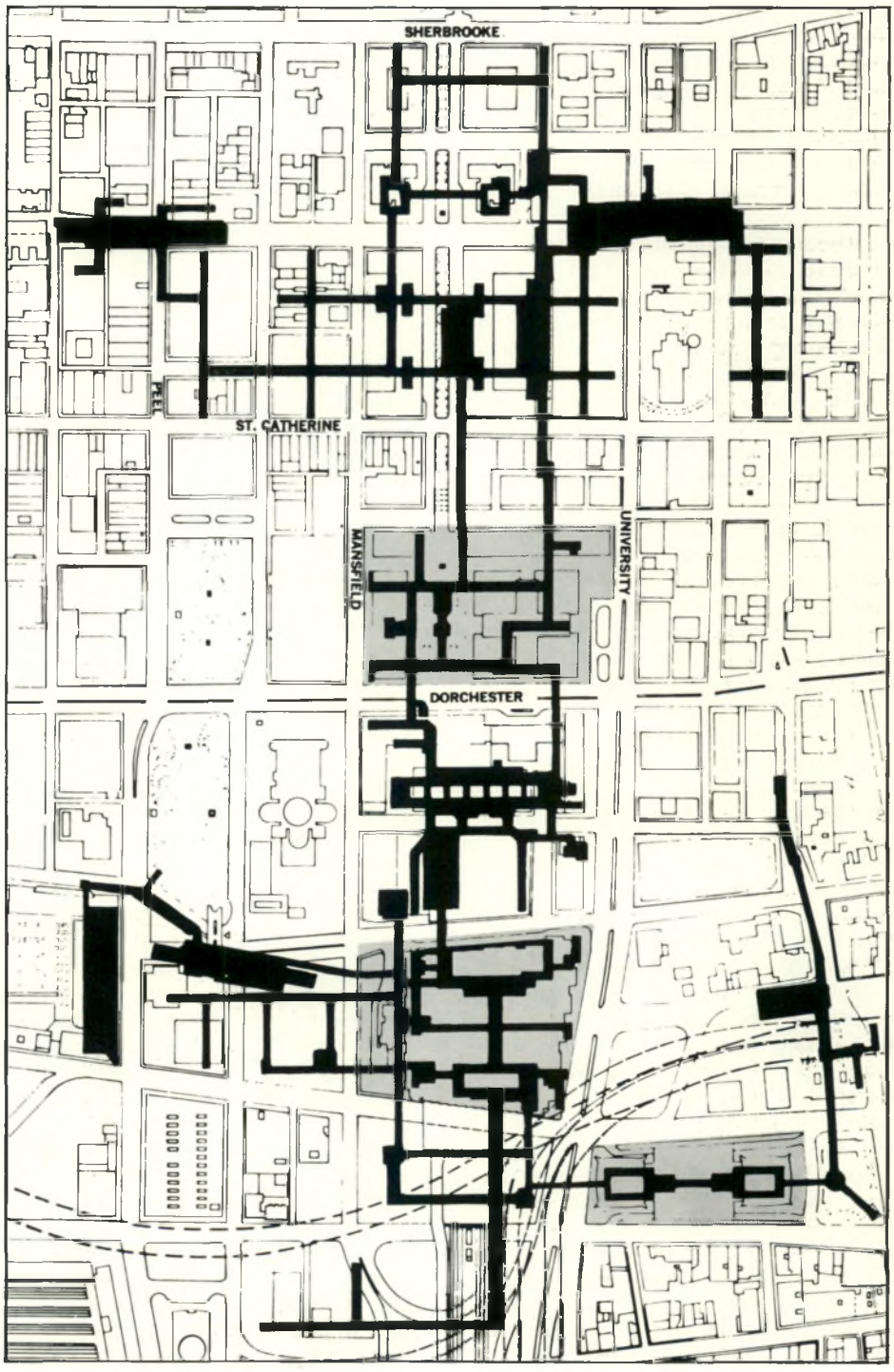
rechercher, dans les conditions du centre-ville, les mêmes solutions qu'apportent les établissements banlieusards: le resserrement des fonctions et un cheminement piétonnier agréable.

Certaines conditions sociales, économiques, climatiques et géographiques particulières à Montréal nous auraient donc permis de passer à la pointe de l'avant-garde mondiale dans l'application d'une des théories de la planification urbaine.

Parmi les conditions sociales particulières à ce premier succès de revitalisation, il en est une qui paraît avoir joué un rôle de premier plan: c'est celle de l'application d'une conception imaginative, orientée vers la recherche d'une nouvelle activité urbaine.

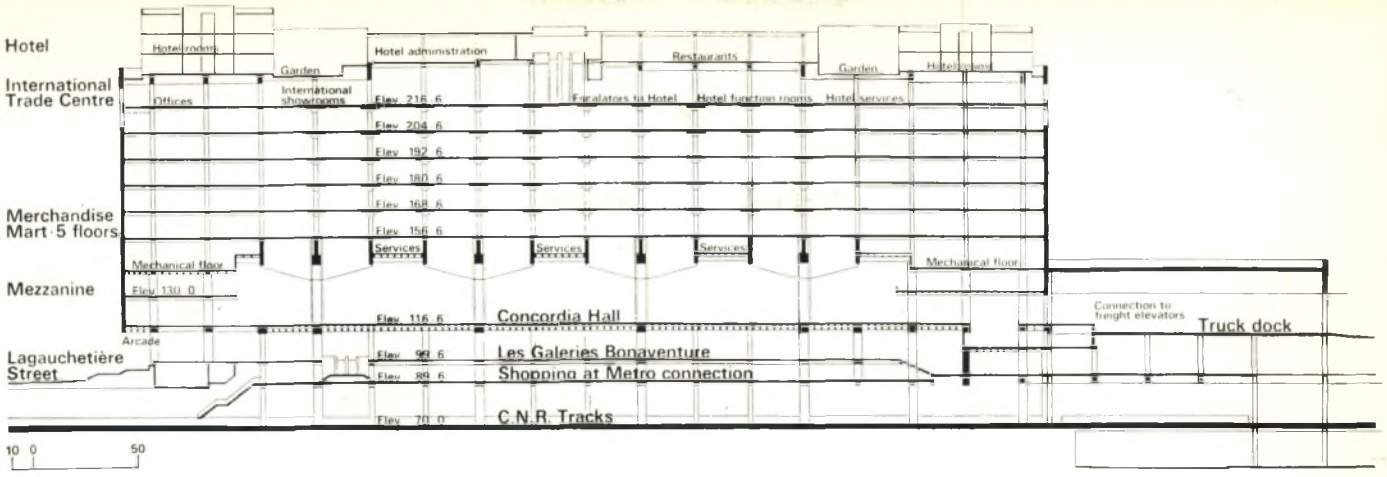
La juxtaposition du premier choix d'affectation proposé par les architectes du plan d'ensemble de la Place Ville Marie pour la parcelle numéro 3 qu'occupe maintenant la Place Bonaventure, et la gamme extrêmement riche des affectations du nouvel immeuble commercial en chantier à cet endroit, servent d'exemple frappant à l'appui de cette thèse.

L'immense garage d'abord prévu à la parcelle numéro 3, n'aurait jamais justifié à lui seul la construction des réseaux élaborés et coûteux qui relieront bientôt




*En haute: Le nouveau réseau abrité pour piétons dans le centre-ville de Montréal, situé par rapport aux voies du Métro. L'échelle relative des deux réseaux ainsi que la liaison entre eux indiquent l'importance que prendra ce réseau abrité dans la vie du montréalais.*

*À droite: La situation de la Place Bonaventure entre Place Ville Marie et Place Victoria justifie la construction des réseaux abrités pour piétons, qui relieront bientôt ces trois projets clés du nouveau centre-ville de Montréal.*




*Place Bonaventure*
*Coupe nord-sud vers l'est*

la Place Bonaventure à la Place Ville Marie; encore moins leur prolongement éventuel jusqu'à la Place Victoria. On peut s'imaginer que la promenade de Place Ville Marie à Place Victoria offrira plus d'attraits via La Place Bonaventure, qu'à travers un entrepôt d'automobiles, immense, froid et caverneux.

La valeur extraordinaire du site géographique de la parcelle numéro 3 échappa donc aux promoteurs de la première parcelle, ce qui n'est pas étonnant, vu leurs engagements!

L'idée maîtresse du développement de la Place Bonaventure, celle d'un centre de commerce et d'expositions, issue de l'imagination de ses promoteurs, servit de catalyseur à l'intégration de toute une série de nouvelles fonctions utiles: cinéma, centre de commerce international, facilités de congrès, centre de l'ameublement, boutiques, club de santé, hôtel, gare secondaire, accès au métro, etc. . . . l'attrait exercé par l'intégration d'une activité commerciale bien choisie et d'un très important noyau des transports explique cette concentration de fonctions.

Le rôle qu'a joué l'imagination hardie des promoteurs de Place Ville Marie est trop bien connu pour qu'il faille le décrire ici, mais il demeure la pierre angulaire de toute l'animation subséquente au Centre-Montréal. Le vide qui se fait au coeur de nos métropoles n'est pas le seul fait des difficultés techniques et économiques inhérentes à sa régénération. Il est causé aussi par notre faiblesse à réaliser son potentiel d'activités urbaines ou à faire naître ces activités.

L'apport d'imagination créatrice auquel sont appelés à contribuer tous ceux, sans exception, qui comprennent à fond le tissu urbain, qu'ils soient promoteurs-financiers, architectes, urbanistes, hommes politiques ou autres, devra, il me semble, jouer un rôle beaucoup plus grand que l'urbanisme classique de notre siècle ne l'a prévu jusqu' ici.

Les méthodes actuelles de l'urbanisme s'inspirant fortement du développement des sciences sociales se sont intéressées à la recherche de cadres de planification aussi vastes et flexibles que possible, fondés plutôt sur l'analyse de conditions préalables, que sur la proposition de nouvelles synthèses de la fonction urbaine.

Je crois que la rénovation du Centre-Montréal à Place Ville Marie et Place Bonaventure en particulier, démontre la force de l'idée nouvelle dans la rénovation du coeur urbain. Le seul apport d'une législation restrictive ne peut avoir d'effet rénovateur. Il faut l'infusion d'une forte part de nouvelles fonctions par surcroît de la réorganisation radicale des fonctions existantes.

Le choix de ces fonctions revient surtout à la promotion immobilière dans l'économie que nous vivons. Le phénomène du centre-ville de Montréal donne l'exemple d'une promotion hardie et très ouverte aux suggestions de l'architecte et de l'urbaniste-conseil. L'urbaniste et l'architecte associés aux réalisations concrètes de la promotion immobilière, et qui prêtent un intérêt soutenu au problème de la reconstruction du centre-ville, y apporteront une part complémentaire à celle que fournit un service municipal d'urbanisme, responsable d'abord de la protection du bien public.

L'éducation des professionnels de la fonction urbaine, à l'avenir, devra prévoir une participation plus active de leurs talents à la découverte d'une conception nouvelle de la ville.

J'ai souligné plus haut à quelques reprises la présence d'équipes agissantes dans la réalisation physique du nouveau Centre-Montréal. Ce nouvel esprit d'animation, qui s'exprime actuellement à Montréal par l'organisation de grandes équipes de professionnels intéressés à la fonction urbaine, fournit la troisième des conditions réunies dans l'évolution du nouveau Centre-Montréal.[4]

Il est intéressant de souligner, en parlant d'équipe, l'étape franchie entre l'organisation de Place Ville Marie et celle de Place Bonaventure. L'évolution technique de la deuxième doit évidemment un apport considérable à la première, mais la seconde se distingue par une innovation: celle de l'engagement simultané et conjoint au stade de la planification, des effectifs réunis du propriétaire, des architectes et urbanistes, des ingénieurs conseils, ainsi que des constructeurs choisis. Cette innovation présage, pour la planification et la rénovation urbaine, une transition de l'ordre hiérarchique à un tout autre ordre, celui que se plaît à définir le populaire M. Marshall McLuhan, dans son livre "Understanding Media", comme celui de la synthèse accélérée, conçue comme processus simultané d'analyse et de synthèse, par opposition à la méthode classique d'analyse et de synthèse successives.

Le caractère extrêmement complexe et diffus des problèmes de la rénovation urbaine, présente de telles difficultés aux entreprises de rénovation, qu'il voue à l'échec la méthode classique d'analyse et de synthèse hiérarchiques isolées dans l'espace et dans le temps.

L'organisation et le comportement détaillés des équipes techniques servant l'urbanisation contemporaine est un sujet d'un grand intérêt mais qui m'entraînerait au delà du cadre de ce relevé sommaire de quelques-unes des conditions marquantes du renouveau du Centre de Montréal. Je tiens, cependant, à souligner les deux avantages les plus évidents de l'organisation de

l'équipe réunie pour la planification et la réalisation de Place Bonaventure; le premier découle de la présence au stade de la planification, du constructeur de l'immeuble envisagé.

La valeur immédiate pour le propriétaire, l'architecte-conseil, l'urbaniste-conseil du plein apport du point de vue très précis du constructeur, comporte un avantage insuffisamment apprécié dans le contexte de la construction nord-américaine où est appliqué depuis longtemps le principe de la soumission générale alors que l'entrepreneur en construction est absent au stade de la planification. Il me paraît très important que les professionnels de l'industrie de la construction recherchent la formule nécessaire pour permettre la participation régulière de l'entrepreneur en construction dès les tout premiers instants de la planification, surtout et essentiellement dans le cas des nouvelles structures de centres urbains. Cette présence a démontré de façon efficace qu'elle réduit les cheminements prolongés portant à de fausses conclusions, qu'elle ramène sur terre les rêves idéalistes des participants moins engagés dans le concret, qu'elle apporte parfois des solutions simples et immédiates aux problèmes qui se présentent.

Cette proposition peut paraître simpliste, mais il faut se rendre à l'évidence qu'elle n'est pas de coutume établie.

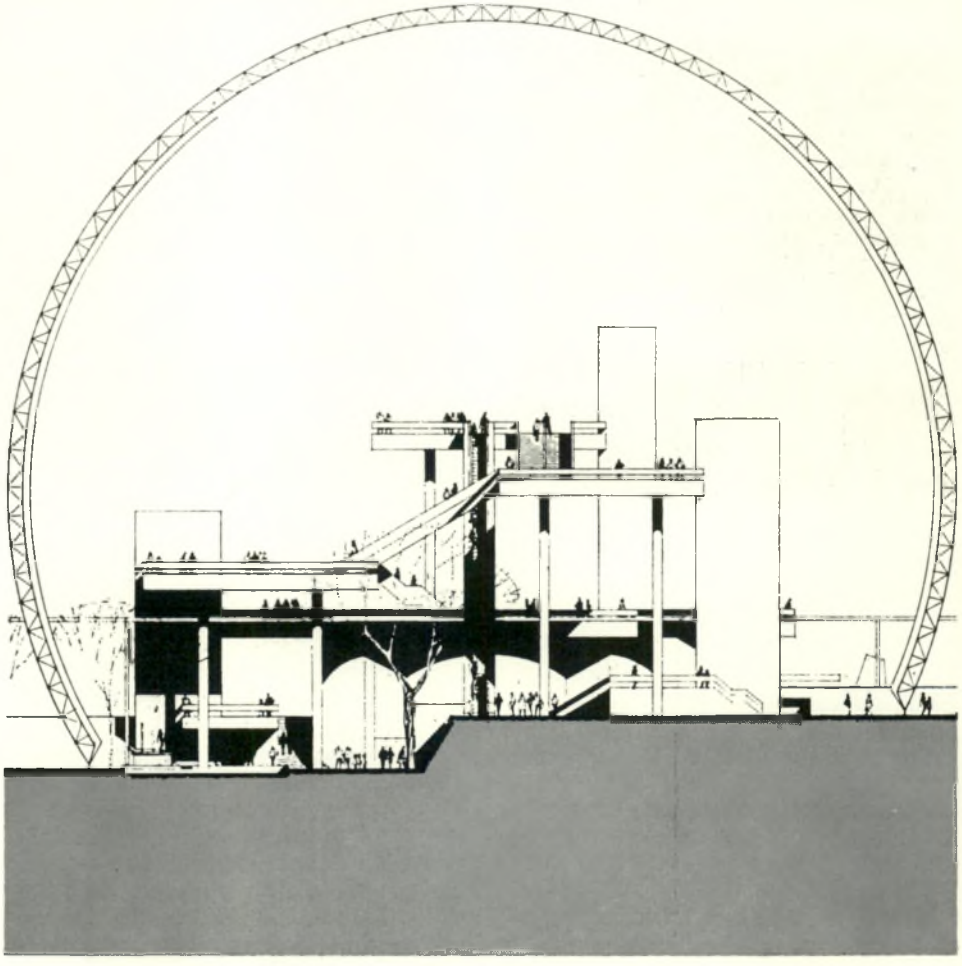
Le second avantage découle de la présence de l'urbaniste, associé au développement architectural et aux intérêts de la promotion, tels que décrits ci-haut, l'urbaniste se prêtant dans ce cas plutôt au rôle de créateur urbain qu'à celui de législateur ou défenseur du bien public.

En résumé, le renouvellement du Centre-Montréal, vu en tant qu'expérience d'architecture urbaine, fait ressortir d'abord l'importance des regroupements de propriétés, au delà des confins de réseaux publics, puis la vitalité du cheminement des communications abritées pour piétons qui s'ensuivent.

L'apparition de ces deux phénomènes est accompagnée à Montréal par des conditions particulières de l'organisation et du comportement des effectifs humains de planification et de réalisation: la présence de l'imagination créatrice, la participation active de l'urbaniste et du constructeur, la technique du travail d'équipe.

L'éducateur contemporain qui vise à préparer ceux qui créeront l'environnement physique urbain dans 20 à 30 ans, doit par métier s'aventurer vers l'extrapolation des tendances qu'il juge présager des conditions d'avenir.

Les extrapolations théoriques abondent dans la prose architecturale et urbanistique contemporaine, et plutôt que d'en créer de neuves, je crois qu'il est plus utile d'en vérifier quelques hypothèses contre l'évidence montréalaise. L'oeuvre écrite de Yona Friedman est peut-être celle qui résume le mieux la prédiction, ou plutôt la recherche contemporaine vers de nouveaux tissus urbains. Ces prédictions, fortes déjà de l'expérience du Centre-Montréal, nous permettent sûrement d'envisager pour l'avenir un sérieux effort de planification de ces réseaux de circulation abrités. Le dégel légal des circulations tri-dimensionnelles, si les indices montréalais sont justes, conduira peut-être aussi à la réalisation d'essais dans le centre-ville, de cette autre prédiction des architectes urbains, celle de mégastructures ou matrices urbaines intégrant les réseaux de circulation et les réseaux de services dans une structure porteuse au service de toutes les fonctions urbaines. L'existence d'une telle matrice soulèverait encore plus que les seuls réseaux, des conflits aigus de droits de propriété.



*Pavillon américain, Expo '67*
*Maquette et façade de l'intérieur et coupe*

L'expérience montréalaise, en démontrant la tendance de resserrement et de continuité de la fonction urbaine, nous permet de croire que la prochaine étape du renouvellement du centre urbain à Montréal vérifiera la validité de cette proposition.

C'est surtout en relation avec cette analyse sommaire du Centre-Montréal permanent que l'Exposition 1967 nous apparaît comme une extension inespérée du laboratoire urbain qu'est Montréal. Particulièrement par l'érection du Pavillon américain, d'Habitat et des pavillons thématiques de l'Ile Verte et de l'Ile Notre-Dame qui présentent de façon intéressante, quoique accidentelle, les trois grandes théories répondant aux ressources techniques actuelles.

Le pavillon américain adopte la thèse de l'enveloppe géante abritant les fonctions multiples, réseaux de piétons, réseaux de services, dans un seul volume dont l'ambiance est contrôlée. Ses structures portantes se conçoivent au gré des besoins de chacune des fonctions intérieures et n'offrent pas d'intérêt innovateur. L'enveloppe climatique abrite un espace vaste qui préfigure une ville ou tout au moins un centre-ville.

Habitat, par contre, présente l'idée de petits volumes de construction standardisée et à fonction bien définie. Malheureusement, l'expérience de cet ensemble n'est pas complète à cause de l'absence des autres fonctions urbaines prévues mais abandonnées à cause de fonds insuffisants. Ici l'enveloppe climatique renferme un petit volume défini en permanence suivant une fonction immuable.

Et finalement, les pavillons thématiques présentent l'idée d'une synthèse de la structure d'abri et de celle d'appui en un seul système ou jeu de construction, qui permet le cheminement en trois dimensions, abrité ou extérieur, des réseaux de circulation des piétons et des réseaux de services, qui permet aussi l'abri des fonctions variées et changeantes dans une enveloppe climatique insonore, à l'échelle des fonctions individuelles.

Le jeu ou la matrice même des structures thématiques s'est vue changée en pleine construction afin de satisfaire aux exigences de nouveaux exhibits. Cette exigence imposée aux pavillons d'expositions peut évidemment préfigurer une situation d'avenir dans le centre-ville.

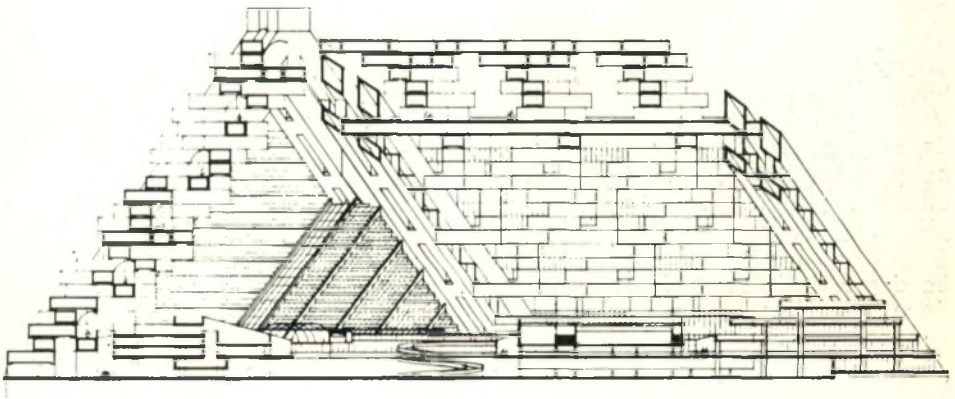
La différence essentielle entre ces trois exemples se retrouve dans le choix des séparations ou de l'intégration des systèmes: le pavillon américain sépare complètement l'enveloppe climatique des structures fonctionnelles et des réseaux de service.

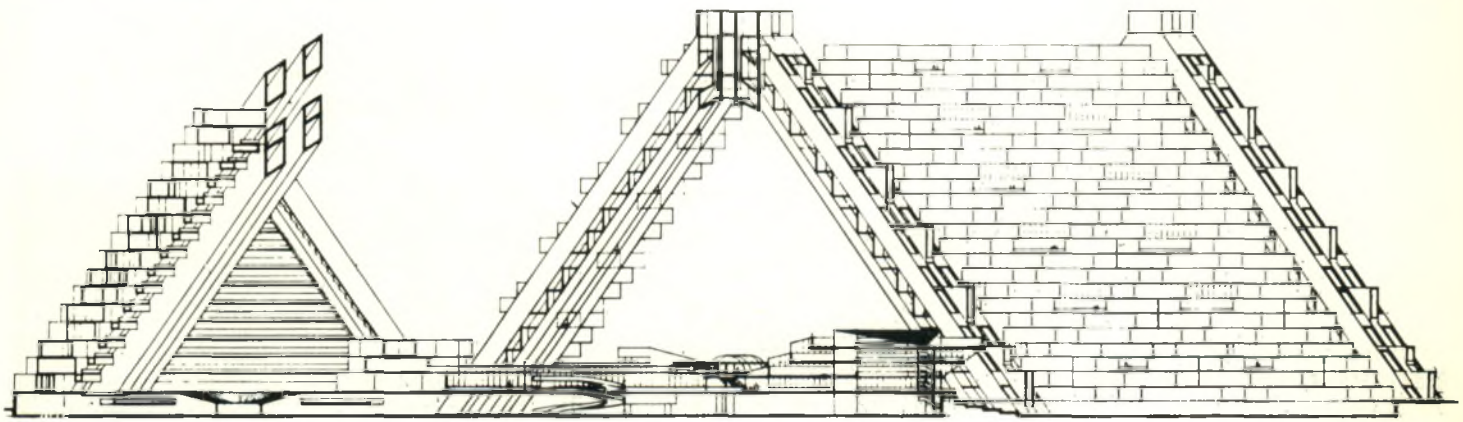
Habitat intègre structures fonctionnelles et structures portantes, réseaux et enveloppe en un seul système ou module de structure.

Les pavillons thématiques créent un système de structures portantes et variables avec leurs réseaux de service et de circulation, mais individualisent les enveloppes climatiques des espaces et des réseaux, dans le système de la structure. Les trois concepts auront sans doute leur application dans le développement urbain futur, et chacun présupposera un contexte de nouvelles solutions légales, économiques et sociales.

Pour une première fois, et à une échelle d'une envergure remarquable, des réalisations pratiques, greffées sur le tissu urbain montréalais, amorcent la véritable révolution de l'architecture urbaine, que prédisaient les théoriciens de l'architecture depuis bon nombre d'années.

*Habitat: Expo '67*
*Maquette et coupes du projet initial. Quartier urbain complet; résidentiel, administratif et commercial.*





Et simultanément l'Exposition de 1967 a permis d'appuyer et de prolonger l'expérience du Centre-Montréal par l'essai à grande échelle de trois systèmes spatiaux pour les centres-villes de l'avenir.

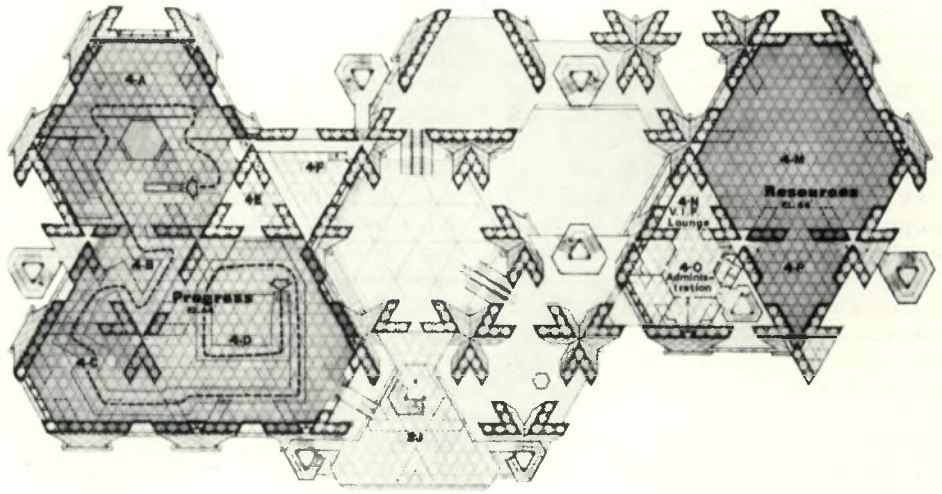
Il est donc fort souhaitable que l'utilisation éphémère de ces immeubles serve à la vérification des hypothèses qu'ils proposent.

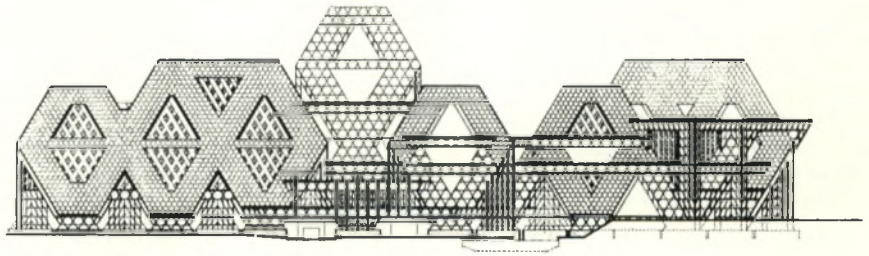
L'Exposition de Montréal, grâce à l'étude très poussée de sa planification urbaine et au concept de noyaux urbains des trois grands immeubles cités, se prête à l'étude de certaines conditions urbaines qui seront peut-être celles de l'avenir. Il est donc fort à désirer aujourd'hui même que les gouvernements responsables de l'Exposition favorisent l'exécution d'études systématiques afin que l'Exposition en tant que laboratoire de la pensée et de la technique de planification contemporaine serve à vérifier si les prévisions de rendement de chaque expérience s'y trouvent confirmées ou non par la réalité.

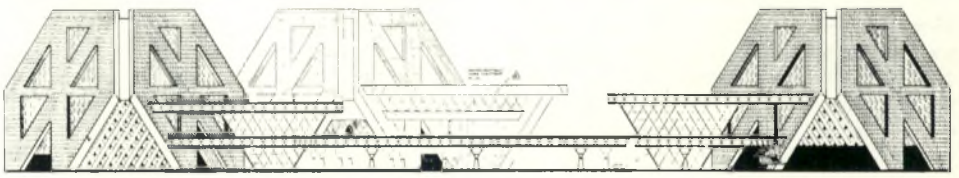
La juxtaposition actuelle de l'Exposition et du Centre-Montréal nous fournit aussi l'occasion unique de vérifier si les formes conçues pour l'Exposition, comme mégastructures urbaines offrent quelque validité en contraste avec les formes reliées de façon quasi accidentelle par le nouveau réseau abrité du Centre de Montréal. Une étude comparative des cheminements systématisés de l'Exposition et de ceux quasi accidentels du Centre, nous permettrait peut-être des observations fort utiles sur le rendement de ces réalisations, du point de vue surtout de la jouissance d'une architecture conçue pour le cheminement agréable, ou encore pour le confort physique du piéton.

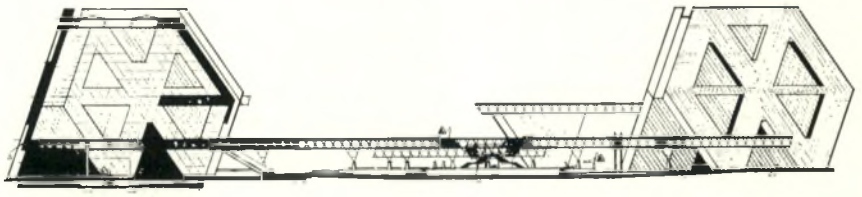
Le degré de justesse des extrapolations suggérées en marge de cette analyse sommaire des progrès de l'urbanisation du Centre-Montréal se trouve rehaussé par le témoignage des principales réalisations de l'Exposition. Il devient donc important de connaître plus à fond le rendement véritable, mesuré de ces réalisations, afin d'améliorer la valeur de nos prédictions en matière de développement urbain en général, et afin de poursuivre pour Montréal l'avantage que les circonstances lui ont valu vers une rénovation urbaine qui se situe par certains aspects à l'avant-garde de la réalisation contemporaine.

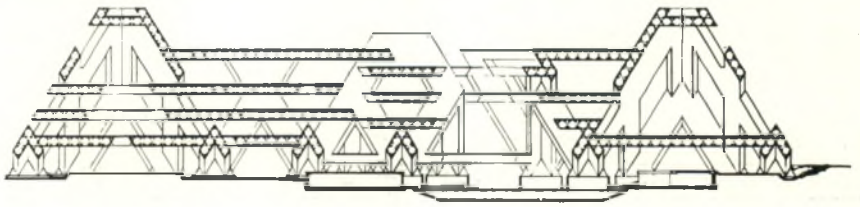
*Pavillons thématiques, Expo '67*









# The new city

by A. J. Diamond

Broadly speaking, the image of the medieval city persisted until the turn of the century. It was, to use Lynch's phrase, "highly imageable" and it was self-contained, homogeneous and had a clear hierarchy. The containment was set by defense purposes. The homogeneity was a result of limitations in the supply of building materials, of construction methods, of space demands and of individual power. The social hierarchy reinforced this, the predominance of church and state as a controlling cultural mechanism also provided social and physical focus.

The horse and carriage extended the size of the city, but it remained self-contained. It also remained concentric until the turn of the century, even if the cathedral was supplanted by the market place and later by the railroad station as the focal point. The component parts retained their concentration. Activities clustered close to one another. This was still a city of social cohesion, of neighbourhoods and neighbouring.

The next change caused by the electric streetcar and commuter train greatly extended the size and population of the city. Surrounding towns were drawn into its orbit, and the metropolis emerged, containing the major commercial activities and greatest job opportunities. The mother city also had a brood of dormitory towns or suburbs on the periphery. While the structure of the city had altered, the distinction between city and country remained clear, and the focus was still at the centre.

Since World War II, both traditional images have faded. While there is still a strong centripetal force drawing the population to urban areas, this is accompanied by a centrifugal force moving the inhabitants out to the periphery. The population of old city centres is decreasing, while the range of activities in the outer zones is increasing to include all the traditional downtown facilities, such as wholesale establishments, manufacturing and service industries, as well as the activities necessary for personal fulfillment. The movement of traffic is no longer between suburbs and centre only, in radial fashion, but it also has a much more complex lateral pattern. All this is aided by the mobility provided through the private automobile and trucking systems, which further enlarge the territorial extent of location options, especially if leisure activities, an increasingly important function, are taken into account. For example, the city of Toronto thirty-five years ago encompassed less than 100 square miles. In the mid 1950's it was found necessary to form a metropolitan area whose administrative boundaries covered 230 sq.m. and an area of planning jurisdiction which covered 700 sq.m. Today Metro Toronto's regional Transportation Study covers 4000 sq.m. to include journeys of goods and people that have relevance to the urban agglomeration. If you include cottages in the Muskokas and Kawarthas, the area of interaction covers about 15,000 sq.m.

As long as there was a close correlation between a set of ordering forces and their physical manifestations at comprehensive scales, there was no necessity to plan ahead.

But once the forces became diffuse and increased in power and scale, the empirical process at the level of collaboration between maker and user, no longer operated. No organic forces and constraints exist to produce cohesive comprehensible forms and patterns.

There is now the conflict of amazingly heterogeneous institutions and individuals who have far more effective power than their medieval counterparts; who are not bound by autocratic degree or traditional conformity. No particular building mode or scale is generally acceptable. The exhibition at the Art Gallery is ample proof of this. It is no longer possible to visualize urban form as the Romans did, or to expect clear hierarchies to emerge. What we have now are both independent and interdependent variables in a rapidly expanding series.

As at all times of crisis and chaos, man's propensity and desire to produce order becomes heightened. Thomas More's "Utopia" is a good example of this. It is therefore not surprising that coincident with the industrial revolution and its impact on the city, there emerged the utopian city planner. As the complexity and chaos grew, so the "ideal" plans proliferated; from Unwin and Howard to Le Corbusier and Hilbersheimer. We have had about 100 years of these utopian schemes. The minute impact they have made should surely lead us to hold them suspect, CIAM and contemporary planning notwithstanding. We cannot neatly color areas of a map green and expect them to stay so, nor can we have hierarchical theories implicit in all we design.

The automobile has put the city into a state of flux, and made possible, if not imperative, discontinuity. Rather than retain a nostalgia for the tight continuity of totally pedestrian-oriented cities, the option to be exploited here is of a constellation of focal centres, discontinuous in space and each, perhaps, with varying degrees of mixed use.

Our problem is, therefore, do we have;
a) the methodology to cope with complexity?
b) A capacity to use the results of such a methodology?
c) An adequate spatial language to create and organize strategic programs for area development?

Historically, architectural theories have, in the main, been concerned with one

issue: how to perfect single buildings. There are no coherent theories beyond the single building. We have so long accustomed ourselves to conceiving buildings as separate entities that today we suffer from an inadequacy of spatial languages to make meaningful environments.

It is not surprising, therefore, that architects, when dealing with a complex of buildings, use the same process as in designing an individual building; that is, assembling components in a carefully composed manner. It is what I term the Hilton Hotel syndrome. I do not have to describe it in detail: it is a slab building with a regular texture, in front of which is placed, by contrast, a restaurant, conference room or ball-room in the form of a conch shell. It is a static approach, for composition itself has a tendency to formal statement. It is much more the method of the sculptor, placing one element in space against another in a visually or aesthetically satisfactory way. Most contemporary large scale urban designs fall into this category — Chandigarh, Brazilia and Lincoln Centre. Like the utopian city plans, they are preconceived and imposed with a limited set of priorities.

A second method of controlling diverse functions is also an extension of the single building: the megastructure, such as Tange's Tokyo Bay scheme. This is a large frame within which are housed discrete elements. You only have to look at architectural exhibitions of so called "Visionary Architecture" to see the attraction of this concept for the architect. Technologically it is possible to erect these artificial land and building bases, but there are serious defects in this concept. The obvious one is that it would require heavy public investment with no assurance that there would be adequate utilization. The preformed spaces blanket variety and leave no room for a market response. And technology has a habit of improving, making such massive skeletons a great weight of debt about urban society's neck.

Both these examples of collective form are in effect acting in the opposite direction to that which historically, has provided organic controls of relationship. They have not evolved, they are designed. In the design process, the satisfaction of the complexities of many sets of needs are ignored for the sake of visual conformity.

The towns in the Greek islands, the villages in Mexico and North Africa or Italian hill towns are rich examples of past group form. They were organized by a few determining factors:
1) the consistent use of materials and construction methods, which allowed minor variations:
2) the use of the natural characteristics of the site:
3) limited means which restricted scale to human proportions:
4) the sequential development of the small range of basic elements in an open-ended, non-axial way.

While on the one hand we admire the homogeneity of group form, to use Maki's term, the forces ensuring this result no longer obtain — you only have to look at any street in any city on this continent to have evidence of this. Michigan Boulevard in Chicago is a dramatic example, each building jostling the other in an assertion of individuality.

Urban design is ever concerned with the question of making comprehensible links between discrete elements and, as a corollary, it is concerned with making an extremely large entity comprehensible by articulating its parts. What then becomes critical are the linkages that make this entity, and provide the articulation.

There are five important basic linking acts:
1) to mediate — an interesting point about mediation is that it can transcend its first function of connection —the arcades of Bologna while providing shelter also provide visual unity for the street; or the pedestrian system at Simon Fraser, while providing access, acts as a social catalyst:
2) to define — the walls of a medieval town, or the Chicago loop are examples:
3) to repeat — this provides the grain of the city:
4) to make a sequential path — the logic of the flow diagram:
5) to select—for example, to establish unity by the choice of site, or the provision of a service, such as water supply or a sewer system.

While we might understand these principles of linkage, we have not marshalled the forces to release their possible interaction. We have fallen into the trap of saying that if only we could design it all, we could create the order we all desire. I have tried to show that the imposition of form by a designer who not only holds superficial visual conformity as a priority, but will invariably impose his set of socio-cultural values for the whole community, will not satisfy the complexities of the contemporary situation. I believe, in fact, that the amount of construction that architects design today is in the order of 10% or 12%, and if present practices persist, there is no likelihood of increasing this share. I believe those cities and group forms we admire are a result of the forces and circumstances that shaped them, rather than of master plans.

Now I am not advocating an abdication from the task of improving the physical environment. On the contrary, I believe we can be much more effective than we are. I believe our approach is misconceived.

The form of intervention we take, or rather the mass intervention we completely desire is, realistically, ineffective. I still believe we need intervention, but of the stimulating rather than the soothing kind. We accept intervention in the economic arena, and we tolerate legal controls for the common good. These are frameworks appropriate to their modes. What are the most effective forms of strategic intervention we might take in the design of the physical environment, and is it possible that these forms of intervention can transcend their immediate function to provide larger public benefits?

A simple analogy might be helpful, before suggesting an organizational concept of the city which will change the parts into significant relationships, and potentially generate the linkages outlined.

The elements of a house have varying rates of decay; the plumbing might be replaced once or twice, and the electric wiring more frequently during the life of the building, while the basic structure remains undisturbed. Different elements in cities also have different rates of decay.

While knowledge of these life spans is far from complete, it is demonstrable that the channels of movement and their gateways, in the form of stations and terminals, are among the most permanent. It is also demonstrable that transportation has a profound effect on land use, and there is a desire for proximity to transportation mode exchange and access points. This determinant of city form also exercises a varying degree of magnetic pull for component activities of the city. Commercial and industrial units are more dependent, for example, on transit lines for goods and services than, say, residential areas. Investigation would reveal a series of potent correlates, and their varying degrees of permanence.

There are a number of other determinants that lie in the hands of the city builders — all those buildings and

quasi-buildings and services that lie in the public sector — schools, libraries, clinics, power and service lines, water, gas, electricity and many other public works, as well as the legal and tax systems that act as powerful form deterrents and determinants.

This suggests a city structure that is composed of several systems, that expand or contract, according to the demand placed on each. If we devise a system in which each element can expand or contract with the least disturbance to others, we would have a system which is far superior in effectiveness to a system dependent on a set of heirarchical relationships.

In other words, each factor in the system which makes the whole, maintains its identity and longevity while at the same time engaging in dynamic contact with others. The best way to visualize this is by imagining a number of wire meshes of varying gauge and spacing. When superimposed in layers one upon the other, certain intersections will coincide in a vertical line.

The particular composition of each intersection will, as it were, contain the chromosomes that determine the characteristics of the subsequent growth. When optimum relationship has been formed, an environmental control system is in effect; the ingredients of mix at contact points as well as along lines determine the adjacent use and relationships. This system permits the greatest efficiency and flexibility with the simplest organizational structure.

For the sake of explanation, let us say that brown barnacles, such as those found on the sea shore, are attracted to woodplanks; that blue barnacles will only attach themselves to lengths of steel rod; that green barnacles only fix to lengths of plastic, and string will repel all barnacles. Arranging the wood planks, the steel rods, the lengths of plastic and the string in some particular interrelationship we can pre-determine where each colour group of barnacles will be, or will be prevented from being. To extend this idea, let us say that only certain combinations of these colours will cluster around the joints between the elements fixed by bronze clamps, and other combinations will fix around joints glued together. The intersections then can also be prepared in such a way as to predetermine the colour combinations of the barnacles we wish to have.

We have here satisfied a number of the conditions that encourage linking acts. The rods mediate between the barnacles and provide the medium for sequential paths as well as define their location. The repetition of one colour provides a consistent grain, and the joints satisfy the most potent linking act, the fifth one mentioned, the pre-selection of site.

Once upon a time, without intervention, these conditions were powerfully present and directly manifested in form. What I have indicated is that instead of devoting our energies to form, we must now, in our complex world, shape the conditions and forces which were once naturally prevalent, and thereby create the strategic elements of the environment by which ordered form will once again be generated. We have, in effect, to prepare the site.

Two basic operations are necessary to establish this optimum control mechanism. One is to select proper independent functional systems, and the other is to give them optimum interdependency through the provision of physical joints at critical points.

The selection of these factors will depend on circumstance. A spectrum of elements is at hand in the public sector that guide the private response. If their layout is not decided with this in mind, the result will be chaos. If they are designed with this in mind they could bring order without detailed design. While the concept here outlined is a master program, rather than a master plan, the master program includes a time dimension. The addition of activities to physical qualities in a search for form determinants in the city, suggest a new union between physical design and planning. Corresponding to the master program, and its time dimension, is the possibility of capital design.

By this I mean generative works, as a system of deploying public works in time and space for maximum encouragement and creative control of private development. Both the lines and joints of the abstract system described could be given a form potent in its stimulation of desirable response, if they are planned in a comprehensive, strategic way. These public works are the agents to ensure the coincidence of private gain and public welfare. They may transcend their prime function. An historical example will clarify this: the market place existed before the architect made the agora and its colonnades beautiful.

Channels of movement in medieval cities were closely interwoven with buildings — the Ponte Vecchio, for example. From the 15th. century until the present time there has been a strong separation between the two. The possibility now arises of using both options — there are times, such as with limited access expressways, when the barnacles will not adhere. At other times, such as at highway interchanges, it becomes very desirable to have buildings in close proximity. Any supermarket investor knows this value. Therefore the critical, physical joints in the armature have the possibility of new forms of integration between buildings and movement paths. These could provide public spaces, built by the city as a by-product of linking systems, and have direct connection to commercial and residential spaces. They would also perform the important function of providing modality, or rhythm, for orientation in an otherwise unpunctuated physical grammar. This program of public action would have short, medium and long range physical and fiscal strategies. The short run, physical implementation of co-ordination of capital works of new urban form could be used to test long-range master programs, in order to modulate growth. By use of this unitary concept, physical in the short run, organizational in the long run, an adaptive method to economic, social and physical circumstances can be employed. In the field of cybernetics, feedback is required in micro-seconds. While we do not need quite so rapid a response, the monitoring of the system over time is, for optimum results, necessary.

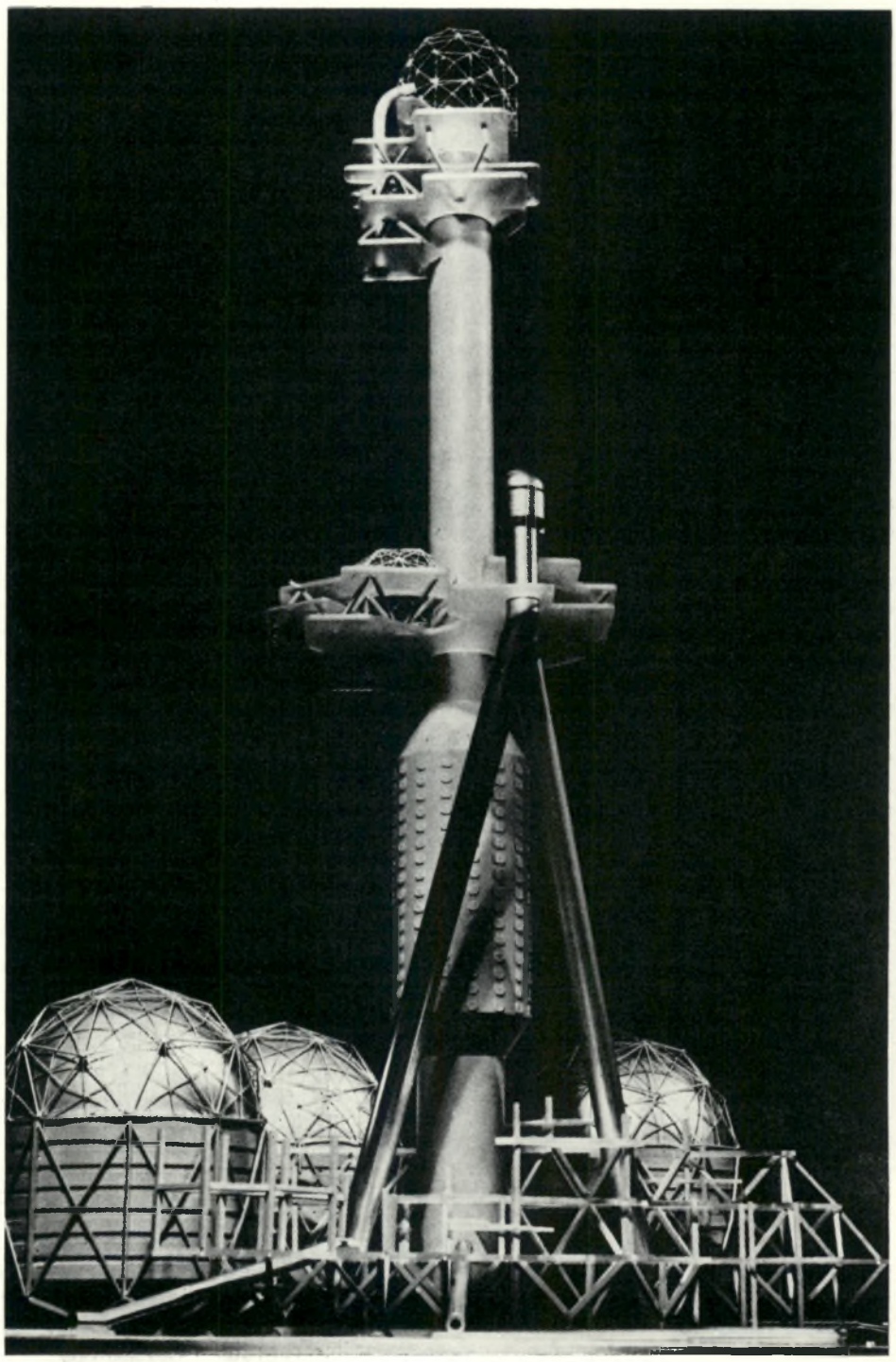
An example of a biological process emphasizes that we have the power to achieve a higher order of physical environment, if we manipulate strategic elements within it in a correlated way. Take, for instance, a colony of about a hundred million flatworms of the genus planaria. Each of these creatures I am told has about 100 nerve cells. Thus, altogether they have about ten billion nerve cells. Now, the human brain also has about ten billion nerve cells. Why is it, then, these hundred million planariae do not represent the intelligence of a human brain? It is because brain cells are in a state of perpetual interaction, constantly co-ordinating, abstracting, and sifting pertinent information for the system as a whole. The poor planaria cannot do this. Add a couple of million planaria to our colony and nothing changes in the structure of the colony; they do not interact. Are we then going to allow our cities to be the equivalents of colonies of planariae, or approximate more closely the confluent operation of the brain?[5]

# A clip-on architecture

by Reyner Banham

The phrase "clip-on" in connection with architecture must have been in circulation for at least a year before I used it in print in the Architectural Review in February, 1960, and its meaning was to some extent fixed by conversational usage before then. The sort of ideas that belonged to the concept at that time I can now best reconstruct from some notes for an unpublished article on the clip-on philosophy which were written down in 1961. The epitome of the clip-on concept, at that time, was the outboard motor, whose consequences for the theory of design intrigued many of us then, in the following terms: given an Evinrude or a Johnson Seahorse, you can convert practically any floating object into a navigable vessel. A small concentrated package of machinery converts an undifferentiated structure into something having function and purpose. But, equally, the undifferentiated object might be a paper cup full of black coffee, and the clip-on could be the packets of sugar and cream and the stirring stick which convert it to the particular cup of coffee that suits your taste.

The architectural equivalent of this, at face value, would be Buckminster Fuller's Mechanical Wing, the trailer full of mechanical goodies that converts any old shack or hole in the ground into a habitable dwelling. Or, to go back to the Baudon project, the tent, dome or plastic bubble that serves as a living room is the undifferentiated structure, and all the specialized capsules on their connecting corridor constitute the clip-on. The Smithson House, or the Schein/Coulon motel unit are more in the nature of a clip-together architecture, but as soon as they begin to be clipped together they raise a problem which neatly turns the clip-on concept inside out. When more than "two or three are gathered together" (in the words of the Anglican liturgy) a second factor appears as a necessary correlation of their aggregation. Services, communication and



other manifestations of interdependency will have to be consciously designed at the same time as the units themselves — the result of not doing so can be seen in the overhead jungle of wires and marginal slummery of so many American trailer camps. If the units are simply spread on the ground, then the circulation of men and vehicles among them will become a determinant of the layout — as with the corridors of Baudon's house, or even the way the Smithson houses stack with their doors outwards, thus fixing the lines of communication along the sides of the super-blocks into which they aggregate. If the units are stacked vertically, then some form of external structure will be needed to take up their cumulative weight; and if any substantial number are to be serviced with water, air, gas, piped music or you-name-it, then those services are going to thicken up into some pretty impressive ducts and trunking-in places.

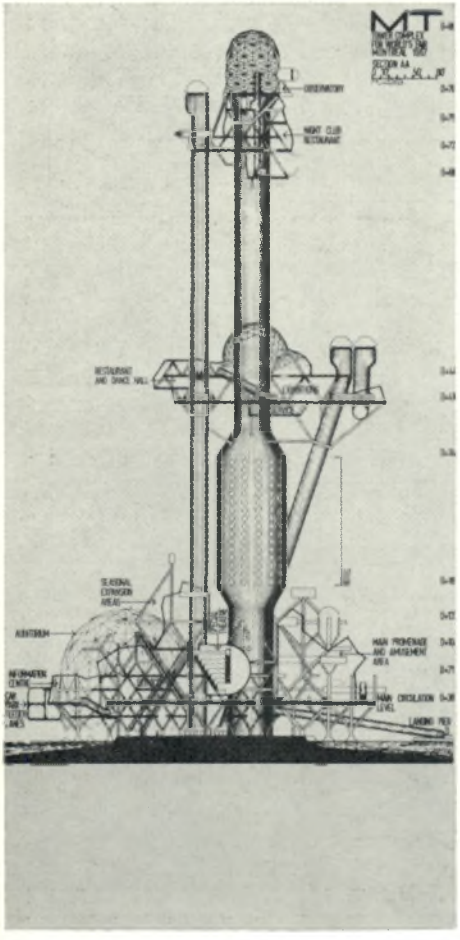
So you reverse the proposition. The generalized structure becomes the source of power, service and support, and the specialized clip-ons become the habitable units. The outboard analogy has to be replaced by something more like the connection of domestic appliances to the house's electrical supply — which is why a group of English architects, known as the Archigram group, use the term "Plug-In" instead of clip-on for their urban projects. But too much should not be made of this distinction between extreme forms of the two concepts: technically they are often intimately fused in a single project, and the aesthetic tradition overruns niceties of mechanical discrimination. The aesthetic is still the Clip-On Aesthetic, but multiplied by a wild, swinging Pop Art vision.

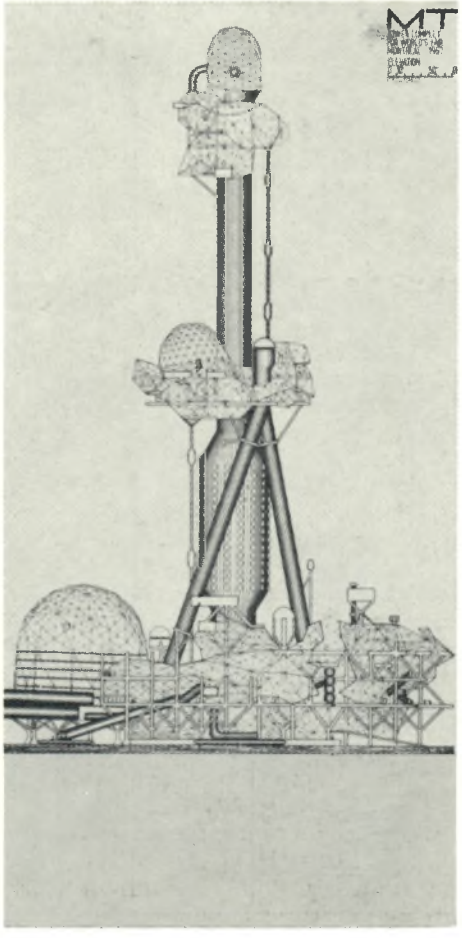
A machine to live it up in

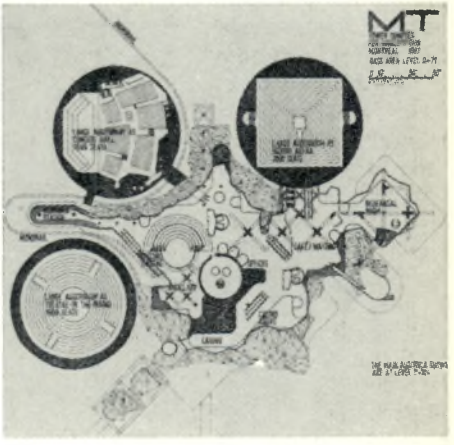
And I mean "play." The Fun Palace project—announced as the First Giant Space Mobile in the World—is a mechanized shrine to Homo Ludens, conceived in the first instance by Joan Littlewood, that astounding blend of social conscience and strolling player who put before the world for the first time such theatrical knockouts as "The Quare Fellow", "The Hostage and Oh, What a Lovely War." Her fanatical belief in spontaneity and audience participation led her to conceive of a place, a zone of total probability in which the possibility of participating in practically everything could be caused to exist, from political rallies to Greco-Roman wrestling, table tennis to choral song, dervish-dancing, model drag-racing or just goofing and falling about, where even the simple business of walking around or finding where to go next would be rewarding or stimulating.

This could doubtless have been achieved by means of a large number of single-purpose buildings in a park of rest and culture, but by the time Joan Littlewood and her team of "younger creative nuts" (as she calls them) finished with the idea, they had a giant erector set, compact enough to fit on a tight urban lot, but big with the potential of manufacturing spaces for all purposes. It is not, however, a large building which can be variously subdivided; it is simply a kit of parts and a space-grid of supports and services which can pick up, assemble and animate the parts to suit whatever purpose comes along, and then put everything back in the box in the morning. The space-grid consists of vertical towers full of works, from toilets to electronics, carrying a system of gantry cranes on their heads to manœuver the parts into position, and with their feet resting in heavy servicing plants (including sewage disposal—since the Fun Palace is a piece of ten-year-expendable urban equipment, a degree of detachment from permanent mains services is to everybody's advantage).

Day by day this giant neo-Futurist ma-







*Left: The clip-together aesthetic of the Archigram group came nearest to realization in this project for an entertainment tower, devised by Peter Cook and modeled by Dennis Crompton for the Montreal World's Fair of 1967. The components would have been clipped together and included a number of Buckminster Fuller geodesic domes and a standard prefabricated 800-foot TV tower core projected by an English construction company for export to various parts of the world.*

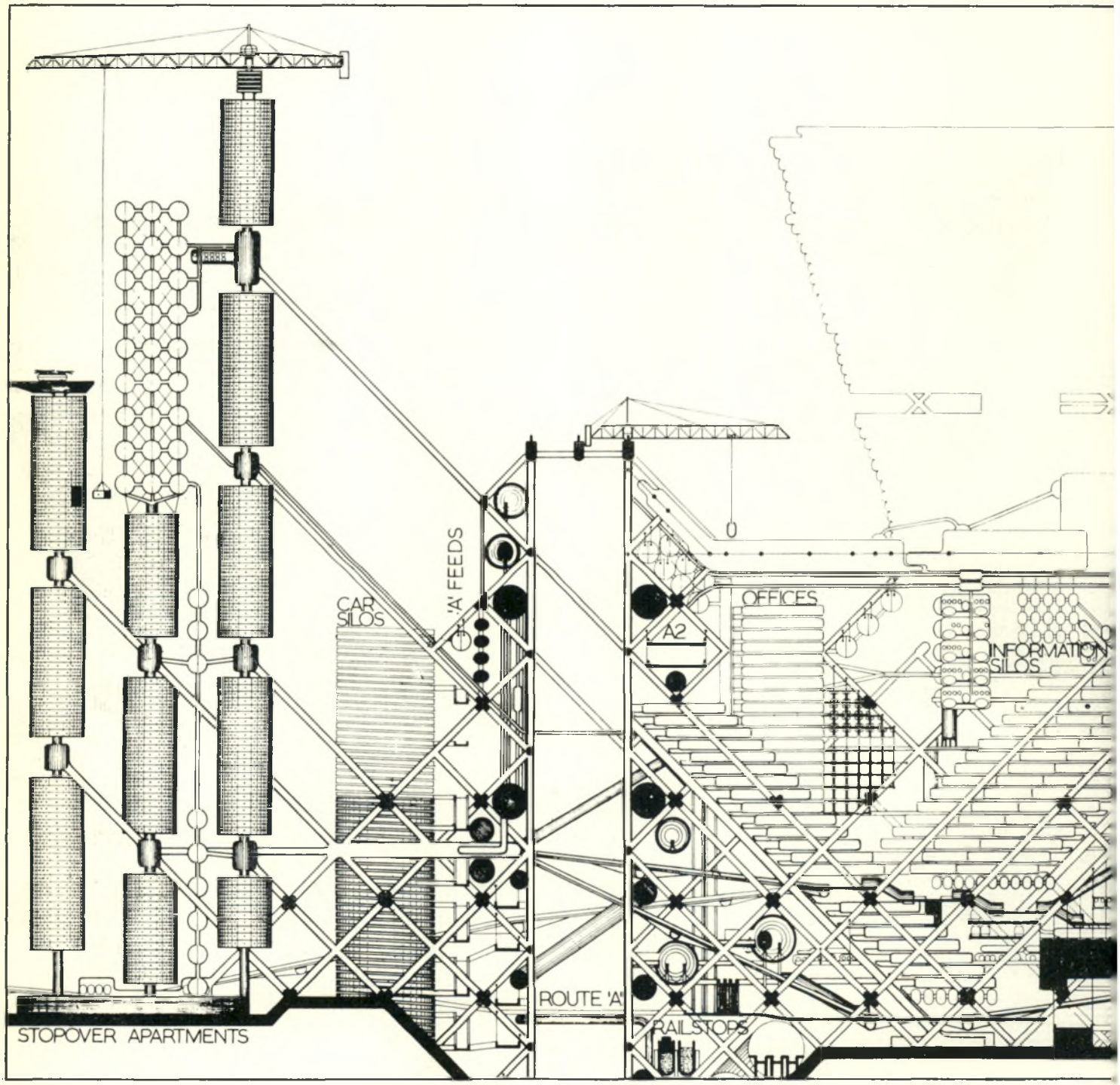
*Top: Plan at the level of the auditoria and the main concourse area.*

chine will stir and re-shuffle its movable parts—walls and floors, ramps and walks, steerable escalators, seating and roofing, stages and movie screens, lighting and sound systems—sometimes bursting at the seams with multiple activities, sometimes with only a small part walled in, but with the public poking about the exposed walks and stairs, pressing buttons to make things happen themselves.

This, when it happens (and it is on the cards that it will, somewhere, soon) will be indeterminacy raised to a new power: no permanent monumental interior space or heroic silhouette against the sky will survive for posterity to remember the designers by—Cedric Price (architect), Frank Newby (structural engineer) and Gordon Pask (systems consultant). If it is going to be a monument to anything, it will be a monument to architecture's silent partners, the invisible and long-suffering mechanical servitors who keep most buildings going, but never receive thanks or acknowledgement for it. For the only permanently visible elements of the Fun Palace will be the "life-support" structure on which the transient architecture will be parasitic. It is possible to do this for a single giant "Anti-building", but could it be done for a whole city?

## Plug-In City / Entertainment Tower / Capsule Unit / University Node

Archigram, the group of young British architects and designers, can't tell for certain whether Plug-In City can be made to work, but it can tell what it might look like. The magazine Archigram, published by this group, has developed over the past four years from a student broadsheet to something between an architectural space-comic and a magazine of protest. Rather suddenly, in 1964, it became an architectural magazine of international standing. Issue number 4, which was all space-comic with a Pop-up Zoom-city

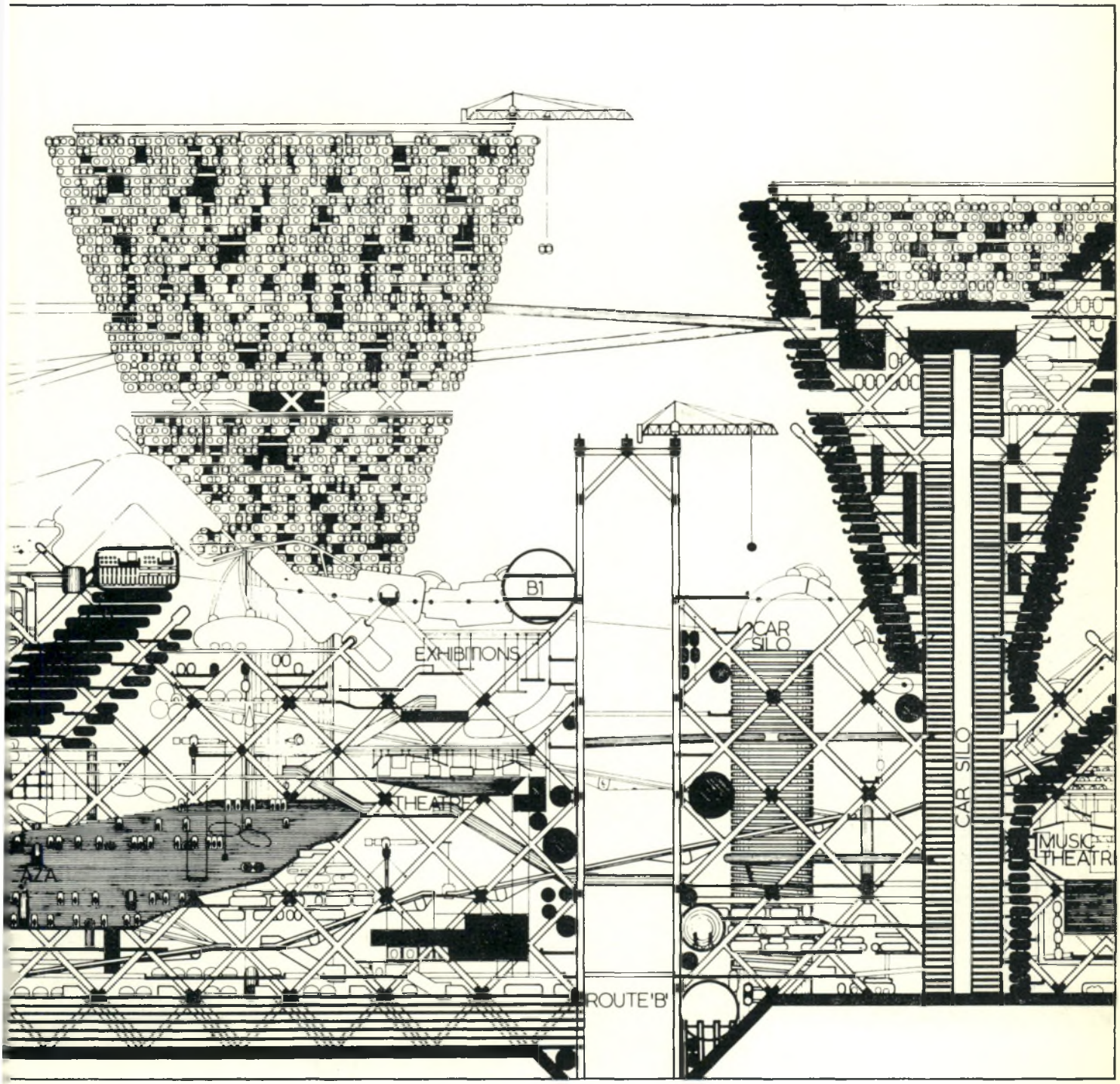


in its center spread, was taken up and quoted all over the world from Architectural Forum to Architecture d'Aujourd'hui, and Peter Cook, the editor, has had requests for the next issue from even further afield than that. The strength of Archigram's appeal stems from many things, including youthful enthusiasm in a field (city planning) which is increasingly the preserve of middle-aged caution. But chiefly it offers an image-starved world a new vision of the city of the future, a city of components on racks, components in stacks, components plugged into networks and grids, a city of components being swung into place by cranes.

They make no bones about being in the image business—like the rest of us they urgently need to know what the city of the future is going to look like, because one of the most frustrating things to the arty old Adam in most of us is that the wonders of technology have a habit of going invisible on us. It is no use cyberneticists and Organization-and-Research men telling us that a computerized city might look like anything or nothing: most of us want it to look like something; we don't want form to follow function into oblivion.

Archigram's visions of Zoom City, Computer City, Off-the-Peg City, Com-

*This "maximum pressure" area of Plug-In City corresponds roughly to the downtown area of a conventional centralized city (detailed by Peter Cook). In this case, however, the area can expand laterally along the lines between Route A and Route B. Note also the main trunk arteries A2 and B1 suspended high up in the structural lattice.*



pletely Expendable City and Plug-In City, may evoke yawns of impatience from the expert servants of the silent servitors mentioned above, but practically everyone concerned with architecture as constructed form (including plastics engineers) over-responds to the plug-in vision. They may reject it or accept it, but Archigram's kit of interchangeable living cells and support-structures seems to be the first effective image of the architecture of technology since Buckminster Fuller's Geodesic domes first captivated the world fifteen years ago. The difference from Fuller hardly needs to be rubbed in, except to hope that the opposite mistake in understanding will not be made. Buckminster Fuller offered (and still offers) a manner of thinking radically about the control of the environment, but the architectural profession ran off with the pretty bubble that housed the environment and soon got bored playing with it. A lot of technicians are going to pooh-pooh Plug-In City's technological improbabilities and brush it off as a kookie teen-age Pop Art frivolity, and in the process the formal lessons of the Plug-In City might be missed.

Put as tersely as possible, those lessons say this: a Plug-In City must look like a Plug-In City. If people are to enjoy manipulating this kind of adaptable mechanical environment (and if they don't enjoy it, we have gained nothing over previous environments) then they will have to be able to recognize its parts and functions, so that they can understand what it is doing to them, and what they are doing to it. And many of the future environments of man on this crowded little planet are probably going to be quite as highly mechanized as Archigram's Plug-In metropolis.

Acknowledgements

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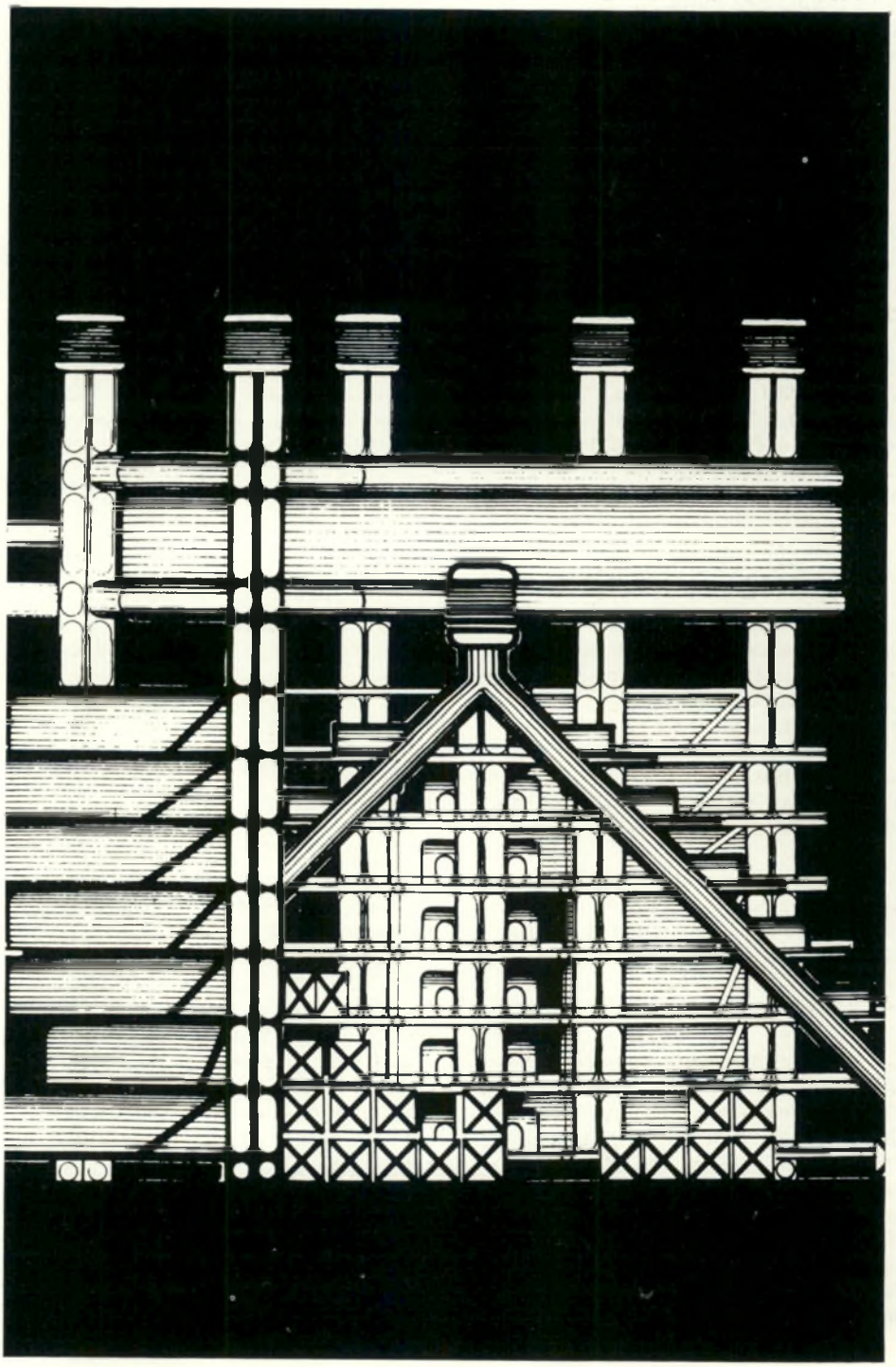


*Plug-In University Node: Peter Cook's application of plug-in methods to the design of what is currently Britain's most compulsive building-type. These, however, with their information-silos suspended at the top of their structural pylons and teaching spaces clustered underneath, clearly escape Cedric Price's stricture on most recent British University architecture — "just the Middle Ages with 13-amp power-points." Above all, this non-monumental solution is adaptable to changing university needs.*

# L'aliénation dans la cité

de Jaques Simard

Il se trouve des mots qui, tels un vaisseau-fantôme, passent sur la mer des idées, vagues et obscurs; à un moment donné, ils font escale et demandent à être reconnus. Autour d'eux se groupent des définitions venues d'un peu partout; elles se reconnaissent entre elles et collent sur une réalité.

Aliénation est un de ces mots mal définis, flottants; du latin "alienus" qui veut dire "étranger", on le retrouve dans le mot anglais "alien", mais en français il s'est éloigné de ce sens primitif. Hegel, puis Marx l'ont utilisé. Le premier pour montrer que l'homme se grandit au-dessus des ruines qu'il rejette, qu'il aliène; le second, pour tenter de prouver que l'homme est diminué, aliéné par le travail qu'on lui impose.

Il a fallu notre temps pour inverser le concept d'Hegel et montrer que notre civilisation dérobe à l'homme ses valeurs humaines, aliène sa personne dans un désordre profond des valeurs de l'esprit; et l'on peut se demander, non sans angoisse, si la civilisation que nous vivons avance ou recule.

La civilisation a un lointain départ et s'avance sur un long chemin, accélérant sans cesse sa course.

Il n'y a pas si longtemps que les savants plaçaient l'origine d'Homo Faber à quelque 100,000 ans dans le temps et selon le mot: "l'histoire commence à Sumer", la chronologie historique n'a pas 5,000 ans,

Or, les fouilles de Leaky dans les ravins d'Olduvai (National Geographic, sept. 1960) et les travaux de quelques anthropologues reculent l'apparition de l'homme de plus de 15,000,000 d'années.

Notre temps "post"-moderne ne représente donc qu'une minute de la totalité de ce temps. Mais alors, quelle accélération.

On s'imagine une immense vague en mouvement, s'apprêtant à déferler en ruinant tout sur son passage. Pensons seulement à ce que signifie la présence actuelle, vivante et active de 90% des savants que notre monde connaît depuis Galilée (début XVIe s.) (Time Magazine, 2 janvier 1961).

La Cité

Or, l'histoire nous apprend que la civilisation, "civis", démarre du moment que l'homme primitif apprend à vivre en société, se donnant graduellement et lentement des règles, puis des lois qui le forcent à subordonner ses droits, sa liberté, au bien commun. C'est la Cité dans l'abstrait.

C'est dans la Cité que l'homme progresse, se civilise et s'humanise dans le sens d'un progrès intégral de sa personne. La Cité est un carrefour où les idées, les cultures se rencontrent, d'où l'innovateur surgit et où se développent les arts et les sciences dans une accélération explosive de l'esprit, constat de base de la philosophie de Teilhard de Chardin.

La ville

Mais la Cité est aussi la ville, milieu écologique où naît, vit et meurt la majorité de l'espèce humaine; malgré une faculté d'adaptation infiniment plus grande que celle d'aucune espèce animale, grâce à sa capacité de créer ou de changer le milieu selon ses besoins, l'espèce humaine n'est pas moins tributaire de ce milieu, conséquence d'une urbanisation accélérée de la population.

C'est ainsi qu'au Canada, la population était rurale à 77% en 1871; aujourd'hui (1961), 74% des habitants sont des citadins.

Il serait intéressant de pouvoir conclure que, si autrefois la ville était l'expression de la culture d'une élite, la ville démocratique d'aujourd'hui est le produit d'une civilisation trouvant son consensus dans le peuple.

Or, il n'en est rien; et c'est ici que se situe l'aliénation du citoyen, étranger comme personne humaine dans son propre milieu.

L'aliénation

De toutes les causes d'aliénation, la plus stupéfiante est sans doute celle qui nous vaut nos progrès fulgurants et qui aurait dû faire avancer notre civilisation urbaine dans la voie des valeurs de l'esprit.

En effet, notre temps nous apporte des savants d'une variété et d'une quantité inconnues jusqu'ici. Mais qu'ont-ils à offrir à notre civilisation?

"La vérité humaine n'appartient pas à la science, mais à la sagesse. L'humanité occidentale n'a plus aucune théorie sur le sens de la vie. Notre connaissance scientifique double tous les dix ans, mais notre ignorance philosophique s'accroît d'autant. Nous ne sommes plus curieux de l'homme. La vie de l'esprit n'intéresse plus que les esthètes. La vie de la science devient une fin. Notre civilisation est monstrueuse parce que nous ne savons pas ce que nous devons faire de notre puissance; nous avons besoin d'une philosophie." (Oppenheimer, Culture, juin 1959).

Et John Kenneth Galbraith (Gazette, 6 déc. 1966) nous avertit que "l'éducation actuelle fortement spécialisée, peut engendrer une race d'hommes capables de comprendre à peine plus qu'un plan ou une ordinatrice . . . Une éducation étroite et dirigée en ligne droite vers les spécialités peut créer des hommes efficaces en télémétrie et en communication dans l'espace, mais incapables de comprendre quoi que ce soit si ce n'est dans les limites bornées de leur champ d'expérience".

Or, il n'y a pas si longtemps, le progrès de la connaissance avançait au temps de l'homme; en effet, le savant, même spécialisé, apprêtait son labeur en fonction de l'humanité et ses connaissances étaient assimilées par la culture d'une élite pour ensuite se déployer dans la civilisation.

Mais les savants d'aujourd'hui, enserrés étroitement dans leur sphère d'action, ne peuvent que faire monter leur connaissance en pointe dans un éclectisme raréfié.

Il en résulte sur le plan de la connaissance, un essoufflement de l'esprit incapable d'absorber la multiplicité, la complexité, l'incohérence de cette culture insolite, et une incapacité de valoriser l'innovation qui se présente de partout.

La collectivité, dépassée par une science qui l'ignore se sent aliénée; elle cherche malgré tout à faire le point, piétine, s'angoisse.

Il est vrai que cette aliénation n'est pas causée directement par la ville; mais elle fait partie de son climat. Plus spécifique est l'aliénation provoquée par l'organisation de la ville.

On a beaucoup écrit récemment sur l'"Orgman", l'homme structuré, organisé. Il faut bien admettre que ces structures, cette organisation sont essentielles à la vie même de la ville; elles sont la conséquence, poussée au bout de la logique, de la vie de l'homme en société.

En ce faisant, toutefois, on se trouve à brimer de plus en plus la liberté de l'individu, par définition unique et par conséquent infiniment divers; si bien quê, dans la ville, le citoyen se voit amené à enfreindre les règlements, les lois, (pensez seulement aux tentations provoquées par les feux de circulation) s'il veut se refaire une liberté de choisir, s'il sent le besoin de reconquérir sa fierté d'homme. Et c'est ainsi que l'on devient en esprit braconnier dans la ville!

Que ce soit entre les mains du bureaucrate ou du technocrate qui le considère comme un chiffre, et binaire s.v.p., ou encore entre les engrenages des sociétés, corporations, cartels, etc., qui le font vivre parce qu'il est consommateur, le citoyen ne peut échapper à la banalité, à l'esclavage de l'organisation; il est colonisé; il est aliéné.

Plus près de la responsabilité de l'urbaniste et de l'architecte, se manifeste l'aliénation du citoyen par le trisdimensionnel de sa ville.

La forme, la densité, la variété procèdent d'un choix de valeurs qui n'ont pas seulement comme fonction d'abriter le citoyen et de lui permettre de circuler; une ambiance où la personne humaine doit vivre et se développer, un habitat doivent être créés.

Or, la ville nous offre un milieu où trône la géométrie, où le bélier mécanique a géométrisé les contours du sol, où la ligne droite règne en maîtresse, suprêmes manifestations de la logique à l'intérieur d'un système incomplet.

On a beau vanter l'adaptabilité de l'homme, il ne saurait subsister que de ce qu'il fabrique; quelque part, liées intimement à son tissu physique et à son esprit, il lui faut des racines dans la nature et dans le vrai.

Or, on n'a qu'à considérer certains éléments essentiels à la vie, comme l'air et l'eau, pour constater combien la ville a pu les avilir et les corrompre; non moins importants dans la dépravation du milieu écologique, sont le redressement des formes de la terre, la plantation rectiligne d'arbres continuellement remplacés qui vivotent au jour le jour, puis meurent empoisonnés, le dessin de parcs publics où la verdure et les fleurs répètent les lignes stériles de l'architecture.

En somme, un milieu totalement artificiel pour le citoyen qui doit s'y adapter; il n'y trouve plus de points de repère; il cesse en conséquence de distinguer entre l'original et l'imitation, puis graduellement entre le vrai et le faux; entre le beau et le laid; entre le bon et le mauvais; entre le bien et le mal. Peut-on imaginer pire aliénation?

Un personnage d'Amsterdam (Gazette, 8 déc. 1966) remarque que la jeunesse repousse violemment les règles essentielles à la vie en commun; les jeunes sont prêts à tout faire contre les usages, parce qu'ils ne croient plus à la culture contemporaine.

L'aliénation probablement la plus dangereuse pour le citoyen dans la ville est celle qui ne s'impose pas par la force des règlements et des lois, parce qu'alors le citoyen consent ou se révolte, mais celle qui, s'insinuant par la mystification, lui fait accepter l'exploitation sans qu'il ne s'en rende compte, et souffrir sans qu'il ne sache pourquoi.

Dans notre société de surproduction et de surabondance (dans la prochaine décade 2% de la population produira 98% de ce qu'elle consommera, dixit Rand Corporation), le consommateur devient l'esclave d'une fabrication techniquement illimitée.

Il s'ensuit qu'il faut faire consommer et les moyens que le "human engineering" et la publicité prendront, assimilent l'homme au chien de Pavlov qui, bien conditionné, salive d'anticipation à un signal donné.

Mais le consommateur dont on a faussé le critère des valeurs, est mystifié par la satisfaction momentanée d'un produit dont le besoin est artificiel. Sans qu'il ne s'en rende bien compte, on lui a volé quelque chose; il est exploité; mais toujours relancé, il continue à s'épuiser à la chasse de fausses valeurs.

On pourrait en écrire long au chapitre de l'aliénation: comment la charité-amour est remplacée dans la ville par des institutions impersonnelles savamment organisées; comment le travail est devenu parcellaire et anonyme; comment les loisirs qu'on imagine intimement liés à la personne, sont en voie d'organisation.

Berque, Ionesco, Beckett, Camus, Kafka, le "Alphaville" de Godard, etc., les peintres et sculpteurs dont l'hermétisme prouve à la vue notre aliénation, tous les arts nous en parlent.

De plus en plus le citoyen est dégradé au niveau d'une fonction de la société; il est étouffé par la masse et sous les contrôles nécessaires; mutation de l'espèce plus grave que celle émanant des résidus atomiques.

Nabokov dans "Bend Sinister", nous décrit le citoyen: "People who are, because they do not think, thus refuting Descartes".

A quoi bon ressasser ces idées bien connues des uns, inquiétantes pour d'autres mais toutes faciles à balayer avec un "bon sens" pratique, un bon travail dans le concret?

Il s'agit ici du respect de l'homme; faire passer en avant les besoins d'ordre pratique de la ville, oubliant à notre aise que l'homme est aussi et surtout esprit, c'est un peu comme si on voulait abolir la peine de mort en n'utilisant que des statistiques, alors qu'il s'agit du respect de la vie.

On peut déjà discerner les symptômes d'une révolte du "colonisé", du sujet de l'aliénation. Sur le plan mondial, la prolifération des nations indépendantes, grandes et petites, aux Nations Unies, le soulèvement des noirs aux Etats-Unis et plus près de nous, la révolution tranquille du Québec montrent la voie au consommateur et à toutes sortes de dissidents dans la cité. Les protestations sont encore surtout

verbales, mais quand se manifesteront-elles dans la rue?

Dans la résignation la personne meurt.

"L'esclavage et la rébellion sont toujours corrélatifs et l'on ne saurait séparer l'un de l'autre". (C. G. Jung, "Présent et avenir").

Conclusion

Deux choses sont possibles et nécessaires dans la ville. Il faut un critère et des valeurs; il faut réintégrer l'homme dans le contexte naturel et dans le contexte de la civilisation.

Pour ramener le citadin à se retremper dans une nature qui lui est fondamentale, qui est à la base de son évolution et d'où il peut tirer des critères que son industrie n'a pas faussés, il faut qu'il ait accès dans sa ville, là où il vit, à de grands parcs, bois ou forêts aménagés où il peut se trouver seul, loin du bruit et du mouvement.

De toutes nos grandes villes, seule peut-être Vancouver en est adéquatement pourvue; une comparaison avec les principales villes américaines et européennes nous montre que notre pays est fort économe de ces grands parcs dans, ou dans sa périphérie.

Voici des chiffres:

Autour de Paris, dans un rayon de 15-20 milles du centre, on touche à 102,710 acres de bois et forêts aménagés, dont:

| | |
|---|---|
| le bois de Boulogne | 2,160 acres |
| le bois de Vincennes | 2,320 acres |
| à Londres: | |
| Hyde Park, Kew Garden | 1,047 acres |
| à Vienne: | |
| le Prater | 2,500 acres |
| à Vancouver: | |
| Stanley Park | 1,000 acres |
| à Détroit: | |
| Belle Isle Park | 1,000 acres |
| à San Francisco: | |
| Golden Gate | 1,017 acres |
| à St-Louis: | |
| Forest Park | 1,380 acres |
| à Philadelphie: | |
| Fairmount Park | 2,800 acres |
| à Los Angeles: | |
| Griffith Park | 4,253 acres |
| à Cleveland: | |
| Park System | 14,000 acres |
| à Chicago: | |
| Forest Preserve | 40,000 acres |
| à Montréal: | |
| le Mont-Royal | 494 acres |

Un autre parc d'Olmstead, le Central Park, qui n'est pas un bois aménagé, a tout de même 840 acres.

Or, les besoins ne seront jamais moins grands. "Deux fois plus d'habitants, multiplié par deux fois plus de loisirs, multiplié par deux fois plus de mobilité signifie au moins huit fois plus de besoins pour les grands espaces." (Hans Blumenfeld).

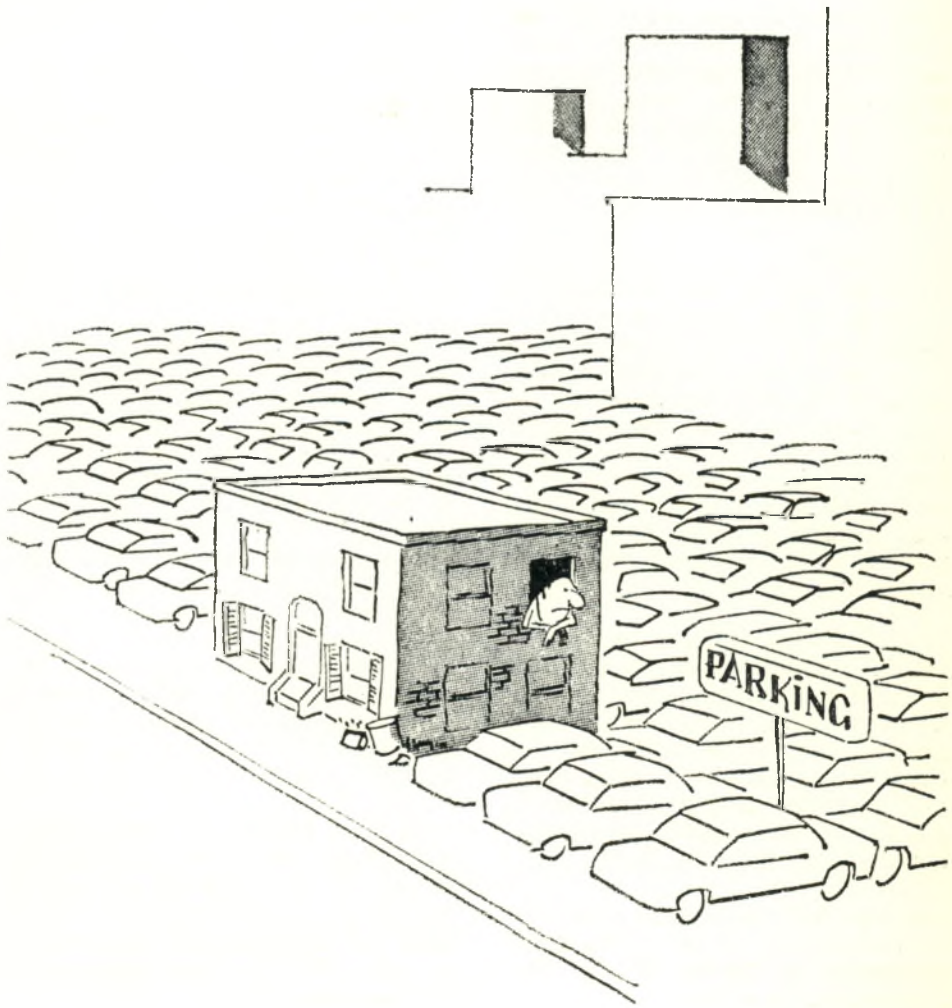
La nature a été stérilisée, banalisée, exilée, appauvrie par la technique; le citoyen doit la retrouver authentique et à sa portée.

Dans la sphère des valeurs, il faut aussi que le citoyen, aliéné par la technique et la science moderne, soit réintégré dans le contexte de la civilisation dont il est l'héritier. Les Musées, les Centres d'Arts jouent ici le grande rôle. Encore faut-il qu'ils soient accessibles à la masse des citoyens. Or, ici il y a beaucoup à faire, car trop souvent ces établissements se considèrent aussi précieux que ce qu'ils cachent. Il faudra sans doute les repenser en termes de foules et les subventionner en termes d'accessibilité pour les moins fortunés.

L'appartenance, la participation à la grandeur d'une civilisation sont destructrices de l'aliénation dans la ville.

Ces opérations quasi thérapeutiques sont pressantes. Ainsi, quand le Montréalais se sera familiarisé avec ses tours et ses souterrains, peut-être se demandera-t-il où est passé sa montagne, où est passé son fleuve?

*Moi qui n'ai jamais pu me payer une auto...*



# The city as an information-processing-machine

by Arnold Rockman

Charles Babbage's "analytical engine", the ancestor of the modern electronic computer was, quite literally, a "machine". It used cogs, gears, pulleys, ratchets, cams and punched cards — and contained a "store" and a "mill". Perhaps Babbage's terms were not chance, poetic metaphor but the result of using punched cards like those used by Jacquard in his textile loom, the machine around which mushroomed so many towns in the north of England and in New England.

Babbage, who died in 1871, thought ahead of his time since he needed electricity rather than steam to make his engine work both economically and to the degree of precision he desired. For this reason, late nineteenth-century social commentators did not use Babbage's machine as their model for understanding the city and society. Instead, it was Charles Darwin who gave them their master symbol. For nineteenth century sociologists such as Herbert Spencer or Emile Durkheim, the metropolis was not an "analytical engine" but an "organism" like those Darwin studied on the voyage of the Beagle to the Galapagos.

For Spencer and his disciples, the metropolitan organism was born, flourished and decayed. During its life it acquired organs embedded in a structure and even spawned progeny like Ebenezer Howard's garden cities of Letchworth and Welwyn, the ancestors of "new towns" such as Kitimat and Don Mills, or the post-war English towns of Stevenage, Harwell and Cumbernauld.

Spencer's notion of society as an organism, and of the metropolis within which it is embedded, was a useful heuristic metaphor. It helped sociologists to think in terms of anatomy and physiology — or structure and function. The metaphor also led them to identify the different parts of the metropolitan organism and to ask the basic question: what are they for? However, just as the anatomist killed his specimen and preserved it in alcohol or formaldehyde to study it at his leisure, so the sociologist and the historically oriented student of cities often "kill" their specimens under study through the use of a static model, which freezes social and cultural change by considering a complex situation seen at one given moment.

Largely for this reason, the traditional, academic approach for the study of complex social systems has not been too useful as a guide for urban change-agents — planners, real estate developers, politicians and financial agencies. The agent of city change cannot wait for the sociologist and the political scientist to collect all the information necessary as a guide to future action. The process of collection takes too long, and the information is outdated as soon as it is collected. The change-agent hears all the news about a long-dead animal.

Cities never stay still. They never did so, even before the first industrial revolution, though the rates of change were smaller than they are now. The model of a dead organism is of limited utility even for theorists, about as useful as the study of anatomy and physiology based on the dissection of cadavers has been for medicine.

## A twentieth century model

During the last two decades, a more useful model for the study of systems in rapid change has been under development. This is the cybernetic/information theory model as developed by Norbert Wiener, Claude Shannon and Warren Weaver. In its application to various arts and sciences, this model has been fused with a general systems theory worked out by Ludwig Von Bertalanffy and Anatol Rappoport.

Wiener's book "Cybernetics or Control and Communication in the Animal and the Machine" was first published in 1948 and later revised in 1961. The paper by Shannon and Weaver, "The Mathematical Theory of Communication", first appeared in 1949. The influence of these two works has been important in many different fields. It seems likely that during the next half-century scientists and social scientists will agree they laid the foundations for a new way of perceiving the world. We are possibly in the midst of a scientific revolution as important as those triggered by Newton, Copernicus, Marx, Einstein and Freud.

Already some of the jargon of cybernetics and information theory has passed into the language as popular metaphor. Such words as feedback, message, redundancy, noise, signal and channel are good examples.

The implications of cybernetic/information theory models are these: we can ignore the usual distinctions between animals, men, machines, organizations, cities and social systems and regard them all as different kinds of self-organizing machines. By this we mean that all complex systems are composed of a number of parts which are so related that a change in one part of the system will lead to changes throughout the system. Unlike the machines of classical mechanics in which energy is transferred from one part to the next, these "machines" are involved with the transfer of patterns of information and incorporate controlling devices to ensure that the patterns are transmitted with minimum distortion.

Information in this context is used in a special sense which has little to do with meaning. "Two messages, one heavily loaded with meaning and the other pure nonsense, can be equivalent as regards information."[6] This is because any message is regarded as a selection of predictable elements from

a conventional code which has rules to describe which element may follow what. The amount of information in any message is a measure of unexpectedness, or variety. The more unexpected the sequence of terms in the message, the lower the redundancy.

It may be thought that one could invent messages with no redundant elements whatsoever. This is probably true, but unfortunately if such a message is sent from one part of a system to another it will probably not be sent correctly, or it will be misunderstood by the receiver, due to the noise present in every channel. As examples of these principles, we can consider punctuation and spacing rules in English orthography.To signal the end of a sentence, we use a period, a space and an initial capital letter for the first word of the new sentence. If we try to eliminate the redundant elements, we shall find that the probability of confusion is made greater. Another example may be drawn from the form of buildings in the modern city. In their desire to strip buildings down to what they consider the bare essentials for enclosing space, contemporary architects often ignore the "readability" elements in a building. They not only often understate the main entrance so that it becomes hard to find, but they also neglect the expressive code-elements in a building's form which used to tell us whether the structure was a hospital, an office building, a school or a jail. Revell's Toronto City Hall is successful largely because the architect was keenly aware of the expressive symbolic elements in urban form.

The information model which we are using in this article may be put in the form of the diagram.

Those parts of the diagram shown in solid lines constitute the model developed to solve the problems of message transmission over telephone networks. The notion of feedback introduced the idea of control from Wiener's cybernetic theory.

The solid line diagram describes a situation in which messages all flow one way, in which the system is controlled by the sender of the message. Such a model might be useful for real machines, or for completely hierarchical and totalitarian systems (such as the medieval city, the nineteenth century capitalist factory system or the Stalinist bureaucracy), though there is a great deal of evidence that no total dictator is completely unresponsive to messages flowing up to him from the bottom of the hierarchy. In other words, the controller and the controlled are coupled in a kind of symbiotic relation, symbolized by the dashed feedback line.

Wiener's original work was with automatic machines during World War II. These machines could follow the path of an enemy aircraft, relay the information to a gun controller whose movements were automatically corrected by the continuous signal-flow to allow the bullet and the aircraft to reach the same point in space and time. The gun and the radar set were part of the same system. The messages coming from the radar set were translated into gun movements. In the same way, Wiener has argued, there is a continuous interplay between messages circulating in the nervous systems of animals and men and the movements made by muscles in performing some task, whether it be bicycle-riding, walking or conveying food to the mouth.

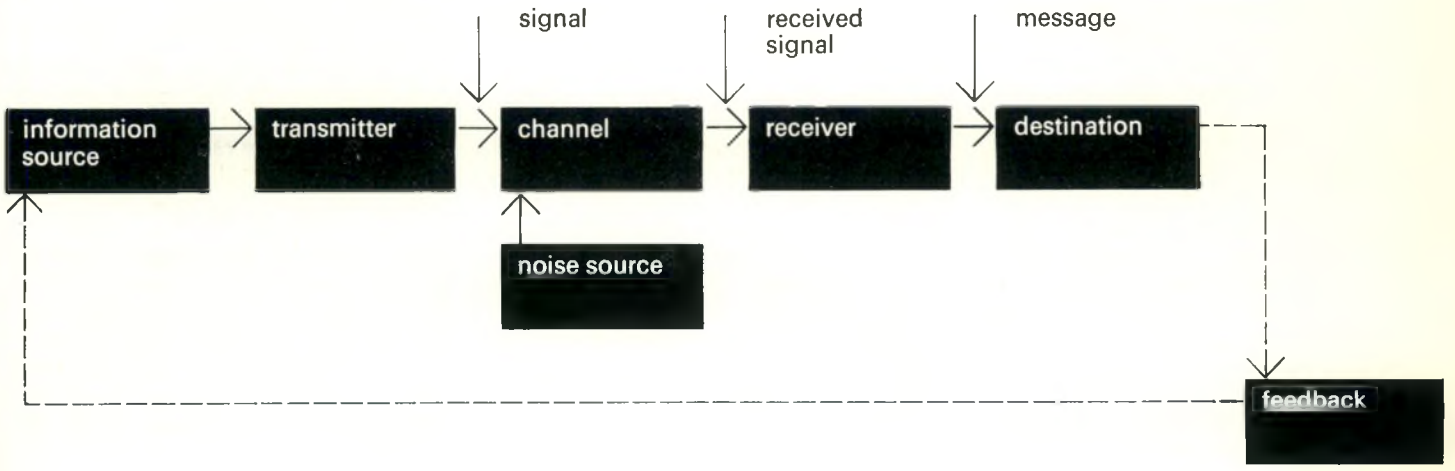
This notion of a cybernetically-controlled information network may conveniently be extended to the study of cities. Through its use, it might be possible to predict the nature of changes likely to occur in the urban system, provided we bear in mind that cities are open systems and are continuously processing information flowing into and through them as well as exchanging information with other systems which both overlap and contain them.

From the viewpoint of the ordinary city dweller, the information in the urban system is of several kinds:

a) political decisions made by city, province and nation;
b) the different kinds of people who move into a neighborhood from somewhere else in the city, or from some other city in Canada, or from some other country. (Admittedly it is strange to regard people as information rather than as sources of information and energy. However, we are for the moment considering all possible signs which may be seen as elements in a symbolic code, and we are ignoring the distinction between material and non-material signs.)
c) advertising messages transmitted by newspaper, television, radio, billboards, electric signs and handbills;
d) personal communication face-to-face and by telephone and mail;
e) transportation flows by car, subway, train, airplane, boat, bus and on foot;
f) expressive communication "transmitted" by the form and structure of buildings, block layout, streets, highways and shop windows — and their pattern and texture (all the elements which Kevin Lynch called "imageability").

I have probably not exhausted the different kinds of messages flowing through the urban system, nor is this classification necessarily the best one. However it does have the virtue of calling attention to some of the different parts of the urban system. It also allows us to ask how messages circulating in one of these sub-systems are likely to affect other parts of the whole system.

I shall use the image of the city as an information-processing machine in three ways:



a) as an heuristic device, or elaborate, suggestive metaphor;
b) as a proposed guide for research into rapidly accelerating change-processes, many of which may conveniently be regarded as changed in message-transmission rates and in the structure and function of information networks;
c) as a remedy for disturbed functioning in the city through the suggestion of a new kind of institute which could bring the whole population of the city into closer contact with those who guide the direction of urban growth.

The heuristic metaphor

The information-processing-machine model of the city is extremely useful since it almost forces us to ask the basic general question about all urban processes: who sends what message in what code over which channel to whom and with what effect?

This is the question faced by all change-agents who use the city as their scene for action. When compared with a Renaissance European city or, indeed, any pre-industrial city, the modern North American city may appear to lack all clear definition and focus. It may seem like a system run out of control in which change takes place without any rationale. I do not think this is true at all. What has happened is that many more messages of more different kinds are flowing through the "channels" of the urban system than ever flowed through the Rennaissance urban system. However, politicians, planners and architects still work with system ideas appropriate to the pre-industrial city, in which information-transmission rates were largely governed by the speed of a galloping horse and in which hierarchically controlled message-networks were the norm.

Today, many of the messages flow through the city at the speed of light and hierarchical patterns of organization seem like a worn out tradition, precisely because those organizational modes were never designed to process or control so much information. To protect themselves from "information overload", many of the city's change-agents instead of altering their structure to cope with changed circumstances, merely make their organization larger or else they completely ignore information circulating in channels different from those to which they are traditionally tuned.

Wherever we look today, even if we are city specialists, we find it extremely difficult to understand the form and structure of the metropolitan system. We also find little agreement on what is changing, how it is changing and in what direction it ought to change. To compound the confusion, the ordinary citizen nowhere has access to intelligent discussion of the city in any medium, either inside or outside the formal educational system. If he decides to drop out from participation in the ongoing political process to cultivate his own garden, who can blame him? If he listens to discussions in city councils, he cannot help coming to the conclusion that city leaders are feudal chieftains intent on protecting their fiefs (whether they are called Etobicoke, Lachine or Burnaby) against the overlordship of city, county, province or Federal Government. To compound the confusion still further, the boundaries of these fiefs in no way whatsoever correspond with the different areas of the metropolitan system as perceived by most citizens.

However, by using our information-processing-machine model of the urban system, which ignores outdated, traditional boundaries just as the telephone system does, we acquire a framework for asking questions which are not usually asked. As an example, we might look at the expressive communication system, the messages transmitted by buildings, streets and other physical parts of the urban area. We can ask what relation exists between the stripped-down, spare quality of most twentieth century city buildings and the response on the part of the buildings' users and of those who see them as they pass by on their daily round.

Whether we consider downtown construction like Place Ville-Marie in Montreal, the Toronto-Dominion Centre in Toronto or the Seagram Building in New York — all of them regarded as models for emulation in most architectural circles — or at the miles and miles of single-family houses and apartment towers in most North American and European suburbs — about which there are mixed feelings among architects and planners — we can say that they strike us as monotonous because they ring the changes on too few code-elements. As backgrounds for urban living, such buildings are quite simply suffering from poverty of emotional expression. Our only consolation can be that in today's market situation few buildings are constructed to last longer than fifty years. Our grandchildren may not have to suffer from urban visual niggardliness.

At present, architects and planners work within self-imposed constraints, but the situation is made worse by crippling zoning laws and building codes which impose further restrictions by separating functions and channels which could be mixed and by joining channels which ought to be separated. In the typical suburb, single-family houses, apartments, shopping and light industry are all separated into different physical areas. The effect of such planning is to separate old people from young people, poor people from rich people, those with children from those without children, shopping from housing and so on. The result is environmental monotony and redundancy with hardly any room for activities unforeseen by the planners or the developers. While I would not wish to exaggerate the effects of physical environment on social behaviour, we might well ask whether it is entirely fortuitous that some of these suburbs also report higher than average juvenile delinquency rates.[7] As an example of joining channels which ought to be separated, we have only to consider the effect of expressways which isolate a housing development from a park area without providing pedestrian-access bridges to the park. The result is a joining of two incompatible systems and a needlessly high death rate on the highway.

The urban research/control machine

The previous questions and others now to be considered can only begin to be answered if we have an adequate theoretical framework within which we may pose the questions and an adequate process for collecting information to supply the basis for answers.

Questions about expressive communication systems are difficult to answer because we do not yet know how much each of the physical message-units or code-elements that make up the urban physical system might be "worth." We face few such difficulties when we consider the relations between other message systems in the metropolis.

For example, what is the relation between expansion of the telephone system and the transportation system? Does an increase in the availability of uniform telephone rates over an urban area act as a stimulant to transportation or as a depressant? What is the effect of direct-distance dialling on inter-city transportation? In asking such questions we assume that the different message systems within the urban system are probably interdependent subsystems. If we were to increase our knowledge of these interrelations, we might consciously influence the growth of different parts of the city by control-

ling the "mix" among different media of communication.

We should like to know the relation between the quantity and direction of advertising messages, the growth of shopping centres on the urban fringe, and the expansion of the highway network. When seen in these terms, we would find out the impact of say, the widening of Highway 401 (the Macdonald-Cartier Freeway) on the Yorkdale Shopping Plaza.

To answer these and similar questions we need continuous monitoring of information-flows like the traffic computers now in use in Hamburg, Toronto and Barcelona. The Federal Government requires citizens to answer basic questions for compiling the census. In a similar manner, legislation might be passed to allow governmental bodies to collect continuous information about the interaction of urban message-networks. Much of this information could be collected automatically through sensing devices placed in strategic locations — in post offices, airports, major highway intersections, telephone exchanges, shopping centres, stock exchanges, railroad and subway stations. The results could be displayed in graphic form on output consoles placed in convenient locations throughout the city and all connected with the central computer.

In all cases, researchers would be primarily interested in the quantity, direction and type of flow — *not* in the contents of letters and telephone calls — in order to discover how these different flows interact with each other and with other variables such as quantities of advertising messages, demolition and construction rates for buildings and highways, and total purchases at various shopping centres in the urban area.

To carry out the research for its own sake would certainly add a great deal to our knowledge but we need not stop at that point. If we are interested in urban planning in the broadest sense of the term, then this message-accounting system could become the basis for making wise decisions based not on worn out concepts but on hard data collected in "real time."

A complete application of the information-processing-machine model to decision making processes carries with it frightening implications in terms of control and power. For this reason, we must include safeguards against the one-way concentration of information in the hands of specialized, professional elites — that is, if we are to preserve and extend the democratic processes. A solution for doing this and at the same time expanding the flow of information to all who live in the city might be found in some form of urban institute.

The urban institute: a new information network

At present the city appears confused, both in its form and in its administration, not only to the ordinary citizen but also to the administrator. In most cities today it is extremely difficult to acquire information (using the word in its more usual sense) about the simplest questions. Surely the city, the province, the Federal Government and private foundations might use some of their resources to explain the city to its citizens. It could also be more responsive to their rights and wishes by encouraging a flow of new ideas into the administrative system. At present, highly redundant information circulates in too few channels. The citizen feels unnecessarily remote from those whose decisions effectively dictate the quality of life that may be lived in today's metropolis.

As a remedy for alienation and apathy, one may imagine an urban institute which is the human counterpart to the proposed message-monitoring research computer. The institute is preferably located in the downtown area because this location is likely to attract the greatest variety of visitors.

The proposed institute meets several needs:

a) it is a 24-hour information centre: "where do I go to get such-and-such done — city, Metro, province, borough, county, Federal agency or some private source?" The information centre supplies the answer and in cases of extreme emergency mobilizes the necessary help;
b) it is a permanent exhibition centre. It uses all available media — print, photography, film, television, taped sound, lighting, objects — to teach people about their city and what kind of life they can live in it. As an exhibition centre, the institute not only transmits messages from the experts but also responds to ordinary people's ideas of the good life. It goes out of its way to collect these ideas (through competitions and other devices) and display them. It also collects worthwhile ideas from cities all over the world and, by demonstration brings them to the notice of local change-agents who might not otherwise hear of them.
c) it is a city "peace corps" centre. Edgar Friedenberg, Richard Needham, Paul Goodman, John Seeley, Michael Harrington and many other critics of contemporary urban life have persuasively argued that cities today encourage aimlessness and vandalism among young people who, under other conditions, are usually the most idealistic group in society. The response to the U.S. Peace Corps and to our own Company of Young Canadians has been impressive. But charity may begin at home, in our own cities, and the volunteers for city projects need not be drawn only from the middle class. The urban institute could use youth leadership to organize those who feel powerless against inhuman, bureaucratic planning decisions which result in social dislocation and inadequate financial compensation;
d) it is a seminar centre. It invites leading urban change-agents from around the world to discuss in public particularly pressing issues affecting cities now. More frequent seminars are also offered, using local resources, in order to develop a more informed citizenry at all levels of the population;
e) it is a publication centre. In addition to publishing its own materials in a variety of media, it distributes publications now being produced by hundreds of governmental departments and private organizations which few people hear about or see;
f) finally, it is a city archive. It preserves and displays the valuable material on changing city form which regularly gets destroyed — the countless detailed models of buildings, blocks, highways, bridges and tunnels which are normally produced as different parts of the city are developed. It commissions regular photographic records of city areas in transition. Such material would in a few years become an invaluable record of our changing ideas about urban form and life.

The technology implied in an urban institute and an information-processing-machine is a far cry from the pulleys and ratchets of Babbage's engine. But the spirit, the essential purpose remains the same.

Today we have resources, knowledge and power in a measure Babbage never dreamed of — whether we use it to better our cities and our understanding of ourselves is another matter.[8]

# Toronto through the looking glass

by Alex L. Murray

No one is very pleased with the progress of the North American city today. Everywhere, experts on "The City" exchange gloomy predictions about how too much of everything is steadily taking the urbanity out of our urban areas. Many of the mass circulation magazines have recently looked at our cities. On television and radio there are frequent discussions on how our cities do and do not work. Recently published books on urban problems suggest the mood of most of these commentators: "The Exploding Metropolis"; "Crisis of the Cities"; "The Poisons of Air Pollution"; "The Inhumanity of Urban Renewal"; "The Life and Death of Great American Cities"; "Twilight of the Cities".

This concern for our cities stems from distortions and inbalances which affect every area of human life — psychological, physiological, social, economic and political. All of these conditions interact to produce the visible environment of the city. We cannot escape this. So we are forced to ask ourselves; why do our cities look so awful? In the urban beauty contest, when compared with those of past eras, we must also ask ourselves; why is it twentieth century cities never win a prize? Just compare Guelph with Siena, Toronto with Rome, Hamilton with Florence Wetaskawin with Carcassone. We have ten times the technical resources of the Ancient Greeks, Medieval Italians or Renaissance Dutch. Yet with these resources, with this great energy we have created cities from which beauty and delight seem to have been deliberately banished. It is true that sometimes, when the light is right, there is a little haze in the air and we are far enough away, a modern city like New York or Regina can for a moment become a pale reflection of what could have been. Or perhaps, at night, the shimmering forms of Toronto from across the bay, Edmonton from across

the river or Montreal from the top of Mount Royal can infuse today's urbanist with a momentary hope for the cities of his century. But what a commentary upon our cities — that to look their best they must be seen from afar or at night. When we look more closely at ground level, except for small bits of urbitecture and a few individual buildings, the twentieth century city is depressingly ugly.

One reason for this ugliness is that for the past 150 years most of the great technological and design advances which affect cities have either been underground or are fundamentally ugly: piped gas and water, sewers, sodium lighting, subways, elevated railroads, modular monotony, marshaling yards, telephone poles, overhead wires, parking lots and sheer massiveness. Although some of these represent important gains in comfort and sanitation, they have contributed little of beauty or even simple attractiveness. Anything attractive about our cities is largely a residue from their pre-industrial inheritance.

What we find most appealing about pre-industrial cities is their visual cohesiveness, their sense of order, their almost organic appropriateness of parts. The hill towns of medieval Italy and Germany, the brave cities of seventeenth century Holland and the baroque capitals of France and Italy, all display this quality despite their differences in size and physical organization. They all had one thing in common. In each there was created, during crucial periods of development, a consensus among the citizenry as to what should be done next with their changing city. The reasons for the consensus were in various combinations and varied widely from city to city; the fiats of a feared prince, the rugged topography of a hillside, the ever present threat of flooded marshes, the limitation of a primitive technology, or the common interests of a ruling oligarchy. But each of these disciplining factors created circumstances in which it became apparent to all concerned what the consensus should be. Choices and decisions were still made but they were infused with an order-producing quality which arose out of this consensus. The decision makers had an "image" of what their city could become.

The combination of the Industrial Revolution, laissez-faire economics and democracy changed all this. Mankind acquired powerful new instruments and techniques which enabled him to alter his environment dramatically. Unfortunately these new powers and energies freed him from the consensus producing disciplines which previously had shaped his urban environment. This tendency was reinforced by the widespread acceptance of laissez-faire economic doctrines: that is, somehow individual selfishness was to be transmuted into communal benefit. At just the wrong time, consensus was displaced by what turned out to be a naive belief in the "invisible hand" of the market. City design became a meaningless term as city buildings slipped into the hands of emasculated municipal authorities and single-minded businessmen.

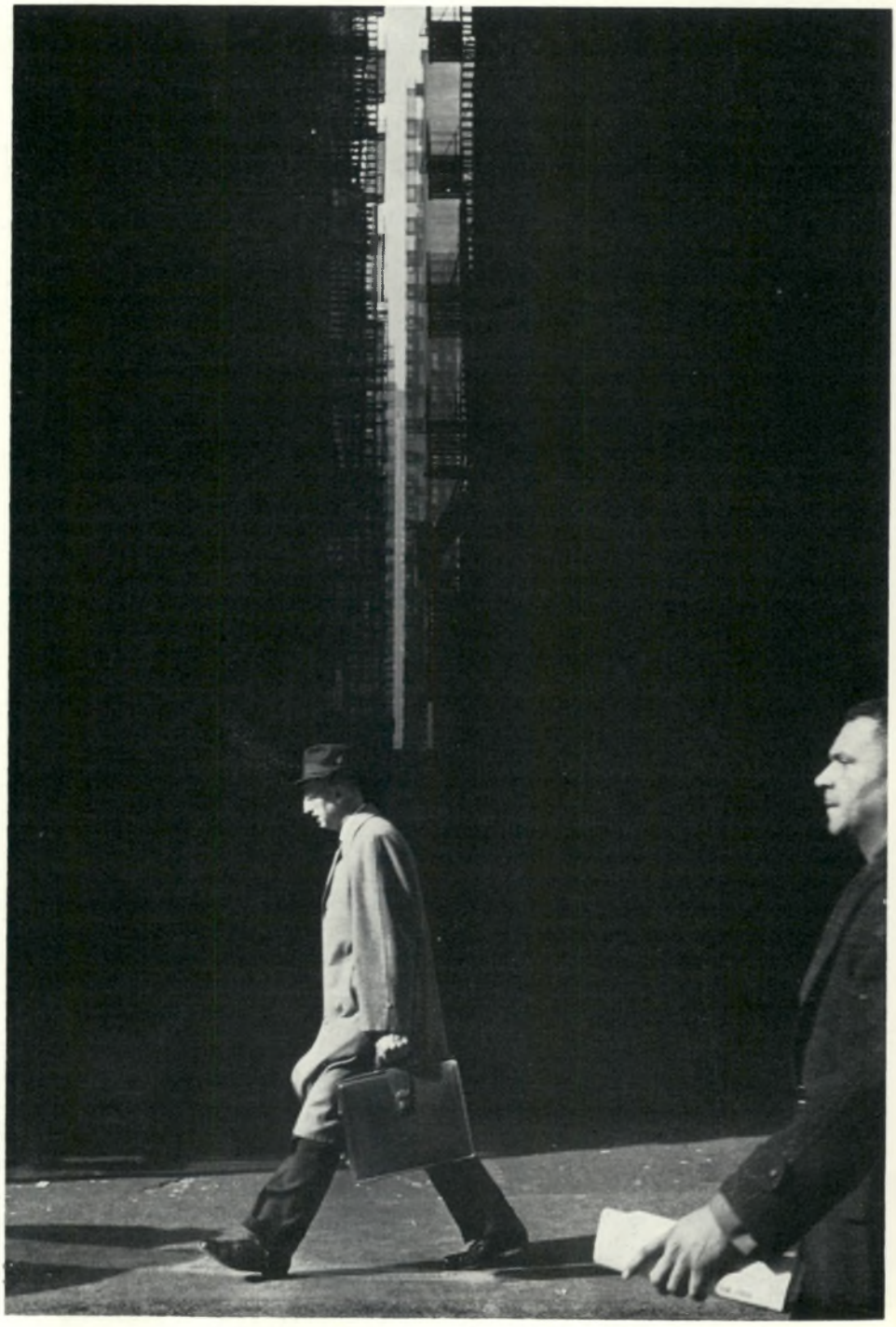
In North America, in particular, cities have been laid out for the convenience of surveyors and real estate speculators. They have been built not for people to live in but for profit. Our cities have been created by mean without any sense of what cities are for, men who lacked any historical or psychological understanding of the nature and the role of the city. At best, most of our politicians and developers large and small, have viewed the city as the maximum number of consumers brought into an optimally arranged manufacturing and marketing area. This is the extent of their image. As Edmund Bacon the great Philadelphia

planner has put it, "There is an appalling lack of image of what the American city may become".[9] Planners and large-scale decision makers in particular need this image but in a capitalist democracy so does the average man. "If American cities are to change into something worth having, there must be a clear image clearly conceived of what the city should be, and this image must be injected into and mature within the processes which actually dictate the forms the city will take. If the image is not there, or if the image exists but does not make contact with the form determining processes, the city will fail to achieve the humane character we seek for it."[10]

Many critics despair of ever doing this; of ever having an idea of how things fit together and interact in the city. The modern city, they claim, is too complex for comprehension and its form is by nature chaotic. But this is because they do not understand it. We could create an image of the city if we had a more sophisticated view of urban structure which could be communicated to and comprehended by ordinary people. As Jane Jacobs points out, to the uninitiated, an aircraft engine appears to be chaos, yet once it is comprehended as a system of order it actually looks different. The same could be true for the city. The trouble is that apart from a few feeble exceptions, such as the "Philadelphia Renaissance", the capacities of the mass media and the schools have not been used to draw together and focus our personal images of the city into a comprehensible set of mass images We sell cars, detergents and deodorants, but not cities. Yet the power to do so is there. It is nonsense to say, with a shrug of acceptance, that two million people means two million different images of the city! People are too much alike to have widely divergent reactions to their basic environment. One might say with apologies to Gertrude Stein — a pedestrian is a pedestrian is a pedestrian and a motorist is a motorist is a motorist. Within a given culture they each react in similar ways to changes in scale, rhythm, texture, and space-mass relationships.[11]

The phrase "image of the city" is not used here in Aristotle's sense of a comprehensive image encompassing the city in a single imaginary view. I use it in the sense of a participant in urban life relating himself four dimensionally to the various parts of the city in a way that is somehow deeply satisfying. It is not just a question of knowing where you are but of relating where you are to the rest of the city in a meaningful and structured way. Kevin Lynch in his "The Image of the City" has explored this approach more fully than anyone else. While conceding that "environmental images are the result of a two-way process between the observer and his environment".[12] he emphasizes the quality of imageability which that environment must objectively possess. He says, "A highly imageable . . . city in this peculiar sense would seem well formed, distinct, remarkable; it would invite the eye and the ear to greater attention and participation. The sensuous grasp upon such surroundings would not merely be simplified but also extended and deepened. Such a city would be one that could be comprehended over time as a pattern of high continuity with many distinctive parts clearly interconnected."[13]

A tension between "distinctive parts" and "continuity" is the controlling theme of this imageability. If there is too much continuity, one has a kind of urban order but little imageability. Too much visual variety can equally prevent imageability by bombarding the observer with unrelated images he cannot digest or structure. In this age of McLuhan and Pop Art, it is easy to ignore this latter possibility of "too-muchness" of image. Just because contemporary art reflects the visual



chaos and randomness of our urban environment, we need not accept that environment as inevitable or somehow "right" any more than our awareness that "the medium is the message" compels us to ignore the content. And because the objects of mass production and instant communication are being regarded with the seriousness traditionally given to objet d'art and "Great Ideas", we must not be seduced into worshipping or accepting the mindless process which produces them. We must beware of thinking that the dynamics of mass production, mass culture and contemporary urban development should be accepted as they are and that nothing should or can be done to redirect or reshape them. Technology is still just a mindless and valueless means to chosen ends. The more complex and powerful our technological means become the more complex and significant can our goals become, but only if they are consciously chosen. We need not simply accept what is happening, to the look of our cities; we make it happen and must consciously choose what we make. For that, we need an image of the city and an understanding of what it is that visually satisfying cities have in common.

Kevin Lynch has suggested one way of understanding our reaction to cities. In his "The Image of the City" he offers a quasi-empirical system of analysis based upon five elements of the urban environment: paths, edges, districts, nodes and landmarks. It is the strength of these elements that determines the imageability of a city and Lynch is confident that they can be intensified through a conscious design procedure.[14] The validity of this imageability approach to analysis has recently been demonstrated by a series of studies

done by York University students using Lynch's methods. On the basis of a small sample, they found that for most of its residents Toronto offers little imageability except in a few places like Yorkville, Rosedale, the Beaches and perhaps the New City Hall area. This is a deficiency common to most North American cities. They do not read well and they should. The observer, whether resident or visitor should with some effort, be able to comprehend the city as a four dimensional experience of varying intensities. The environment of the city, however, should not be just well organized but should be, "poetic and symbolic as well. It should speak of the individuals and their complex society, of their aspirations and their historical tradition, of the natural setting and of the complicated functions and the movements of the city world. But clarity of structure and vividness of identity are first steps to development of strong symbols. By appearing as a remarkable and well-knit place, the city could provide a ground for the clustering and organization of these meanings and associations. Such a sense of place in itself enhances every human activity that occurs there, and encourages the deposit of a memory trace."[15]

This is why imageability is so important. It is not an effete aesthetic consideration but is in fact, closely linked to a fundamental issue posed by Frederick Gutheim: "What does the city do? That is the starting point of its design."[16]

The doing in this case must be seen in its widest possible sense, not in the limited "form follows function" way popularly understood in architecture. The special functions of the city are not just those human activities which can be plotted on a chart, for that kind of activity can be carried on anywhere. The special urban functions, performed only within the city, are those that enable men to live fuller, richer and more aware lives. It is what Aristotle meant when he wrote: "Men come together in the city to live, they remain there in order to live the good life." These specialized, intangible functions are more basic to the nature of the city than even Aristotle understood. Lewis Mumford in his "City in History" has shown that, "Two of the three original aspects of temporary settlement have to do with sacred things, not just with physical survival. They relate to a more valuable and meaningful kind of life, with a consciousness that entertains past and future. . . . As the city takes form much more will be added; but these central concerns abide as the very reason for the city's existence. . . ."[17] Throughout history the city has continued to perform this function. It has acted as a container in which all the potential of human creativity is put under pressure to produce new dimensions of human experience and achievement. The city, by its action of concentrating energy, talent and resources, extends the range of man's possibilities. The city has always been the locus and the agent of an implosion of man's creative capacities.

Thus the city has traditionally been an engine of freedom; freedom in the sense of freedom to, not freedom from. The essence of freedom from is simply the absence of coercion; the essence of freedom to is the presence of choice, liberating choice. That is really what freedom is all about: the removal of restraints leading to the opening up of a new range of possibilities. "City air makes a man free" they used to say in the Middle Ages; not just free from oppression by his lord but free to act, free to acquire new ideas and styles of life, free to choose new ways for himself. This has been the role of the city throughout history: to provide a setting in which men could choose from amongst a wider variety of goods, activities and ideas than any rural area or village could provide. The modern metropolis, different as its form may be from that of earlier cities, continues to perform this role of choice offering. It can offer a wide range of jobs, housing, entertainment, education, food, styles of life, friends and consumer products. The prospect of these choices draws people to the metropolis.

But what has all this to do with the way Toronto looks? The answer is twofold. First, our technological means are so great that there is potentially available to us a greater range of urban environments than ever before in history. Like it or not we have to choose. We can do it communally and with foresight or we can choose randomly and for the short run. But choose we must. Secondly, the form and structure of our city should reflect, both actually and symbolically, this quality of choice and diversity which is implicit in a metropolis. Just as the choices in a city should not be meaningless or unrelated neither should its parts. There should be real yet comprehensible alternatives of route, mood, taste and style.

Obviously Toronto must first offer to each of its citizens, accessibility to all its important parts. This must be done, however, without letting the means destroy the end, for as Frederick Gutheim has warned, "If we elect the domination of the route the destination itself may disapear." [18]But assuming we have solved the problem of accessibility, what should the citizen find in a truly urbane environment? There should be places of silence and places of joyous noise, places of aggressive monumentality and places of humane scale, places of architectural drama and places of grey anonymity, places of chaste elegance and places of raucous vulgarity, places of movement and places of lingering. Unfortunately, recent urban progress has not contributed to this kind of variety. It has offered instead, a choice of two styles: Twentieth Century Baroque, whose slogan is "more is better", and a simplistic Suburban Retreat. The Baroque specializes in the big scale everywhere: high buildings, wide avenues, repetitious modulars, long vistas, corporate monumentality. Witness the soaring dullness of the recent Eaton's proposal or the sterility of University Avenue, at its best only when the cheerful vulgarity of Christmas takes over. There is little room in the redeveloped Toronto for delight, for contrast, for the picturesque or a change of pace. Apparently one bad tower deserves another.

The Suburban Retreat is just that, sub-urban as in sub-human. It offers, when carried to the "too-muchness" stage, the possibility of a life, truly inferior to the city's. Although many of its inhabitants may not care, it is inherently destructive of almost all traditional urban functions and values. It is not saved by the plea, "But that is what the people want!" The suburbs do not tell us what people want any more than slums do. They tell us only what the people will accept.

The dilemma of having to choose between Twentieth Century Baroque and the Suburban Retreat is why Jane Jacob's "The Death and Life of Great American Cities" aroused so much interest and discussion. It is symptomatic of the yearning people have for variety, human scale, comprehensibility, character and individuality in their environment. One can sympathize with her appreciation of certain virtues of slum life, but her proposal to turn out cities into versions of Greenwich Village through a retreat to nineteenth century laissez-faire is simply naive. Metropolitan Toronto has had all too much of laissez-faire. It can hardly be said that we have suffered from an excess of city planning. From the mid-nineteenth century on to 1945, our civic fathers were largely passive in their attitude towards

the problems of this growing city. Until 1945, planning was almost entirely concerned with street and traffic problems. In fact, by 1947 only three of the 13 metropolitan municipalities even had planning boards and none was more than five years old.[19] We can hardly blame planning for the way most of Toronto looks today.

The problem for Toronto and other large cities is this: how to avoid, on the one hand, the chaos produced by laissez-faire and on the other, the sterilization of Twentieth Century Baroque and the Suburban Retreat? Part of the answer lies in a two pronged attack upon what is seen and how it is seen. Through political and economic processes we must continue to strive for a richer and more satisfying environment, truly reflective of the choice and diversity implicit in our society. But the town planner, the politician and the architect, like any other performer, does his best before a sophisticated and critical audience. Thus the real hope of our city is the emergence from our schools and universities of urbanists who know what cities are for, who know how to look and how to feel and who know how to get what they want.

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Hans Blumenfeld is a lecturer in Town and Regional Planning at the University of Toronto. He was born and educated in Germany and after graduation was employed there as an architect as well as in the U.S.A. and Austria. He also spent seven years as an architect and planner in the U.S.S.R. Subsequently he worked in New York as a site planner before becoming Research Director with the Philadelphia Housing Association and later a planning consultant. In 1951 he became Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Toronto Planning Board before assuming his present responsibility.

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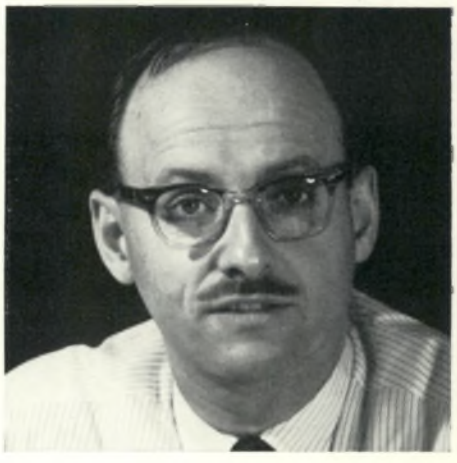

M. Guy Desbarats est doyen de l'Ecole d'Architecture de l'Université de Montréal. Il est aussi copartenaire de la firme Affleck, Desbarats, Dimakopoulos, Lebensold, Sise de Montréal.
M. Desbarats est membre du Conseil de l'Association des Architectes de la province de Québec et membre du Conseil de l'Institut Royal d'Architecture du Canada.
Avec la participation des partenaires de la firme, il a mérité entre autres le premier prix du concours pour l'Auditorium civique de Vancouver (Queen Elizabeth Theatre) ainsi que le premier prix du concours pour l'Edifice Commémoratif des pères de la Confédération.

A. J. Diamond conducts the Graduate Design Studio at the University of Toronto. He studied architecture at the University of Capetown and graduated with distinction. He obtained his M.A., from Oxford in Politics, Philosophy and Economics and his M.Arch. from the University of Pennsylvania. He is also a private practitioner and consultant in architecture and urban design. Some of his recent work includes 'Area F' undertaken for the 1967 World Exhibition; this is a series of service buildings that structure movement paths and space between pavilions and was designed in association with the architect J. Andrews.

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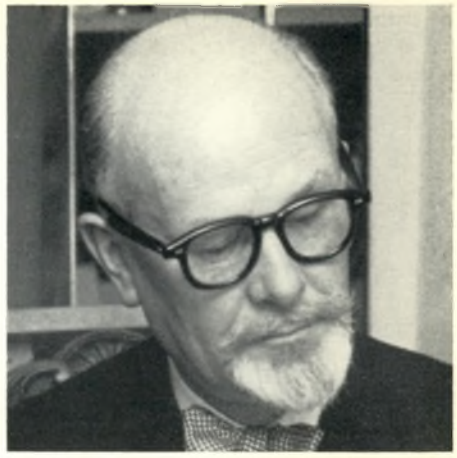

M. Jacques Simard étudia à l'école des Beaux-Arts et au Collège de Montréal, puis au Boston College où il obtint son *baccalauréat ès Arts; il est diplômé de la* Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration et de l'école d'urbanisme de l'Université McGill. Il est président de la Franco-American Chemical Co. Ltd., ancien membre du Conseil canadien de l'habitation, membre de l'Institute of Administration, de l'American Society of Planning Officials, membre associé de l'Institut d'Urbanisme du Canada, directeur de la Corporation des Urbanistes du Québec et du Conseil canadien des recherches urbaines et régionales.

Arnold Rockman is co-director of This City Now. Born in London, England, he came to Canada in 1953. He has received awards for experimental typography and his work has been published in several countries. In 1958, through a Canada Council grant, he organized an exhibition of Canadian graphic design for the International Design Conference in Aspen, Colorado. Recently he has collaborated with Morley Markson and Associates on the design of Kaleidoscope, the chemical industry's pavilion at Expo 67.

A. L. Murray teaches a course in Urban History at York University. A graduate of McMaster University, he has an M.A. from the University of London and a Ph.D. from the University of Pennsylvania. He is presently directing the organization of an inter-disciplinary, urban studies programme which will begin operation in September 1967. He was recently elected Chairman of the Toronto Branch of the Community Planning Association of Canada. Dr. Murray has had articles published in a number of Canadian and American journals and is now working on a study of Frederick Law Olmsted.

[1]The Other America, pp. 2-3
[2]The Image of a City, p. 141

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[4]Voir Canadian Architect, Sept. '66 — Ray Affleck — "A Need for More Hands", p. 45.

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[6]Warren Weaver, "The Mathematics of Communication", Scientific American, 181:11-15, 1949.
[7]See the maps in Metropolitan Profile, Research Department, Social Planning Council of Metropolitan Toronto, 1966.
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[10]The City Image, Man and the Modern City, p. 26, University of Pittsburgh, 1963.
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[12]Lynch, The Image of the City, p. 6.
[13]Ibid., p. 10.
[14]Ibid., pp. 115-117, 155-156.
[15]Ibid., p. 119.
[16]Urban Space & Urban Design, Lowden Wing., ed., Cities and Space, p. 104, Johns Hopkins Press, 1963.
[17]Lewis Mumford, The City in History, p. 9, Harcourt, Grace & World, 1961.
[18]Gutheim, op. cit. p. 108.
[19]D. Kerr and J. Spelt, The Changing Face of Toronto pp. 100-103, Queen's Printer, 1965.

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# Habitat

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## The Prime Minister's Address in Calgary

The occasions on which a Prime Minister of Canada publicly enters into a philosophical discussion about our urban environment are few. For this reason, Mr. Pearson's remarks to a Joint Service Clubs luncheon in Calgary are important, and we have reprinted a portion of them in this issue.

In his speech the Prime Minister stressed that all levels of government must work together to provide greater quality of opportunity for the good life. He noted a rising dissatisfaction among Canadians with our urban life and a growing body of opinion which felt that Federal aid, if it concentrated on the provision of housing to the exclusion of open spaces and transportation corridors, would not play its most effective role in future community development.

Mr. Pearson said more consideration must be given to the requirements of the spirit and suggested the need to encourage community units with Neighbourhood Centres to offset those pressures of size, impersonality and alienation which bring on so many social ills. "We must think", he said, "about the quality as well as the security of Canadian life".

There are many who will agree with these views and they will be heartened that the Prime Minister himself has underlined the need.

*Inside front cover: Huge log booms floating in the bay near New Westminster, B.C.*
*Photo: N.F.B.*

On March 29, 1967 the Prime Minister addressed a Joint Service Clubs luncheon at Calgary, Alberta. An excerpt from his remarks is reprinted here.

"Many of our problems will not be solved at all unless we have friendly, continuous and constructive co-operation between the two levels of government in our Confederation.

This is never easy in any federal system. Yet it is essential if Canada is to go forward because we can't survive except as a federal state.

A good example of this importance of such co-operation is in housing. This is an area of our national life in which more action must soon be taken to give Canadians that greater equality of opportunity for the good life. It is an area where the primary constitutional responsibility for action lies with the municipal and provincial governments; but where all governments must work together.

Certainly the Federal Government cannot ignore the rising dissatisfaction among Canadians with our urban environment, not only as to the availability of adequate housing for everyone — but as to the human quality of our community development.

The Federal Government can offer assistance to encourage the provinces and municipalities to cope more effectively with the problem of environmental improvement and planning.

It can also consider and it is now so considering a more effective Federal role in programs designed to reduce land costs and to bring about environmental development that includes various forms of housing, necessary supporting services and other facilities that make for rewarding existence in our Canadian neighbourhoods.

Community planning studies are an important part of any good community development program and it may be that more Federal assistance should be provided in this area.

There is also a growing body of opinion that Federal aid can no longer most effectively play its role in community development by concentrating on the provision of housing itself to the exclusion of the necessity for providing open spaces and transportation corridors in the future environmental development.

Another need of concern to governments at all levels is for non-housing construction essential to turn a residential area into a fully-serviced community — offered, along with shelter, the civilizing influence of beauty in design, facilities for recreational and cultural enjoyment and for friendly neighbourhood association.

As Canadian society becomes increasingly a metropolitan one, the beneficial social influences of the small diversified community will be lost unless more thought is given to the needs of the spirit as well as the body in our urban environment.

Surely ways can be found to encourage development of the kind of community units with Neighbourhood Centres in our growing metropolitan and other urban areas which will minimize the pressures of bigness, impersonality and alienation that encourage delinquency, mental illness and other social evils.

These Neighbourhood Centres, whether in the suburbs or in redeveloped downtown areas, would make available to residents of the surrounding area shopping, social, cultural and recreational facilities intended to be both more varied and more intellectually rewarding than those in many Canadian neighbourhoods of today.

The Neighbourhood Centre would be designed as much to serve the needs of the mind and the spirit as to provide material convenience.

Primary and secondary schools might be located there; with auditoriums designed for community concerts and plays; and with gym and other recreation facilities intended for general community use outside of regular school hours.

There, too, would be shopping markets; offices for medical, legal, government and other services; a play ground for children, a skating rink in winter, tennis courts in summer; churches; cafes; a park; a square; adequate peripheral parking space; and room for strolling and lingering, alone or with friends and neighbours and families.

The aspiration for a more civilized urban environment in Canada is surely worth pursuing as rapidly, co-operatively and realistically as possible at every level of government.

A Prime Minister of Canada cannot exercise as much direct influence, nor has he as much direct responsibility, as a Premier or a Mayor on the shape of the community in which he must live.

But even a Prime Minister should be able to dream of the kind of communities he would like to see developed, where people can live and work and play in harmony with each other and their environment.

I believe this a dream shared by many Canadians — and one that the Federal Government must do all it can to realize in the future.

We must think about the quality as well as the security of Canadian life.

And for this, Federal-Provincial co-operation in new ways and perhaps through new mechanisms is essential."

Le 29 mars 1967, le Premier Ministre a pris la parole à un déjeuner qui réunissait plusieurs clubs sociaux à Calgary, en Alberta. M. Pearson insista surtout sur le besoin de maintenir une coopération agissante entre le gouvernement fédéral et le gouvernement des provinces. Il fit ressortir aussi la nécessité de trouver des moyens d'encourager l'aménagement de centres de voisinage ainsi que l'importance de tenir compte de la qualité et de la sécurité dans l'organisation des milieux de vie au Canada. On a reproduit ci-après un extrait du discours du Premier Ministre.

Un grand nombre de nos problèmes ne seront pas résolus du tout, à moins que nous établissions en permanence une collaboration amicale et constructive entre les deux niveaux de gouvernement de notre Confédération.

Cela n'est jamais facile dans un régime fédéral, quel qu'il soit.

Toutefois, cela est essentiel si nous voulons que le Canada progresse, car nous ne pouvons survivre que sous un régime fédéral.

Le logement nous donne un bon exemple de l'importance de cette collaboration.

C'est là un domaine de notre vie nationale où il faudra bientôt prendre davantage de mesures afin d'accorder à tous les Canadiens les meilleures chances possibles de s'assurer une vie confortable.

C'est un domaine qui, en vertu de la constitution, relève d'abord des gouvernements municipaux et provinciaux; mais c'est un domaine où tous les gouvernements doivent travailler en collaboration.

Il est évident que le gouvernement fédéral ne peut passer sous silence le mécontentement croissant des Canadiens au sujet des conditions de vie dans les villes, non seulement en ce qui concerne la disponibilité de logements convenables pour tous, mais aussi en ce qui concerne la qualité humaine de l'expansion de nos collectivités.

Le gouvernement fédéral peut offrir de l'aide destinée à encourager les provinces et les municipalités à résoudre de façon plus efficace le problème de l'amélioration et de l'organisation des conditions de vie dans un milieu.

On devrait également examiner la possibilité pour le gouvernement fédéral, d'assumer un rôle plus efficace dans les programmes destinés à réduire les coûts des terrains et à amener un essor du milieu qui comprenne divers genres de logements, les services auxiliaires nécessaires et d'autres installations qui puissent améliorer les conditions de vie de nos Canadiens.

Les études sur l'organisation communautaire constituent une partie importante de tout bon programme de développement communautaire et il se peut qu'une plus grande aide fédérale doive être accordée à ce domaine.

De plus en plus de gens estiment également que l'aide fédérale ne peut plus jouer son rôle de la façon la plus efficace dans le développement communautaire en insistant sur la prévision de logements, en mettant à part la nécessité de prévoir des terrains libres et des voies de transport dans le futur développement du milieu.

Un autre point qui inquiète tous les niveaux de gouvernement, c'est la construction d'installations autres que des logements, ce qui est essentiel si l'on veut transformer une région résidentielle en une communauté qui offre tous les services, c'est-à-dire qui offre non seulement des abris mais également l'influence civilisatrice de la beauté architecturale, des installations nécessaires aux loisirs, à la culture et à la vie sociale.

Au moment où la société canadienne devient de plus en plus une société métropolitaine, les avantages qu'offrent les influences sociales de la petite communauté diversifiée seront perdus à moins que nous n'accordions plus d'importance aux besoins de l'esprit comme à ceux du corps dans notre milieu urbain.

Il existe sûrement des moyens de favoriser le développement de ce genre d'unités communautaires et de centres d'entraide dans nos centres métropolitains de plus en plus peuplés et dans nos autres centres urbains, qui réduisent au minimum les pressions provenant de la grandeur, de l'impersonnalité et de l'aliénation qui encouragent la délinquance, les maladies mentales et les autres maux sociaux.

Ces centres d'entraide, qu'ils soient situés dans la banlieue ou dans les quartiers urbains réaménagés, mettraient à la disposition des résidants de la région environnante des magasins, des organismes sociaux, culturels et de loisirs qui devraient être beaucoup plus variés et être intellectuellement plus profitables que ceux de plusieurs localités canadiennes d'aujourd'hui.

Le centre d'entraide aurait autant pour but de répondre aux besoins de l'esprit et de l'intelligence que de fournir de l'aide matérielle.

Des écoles primaires et secondaires pourraient être situées en cet endroit; il pourrait y avoir de grandes salles qui pourraient servir à des concerts et à des pièces de théâtre pour la communauté; il pourrait y avoir des gymnases et d'autres installations de loisirs dont pourrait se servir l'ensemble de la communauté en dehors des heures régulières de classe.

Là également, il y aurait des magasins, des bureaux qui offriraient des services médicaux, juridiques, gouvernementaux et autres; un terrain de jeu pour les enfants, une patinoire en hiver, des terrains de tennis en été, des églises, des cafés, un parc, une place, une zone de stationnement convenable, et suffisamment d'espace pour se promener, flâner, seul ou avec des familles, des voisins, des amis.

Le désir d'en arriver à un milieu urbain plus humain au Canada vaut certainement la peine d'être étudié aussi rapidement et avec le maximum de collaboration et de réalisme à tous les niveaux de gouvernement.

Un Premier ministre du Canada ne peut évidemment exercer une influence aussi directe ni assumer une responsabilité aussi directe sur la localité dans laquelle il doit vivre qu'un Premier ministre d'une province ou un maire.

Toutefois, même un Premier ministre devrait être en mesure de rêver au genre de localité qu'il aimerait voir se réaliser, où les gens pourraient vivre et travailler et s'amuser en harmonie les uns avec les autres et avec leur milieu.

Je crois que c'est là un rêve que partagent beaucoup de Canadiens et c'est un rêve que le gouvernement fédéral doit s'efforcer par tous les moyens de réaliser dans l'avenir.

Nous devons penser autant à la qualité qu'à la sécurité de la vie canadienne.

A cette fin, la collaboration fédérale-provinciale est absolument essentielle, même si elle doit se réaliser d'une nouvelle façon et peut-être même par l'intermédiaire de nouvelles méthodes.

# Twenty Years of Housing CMHC 1946-1966

by R. G. Lillie

This is the second in a series of articles in which Mr. R. G. Lillie, Special Assistant to the Corporation's Ontario Regional Supervisor, details the attainments of Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation since its inception in 1946.

*PART II*

The previous installment of this narrative dealt with the years 1946 to 1949. This period saw the country through its immediate post-war housing problems, and the Corporation through its early growth. It was now a strong organization from coast to coast that had successfully dealt with a wide variety of serious short-term post-war situations and was ready to cope with the newer, long-term problems which emerged as the country settled down to a lengthy period of economic expansion. For a variety of reasons, the years 1950 to 1954 may be regarded as the next "phase" of housing progress in Canada and these years will be largely dealt with here.

The first important change in the Corporation's senior management took place in September, 1950 when Major-General H. A. Young, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., C.D., resigned from the position of Vice-President. For nearly five of the most critical years of the Corporation's growth, Major-General Young had rendered invaluable service. His background as former Quarter-Master General of the Canadian Army had been beneficial in solving the great problem of veterans housing, and also in the organization of the Defence Construction effort. Major-General Young had also contributed greatly to every aspect of the Corporation's development and it was with much regret that the Directors accepted his resignation in order to become Deputy Minister of Public Works. However, he remained on the Board of Directors of the Corporation and gave valuable service in that capacity until 1963.

Mr. P. S. Secord, OBE, was appointed Vice-President to succeed Major-General Young. Mr. Secord had a long background in the construction industry, and during the war had been a Group Captain, RCAF, responsible for construction in several defence sectors in Canada. Mr. Secord joined the Corporation at its beginning as Regional Supervisor of the Ontario Region, and at the time of his promotion was General Supervisor, Construction Division, Head Office.

**Public Housing**

A new dimension to the Canadian housing programme was added, in 1949, by a revision to the National Housing Act, authorizing the Federal Minister to enter into agreements with provinces for the provision of housing under Federal-Provincial ownership and management.

"Public housing" was not entirely new in Canada; indeed, the very first Federal involvement in housing, in 1918, had been loans to provincial governments to assist in the development of housing projects by municipalities. Some 6,000 houses for sale or for rent were built between 1918 and 1923 but the history of the programme, in general, was disappointing.

"Public housing" is housing built under that part of the National Housing Act which provides for co-operation between federal and provincial governments in the financing of houses for families of low income.

The new legislation was purposely broad in scope. The Federal-Provincial partnerships could "assemble" and service land for sale, and could build housing units for rent or for sale. Circumstances have never been such as to justify a Federal-Provincial programme of houses built for sale, so the effective provisions have been those for land assembly and for rental housing, which may be at full recovery rents or at subsidized rents.

Enabling agreements were quickly made with most of the provinces. The arrangement calls for the Federal Government to contribute 75% of the cost, and of any necessary subsidy of

*Mr. P. S. Secord, O.B.E., who became Vice-President in 1950.*

operating losses; the remaining 25% is provided by the province who may require a municipality to contribute all or part of the provincial share. Recoveries from the sale of land are shared in the same proportions. The capital cost of rental projects is amortized, usually over a period of fifty years, at a favourable interest rate.

The introduction of the public housing legislation posed many new and challenging problems for the Corporation. The Veterans Rental Housing programme and the Emergency Shelter programme involved the Corporation in direct negotiations with municipalities; this relationship arose out of the special emergencies of the post-war period, but now it was obviously more appropriate to return to orthodox constitutional arrangements whereby municipalities would deal with their provinces, and the provinces with the Federal authority.

The general terms of the new Section 35 permitted the provinces to implement the legislation in the manner best suited to their needs. Newfoundland, with its own particular problems, was the first to take advantage of the possibility of the provision of rental housing at subsidized rents; on the other hand

Ontario, with a healthy economy including an efficient private house building force, proposed at first to limit its participation to land-assembly projects only. New relationships had to be established by Corporation officials on all levels, while policies and techniques had to be worked out to make the new legislation as effective as possible.

A major change arising from the shift to Federal-Provincial arrangements was in the matter of initiative. When implementing the veterans rental programme, the Corporation had often taken the initiative and proposed specific projects to municipalities. It was now felt the initiative for public housing or land assembly projects should arise in the municipality, and municipal requests should be made to the provincial government. This has proved to be a sound principle. The extent to which any provincial government may wish to encourage municipalities to take the necessary official initiative is a matter for each province to decide.

Great Britain and many European countries had experience with public housing for many years, the United States for a shorter period, but circumstances in these countries were not entirely comparable to Canadian conditions, and public housing policy here had to be worked out as time went on.

One of the first principles decided was that while the ownership of public housing units would be with the Federal-Provincial partners, the selection of tenants and the day-to-day management should be in the hands of local people. The procedure, therefore, is that the units are constructed by the partnership and leased, for a forty or fifty year period, to a Housing Authority composed of local citizens of repute approved by the Federal and provincial Ministers.

Principles of tenant selection and operating procedures had to be laid down by the partnership so that the management of all public housing units within a province was consistent. Of course, there also had to be a reasonable consistency of principle among the provinces.

The first project to be completed was at St. Johns, Newfoundland, where 140 subsidized units were occupied in 1951. By the end of 1951, two years after the legislation had been passed, 22 projects from St. John, N.B., to Vancouver had been approved and were in various stages of negotiation and construction. These included land assembly, full recovery rental housing, subsidized rental housing, and combined land assembly and full recovery rental housing projects.

By the end of 1954, the period now under review, there were 36 land assembly projects completed or under way comprising nearly 4,000 lots, and 38 housing projects comprising more than 3,000 rental units.

Among the Corporation's domestic problems in the earliest years was the physical structure of its Head Office. The "temporary" wartime office building in Ottawa which it used, quickly became inadequate for its needs. With the shortage of building materials the Corporation could not claim any higher priority than other commercial or financial firms which were also in need of better accommodation. However, a site was eventually acquired in the east end of Ottawa, on the Montreal Road, and in 1952 a handsome new building was opened and occupied.

**Direct Construction Activities**

Between 1947 and 1950 the Corporation built some 24,000 Veterans Rental Housing units. They were of fairly uniform design and specification, the design being a Head Office function, as was the direction and control of the whole programme. The calling and letting of tenders for the projects was a Regional Office function, and so was the task of inspection during construction.

As the requirement for rental houses for veterans tapered off, the Government found that to transfer personnel from one part of the country to another, the Department of National Defence (D.N.D.) would have to build a large number of houses at widely scattered locations. The Department embarked on a programme of about 2,000 units in 1948; the following year the requirement was found to be closer to 5,000 units, and the responsibility for construction was turned over to CMHC. The Corporation was able to take this operation in its stride, and some 12,000 units were built between 1949 and 1954.

A large number of schools were also built for DND under this arrangement. Besides housing and schools, the Department had a large requirement for a wide range of other buildings from barrack blocks and huge airplane hangers to the Pinetree chain of radar bases. The responsibility for constructing these was first undertaken by the Canadian Commercial Corporation, a government procurement agency; but it quickly became obvious that if this organization was to supervise the construction of these large works properly, it would require a field supervision organization which would simply parallel CMHC's existing field supervision and inspection force. Therefore another Crown agency was formed, taking over the old Wartime Housing Limited charter but with a new name — Defence Construction Limited. This company then completed an agency agreement under the terms of which DCL tenders were called and let by CMHC who also supervised actual construction.

Total construction expenditures under this programme between 1950 and 1954 were just under half a billion dollars. It was naturally much more complex than the DND housing and school programme which dealt largely with uniform designs and specifications. The actual design of the various types of defence facilities was arranged by DCL, but CMHC required a build-up of its supervision and inspection forces to cope with the new load.

Most of the new people required by the Corporation were engineers or persons skilled in the inspection of heavy construction, and it was obvious that when the heavy construction was over, the Corporation would not have a large continuing need for such skills. Because of this, most of the people engaged for the DCL work were brought in on contract instead of on a permanent basis; this arrangement permitted an orderly and fair cut-back of staff as the DCL agency agreement drew towards its close in 1954.

An interesting by-product of the collaboration between the Corporation and the Department of National Defense was the Corporation's ability to assist the Department in devising means of housing the families of Canadian soldiers and airmen serving in France and Germany. Both these countries had acute housing shortages, and yet the Canadian government could not recruit sufficient numbers of servicemen who would leave their families in Canada while they themselves served for years in Europe. The problem was a very difficult one, compounded by shortages in Europe of materials, labour and capital. Canada, however, could assist in the attraction of the latter commodity and did so through a modified rental insurance scheme. French or German entrepreneurs built and financed the units; the Department then guaranteed a return over a five or ten year period so that at the expiration of the guarantee period the local owner had amortized his investment sufficiently that if the units were

*The Maclaren Boulevard Federal-Provincial Public Housing Project in Saint John N.B. was first occupied in 1954.*

vacated by Canadian servicemen he would be able to rent them profitably in the local market at the much lower rent levels customary in these countries. Similar arrangements persuaded local authorities to build schools for the children of the Canadian servicemen.

As a result of the success of these arrangements in Europe, a similar technique was applied in Canada to get housing accommodation for servicemen without direct investment and ownership by DND. The Department offered rental guarantees to persons who would construct limited-dividend projects for servicemen. The negotiation for such projects was done by the Corporation, and normal limited-dividend loans were offered. Between 1953 and May, 1956, 10 projects comprising 1,467 units were built under this arrangement.

Another of the Corporation's responsibilities during this period was the planning and development of a townsite at Deep River, Ontario, for Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd., a Crown corporation set up to do basic research and development in the atomic energy field. When this project was begun in 1950, the Corporation was responsible not only for the physical development, but for managing the whole town. This function reverted to local government as the town grew but the Corporation continued to be responsible for planing and development.

**Gander**

In 1952 the Corporation undertook another interesting planning and development operation at Gander, Newfoundland. This distant airfield had become an essential and major base for commercial transatlantic flying, but the buildings on the base were only frame ones put up for the war, and the then small town of Gander could not, by itself, expand to provide the necessary ancillary services for the growing population on the base. Under arrangements made with the Department of Transport and the government of Newfoundland, a completely new townsite was laid out in the bush adjacent to the airport and the first dwelling units were completed in 1952. By the end of 1954, nearly two hundred houses had been constructed for rental to D.O.T. employees. In 1955 the new town, which had been managed at first by the Department of Transport, achieved the status of a local improvement district.

**Ajax, Ontario**

During the Second World War a very large manufacturing complex for producing explosives and heavy ammunition had been created at a 3000 acre site some 25 miles west of Oshawa, on the shores of Lake Ontario. At the end of the war production ceased, leaving empty a wide variety of temporary or semi-permanent buildings, including 600 war-workers housing units.

The Federal Government made the factory and office buildings available to the University of Toronto, whose facilities were badly cramped by the heavy influx of students entering under veterans educational assistance grants. This was, of course, only a temporary measure. In 1948 the Government turned the entire project over to the Corporation to be developed into a balanced industrial community.

The installation of services was done in accordance with a long-range plan, and a sustained publicity effort, principally aimed at potential industrial users, was put in hand. A shopping centre was designed and constructed, and additional residential neighbourhoods laid out.

Situated in what is now called "The Golden Horseshoe", stretching from Oshawa to Hamilton, the project experienced a good response from Canadian industry. The area was given municipal status as an improvement district in 1950, and the new municipality took over the operation of civic services from the Corporation. The Corporation only remained to operate and improve the large central heating plant. By 1951, several million dollars worth of industrial construction was underway and more than 50 acres sold for further industrial development. Land was also serviced for housing to preserve the balance of the community.

By 1954 the permanent population had grown to 6000 and Ajax was incorporated as a Town.

**NHA Mortgage Lending**

As the national economy evolved from a period of postwar readjustment to a state of continued national growth, certain new strains developed in the housing field. In 1950, for the first time since the end of the war, mortgage funds were not available to meet housing demand. In ensuing years this problem was to occur again and again and, indeed, is not yet satisfactorily solved. It therefore deserves some detailed attention.

The main sources of residential mortgage funds in Canada have been the large institutional lenders, the major lenders being the large life insurance companies. In 1930, at the start of the great depression, about 22% of all their assets were represented by mortgage loans. By 1945 this figure had fallen to 13%, so these companies entered the post war period in a good position to meet the financial demands of an expanding housing programme.

During the immediate post war period the interest yields available on mortgage loans were attractive to them in comparison to the main alternative of high grade bonds and debentures. Interest rates in general were fairly static from 1946 through 1948, but rose in 1949 and again in 1950. The resulting decline in bond prices discouraged the lending institutions from selling these assets for funds to invest in mortgages and of course made bonds more attractive as the investment medium for new funds. In 1951 institutional mortgage lending for all residential construction was 25% less than in 1950. The decline in NHA loans was 45%. Total housing starts fell to three-quarters of the 1950 figure.

In late June of 1951 the NHA interest rates was raised from 4½% to 5%, and this had some effect in reversing the flight of mortgage monies. In early 1952 it became apparent that more funds were becoming available, and this trend was strengthened by a further rise in the NHA rate to 5¼% in September. The rate on "conventional" mortgages was also rising and for the whole of 1952 the amount invested in mortgages for new residential construction rose to nearly $46 million. This was much better than the 1951 figure of less than $39 million, but still well below the 1950 total of over $55 million.

It was becoming apparent that the available supply of mortgage funds would increasingly tend to put an upper limit on the number of new houses which could be produced in any year, no matter how buoyant the demand might be. As has been mentioned, 13% of the assets of the Canadian Life Companies were in mortgage loans in 1945; by the end of 1953 this had

*An early Federal-Provincial Public Housing Project at Fort William, Ontario.*


*In 1948 the Federal Government turned over to CMHC a 3,000 acre site in Ajax, Ontario for development into a balanced industrial community. The CMHC exhibit here was seen at an exhibition in 1951 promoting the area. Ajax was eventually incorporated as a Town in 1954 with a population of 6,000.*

increased to 31%. The same general tendency was true of the trust companies and other institutional sources. It is interesting that in the Corporation's Annual Report for the year 1952 it was noted that by that year the proportion of lending institution assets in mortgages had risen to 27% and the comment was made that such a proportion was "as high as can be expected over a period of years". In fact, the proportion has continued to rise and in 1967 is over 50% for the major Life Companies.

The Corporation, to help meet the increasing shortage of mortgage funds, made direct loans to an increasing extent. Most of the direct lending by the Corporation prior to 1952 was for rental housing in the form of Rental Insurance Guarantee and Limited Dividend loans. However, in 1952, direct loans for home-ownership increased nearly ten-fold to 20 million dollars, and rose to 25 million in 1953. This was about one-eighth of all NHA mortgages made in that year for home-ownership.

By 1953 it was apparent that if private lending was to sustain the high level of house building there would have to be more lenders with more money to lend under the National Housing Act. Accordingly, legislation was introduced in late 1953 which was designed to accomplish this end. The "joint loan" technique was dropped, and replaced by a system of mortgage insurance, and the chartered banks and Quebec savings banks were enabled to make insured mortgage loans. Under the joint loan system, the lending institutions had enjoyed the protection of a "pool guarantee fund" which made a large pool of funds available to recoup mortgage losses but which did not necessarily protect each and every NHA loan. The new system now gave specific protection to each loan.

For many years Canadian banks had been prohibited from making mortgage loans, not so much because of the risks involved but because of the long term and resulting lack of liquidity. The government insurance feature reduced the risk to a negligible figure, and liquidity was improved by provision for the Corporation to buy insured mortgages from approved lenders and to lend money to approved lenders on the security of insured mortgages.

These provisions became effective with the proclamation of the National Housing Act 1954 in March of that year. The effect of the new lending arrangements, and of the new lenders, was noticed immediately. Loans made by all approved lenders in 1954 involved 50% more units than in 1953 and, of these more than one-third were financed by loans from the banks. The Corporation's direct loan participation was less than 5% of total NHA mortgage lending, against 20% in 1953.

The introduction of the banks into the mortgage lending field brought up some new problems for the Corporation. Under the joint loan technique, the insurance and trust companies which comprised the "approved lenders" had their own experienced mortgage lending personnel and made their own appraisals, a separate appraisal being made by the Corporation. The Banks had no mortgage offices and it was therefore necessary, in order to get bank funds into mortgage loans as quickly as possible, for the Corporation to make the appraisals on the basis of which the banks would make their loans. One of the advantages of having the banks as mortgage lenders was that their wide network of branches offered maximum convenience to the public making mortgage applications; in order to take the greatest possible advantage of this, the Corporation opened a number of new field offices, and also added mortgage staff to some offices which previously had only been responsible for rental housing administration. These arrangements were made in advance of proclamation of the Act in March and new applications flowed through the banks from the first day.

**The Appointment of a New President**

The eventful period of 1950-1954, during which the Corporation came into full maturity, ended with the resignation of the first President, Mr. D. B. Mansur, on November 1st, 1954.

Credit for the successful development of the Corporation during its first nine years could be divided among many Canadians, from Cabinet Ministers to junior Corporation employees; but the value to Canada of the personal contribution made by Mr. Mansur during these years cannot be measured. In a unanimous resolution, the Directors of the Corporation recorded their appreciation of the invaluable part he had played "in the development of sound housing policies for Canada, and of the outstanding leadership he had provided in the formation and expansion of the Corporation." Mr. Mansur returned to private business, after a career of more than 16 years in the public service.

On December 6, 1954, Dr. Stewart Bates was named to succeed Mr. Mansur as President. Dr. Bates was an economist who had held various senior positions in the Civil Service and, at the time of his appointment to the Corporation, was Deputy Minister of the Department of Fisheries.

# Vingt années d'habitation la SCHL de 1946 à 1966

par P. G. Lillie

Voici le second chapitre d'un article rédigé par M. R. G. Lillie, adjoint spécial du directeur du bureau de la région Ontario de la Société, où l'auteur explique en détail les réalisations de la Société centrale d'hypothèques et de logement depuis sa formation in 1946.

*Ci-desous, l'édifice du Siège social de la Société centrale d'hypothèques et de logement, à Ottawa, en construction en 1951.*

*DEUXIEME CHAPITRE*

Le premier chapitre de cet historique portait sur la période allant de 1946 à 1949. Durant cette période, notre pays avait à faire face aux problèmes suscités par l'après-guerre; de son côté, la Société était en période de croissance initiale. Elle était devenue un organisme bien structuré, établi d'un océan à l'autre. Elle s'était déjà occupée avec succès d'une grande variété de problèmes à courte portée de l'après-guerre, et elle était prête à s'occuper des problèmes nouveaux et à plus longue portée qui allaient surgir alors que le pays se préparait à connaître une longue période d'expansion économique. Pour diverses raisons, on pourrait considérer les années écoulées de 1950 à 1954 comme la prochaine phase des progrès de l'habitation au Canada; le présent chapitre portera donc surtout sur cette période de quatre ans.

Le premier changement important qui s'est produit dans la direction de la Société remonte au mois de septembre 1950, alors que le major-général H. A. Young, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., C.D., démissionna de son poste de vice-président. Pendant près de cinq des années les plus difficiles du développement de la Société, le major-général Young avait rendu des services très précieux. Ses antécédents comme ancien quartier-maître général de l'Armée canadienne avaient certainement eu pour lui une valeur particulière et l'avaient sans doute aidé à résoudre les graves problèmes que présentait la question du logement des anciens combattants ainsi que la question du logement des ouvriers de la défense. De toute façon, le général Young avait aussi contribué énormément à l'ensemble de l'activité de la Société ainsi qu'à la solution des problèmes; aussi, c'est avec beaucoup de regret que les directeurs durent accepter sa démission. Le général Young devint alors sous-ministre des Travaux publics, mais il resta membre du Conseil d'administration de la Société jusqu'en 1963, et à ce titre il continua de rendre de grands services.

Au poste de vice-président, M. P. S. Secord, O.B.E., succéda au major-général Young. M. Secord avait à son actif de longues années d'expérience dans l'industrie de la construction; durant la guerre, il avait été capitaine de groupe dans l'ARC et chargé de la construction dans divers secteurs de la défense au Canada. M. Secord était entré à la Société dès la formation de celle-ci, comme directeur du bureau de la région d'Ontario; au moment de sa nomination au poste de vice-président, il était directeur général de la Division de la construction, au Siège social.

**Le logement public**

Le programme de l'habitation au Canada prit une nouvelle dimension en 1949 alors qu'à la suite d'une revision de la Loi nationale sur l'habitation, le Ministre fédéral fut autorisé à conclure des ententes avec les provinces en vue de construire des logements qui appartenaient aux deux gouvernements en cause et qui étaient gérés par eux.

Le concept du "logement public" n'était pas entièrement nouveau au Canada; en réalité, la première fois où le gouvernment fédéral s'était intéressé au domaine de l'habitation, en 1918, il avait consenti des prêts aux gouvernements provinciaux pour aider à la construction d'ensembles de logements par les municipalités. De 1918 à 1923, environ 6,000 maisons avaient été construites pour être vendues ou louées mais, dans l'ensemble, ce programme de construction de logements avait causé bien des déceptions, pour des raisons aussi nombreuses que variées.

Dans le contexte du présent historique, l'expression "logements publics" designe des logements construits en vertu de la partie de la Loi nationale sur l'habitation qui prévoit la coopération du gouvernement fédéral et des gouvernements provinciaux au financement d'habitations destinées aux familles à faible revenu.

La portée de la nouvelle législation était à dessein très vaste. L'association fédérale-provinciale était autorisée à "aménager" des terrains, à y installer les services essentiels en vue de les vendre et à y construire des logements pour les louer ou pour les vendre. Les circonstances n'ont jamais réellement justifié l'établissement d'un programme fédéral - provincial de construction de maisons pour la vente, de sorte que les

dispositions de la Loi relatives à ce genre d'activité ne se sont toujours appliquées qu'à l'aménagement de terrains et à la construction de logements à loyer qui peuvent être de deux sortes, soit les logements à loyer entièrement recouvrable et les logements à loyer subventionné.

Le gouvernement fédéral ne tarda pas à conclure avec la plupart des provinces des ententes, selon lesquelles il s'engage à payer 75 p. 100 du coût des travaux à exécuter et la même proportion de toute subvention à verser pour compenser les pertes d'exploitation; la province doit payer le reste, soit 25 p. 100, mais elle peut exiger que la municipalité en cause paye la totalité ou une partie de l'obligation contractée par le gouvernement provincial. Les sommes d'argent que rapporte la vente des terrains sont réparties suivant les mêmes proportions. Le coût en immobilisations des ensembles de logements à loyer est amorti, habituellement au cours de 50 ans, à un taux d'intérêt raisonnable. L'inclusion dans la Loi d'un chapitre sur les logements publics a amené la Société à faire face à de nombreux problèmes nouveaux. Le programme des logements à loyer pour les anciens combattants ainsi que le programme des logements d'urgence avaient obligé la Société à négocier directement avec les municipalités. Ces rapports directs avaient été rendus nécessaires par les situations d'urgence toutes particulières qui s'étaient présentées durant la période de l'après-guerre, mais il était de plus en plus évident qu'il convenait de revenir aux arrangements prévus par la constitution, selon lesquels les municipalités devaient négocier avec la province et celle-ci avec le gouvernement fédéral.

La généralité des termes du nouvel article 35 a permis aux provinces d'appliquer la Loi de la façon qui semblait répondre le mieux à leurs besoins. La province de Terre-Neuve, dont les problèmes étaient bien différents de ceux des autres provinces, fut la première à profiter des avantages que présentait la construction de logements à loyer subventionné. D'autre part, la province d'Ontario, dont l'économie beaucoup plus stable et plus prospère disposait de moyens efficaces pour faire construire des habitations par l'entreprise privée, décida au début de limiter sa participation aux programmes d'aménagement de terrains. Les hauts fonctionnaires de la Société ont dû établir de nouvelles relations à tous les niveaux et imaginer une nouvelle ligne de conduite à suivre ainsi que de nouvelles techniques afin que la nouvelle loi soit aussi efficace que possible.

Les ententes fédérales-provinciales ont eu en particulier pour effet de déplacer l'origine de l'initiative qui devait être prise. En effet, pour mettre à exécution le programme de construction de logements à loyer destinés aux anciens combattants, la Société avait souvent pris l'initiative de programmes particuliers qu'elle avait proposés aux municipalités. Dorénavant, il incomberait aux municipalités intéressées de prendre l'initiative des programmes de construction de logements sociaux ou d'aménagement de terrains et d'adresser leurs demandes au gouvernement provincial. Cette façon de procéder s'est avérée heureuse jusqu'à maintenant. En effet, le gouvernement de la province est tout à fait libre de décider dans quelle mesure il doit encourager les municipalités à prendre telle ou telle initiative.

A quelques exceptions près, les limites géographiques des cinq régions créées par la Société, aux fins d'administration, correspondaient aux limites provinciales, ce qui fait que l'organisation régionale de la Société semblait convenir très bien à la mise en application de la nouvelle Loi.

La Grande-Bretagne et bon nombre de pays d'Europe avaient déjà acquis une certaine expérience dans le domaine du logement public, de même que les Etats-Unis, à un degré moindre, toutefois; mais la situation dans ces pays ne pouvait évidemment pas se comparer, même de loin, à celle qui existait au Canada; aussi, il a fallu établir par étapes la politique relative aux logements publics.

Dès le début, on a adopté le principe établissant que même si les logements construits à l'aide de fonds publics appartiennent aux deux gouvernements supérieurs en cause, le choix des locataires ainsi que la gestion quotidienne de ces logements doivent être confiés à des personnes habitant la localité. En somme, une fois que les logements en question sont construits par les gouvernements en cause, ceux-ci les louent pour une période de 40 à 50 ans, à une commission de logement composée de citoyens de la localité, dont la réputation est bien établie et dont le choix est approuvé par les ministres fédéral et provincial.

Il incombe évidemment aux propriétaires des logements d'établir les principes qui doivent régir le choix des locataires et les méthodes d'exploitation de façon que la gestion de tous les logements sociaux à l'intérieur d'une province se fasse de la même façon et qu'il existe aussi une ressemblance raisonnable entre les principes appliqués dans les différentes provinces. La construction des premiers ensembles de logements de ce genre a été marquée de consultations constantes entre les représentants de la Société et les représentants des provinces en cause.

Le premier ensemble fut construit à St-Jean (Terre-Neuve), où 140 logements à loyer subventionné ont pu être livrés à leurs occupants en 1951. A la fin de 1951, c'est-à-dire deux ans après l'adoption de ces dispositions de la Loi, 22 ensembles avaient été approuvés ou se trouvaient à divers stades des négociations et de la construction. Parmi ces programmes, un certain nombre portaient sur l'aménagement de terrains, d'autres sur la construction de logements à loyer entièrement recouvrable, sur la construction de logements à loyer subventionné et enfin, à la fois, sur l'aménagement de terrains et sur la construction de logements à loyer entièrement recouvrable. Toute cette activité se produisait de Vancouver à Saint-Jean (Nouveau-Brunswick).

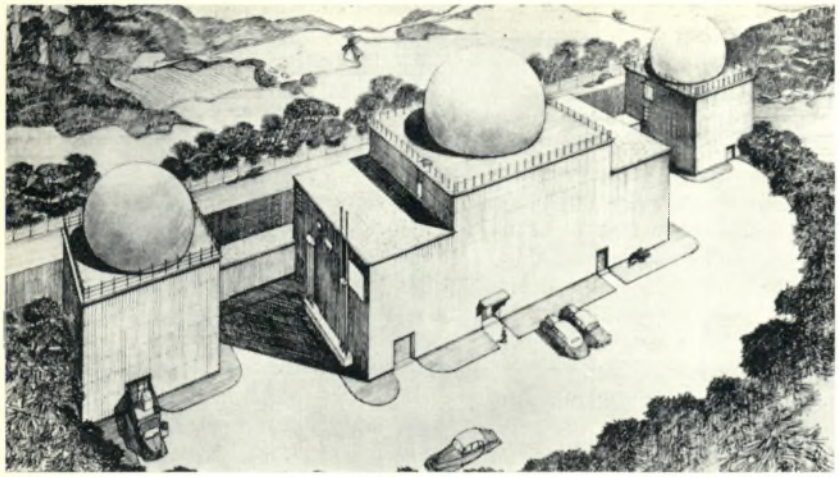
A la fin de 1954, soit à la fin de la période que nous examinons présentement, 36 programmes d'aménagement de terrains avaient été réalisés ou avaient été amorcés, ce qui représentait près de 4,000 terrains à bâtir; d'autre part, 38 programmes de construction d'habitations, représentant 3,000 logements à loyer, avaient été réalisés ou étaient en cours.

**Nouvel édifice pour le Siège social**

Durant les premières années de son existence, le Siège social de la Société était situé dans un édifice à caractère temporaire, construit à Ottawa pour le temps de la guerre, qui n'a d'ailleurs pas tardé à devenir insuffisant. Durant la période où les matériaux de construction étaient rares, la Société ne pouvait pas évidemment réclamer une plus grande priorité que d'autres organismes commerciaux et financiers qui avaient également besoin de nouveaux locaux. Cependant, la Société fit l'acquisition d'un terrain dans le secteur est d'Ottawa, le long du chemin de Montréal et, en 1952, elle installa son personnel dans le nouveau bâtiment.

**La construction directe**

La Société avait donc construit environ 24,000 logements à loyer pour les anciens combattants, de 1947 à 1950. Tous ces logements se ressemblaient beaucoup, quant au plan et au cahier des charges, vu que le Siège social était chargé d'établir ces deux documents comme il était chargé d'ailleurs



*Voici un des deux genres de stations conçues pour le réseau Pinetree. C'étaient des bâtiments sans fenêtres qui renfermaient un équipement électronique complexe. Ces bâtiments produisaient leur propre énergie; la chaleur que produisait l'équipement générateur d'énergie et que l'on récupérait assurait le chauffage.*
*Gracieuseté de A. E. Margison and Associates.*

d'administrer et de régir l'ensemble du programme. Les demandes de soumissions et l'adjudication des contrats se faisaient par l'entremise du bureau régional qui se chargeait aussi des inspections à faire durant la construction.

A mesure que diminuait le besoin de maisons à loyer pour les anciens combattants, le gouvernement s'est rendu compte qu'afin de pouvoir déplacer du personnel d'un bout à l'autre du pays, il serait nécessaire que le ministère de la Défense nationale (MDN) construise un grand nombre de maisons à divers endroits dispersés de notre pays. Ce ministère entreprit donc un programme prévoyant la construction d'environ 2,000 logements en 1948; l'année suivante, les besoins se chiffraient à près de 5,000 logements et c'est alors que la SCHL fut chargée de construire ces logements pour le compte du MDN. La Société fut en mesure d'assumer cette nouvelle tâche et environ 12,000 logements furent construits de 1949 à 1954.

En vertu d'ententes du même genre, un grand nombre d'écoles furent construites pour le compte du MDN.

En plus des habitations et des écoles, le ministère de la Défense nationale avait besoin de beaucoup d'autres bâtiments de tous genres, à partir de casernes pour loger les militaires jusqu'à de grands hangars pour avions. Le programme général de construction comprenait aussi le cordon de stations de radar Pinetree. Au début, la Corporation commerciale canadienne avait assumé la responsabilité de construire ces installations; mais il devint bientôt évident que pour permettre à cet organisme d'assurer la surveillance nécessaire des travaux exécutés à la suite des contrats importants qu'elle accordait, il faudrait le doter d'un personnel et d'un réseau de bureaux qui constitueraient tout simplement une organisation parallèle à celle de la SCHL. C'est pourquoi une autre société de la Couronne fut formée afin de prendre en charge la charte de la Wartime Housing Limited, sous le nom de Defence Construction Limited. Une entente fut alors conclue entre cet organisme et la Société, suivant laquelle la SCHL devait s'occuper, pour le compte de la DCL, de demander des soumissions et d'adjuger les contrats; elle se chargeait aussi de surveiller les travaux en cours.

Le coût total de la construction effectuée en vertu de ce programme où la Société a joué un rôle actif de 1950 à 1954, atteignit presque un demi-milliard de dollars. Il s'agissait naturellement d'une tâche beaucoup plus compliquée que le simple programme de construction d'habitations et d'écoles pour le MDN qui consistait surtout à uniformiser les plans et les cahiers des charges. La DCL s'occupa de faire dresser les plans des divers genres d'installations nécessaires à la défense, mais la SCHL dut quand même augmenter son personnel de surveillance et d'inspection pour s'acquitter de cette nouvelle tâche.

La plupart des nouveaux employés dont la Société avait besoin, étaient des ingénieurs ou des spécialistes en inspection de la grosse construction; il était évident qu'une fois ce genre de construction terminée, la Société ne pourrait pas continuer à employer ces spécialistes. C'est pourquoi la plupart des personnes embauchées spécialement pour faire le travail de la DCL, ont été employées par contrat plutôt que d'une façon permanente. Cet arrangement a permis d'effectuer une réduction méthodique et équitable du personnel lorsque les travaux prévus par l'entente conclue avec la DCL ont tiré à leur fin en 1954.

Une autre façon intéressante dont la Société collabora avec le ministère de la Défense nationale fut d'aider le ministère à trouver des moyens de loger les familles des soldats et des aviateurs canadiens qui devaient faire du service en France et en Allemagne. Dans ces deux pays, en effet, la crise du logement était très aiguë; d'autre part, le gouvernement canadien ne pouvait pas recruter suffisamment de militaires qui étaient disposés à laisser leur famille au Canada pour aller faire plusieurs années de service militaire en Europe. Le problème, déjà très grave en soi, se compliquait d'une pénurie de matériaux, de main-d'oeuvre de construction et de capitaux, en Europe. Toutefois, le Canada a pu aider à procurer une partie des capitaux nécessaires, grâce à un programme modifié d'assurance-loyer. Aux entrepreneurs français ou allemands qui construisaient et finançaient des logements, le ministère garantissait un revenu pendant une période de cinq ou dix ans, de sorte qu'à la fin de cette période, le propriétaire avait suffisamment amorti son placement pour qu'après le départ des militaires canadiens, il puisse louer ces logements avec profit à des habitants de l'endroit, aux loyers inférieurs qui étaient alors courants dans ces pays. Grâce à des arrangements semblables, le ministère persuada les autorités locales de construire des écoles pour les enfants des militaires canadiens.

On peut sans doute attribuer au succès des ententes conclues en Europe, l'application au Canada de la technique des prêts aux compagnies à dividendes limités en vue de procurer des logements aux militaires sans que le MDN investisse directement des capitaux et devienne propriétaire d'un grand nombre d'habitations. Le ministère, en effet, offrit des garanties de loyer aux personnes qui s'engageaient à construire des ensembles de logements dits "à dividendes limités" pour les militaires. La Société fut chargée de négocier ces programmes et d'offrir les prêts nécessaires. De 1953 à mai 1956, dix ensembles comprenant 1,467 logements ont été construits en vertu de cette disposition.

Durant cette même période, la Société s'est vu confier la responsabilité d'organiser et de réaliser un townsite à Deep River en Ontario, pour le compte de l'Energie atomique du Canada Limitée, société de la Couronne dont le but est d'effectuer des travaux de recherche et de mettre en valeur l'énergie atomique. Lorsque ce programme fut lancé en 1950, la Société était chargée non seulement de sa réalisation matérielle mais aussi de l'administration de toute cette nouvelle ville. Cette dernière fonction a été confiée au gouvernement local une fois que la ville eut grandi, mais la Société est restée chargée de la planification et de l'expansion de cette nouvelle localité.

**Gander (Terre-neuve)**

En 1952, la Société entreprit une autre oeuvre très intéressante et très utile dans le domaine de l'aménagement et de la mise en valeur à Gander (Terre-neuve). Cet aérodrome éloigné de tout centre organisé était devenu une base essentielle très importante pour les envolées commerciales transatlantiques; toutefois, les bâtiments qui s'y trouvaient n'étaient construits qu'à pans de bois pour les opérations du temps de guerre, et le petit village de Gander ne pouvait pas de lui-même se développer au point de fournir les services auxiliaires nécessaires à la population de cette base dont le nombre ne faisait qu'augmenter. Grâce à des ententes conclues avec le ministère des Transports et le gouvernement de Terre-Neuve, la Société dressa les plans d'une localité complètement nouvelle à aménager immédiatement à côté de l'aérodrome et les premières maisons furent terminées en 1952. A la fin de 1954, près de 200 maisons avaient été construites et louées à des employés du ministère des Transports. En 1955, la nouvelle ville, dont le ministère des Transports avait assuré l'administration depuis sa création devint une zone d'aménagement des services.

**Ajax (Ontario)**

Au cours de la Deuxième Grande Guerre, un centre très important de fabrication d'explosifs et de munitions lourdes avait été établi à environ 25 milles à l'ouest d'Oshawa sur les rives du lac Ontario. Ce centre occupait 3,000 acres. A la fin de la guerre, la production des munitions cessa, mais il restait une grande variété de bâtiments à caractère temporaire ou semi-permanent, dont 600 maisons construites pour les ouvriers du temps de guerre.

Le gouvernement céda l'usine et les édifices à bureaux à l'Université de Toronto qui se trouvait très à court de locaux, à cause du grand nombre d'étudiants qui s'inscrivaient aux cours universitaires, grâce aux octrois accordés aux anciens combattants pour leur permettre de poursuivre leurs études. Il ne s'agissait évidemment que d'une mesure temporaire. En 1948, le gouvernement remit tout cet ensemble de bâtiments à la Société pour que celle-ci le transforme en une zone industrielle bien ordonnée.

Pour l'installation des services, on eut recours à un plan à longue portée et on amorça en même temps une campagne de publicité soutenue qui visait surtout à favoriser l'installation d'industries dans ce milieu. Un centre commercial fut aménagé ainsi qu'un certain nombre de quartiers résidentiels.

Parce qu'Ajax est située dans la région que l'on appelle maintenant "The Golden Horseshoe" et qui s'étend d'Oshawa à Hamilton, les industries du Canada répondirent favorablement à l'invitation qui leur était faite. En 1950, ce centre devint une zone d'aménagement des services et c'est alors que la nouvelle municipalité se chargea des services municipaux dont la Société s'était occupée jusqu'à ce moment-là. La Société continua de s'occuper de la vaste usine de chauffage central qu'elle améliora. En 1951, la construction d'installations industrielles en cours représentait une valeur de plusieurs millions de dollars; par ailleurs, plus de 50 autres acres avaient été vendues à des fins d'exploitation industrielle. On aménagea aussi du terrain afin de permettre la construction de résidences et de faire de cette agglomération une localité bien équilibrée.

En 1954, la population permanente avait atteint le chiffre de 6,000 âmes et c'est alors qu'Ajax fut érigée en ville.

**Prêts hypothécaires aux termes de la LNH**

A mesure que l'économie de notre pays a évolué depuis la période de l'après-guerre, qui a été une période de réadaptation, jusqu'à ce que la croissance de notre pays reprenne un cours normal, certains besoins pressants se sont manifestés dans le domaine de l'habitation. En 1950, soit la première fois depuis la fin de la guerre, il n'y avait pas suffisamment de fonds hypothécaires pour répondre à tous les besoins de logements. Au cours des années suivantes, cette difficulté devait se présenter à plusieurs reprises et on peut même dire qu'on n'a pas encore réussi à y trouver une solution permanente. Il s'agit donc d'une situation qui mérite une attention particulière.

Les principales sources de deniers hypothécaires pour la construction résidentielle au Canada ont toujours été les institutions prêteuses dont les principales sont les grosses compagnies d'assurance sur la vie. En 1930, au début de la grande dépression, environ 22 p. 100 de tout l'actif de ces compagnies était constitué de prêts hypothécaires. En 1945, ce pourcentage avait baissé à 13 p. 100, de sorte que ces compagnies se trouvaient, immédiatement après la guerre, en mesure de répondre efficacement aux besoins financiers suscités par l'expansion de la construction domiciliaire.

Durant la période qui a suivi immédiatement la guerre, l'intérêt que rapportaient les prêts hypothécaires intéressait au plus haut point ces prêteurs, comparativement au rendement des obligations garanties et non garanties qui étaient leur principale alternative dans le domaine des investissements. De 1946 à 1948, les taux d'intérêt restèrent assez stables d'une façon générale mais ils commencèrent à augmenter en 1949 et de nouveau en 1950. La réduction du prix des obligations qui en a résulté, a quelque peu découragé les institutions prêteuses de vendre ces actifs afin de se procurer des fonds à investir dans les prêts hypothécaires; par le fait même, les obligations sont devenues un mode d'investissement plus intéressant pour ces prêteurs. En 1951, le volume des prêts hypothécaires consentis par les institutions pour la construction résidentielle était inférieur de 25 p. 100 à celui de 1950. Le volume des prêts consentis aux termes de la LNH diminua de 45 p. 100, tandis que le nombre total des logements mis en chantier diminua d'un quart par rapport au chiffre de 1950.

A la fin de juin 1951, le taux d'intérêt exigé aux termes de la LNH, fut porté de 4½ p. 100 à 5 p. 100, ce qui eut pour effet de canaliser une plus grande proportion des fonds disponibles vers les prêts hypothécaires. Au début de 1952, il devint évident que ces fonds étaient en plus grande disponibilité; cette tendance se raffermit d'ailleurs lorsque le taux d'intérêt de la LNH fut porté à 5¼ p. 100 au mois de septembre 1952. Le taux d'intérêt exigé pour les prêts hypothécaires dits "conventionnels" augmentait évidemment aussi, de sorte que pour toute, l'année 1952, la valeur des sommes investies dans les prêts hypothécaires consentis pour la construction résidentielle atteignit presque le chiffre de 46 millions de dollars. Ce résultat était bien supérieur à celui de 1951 qui n'avait pas atteint 39 millions, mais il était encore bien inférieur au total obtenu en 1950, soit plus de 55 millions.

Il devenait de plus en plus évident que la disponibilité de fonds hypothécaires aurait de plus en plus pour effet de limiter le nombre de maisons qui pourraient être construites au cours d'une année, quelle que fût la demande. Comme il est dit plus haut, les prêts hypothécaires constituaient, en 1945, 13 p. 100 de l'actif des compagnies canadiennes d'assurance-vie; à la fin de 1953, cette proportion était de 31 p. 100. La même tendance générale se manifestait en ce qui concernait les compagnies de fiducie et les autres institutions de ce genre. Il est intéressant de noter que dans le rapport annuel de la Société pour l'année 1952, on faisait remarquer que cette année-là, les prêts hypothécaires constituaient 27 p. 100 de l'actif des institutions prêteuses; on ajoutait même que cette proportion avait atteint un point maximal au moins pour un certain nombre d'années. (En réalité, cette proportion a continué d'augmenter; elle dépassait même 50 p. 100 en 1966.)

Afin d'aider à suppléer à la rareté croissante de deniers hypothécaires, la Société consentit encore plus de prêts hypothécaires. La plupart des prêts que la Société avait consentis directement avant 1952, visaient à favoriser la construction de logements à loyer sous forme de garanties d'assurance-loyer et de prêts aux compagnies à dividendes limités. Cependant, en 1952, la valeur des prêts directs consentis à de futurs propriétaires-occupants augmenta de près de dix fois pour atteindre 20 millions de dollars puis 25 millions en 1953. Ce chiffre représentait environ un huitième de tous les prêts hypothécaires consentis en vertu de la LNH à de futurs propriétaires-occupants, au cours de l'année.

En 1953, il était évident que si les prêteurs du secteur privé devaient continuer à financer la construction d'habitations, il faudrait trouver plus de prêteurs qui apporteraient plus d'argent à prêter aux termes de la Loi nationale sur l'habitation. Aussi, vers la fin de 1953, la Loi fut modifiée de façon à atteindre ce but. On abandonna le régime des prêts conjoints et on y substitua un régime d'assurance des prêts hypothécaires; de plus, les banques à charte et les banques d'épargne du Québec furent autorisées à consentir des prêts hypothécaires assurés. En vertu du système de prêts conjoints, les institutions prêteuses avaient joui de la protection que leur accordait un "fonds commun de garantie" qui leur permettait de recevoir une compensation pour les pertes subies au compte des prêts hypothécaires mais qui ne protégeait pas nécessairement chaque prêt consenti aux termes de la LNH. Le nouveau régime assurait la protection de chaque prêt particulier.

Depuis de nombreuses années, les banques canadiennes n'étaient pas autorisées à consentir des prêts hypothécaires, non pas à cause des risques à courir, mais à cause de la longue échéance de ces prêts et du manque de liquidité qui en résulte. L'assurance des prêts, selon la formule proposée par le gouvernement, réduisait le risque à un chiffre négligeable et améliorait la situation de la liquidité en prévoyant que la Société achète les prêts hypothécaires assurés consentis par les prêteurs agréés et leur prête de l'argent contre la garantie de prêts hypothécaires assurés.

Ces dispositions entrèrent en vigueur dès le mois de mars de 1954, alors que la nouvelle Loi nationale sur l'habitation fut promulguée. L'effet de ces nouvelles dispositions et de l'admission de cette nouvelle catégorie de prêteurs se fit sentir immédiatement. En effet, le volume des prêts consentis par tous les prêteurs agréés en 1954, représentait 50 p. 100 plus de logements qu'en 1953 et, de ce nombre, plus du tiers étaient financés grâce à des prêts consentis par les banques. D'autre part, le volume des prêts directs consentis par la Société représentait moins de 5 p. 100 de tous les prêts hypothécaires consentis aux termes de la LNH, comparativement à près de 20 p. 100 en 1953.

L'arrivée des banques dans le domaine des prêts hypothécaires créa de nouveaux problèmes pour la Société. En vertu du système de prêts conjoints, les compagnies d'assurance et de fiducie qui composaient la liste des prêteurs agréés, avaient leur propre personnel expérimenté dans le domaine des prêts hypothécaires et faisaient leurs propres évaluations tandis que la Société en faisait une de son côté. Evidemment, les banques n'avaient pas de bureaux de prêts hypothécaires; il fut donc nécessaire, afin de faire participer les banques le plus tôt possible aux transactions hypothécaires, que la Société fasse les évaluations qui permettaient aux banques de consentir ensuite leurs prêts. Un des avantages que présentaient les banques comme prêteurs agréés, était que leur vaste réseau de succursales offrait le maximum de commodité au public intéressé à présenter des demandes de prêts hypothécaires. Afin de profiter le plus possible de cet avantage, la Société établit un certain nombre de nouveaux bureaux locaux et ajouta du personnel préposé aux prêts hypothécaires dans certains bureaux qui ne s'étaient

*M. Stewart Bates fut nommé président de la Société centrale d'hypothèques et de logement au mois de décembre 1954.*

occupés jusque là que de gérer des logements à loyer. Tous ces arrangements furent pris avant la promulgation de la nouvelle loi en mars; aussi, dès le premier jour qui suivit cette promulgation, les nouvelles demandes purent être présentées aux banques.

C'est à la fin de cette période si importante de 1950 à 1954, durant laquelle la Société a pris un essor remarquable, que le président d'alors, M. D. B. Mansur, donna sa démission, soit le premier novembre 1954.

Il serait possible d'attribuer à un grand nombre de Canadiens, à partir de certains ministres du Cabinet jusqu'aux employés subalternes de la Société, le mérite du progrès réalisé par la Société durant ses neuf premières années d'existence; cependant, il est impossible d'évaluer exactement ce qu'a représenté pour le Canada la contribution personnelle de M. Mansur. Les directeurs de la Société ont exprimé leur appréciation par ces mots consignés dans une résolution adoptée à l'unanimité: "M. Mansur a joué un rôle inestimable dans l'établissement de saines politiques du logement au Canada et a fait preuve d'une qualité extraordinaire de chef et d'un esprit d'initiative tout à fait remarquable qu'il a employés à favoriser l'établissement et l'expansion de la Société".

M. Mansur est retourné à l'entreprise privée après une carrière de 16 années dans la fonction publique.

Le 6 décembre 1954, M. Stewart Bates fut nommé président de la Société à la place de M. Mansur. M. Bates était un économiste qui avait occupé divers postes de commande au sein de la fonction publique. Au moment de sa nomination à la direction de la Société, il était sous-ministre du ministère des Pêcheries.

# Integration or Isolation– A Rebuttal

by Ayreh Cooperstock

Mrs. Sylvia Goldblatt's article Integration or Isolation appeared in the January /April 1966 issue of Habitat. It prompted Mr. Ayreh Cooperstock to prepare a rebuttal which is printed here. Mrs. Goldblatt's surrebuttal is on the opposite page.

Some professionals have an unfortunate tendency of seeing the world through the doctrinaire perspective of their professions. Thus, it is said, Marie Antoinette suggested that the poor solve their bread problem with cake and Joseph II of Austria's enlightened comment on the American Revolution was that he was, professionally, a royalist. Some fundamentalist clerics see any misfortune as the fruit of sin, and some architects explain slums as aesthetic mistakes. There are also city planners who postulate the master plan and wholesale clearance as solutions to all social deficiencies; and policemen who demand stronger prisons to abate any social unrest. Similarly, Mrs. Sylvia Goldblatt proposes to ease the public housing tenants' plight by offering them the cake of her profession, the provision of needed services to solve their public housing problems.

Obviously this suggestion is not evil. But it skirts the main flaws and is a palliative rather than a cure. Her appeal for the integration of these tenants into the community is laudable but her program for achieving that end leaves much wanting. For the major barrier to integration is the institutionalized context of public housing. Mrs. Goldblatt, however, apparently accepts the institution as inevitable.

It is fundamentally wrong to view public housing projects as inevitable. Doing so implies that the poor will always be poor, that they should live with the poor, deserving only minimum accommodations; that the poor will always be tenants. Not even an army of social workers dispensing a surfeit of services can erase the stigma of living in the project. Neither would the buildings of 'economic construction' improve, nor would the scope of social association be broadened, nor would a sense of pride in one's home be inculcated. Regardless of how much "joint use of facilities by public housing tenants and their neighbors" takes place, those tenants still must return home to the project while their neighbors return home to their homes. Many of the basic social distortions of public housing will persist as long as there are projects. A "Therapeutic Community" — which would only intensify the already oppressive institution — is not the answer. A Therapeutic Society is more to the point.

Mrs. Goldblatt says, "Public housing might be used the way we use a hospital", as a sort of way station between socio-economic illness and health. She also accepts the differentiation of the "respectable poor" from the "seriously dependent and troubled poor". In her opinion, the former can become integrated with "very little community help beyond the provision of decent accommodation at a price they can afford". The others should go to the hospital. Such thinking is a disturbing application of particular values. Consider:
" . . . Contemporary city planning and professions such as education, social work, public recreation, public health, medicine, and psychiatry . . . use middle-class values to help low-income populations solve their problems and improve their living conditions . . . Planners and caretakers (i.e., educators, social workers, etc.) act on the assumption that (the low-income population's) way of life is simply a deviant form of the dominant American middle-class one, that is born partly of deprivation and lack of services provided by these professions."[1]

Not that the poor like to be poor or want to remain in that condition. They would enjoy many of the amenities available to the middle-class. But it is hard to imagine a greater humiliation than to be designated a social hospital case. Regardless of the euphemisms or subterfuges employed to commit the cases, only greater resentment would result. Still worse, rendering the projects into so-called "troubled poor" concentrations will turn a sad situation into a calamity. In view of the aberrations that result from the neglect of the "economically undernourished" (which Mrs. Goldblatt lists as "anti-social behavior, mental break-down, and the perpetuation of poverty"), a concentration of people so neglected will necessitate police escorts for distributors of the recommended services. In the Middle Ages the insane were locked in cages; is a social hospital essentially different? Integration can only work if it is applied with a total goal. This means that public housing institutions, i.e. the projects, must have the objective of elimination rather than fortification.

Social hospitals are isolationist by definition. The spectre of a prison is raised by the idea of these newly-oriented institutions with social workers as surrogates for guards. Yet even progressive penology is seeking means of deconcentration. As mechanisms for facilitating integration with the rest of the community (the normal community?), such projects might just as well be in rural areas, or deserts, or the far north since they would be just as remote. Who would want to associate with such congregations of misfits? Imagine how magnified the already potent taint of project dweller would become. At present, project living usually connotes just poverty but once the project becomes a social hospital, outright ostracism from all around is, ipso facto, bound to follow.

Let us examine Mrs. Goldblatt's quote from Alvin L. Schorr, writing in a United States context, from which she drew the rationale for her recommendations. He postulated three choices for a public housing program:

(1) a real estate operation for the respectable poor — the purely poor,

(2) a rehabilitative program for the seriously dependent and troubled poor,

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# . . . and A Surrebuttal

by Sylvia Goldblatt

Mr. Aryeh Cooperstock seems to have used my article as a peg on which to hang some of his prejudices about the social work profession, as well as his romantic notions about the advantages of living in slums where a family can keep pets and tell the landlord, "to go to hell".

If, as he says, "few choose to live in public housing", how does he explain the waiting lists for access to our meagre supply of public housing which stretch endlessly across the country?

Public housing, with all the restrictions imposed by our present policy, obviously offers some real advantages over the crowded, poorly heated, often overpriced accommodation available to low-income families on the private housing market. However, the needed re-examination of our present public housing program would undoubtedly be influenced by a commitment to the use of housing as an aid or cure to anti-poverty.

My thesis was an attempt to observe the extent to which public housing tenants experience a sense of isolation from the rest of the community. I compared two projects which are different in size and in the economic status of the surrounding neighborhoods. My observations lead to the conclusion that the physical design of the projects did contribute to isolation rather than integration.

Is integration a goal of our public housing program? If government-owned housing was designed to blend with the surrounding neighborhood—turned out toward the larger community rather than having it turn in on itself — this would help to overcome one barrier to integration.

It would not overcome some of the other barriers I identified; high rents that leave no money for sharing nearby recreation facilities with their neighbors, and lack of transportation and shopping facilities—both are important to the development of a sense of shared community experience. The failure of public housing tenants to get involved in local church activities revealed some of their inner feelings of insecurity. As I pointed out in my earlier article, the low-income family in which the social climate was good, that is, where the parents were emotionally healthy, the children reasonably disciplined and living in an aura of self-respect, was clearly evident, and these people were able to cope with most of the hurdles to integration and establish themselves as identified members of the larger community.

In drawing conclusions, my concern was for the type of troubled family in which emotionally immature adults struggle with the burden of child-rearing, inadequate income, insecure employment and frequently ill health (mental or physical). It is not that they live in a public housing project that stigmatizes them as "the poor", if you set them down on any street, they would soon be labelled as "the poor family". Michael Harrington, in his book "The Other America" described them as characterized by a sense of hopelessness. They seem swamped by too many children, too little education, a feeling that they just can't win — so why try.

I think I share with Mr. Cooperstock a concern for helping the poor to change their status — for helping them to be no longer poor. Our area of agreement might even be stretched to include the notion that public housing is a potential tool for assisting families to climb out of the poverty pit. Mr. Cooperstock flatly rejects the idea that this can be achieved so long as we build public housing projects. To support his argument he describes the socially disastrous experience demonstrated by present high-density public housing projects in the United States.

High-density living is here to stay for low-income families as well as self-supporting ones. We must now turn our efforts to making it a socially constructive way of life.

The increase in population and urbanization are two factors that will force us to accommodate an ever larger number of people on a relatively small piece of land. Private home-builders are having little difficulty renting or selling row-housing and project-type accommodation. I have in mind the large Flemingdon Park development in Metropolitan Toronto where rented housing facilities are filling a real need, particularly for our increasingly mobile society. Since it is inevitable that each of us will be forced to live very close to our neighbor in the future, there is little chance that planned public housing will not reflect this trend. We have found no other way to give people a roof over their head without their having to travel miles to their place of employment. This does not mean that the design of this accommodation must be limited to factory or barrack-like structures.

Areas develop a bad reputation because their residents behave in an anti-social way, not because it is a public housing area. Families who can afford to live in neighborhoods where there is a minimum of anti-social behavior will always do so. One of the well documented complaints against apartment-builders is that they buy into "good neighborhoods", fill the homes with low-income families who cause the neighborhood to deteriorate and thus leave it ripe for the developers.

A concentration of "socially-sick" families will inevitably lead to the departure of "healthy families". I want to see public housing used as an instrument for improving the health of families who obviously need this help. The schools would have no difficulty in identifying where the help is needed.

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(3) a greatly enlarged and altered program, at least in part deinstitutionalized with a variety of kinds of housing opportunities. **In the absence of a settled decision to seek the third course** . . . local housing authorities are moving slowly . . . toward rehabilitative programs . . . etc."[2]

That is the issue overlooked by Mrs. Goldblatt: "the absence of a settled decision to seek the third course". Why? And if this is true in the United States, need it also be so in Canada? Although many housing programs are modeled on American examples need we follow their mistakes as well?

In the United States, what began as a good and necessary idea has become a sad aberration. When public housing projects were initiated by the National Industrial Recovery Act in 1933, the main aim was to get the country out of the Depression by creating jobs for more people. This was combined with slum clearance at a time when vacancies were plentiful. Decent housing — at least by comparison — began being available to low-income families for the first time. But, according to some observers, the problems that were to be solved by these projects did not quite disappear. "Low-income projects . . . become worse centers of delinquency, vandalism and general social hopelessness than the slums they were supposed to replace."[3] Yet the Public Housing Administration vauntingly proclaimed:

"In 1962 the program of low-rent housing . . . had to its credit a quarter century of substantial achievement. It had eliminated many disease-breeding, crime-producing slums, removed fire hazards and unsanitary living conditions, and in many communities, served as a nucleus around which improved social and physical neighborhoods were built. In the process, the program . . . reduced costs of a variety of public services, and alleviated some of the hardships that stem from low incomes. In particular, it gave a great many children the opportunity to develop into better citizens than they could have without the program."[4]

One can accept either contention, both are partly correct. But the negative commentary attracts far more adherents; and a walk through many American projects adds considerable weight to that importunity.

The Washington Elms Project, for example, is a 24-year-old project in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Buildings are uniform in every detail; six-foot-high fencing surrounds much of the open spaces (which are paved, with elm trees sporadically placed in them); entrances and yards are shared; there are no built-in closets in the apartments; outdoor incinerators help the garbage disposal areas become dirty quickly; long hallways carry noise, collect dirt, etc. The 18 individual buildings comprise what is reminiscent of a concentration camp. At night the enclosures are extremely depressing and frightening. Outdoor lights on the buildings add to the camp quality. The density (about 45 to 50 families per acre) is far too high for the dearth of amenities. Three major traffic arteries are near the project (two run alongside it) and it is bordered by a heavy industrial zone. Large trucks are constantly passing by; there are no proper crossing points for pedestrians and children. Limited shopping facilities are available. There is very limited playground space for children.

The residents of Washington Elms generally concede that they live there through lack of choice. They would gladly move if they could find alternative accommodations at comparable rents. Many of them reflect nostalgically on their old neighborhoods which were demolished by the steam shovels of progress. Contact with neighbors is forced by close living conditions, i.e., it is essentially involuntary. Everyone knows a great deal about the activities next door since the hallways and walls transmit sound so well. There are many incidents of petty crime; sometimes it is not so petty. And to add to all these aggravations and insufficiencies, the tenants live in fear, for a serious violation of any of the numerous rules or a raise in pay means eviction.

If this is the case with the Washington Elms project's three-storey buildings, the difficulties are certainly multiplied in high rise structures with elevators added to provide new enclosures for vandalism, violence, and rape. All this, plus the stale conformity bred by the monotony of the structures. These conditions have been decried by such dissimilar observers as Jane Jacobs and Lewis Mumford — as well as many others. Yet they persist; and new projects keep going up.

"The usual (public housing) product, in the big city . . . has a sameness of look which labels it as 'the project'. Towering and prophylactic, these structures often overwhelm the mortals who live in them. Mothers lose contact with children who go out to play. They worry, too, lest a small child might try to emulate Superman and take wing from the tenth floor. Indeed some do so, without success. Sometimes even the thoroughly toilet-trained youngsters cannot make it from playlot to bathroom — which does not help the elevator. Yet after thirty years of experience, the New York City Housing Authority announced in 1963 that it will build on the Polo Grounds site . . . two giant public housing towers of thirty storeys each for 1,600 families."[5]

Many of the American public housing inadequacies have already been replicated in Canada, as Mrs. Goldblatt has reported. But defaulting Mr. Schorr's "third course" implies tacit acceptance of their public housing philosophy with its continuing errors. "A fact public

*"Isolation — physical or social — is harmful to the task of integrating low-income families in the community."*

*Young children and large families are often predominant in public housing projects.*

*". . . a sameness of look which labels it as 'the project'. Towering and prophylactic, these structures often overwhelm the mortals who live in them."*

housing agencies have not fully accepted is that people who live in slums, like people elsewhere, defy all classifications."[6] Since these are the people who become public housing tenants, should we not avoid the classifications proposed by Mrs. Goldblatt (perhaps following Mr. Schorr)? This means broadening the choices rather than limiting them to social hospitals for the "troubled poor" and you're-on-your-own policies for the not-so-socially-ill.

Public housing in its present form must be viewed as only one solution to low-income housing problems and not as the solution. Eventually, perhaps, the projects will be replaced by a rent subsidy arrangement that causes no humiliation. Then a broader choice would be possible for everyone affected. Until then, something must be done to improve the existing syndrome. As of March 1966 there were 122 public housing projects made up of 13,643 units in Canada that cost the Federal Government $106,360,000 in grants and another $31,499,000 in loans.[7] This is too significant a housing stock and investment to ignore.

Surely, as Mrs. Goldblatt suggests, needed services would help. But she ignored many of her own research findings in presenting recommendations, e.g., "the reporting of income and its relation to rent".

This is one of the most serious criticisms of public housing in both the United States and Canada. An official publication describes the rent-income rules as follows:

"YOU SHOULD REPORT AN INCREASE OR DECREASE IN YOUR MONTHLY INCOME IMMEDIATELY. IF YOU FAIL TO DO THIS YOU ARE LIABLE TO HAVE YOUR LEASE CANCELLED IMMEDIATELY. We shall carry out an annual survey as requested by the different

governments, but we expect you to let us know of any changes of income as they happen throughout the year.
This is also the place to remind you that our Project is for people who cannot afford to find housing in the private market. Therefore people living in our project who begin to earn enough money to buy or rent good houses, or rent apartments elsewhere will be asked to move to make way for people who are not so well off."[8]

This is absurd. It has often been pointed out that this is an invitation to cheating and a weapon for spiteful neighbors. A rise in income could be coupled with a rent increase until an economic rent is reached. Rent could then be maintained at that level without eviction — a formula that has proved effective in Ireland.[9] Greater security of tenure would foster greater concern with building upkeep thereby permitting a sense of permanence. Simultaneously, these housing units should be made available to other-income families — if they could be induced to come — so that some social variety might be possible. As an integration mechanism this would work far better than any "joint use of facilities". Purchase options, if assigned, would add another dimension of permanence. And perhaps once economic rents are attained (at least in part) the whole project might be put up for sale. The government is a lousy landlord. For every amenity provided it exacts tribute in the form of restriction. It ranges from 'keep off the grass' to 'no boarders'. A rent-controlled private landlord can be told to go to hell. Enough of the ex-slum dwellers in public projects dream nostalgically about their old homes where they could do just that.

And many of those people get out of the projects as soon as they can. Many return to slum neighborhoods. Few choose to live in public housing. Usually they live there because they have been evicted from their homes, torn from relatives and friends, and deprived of familiar shops and streets because of one public purpose or another. Their children used to play where they wished. Their finances had been their business. When they chose to live in sin, admission had not been denied them. And those who liked pets were not restrained with this curious kind of regulation: "We like animals such as dogs and cats as much as you do and because of this we feel that the houses and apartments are not places to keep pets".[10] So poor children cannot have the pleasure of a pet; the elderly poor cannot have its comfort. Are pets really so terrible? A cat is far more meaningful for some than a "family life education program".

Humanizing public housing project rules would probably make such residences far more livable. Relaxing some of the regulations and adding some amenities, like sufficient recreation spaces within the project and opening them to the community at large, would be a service probably just as important as dentistry. (At the Jeanne Mance Project the Golden Age Club meets in a laundry room. So do the Boy Scouts.) A soupçon of individuality might be provided with simple variations in exterior paint — even just on the window trim. Experimenting with the rental approach suggested above would definitely cause a change in resentful attitudes. Allowing people to have pets, to sit on the grass, to enter and remain despite income would lend the projects some of the characteristics typical of non-public housing.

Certainly "isolation — physical or social —is harmful to the task of integrating low-income families in the community". But "(public) housing . . . designed so as to blend . . . with neighborhood housing" is not enough. Neither is it sufficient to simply locate a project in the middle of a neighborhood and expect integration. What is required is that the neighborhood be integrated into the project as well.

Because there are too many projects already, some of the integrating devices suggested above would be far more beneficial than just providing services. Above all the projects must not become the exclusive precincts of the "troubled poor". And clearly the social "hospitals" proposed by Mrs. Goldblatt would result in social unhealth. If anything, to reiterate, greater resentment than already exists would ensue.

The following commentary is very much to the point:

"Slum youngsters regard social workers with a good deal of scorn; more to the point, they see them as 'con men' sent to hypnotize them into accepting a society they loathe — a society which denies them the means to achieve the goals to which they are exhorted to aspire. To a degree, at least, the gang members, the delinquents, the dropouts, the ordinary slum dwellers are justified in their cynicism; Americans have used welfare programs and social work agencies the way the Romans used bread and circuses — to keep the poor happy and non-threatening."[11]

Viewing the "Therapeutic Community" in this light demonstrates its irrelevancy. Low-income housing must be approached on more human grounds.

The most cogent proposal for dealing with the ills of public housing projects is included in Mrs. Goldblatt's interviews with local polticians:

"The atmosphere in public housing is 'too much like an institution', (a) politician complained. (The tenants' political representatives) were very critical of higher levels of government for building public housing projects without agreeing to finance the services needed to help a group of low-income families.

" 'Put one or two of them on a street, so if they are in trouble there aren't too many for the neighbors to be able to help them'."[12]

The last point is cardinal. Dispersal of public housing tenants would require less services but would serve both those people and the rest of the community in a healthy and palatable manner. That is the only positive and feasible methods to achieve real integration. Eventually that might happen in Canada.

Note: All direct quotations unless otherwise identified, are from Sylvia Goldblatt, "Integration or Isolation," **Habitat,** Vol. IX, Number 1 and 2, pp. 14-23.

1. Herbert J. Gans, **The Urban Villagers.** New York, The Free Press of Glencoe, 1962, p. ix.
2. Alvin L. Schorr, **Slums and Social Insecurity,** p. 115. Cited by Mrs. Goldblatt. Emphasis added.
3. Jane Jacobs, **The Death and Life of Great American Cities.** New York, Random House, 1961, p. 4.
4. United States Housing and Home Finance Agency, **16th Annual Report, 1962,** Washington, p. 203.
5. Charles Abrams, **The City is the Frontier.** New York, Harper and Row, 1965, pp. 30f.
6. **Ibid. p. 35.**
7. CMHC, **Urban Renewal and Public Housing in** Canada. Jan., Feb., March, 1966, pp. 18f.
8. Jeanne Mance Housing Corporation, **Residents Handbook: The Jeanne Mance Housing Corporation Welcomes You.** Montreal.
9. See Abrams, **op. cit.,** p. 37.
10. Jeanne Mance Housing Corporation, **op. cit.** In French it is even stronger: "Nous aimons autant que vous les animaux tel que chiens, chats, etc., mais nous croyons que les maisons et les appartements des bâtisses du projet ne sont pas des endroits pour eux. Donc pas d'animaux." Not only is there no "etc." in the English rule, but it is also more suggestive than imperative.
11. Charles E. Silberman, **Crisis in Black and White.** New York, Random House, 1964, p. 129.
12. Goldblatt, **op. cit.,** p. 17.

# A Surrebuttal

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Some of the recognized aids in offering help are; day care facilities for the children of working, sick or overly-taxed mothers; physical and mental health facilities; free recreation facilities that are well supervised and designed to give the broken family a healing experience. Mr. Cooperstock recognized some of this when he said of the Washington Elms Project, "The density is far too high for the dearth of amenities". To speak of these services as "palliatives" is to return to the social theories of the 1930's. To speak of them as a "solution to a housing problem" or, as I will discuss later, as an answer to the poverty riddle is nothing short of silly.

Mr. Cooperstock's confusion lies in the notion that once a family resides in a public housing project, even where the means of acquiring social health is incorporated, that family will forever carry a mark of poverty. Historically, that has not been true for the slum family that has had the inner resources to escape the trap of poverty. Why should it be true of the low-income family helped to change its status through community aids? I am arguing that the stamp of poverty is already upon a family before its members arrive in the public housing project. Their chance of shaking it is affected by the quality of service offered.

Even as I say this, I am mindful that poverty is not alone a product of bad housing or inadequate services. Therefore, good housing and services by themselves cannot be seen as the doorway to financial independence. The state of the economy; the distribution of our national income through wages, pension plans, unemployment insurance, health services, the equality of our educational opportunities — all these factors, and many more, contribute to the poverty picture. I am only proposing that it is possible and desirable to design and equip our public housing projects in such a way that they will encourage and aid integration. Families that are socially healthy are quickly accepted as desirable neighbors regardless of the degree of involvement the larger community may have with them. Involvement comes with joint use of facilities and this can be encouraged by planning to provide facilities that will meet the needs of the total area.

I find it difficult to understand why Mr. Cooperstock's reading of my article led him to think that I had ignored many of my findings, i.e. the ill effects of rent-income rules. If I failed to get the point across before, I would certainly like to emphasize it now. I found this to be one of the basic issues that dis-

*Inevitably we will be forced to live very close to each other, and planned public housing will reflect this trend. Even private house-builders can find a ready market for high-density row-housing and project-type accommodation such as is seen here at Flemingdon Park in Toronto.*

*Despite present restrictions, public housing obviously offers many real advantages over the crowded, poorly heated and often overpriced accommodation available on the private market to low-income families.*

*". . . it is possible and desirable to design and equip our public housing projects in such a way that they will encourage integration."*


rupted friendly relations among people on the project and would agree that an alternative policy should be explored. However, I fail to understand how home-ownership for low-income families will be conducive to better care of their property when they cannot afford the cost of repairs. Efforts to get low-income property owners to fix up their homes have been unsuccessful. It is a financial burden they cannot carry. Furthermore, in a period of increasing mobility of labor, it could be a real hardship for a low-income family to be saddled with a property it finds difficult to sell.

On the other hand, if we are prepared to use public housing as a tool to help overcome poverty, I can see a way of making home-ownership an asset. Public housing policy could be designed to offer an opportunity to buy an equity in a home and make it easy for the owner to re-sell it to the government should he want to move out.

Mr. Cooperstock makes a plea for relaxing regulations on public housing projects. These regulations not only apply to public housing projects but to almost all rental housing today. Also, there are other people in the project who prefer not to be awakened at night by the noise of fighting cats and who would rather not have the baby stepping in dog excrement. These people, too, have rights. It must be remembered that public housing is often occupied by large families and families with young children. This makes for a special set of circumstances that must be given special and sensitive consideration. It is one thing to use a lawn to sit on and quite another to permit a child to dig holes in it with his shovel. It is not possible to enjoy the freedom of rural life when we are forced to live so close to one another.

This is not a problem of 'who is the landlord', a public or private agency. It is a problem of urban living. To overcome the obvious disadvantages of raising a family under these circumstances will require a commitment in public housing policy that does not exist at present. Public housing will have to be something more than a real estate operation.

Families who live in government housing have a right to expect that they will be protected against bad neighbors. This idea already has some acceptance in government policy which limits the number of 'welfare families' who are taken into any single public housing project. The fact that the economic status of all low-income families places them in a highly precarious position, emphasizes the need for building services into public housing developments and for assisting the "troubled poor". To ignore them or to deny their existence will solve nothing.

*The low-income family with emotionally healthy parents and reasonably disciplined children can surmount the hurdles of integration and establish itself as a member of the general community.*

Finally, Mr. Cooperstock says, "What is required is that the neighborhood be integrated into the project too (and) sufficient recreation spaces provided within the project and opening them to the community at large, would be a service probably just as important as dentistry".

That is what I have argued all along — the joint use of facilities; and this does mean the provision or extension of services to the public housing project.

# Pourquoi pas l'Utopie?

Deuxième chapitre:
Propositions et exigences

par Moshe Safdie

M. Safdie assista récemment à un colloque sur l'architecture à Roorkee, en Inde. Dans ce deuxième chapitre de son article, il parle des éléments et des procédés de conception qu'il faut adopter pour atteindre la perfection morphologique dans les villes.

Au pays fabuleux d'UTOPIE, où tout est réglé pour que chaque élément de la population connaisse tous les bonheurs, chacun peut y trouver aussi tous les extrêmes, à partir des espaces libres et de la nature à l'état sauvage jusqu'à la restriction des aires complètement renfermées et au caractère urbain des places de marché et des places publiques; à partir de l'intimité et de la séclusion des maisons jusqu'à l'énervement et au trafic des places publiques.

Dans notre Utopie, l'être humain est très mobile. Il est en mesure de passer d'un endroit à l'autre sans interruption dans un milieu agréable, tout en jouissant d'une belle vue et d'un bon éclairage à n'importe quel niveau, à l'intérieur de cette ville à trois dimensions.

Le transport qui est complètement synchronisé dans Utopie, permet à l'homme de se rendre très rapidement d'un endroit à l'autre par ses propres moyens ou en utilisant les services de transport en commun.

L'organisation de la ville a été conçue de façon que les institutions, les bibliothèques, les hôpitaux, les musées, les théâtres, la place du marché et les boutiques font partie d'une place publique continue où tous les éléments sont intégrés. La verdure compénètre la ville. Un bon nombre de centres sont reliés les uns aux autres par des moyens de communication extrêmement rapides. Chaque centre dépend de l'autre et le complète. Ces centres eux-mêmes sont constitués de charpentes sur lesquelles des logements sont groupés comme sur le versant d'une colline et semblent abriter les aires publiques qui s'étalent en dessous d'une façon continue. Ainsi, les logements, les parcs, les écoles et les boutiques sont tous à proximité les uns des autres, à l'intérieur d'un réseau de mouvement à trois dimensions.

Un moyen de transport n'en croise jamais un autre; un piéton n'a jamais à s'arrêter pour laisser passer une voiture ou un train. Les voitures n'ont pas à s'arrêter à une intersection ou à un feu rouge et l'homme n'est jamais forcé d'attendre pour passer d'un moyen de transport à l'autre. Une synchronisation complète du mouvement assure une mobilité parfaite.

A l'intérieur de la maison, il y a amplement d'espace. Chaque maison qui est exposée à la vue, au soleil et aux éléments, comprend un jardin. Nos villes sont propres; elles se nettoient d'elles-mêmes en réalité. Elles comprennent un outillage à même qui en assure un entretien irréprochable. L'industrie est groupée dans certains centres de mobilité, à proximité immédiate des autres parties de la ville.

Utopie est un endroit où nous voudrions tous vivre. Pour chacun d'entre nous, Utopie est une ville légèrement différente — autrement dit, Utopie est un endroit qui existe dans notre imagination. La somme de ces produits de l'imagination converge toutefois vers le même point, c'est-à-dire un endroit où nous désirons tous vivre. Mais, pourquoi pas une Utopie? Pourquoi l'Utopie — notre Utopie — ne peut-elle pas devenir une réalité? Nous possédons les moyens techniques et économiques nécessaires pour la réaliser; et si nous en avons la volonté et le désir, pourquoi pas une Utopie?

**Motifs de changement**

Il y a quinze ans, nos urbanistes et nos architectes devaient, avant d'amorcer toute discussion relative à l'évolution de notre milieu urbain, accumuler une grande quantité de données statistiques afin de tenter de prouver que l'accroissement de la population et la migration nécessitent des changements importants et même radicaux dans le milieu où l'homme est appelé à vivre. Ceux qui prédisaient ces changements étaient considérés comme des esprits alarmistes et des pessimistes, étant donné les vastes aires de terrain non habité qui se trouvent dans la plupart des pays et qu'on prévoit une dispersion constante de la population grandissante vers ces aires plutôt qu'un changement de la forme des villes et du milieu urbain lui-même.

Il est maintenant évident que ces motifs nous obligent à modifier les méthodes de construction et les formes des villes. Plutôt que de citer les prévisions qui ont été faites par des autorités compétentes relativement à l'accroissement de la population au cours des années à venir, je ne rappellerai que quelques chiffres de base qui donnent une idée de l'ampleur du problème. En Amérique du Nord, la population globale aura doublé d'ici 40 ans. Vu que l'accroissement de la population ne se fait pas suivant une progression arithmétique mais suivant une progression géométrique, si le rythme actuel d'accroissement se maintient, la population aura quadruplé au cours des 40 années suivantes et sera huit fois plus considérable d'ici 120 ans. En même temps que cet accroissement, il va se produire un déplacement important de la population des régions rurales à faible densité des Etats-Unis et du Canada vers les principaux centres métropolitains. Le rythme doit être tel que la construction, en plus de tenir compte de l'accroissement et du déplacement de la population, de prévoir le remplacement des logements existants ainsi que les autres besoins des grandes villes, doit pouvoir remédier au délabrement, à la pauvreté et aux quartiers de taudis qui existent à un point absolument renversant aussi bien dans les secteurs ruraux que dans les secteurs métropolitains.

Au Canada, où la population atteint à peine le chiffre de 20 millions d'âmes, ce rythme d'accroissement signifie qu'il faut construire chaque mois l'équivalent d'une ville de 70,000 âmes, avec toutes les maisons, les boutiques,

les écoles, les manufactures et les hôpitaux nécessaires, à partir de maintenant jusqu'à l'an 2,000, pour répondre aux besoins suscités par cet accroissement.

Paradoxalement, toutefois, la capacité de production en ce moment ne fonctionne pas à son maximum. Dans le contexte limité de l'économie de l'Amérique du Nord, il est possible d'augmenter la production de l'économie en vue de créer des milieux de vie convenables et améliorés. Cette situation fait contraste avec celle qui existe dans d'autres pays qui en sont encore à des stades moins avancés de développement. Dans les pays plus récemment industrialisés de l'Afrique et de l'Asie, le rythme de l'accroissement de la population est encore supérieur à celui de l'Amérique du Nord ou de l'Europe et, en même temps, le déplacement de la population rurale vers les régions métropolitaines s'effectue à une allure beaucoup plus accentuée, par suite précisément de cette industrialisation. L'expérience démontre que le phénomène de l'industrialisation ne s'est jamais produit sans être accompagné d'un certain degré d'urbanisation. Au Japon, par exemple, l'industrialisation a entraîné un déplacement de la population rurale vers les villes. De même, l'industrialisation de certains pays comme la Chine, l'Inde ou des pays d'Afrique va entraîner une réduction de la population rurale et une certaine forme d'urbanisation.

A ce stade de l'évolution, nous nous trouvons en face d'un double problème. Le besoin d'industrialisation semble indiquer que les principaux efforts de construction doivent être dirigés vers la réalisation d'un plus grand nombre de moyens de production, comme ce fut le cas en Russie après la révolution. Toutefois, si on applique les principaux efforts de production à l'expansion industrielle, on néglige en quelque sorte la construction du milieu et la préfabrication de denrées de consommation.

Ainsi, ces pays ont à faire face au problème que constituent le déplacement en masse de leur population vers les centres urbanisés, une augmentation considérable de la population elle-même qui, dans certains cas, double au cours d'une période de 20 à 40 ans, et le besoin de réaliser les plus grandes économies possibles dans la construction du milieu, à cause des facilités de production qui sont restreintes et du besoin d'appliquer ces facilités à l'expansion industrielle.

Pour ces pays, la difficulté consiste à procurer le meilleur milieu de vie possible en tenant compte des limites de leur économie et à trouver un moyen de planifier de façon à pouvoir améliorer les commodités fournies une fois que les facilités de production ont augmenté. S'il se produit en Inde, au cours des 30 à 40 prochaines années, une situation semblable à celle qui existe au Japon, l'Inde devra construire des logements et d'autres facilités connexes pour une population de 700 millions d'âmes, soit 20 millions par année ou encore un logement à la seconde. Des chiffres de ce genre dépassent évidemment toute compréhension et n'ont aucun rapport avec les modes de construction, avec la méthode de planification, ni avec les formes des villes que nous connaissons aujourd'hui.

**Equilibre — conservation**

Malgré l'étendue considérable de leur continent et malgré une densité de population relativement faible, les pays de l'Amérique du Nord consomment et ravagent leurs agréments naturels au point que la conservation en est devenue difficile.

La conservation est un facteur déterminant pour la forme et le caractère que doit prendre notre milieu urbain, parce que tout l'équilibre qui doit exister entre le milieu naturel et le milieu créé par l'homme est constamment menacé. Il faut établir un point d'équilibre et accepter ce qui découle implicitement de la forme, des densités et de l'intensité appliquées à l'utilisation du terrain.

Dans bon nombre de pays et particulièrement en Amérique du Nord, la législation qui régit l'utilisation et la possession du terrain favorise par tradition, une politique de laissez-faire. Toutefois, ces mêmes pays et leurs législateurs ont aussi reconnu, ces dernières années, les limitations de la liberté individuelle dans les domaines où elle porte atteinte au bien commun. Par exemple, on a adopté des lois régissant la qualité et la production des aliments, des médicaments et ainsi de suite en vue de protéger le bien commun. Toutefois, le public et ses représentants n'ont pas encore accepté l'idée que l'utilisation du terrain et la régie appropriée de ces mêmes terrains sont aussi d'une grande importance pour le bien commun, et que l'abus qu'on peut en faire peut causer des désordres pour plusieurs années à venir. Si nous détruisons l'équilibre du milieu, il est possible que nous ne puissions jamais le rétablir sans qu'il en résulte des conséquences graves pour la nature des espèces.

**Concentration**

En cherchant à déterminer la forme du milieu urbain, il faut tenir compte de deux principaux groupes de motifs. Il y a en premier lieu les motifs économiques — nos richesses de production et nos richesses naturelles par rapport à l'importance de la population — et il y a les motifs humains que se rattachent à la nature de l'homme et à ses préférences comme entité sociale.

Du point de vue économique, le problème peut être défini avec beaucoup de précision: nous devons développer des méthodes qui nous permettront de construire des logements en utilisant le minimum de matériaux, de main-d'oeuvre et de temps. Nous devons trouver des formules pour construire des villes qui n'occuperont pas tout le terrain dont nous disposons. Cette dernière mesure contribuera à établir un système économique tout en conservant suffisamment de terrain pour l'agriculture et les aires libres, de sorte qu'on maintiendra l'équilibre entre le milieu de vie créé par l'homme et la nature elle-même. L'industrialisation, la mécanisation du mode de construction, l'ingéniosité manifestée dans l'évolution des systèmes, la recherche sur l'aménagement des villes qui va permettre de réaliser le degré de densité et d'utilisation intense du terrain, sont autant de facteurs qui vont contribuer ensemble à établir une économie puissante.

Du point de vue humain, il faut explorer les aspirations sociales et culturelles de l'homme. Ce problème complexe peut varier d'une culture à l'autre, d'une époque à l'autre et ne peut pas être discuté en termes absolus, mais nous pouvons toutefois admettre qu'il existe certaines préférences. L'homme vivant dans un milieu industrialisé devient de plus en plus difficile à satisfaire. Les commodités qu'il exige comparativement à une époque antérieure sont nombreuses et très variées. Il lui faut en effet un grand choix de moyens de récréation, une multitude et une variété de facilités d'achat et d'instruction. Ce qui est important au sujet de cette évolution, c'est qu'il faut plusieurs millions de personnes pour faire subsister les commodités et les institutions dont l'homme a besoin. Ainsi, il ne se contente plus de vivre dans des petits centres au milieu des institutions forcément limitées qu'une petite collectivité peut faire subsister. Ces exigences ne se retrouvent pas uniquement chez le citadin, mais elles s'appliquent aussi dans les régions rurales où l'être humain n'est pas

satisfait des commodités restreintes dont il a dû se contenter dans le passé à cause de son isolement. Toute forme de milieu urbain que nous envisageons de réaliser doit constituer une conglomération de population qui est en mesure de faire subsister tous ces services.

**Organisation sur le plan régional**

Il faut pouvoir grouper plusieurs millions de personnes pour établir et faire subsister la varieté de services et de commodités que nous exigeons de la vie à notre époque. Pourtant, des groupes relativement restreints, soit de 20,000 à 200,000 âmes, peuvent constituer une collectivité limitée où certains aspects des services, du gouvernement et de l'identité du milieu peuvent s'épanouir et se développer pleinement. Les groupes plus nombreux qui doivent faire subsister de vastes institutions, sont trop considérables pour qu'on puisse facilement les identifier. Nous devons donc établir une hiérarchie dans la structure de la région qui comprendrait tout un éventail de groupes, à partir de ceux qui sont formés d'un petit nombre de familles jusqu'aux entités plus grandes formant une collectivité complète bien définie et aux groupes les plus vastes qui englobent toute une région.

Alors que chaque personne doit pouvoir jouir des services propres à toute une région, elle doit aussi pouvoir s'identifier elle-même à la collectivité qu'elle reconnaît comme sienne. Ainsi, un groupe constitué d'un grand nombre d'éléments liés les uns aux autres pour former un plus grand ensemble, peut remplacer la structure actuelle des centres métropolitains qui, à partir d'un noyau faiblements constitué qui a tendance à se désintégrer, se développe au petit bonheur, sans plan précis. Ce qu'il faut réaliser, c'est l'extension de la limite d'une heure de déplacement qui a toujours servi de critère pour mesurer l'étendue d'un complexe régional vu que, grâce à l'utilisation de nouveaux moyens de transport personnels et publics, l'étendue d'une région a augmenté à trois, quatre ou même cinq cents milles. Ainsi, une région devient un groupement d'un certain nombre de centres organisés selon une mesure linéaire de communication.

Chaque centre, petit ou grand, pourrait profiter des services des autres. Chacun s'intégrerait dans l'ensemble de la région tout en conservant sa propre identité. Les secteurs agricoles qui entourent et desservent ces centres ainsi que les aires libres réservées à la récréation, deviendraient des parties intégrantes de cette région. L'exode massif de millions de personnes vers les plages ou les montagnes, qui se produit dans chaque centre métropolitain, serait canalisé du fait que ces régions seraient raccordées au centre de communication de l'ensemble de la région.

Evidemment, ces projets sont fondés sur la conviction que l'homme moderne se déplace et désire faire lui-même l'expérience des richesses et de la variété que la vie peut lui offrir. On a laissé entendre qu'il est possible de réaliser une telle variété sans compter uniquement sur le désir de l'homme de se déplacer mais aussi en prévoyant de nouveaux systèmes de communication comme la télévision, le téléphone et d'autres. Plutôt que de diriger l'homme vers les expériences à faire, celles-ci lui seraient présentées chez lui. Je crois, pour ma part, qu'aucun système de communication de ce genre, quelque perfectionné qu'il soit, ne peut remplacer la présence physique de l'homme. En conséquence, le facteur le plus puissant qui doit contribuer à constituer l'organisation d'une région est précisément cette mobilité, la réorganisation de la grande ville selon un mode de groupement hiérarchique.

Il y a des personnes qui se prononcent en faveur de la dispersion pour soulager la pression exercée par l'accroissement et l'expansion. La dispersion, à mon sens, ne peut se produire que si elle est organisée de façon à créer un complexe régional, c'est-à-dire une dispersion qui produirait non pas une densité égale et réduite de la population dans toute une région, mais une dispersion de noyaux de concentration, tous reliés les uns aux autres pour former une seule entité.

**La structure urbaine — Les groupes contre les éléments unitaires**

Le changement global qui se produit dans notre mode d'établissement influe sur la conception de la structure urbaine elle-même. Dans le passé, nous nous sommes surtout préoccupés d'agencer des "unités indépendantes", aussi bien dans la construction rurale que dans la construction urbaine. Les critères d'agencement étaient établis pour des unités indépendantes. Nous devons aujourd'hui grouper des éléments qui sont entièrement ou partiellement dépendants les uns des autres. Pour y arriver, il faut changer notre façon de concevoir l'agencement. En effet, l'agencement d'éléments qui dépendent les uns des autres pour former des groupes, devient l'agencement de systèmes de construction, l'organisation d'un certain nombre d'unités réunies dans un groupe où le rapport qui existe entre chacune de ces unités est aussi important que l'agencement de l'élément lui-même.

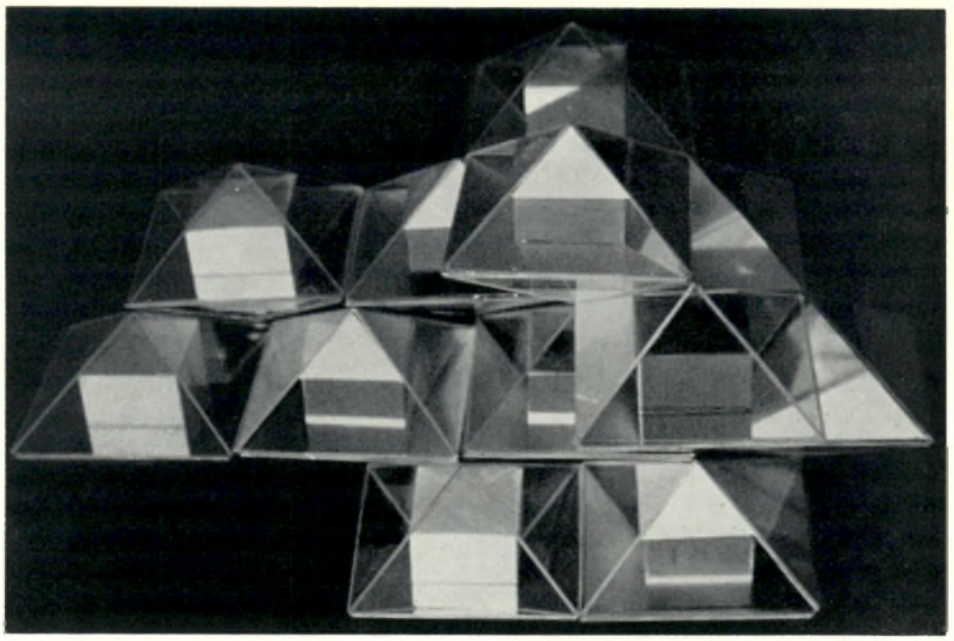
Du point de vue historique, de telles considérations sont tout à fait étrangères à la tradition de l'architecture occidentale établie sous la Renaissance où chaque bâtiment est conçu individuellement par un architecte. En ce qui concerne l'architecture propre aux villages et aux villes de diverses cultures, la limitation des matériaux de construction, le climat et le genre de population, ont entraîné l'évolution des systèmes de construction. La construction qui se fait à notre époque nous place en face du problème de la dépendance complète afin de conserver les commodités que nous jugeons essentielles.

Une maison unifamiliale au niveau du sol est exposée à la lumière et à la chaleur du soleil et assure l'intimité à la fois visuelle et acoustique de ses occupants. Par ailleurs, dans un ensemble de logements, chaque élément dépend entièrement des autres en ce qui concerne l'exposition au soleil — chacun devant en profiter sans nuire à l'autre. La même dépendance existe en ce qui concerne l'intimité acoustique ou visuelle. On n'éprouve aucune difficulté à identifier une maison unifamiliale à cause même de sa présence qui permet de la distinguer des autres bâtiments. Toutefois, dans un groupement d'éléments divers, l'identification de chaque élément constitue une difficulté vu que chaque élément doit être différent pour qu'on puisse l'identifier, et il faut réaliser un groupement hiérarchique et rythmé pour créer ce sens d'identité.

Il faut agencer le groupement des éléments dans un milieu urbain de façon à conserver les agréments que procure l'exposition au soleil, à protéger contre la pluie et le vent, à assurer l'intimité, à abriter les aires publiques, et à garantir l'identité des éléments en les situant à leur place dans le contexte urbain. On peut même aller plus loin: les groupements de ces éléments peuvent être agencés de façon à établir de nouveaux rapports entre les éléments qui font partie du contexte urbain, ce qui contribuera à ajouter des agréments qui n'existaient pas auparavant.

Dans un pays à climat chaud, il est possible de réaliser une disposition des logements selon trois dimensions de façon à ce que chaque logement serve d'abri à l'autre ou lui procure de l'ombre et de façon à réaliser un

*Tel Aviv, par rapport à Israël — La mobilité—Ce qui compte surtout dans ce centre-ville, c'est qu'en plus de desservir la ville elle-même, il serait utile au pays tout entier; ceci ferait d'Israël une immense agglomération bien agencée, dont Tel Aviv ne formerait qu'une partie.*
*Un réseau de transport en commun s'étendant du nord au sud du pays, dont les éléments se déplaceraient à une vitesse de 400 à 500 milles à l'heure d'après un horaire bien synchronisé pour assurer des correspondances parfaites, assurerait l'unification du pays qui pourrait alors être traversé en une heure seulement.*



*La construction urbaine en 1965. Les proportions entre les pièces ont été déterminées de façon à en arriver au meilleur agencement possible dans un logement, en n'accordant qu'un espace restreint aux dégagements. Le parement est simplifié par raison d'économie. L'habitation nait d'une cellule fondamentale ou d'un module dans lequel sont placés des éléments préfabriqués remplaçables (cuisine, salle de bain, rangement). Ces éléments sont créés suivant un module de 2½ ou 5 pi. de large et de 10 pi. de long. Ainsi, l'élément de service inséré arbitrairement dans un appartement d'Habitat 67 occupe un espace bien défini dans ce système.*

meilleur rapport entre les divers éléments de la ville. Le plan d'agencement selon trois dimensions offre des possibilités qui n'existaient pas auparavant. Le mot-clef est évidemment la concentration tandis que les sous-produits de cette concentration sont l'interdépendance et le groupement des éléments.

**La structure totale ou l'évolution morphologique de la forme de construction**

Au cours des décennies de 1920 et de 1930, les architectes se sont rendu compte que la conception des villes et des bâtiments doit se faire selon une analyse rationnelle. Ces architectes et urbanistes qui ont atteint leur apogée dans le CIAM, avaient préconisé un programme en vue de l'aménagement rationnel des bâtiments. Dans ces tentatives qui n'étaient que des ébauches, ils isolaient chaque élément fonctionnel particulier de la réalité du bâtiment et lui donnaient une interprétation officielle tout en ignorant les autres éléments. Au cours des années 50, il s'est produit une réaction visant à démontrer qu'une analyse rationnelle du programme d'aménagement d'un bâtiment produit de la monotonie et qu'il ne résulterait pas d'un tel procédé ce qu'on peut appeler une "architecture riche". Philip Johnston déclarait: "Il me semble que nous devrions nous libérer très rapidement de ce cauchemar que l'on appelle l'honnêteté dans la structure. Il est possible que tout le mouvement moderne considéré comme un mouvement intellectuel et qui remonte de Ruskin à Violet Leduc, en passant par Verk, Bundt, Bauhaus, Le Corbusier, et jusqu'à la Deuxième Grande Guerre, soit arrivé à sa période de déclin. Il n'y a plus qu'un facteur absolu de nos jours, et c'est le changement. Il n'existe plus aucune règle, sûrement aucune certitude dans aucun des arts. Il n'y a plus que la sensation d'une merveilleuse liberté." La fausseté de cette déclaration découle de la fausse interprétation que l'auteur donne des termes "structure" et "liberté".

La liberté existe dans le monde stylistique de la forme, mais lorsqu'il s'agit d'améliorer le milieu, les obstacles que nous rencontrons nous la font comprendre autrement. Le mot-clef pour l'architecte contemporain n'est pas la liberté mais bien la dépendance: dépendance des éléments — besoin de réduire le caractère arbitraire de la forme de construction tout en assurant qu'elle remplit sa fonction aussi parfaitement que possible.

On définit la morphologie comme l'étude des formes de la matière et particulièrement des formes extérieures des êtres organisés.
La définition de la structure est l'agencement de tous les éléments qui constituent un ensemble. C'est cette définition de la structure que nous devons appliquer à notre forme de construction et c'est par le procédé morphologique évoluant vers la perfection que nous devons entreprendre la construction. Les synonymes du mot structure sont: intégration, articulation, enchaînement, organisation, agencement, système, organisme, programme et complexe. Chacun de ces mots doit former le fondement le plus

vaste sur lequel doit reposer la programmation de la trame urbaine telle que nous la concevons.

**L'économie — Obligation morale**

Nous avons à notre époque l'obligation morale de construire d'une façon économique. Il n'a jamais été admis auparavant d'une façon universelle que chaque homme a droit à certaines commodités.

Pour les "démocrates" Grecs, les droits et l'égalité des citoyens n'étaient pas en contradiction avec l'existence des esclaves. Ailleurs, les masses acceptaient que leurs droits à certaines formes de confort soient subordonnés aux droits des institutions qu'elles appuyaient. Pour les Anglais du début du siècle, il était possible d'accepter une démocratie qui dépendait, du point de vue économique, de l'assujettissement des autres, c'est-à-dire des colonies. Ce n'est que depuis la fin de la Deuxième Grande Guerre que la plupart des gouvernements et tous les organismes mondiaux ont accepté universellement que tout homme habitant cette planète a des droits égaux à certains privilèges politiques et économiques. Cet état d'esprit a fini par prévaloir à cause des "progrès" techniques qui ont permis à l'humanité de survivre au sein d'une telle réalité politique.

Il n'a pas été reconnu, toutefois, que ces droits politiques influencent aussi l'habitation, car il faut maintenant songer surtout à procurer le maximum à chacun. Il n'est plus possible d'accepter l'existence de résidences de grand luxe à côté de taudis, ni l'existence d'immeubles à bureaux somptueux à côté de logements délabrés. Il est paradoxal qu'en Amérique du Nord, de nos jours, le public puisse accepter une situation de chômage et des sous-productions de l'industrie alors qu'il existe par ailleurs des taudis et des villes délabrées. En face de ces contradictions et d'autres du même genre, un grand nombre d'architectes se préoccupent de questions de style et de goût et ignorent totalement l'existence de problèmes beaucoup plus graves qui, une fois reconnus, éclipseraient leurs préoccupations actuelles. Cet aveuglement temporaire de la population va finir par disparaître de même que la contradiction qui existe entre les aspirations politiques et la réalité matérielle.

Le problème consiste à déterminer la façon de procurer de meilleurs logements, un meilleur milieu de vie, de meilleures écoles, des villes mieux aménagées, de meilleurs moyens de transport pour toute la population ainsi que la façon de réaliser tout cela en utilisant le moins possible de main-d'oeuvre et de matériaux de façon que grâce à l'économie ainsi réalisée on puisse en accomplir davantage.

Il est possible de faire des économies si on utilise les matériaux les plus facilement accessibles pour clore le plus d'espace possible en employant le moins de main-d'oeuvre possible. L'étude de la forme efficace entraîne donc l'examen des géométries qui permettent de réaliser facilement une structure stable en utilisant le moins possible de matériaux ainsi que des systèmes de "cloisonnement de l'espace" ou un mode de subdivision de l'espace qui répond le plus efficacement aux exigences que nous voulons satisfaire.

L'aile d'un vautour est constituée d'une armature à trois dimensions de petits os, qui donne à cet oiseau le maximum de force même si le Créateur n'a utilisé qu'un minimum de matériaux; dans une ruche d'abeilles, chaque cellule fournit le maximum d'espace d'entreposage en utilisant le minimum de cire. Pour la construction d'un milieu, nous devons étudier les géométries, les systèmes de construction qui nous permettront de réaliser le plus possible en employant le moins possible de tous les éléments nécessaires. Toutefois, les matériaux n'occupent que la seconde place par rapport à la main-d'oeuvre et c'est pourquoi le procédé de construction est le facteur prédominant. Deux constructions peuvent être faites des mêmes matériaux, l'une exigeant 500 fois plus de travail de raccordement et de fabrication que l'autre. Une salle de bain peut être formée par un seul homme qui met en place un seul matériau dans un moule, formant ainsi chaque partie constituante en une seule opération, par opposition à une salle de bain dont la construction nécessite le travail de cinq hommes qui font 500 raccordements de quatre matériaux différents.

Nous avons industrialisé et organisé un grand nombre de nos industries, mais ce phénomène ne s'est pas encore appliqué à la construction. Nous devons adapter à la construction les méthodes employées pour la production d'automobiles, d'avions et d'appareils ménagers. Nous devons apprendre à nous servir de la "structure des nombres". La ligne de montage consiste à combiner des éléments qui se répètent, mais en ayant recours à ces méthodes, nous devons quand même respecter la variété. Nous devons aussi réaliser des rythmes, des combinaisons et des changements, qui, dans une construction où les éléments se répètent, produisent quand même une hiérarchie qui donnera à l'homme la sensation d'appartenir et d'être identifié à un milieu particulier. Pour un certain nombre de personnes, la répétition est synonyme de monotonie. Dans la nature, cependant, la répétition réalisée selon une hiérarchie ou un certain ordre produit une variété illimitée. Dans la construction, nous devons réaliser cette hiérarchie tout en utilisant la répétition des éléments, mais en comprenant la structure des nombres.

**Le coût réel de l'habitation**

Pour arriver à réaliser une construction vraiment économique, il faut réduire au minimum le coût des matériaux et de la main-d'oeuvre. Toutefois, nous devons nous méfier du sens restreint que peut prendre le mot "économie". Une maison unifamiliale préfabriquée, édifiée à raison d'une par acre de terrain, peut être très économique si on considère le coût de construction lui-même. Cependant, nous devons aussi tenir compte du coût de l'installation des services jusqu'à ces terrains, du réseau de communication et de transport qu'il faut prévoir. Nous ne pouvons pas non plus ignorer les coûts d'entretien ni le temps perdu par les personnes qui doivent se rendre à leur travail et en revenir. Il est évident que nous devons nous servir d'un autre barème pour établir le coût réel de l'habitation, d'un barème qui tient compte de tous les facteurs qui peuvent influencer l'économie.

**L'industrie de la construction**

Les grandes sociétés de l'Amérique du Nord et de l'Europe ainsi que les grands organismes qui appartiennent au gouvernement dans d'autres pays sont le résultat de la transformation qui s'est produite dans l'organisation de l'industrie au cours des 50 dernières années. Dans chaque cas, un gouvernement complet en petit a été organisé pour s'occuper du procédé complexe. Seule une organisation de ce genre pouvait intégrer dans un tout le calcul et la fabrication de milliers d'éléments différents, assurer leur entretien et les améliorer par des travaux de recherche et des calculs. Dans chaque cas, il a été possible de recouvrer l'argent employé aux recherches par la création de nouveaux marchés. Ainsi, un fabricant de voitures automobiles peut investir des millions de dollars dans l'outillage nécessaire pour produire un seul genre de voiture et une société comme Dupont peut investir des milliards pour faire avancer la production de produits comme le cellophane ou le nylon. Cependant, l'industrie de la construction

*La croissance. Dans la nature, tout ce qui est destiné à se développer est façonné par une force de ce genre; cela se voit dans le nautile, par exemple, dont le corps entier ne s'accroît que par addition (la croissance gnomonique) dans le cristal, où se fait l'adjonction des particules, ou dans l'arbre, dont les cellules se multiplient continuellement.*

se subdivise en des milliers de petits fabricants, chacun s'évertuant à manufacturer un produit mis en valeur indépendamment de tous les autres. La préparation des plans est confiée à un architecte qui n'a rien à faire avec l'industrie. La construction ne bénéficie pas des concessions de taxes accordées à la plupart des industries. Les matériaux mis en valeur dans d'autres industries ne sont employés que plus tard dans la construction. Il faut transformer en une seule organisation les rapports entre l'architecte qui conçoit l'ensemble de l'entreprise, l'ingénieur industriel qui conçoit les produits devant servir à réaliser l'ensemble et l'entrepreneur qui se charge de réaliser cet ensemble. Cette organisation pourrait développer des systèmes de construction en entreprenant des recherches de base, en fabriquant toutes les pièces nécessaires, et en mettant ses produits en vente sur le marché international. Nous avons alors deux niveaux de conception: la conception du système de construction qui développe une nouvelle façon particulière de satisfaire nos besoins de logement et son application à une région précise.

**Régionalisme**

J'ai isolé certains aspects particuliers de la construction comme s'ils pouvaient exister sans les autres. Le procédé de calcul prévoit une intégration de tous ces aspects en vue de réaliser une convenance parfaite de la forme. Pour le biologiste, la convenance de la forme est un état qui peut se déterminer au cours d'une évolution. Lorsque cette convenance est reconnue, il est inévitable qu'il en résulte un véritable régionalisme dont la forme peut varier d'un climat à l'autre, d'une culture à l'autre, en comportant autant de différence que la flore ou la faune à l'intérieur même de ces régions.

Dans les zones à climat tempéré, les branches et les feuilles de l'orme ou de l'érable se développent suivant une spirale, ce qui permet à chaque feuille d'absorber le maximum des rayons du soleil. Dans le désert, la feuille du cactus tourne sur elle-même de façon à rester perpendiculaire aux rayons du soleil, ce qui lui permet d'absorber le moins possible de soleil et de conserver son humidité. La feuille de l'olivier est argentée sur un côté; cette feuille tourne sur elle-même au cours de la journée, de façon que le côté argenté soit toujours exposé aux rayons du soleil. Nous devons apprendre à grouper les éléments qui constituent notre milieu, d'une façon aussi logique. Pour les logements et les aires publiques, il faut que les éléments absorbent la lumière et le soleil là où ils sont nécessaires, ou qu'ils se fassent de l'ombre l'un à l'autre et s'abritent l'un l'autre, en se protégeant là où cela est nécessaire.

Les arbres feuillus qui perdent leurs feuilles en hiver prennent ainsi une autre forme pour s'accommoder au changement de climat. Nos villes qui sont exposées à ces mêmes climats doivent aussi se transformer; en été, elles doivent offrir des aires ombragées, des aires libres où la brise rafraîchissante peut circuler; toutefois, lorsque l'hiver arrive avec ses rigueurs, il est nécessaire de prévoir des abris transparents et d'autres formes d'enveloppes pour recouvrir les aires publiques et les jardins à découvert, afin d'absorber les rayons du soleil et de protéger contre le froid et le vent. L'angle changeant du soleil d'une saison à l'autre, les vents prédominants en hiver et en été sont autant d'éléments dont il faut tenir compte pour donner une forme aux membranes qui constituent la ville et réaliser ainsi un chef-d'oeuvre morphologique.

Nous devons transformer notre mode de calcul et de conception de façon à réaliser une architecture d'évolution.

# About the Authors

R. G. Lillie was born in Toronto. He obtained a degree in Economics at McMaster University in 1934 and entered the real estate business the same year. In World War II Mr. Lillie enlisted in the Army, serving overseas and retiring with the rank of Major. In 1946 he joined the Corporation as Secretary of the Ontario Regional Office later serving in both the Maritime and Prairie regions. In 1958 Mr. Lillie was named Manager of the Toronto Branch Office, where he remained until appointed to his present post as Special Assistant to the Regional Supervisor, Ontario Region.

Mrs. Sylvia Goldblatt is an Area Planning Consultant for the Social Planning Council of Metropolitan Toronto. She was born in Ottawa and educated at McMaster University, Hamilton, and the University of Toronto, where she obtained her Master of Social Work. During her career she has worked as secretary to Mr. David Lewis M.P. and has also been secretary to the International Representative for the United Rubber Workers of America. Mrs. Goldblatt is a member of the Canadian Association of Professional Social Workers.

Moshe Safdie, qui est actuellement associé au bureau de David, Barot et Boulva de Montréal, quoique encore tout jeune, a vécu jusqu'ici une existence fort diversifiée et enrichissante. Natif d'Israël, il obtint son diplôme en architecture de l'Université McGill. Son génie créateur lui valut l'obtention de neuf prix et bourses d'études, dont la médaille d'or du lieutenant-gouverneur et une bourse de voyage de la SCHL. Lors de voyages en Europe, il attacha une importance particulière à l'étude du milieu urbain. A Philadelphie en 1962, il oeuvra dans le bureau de Louis I. Kahn, puis, de retour à Montréal en 1963, il adhéra à l'Exposition universelle où il nous a laissé l'extraordinaire héritage qu'est Habitat '67.

Ayreh Cooperstock is a city planner. He was born in Winnipeg and holds a B.A. degree from Brandeis University and an M.C.P. from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is a member of the Corporation of Urbanists of Quebec and a provisional member of the American Institute of Planning. Formerly a planner with the firm of Jean-Claude La Haye and Associates, he is now a Location Research Manager in Quebec for Steinberg's Limited.

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ntennial Issue / Numéro du Centenaire

# habitat

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# habitat

This issue is about Canadian cities as seen in Centennial Year; their fabric, their flavour and the people in them. The articles, which were specially written for Habitat, have a contemporary stance though the skein of our history runs through them: the early events in the Maritimes; the rich history of Quebec; the beginnings of the Prairie towns and cities; the development of the West coast; and the heroic efforts to unlock the North. To-day, through hardship and hope, economy and enterprise, Canada has become a nation one hundred years old; not long by some standards, yet in that time many of the little fishing settlements and isolated farm communities have become large urban areas. More and more Canadians are living in cities and it is here that the future of the country in the next hundred years will be worked out. In describing our cities to-day these articles may give some indication of what to-morrow will be. "We make our times; such as we are, such are the times."

Volume X, Numbers 3-6

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CANADA

## FOREWORD BY THE PRIME MINISTER

I am delighted to have this opportunity to contribute to the Centennial edition of HABITAT.

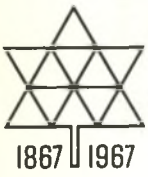
Centennial is a good time to start thinking more in this country about the quality of life. Nowhere can this be influenced more fundamentally than in the environment in which we live.

The challenge for all levels of government today — and for every citizen — is to build into our society that equality of human opportunity that is not guaranteed by nature, and which is essential to the kind of individual freedom which will have meaning and value for all.

Canadians want poverty eliminated and adequate housing provided for everyone. But we also realize more than ever before that it is as important to create living environments that are spiritually rewarding as it is to make them economically efficient. To help achieve this, ways must be found to encourage development of community units in our growing metropolitan and other urban areas that will minimize the pressures of bigness, impersonality and alienation which encourage delinquency, mental illness and other social ills.

The ideal of a more civilized and creative environment for Canadians is a worthy aspiration in our Centennial Year. It will not be easily realized and will require realistic co-operation at every level of government and also with private enterprise.

But surely this is a year for dreaming of the kind of community we would like to see developed, where people can live, work, play and think in harmony with each other and with their surroundings. If all Canadians share this dream, then we can look forward with real hope to its realization in the Canada of tomorrow.




OTTAWA, 1967

## AVANT-PROPOS PAR LE PREMIER MINISTRE

Je suis enchanté de pouvoir collaborer à la publication de ce numéro spécial de la revue HABITAT publié en cette année du Centenaire de la Confédération.

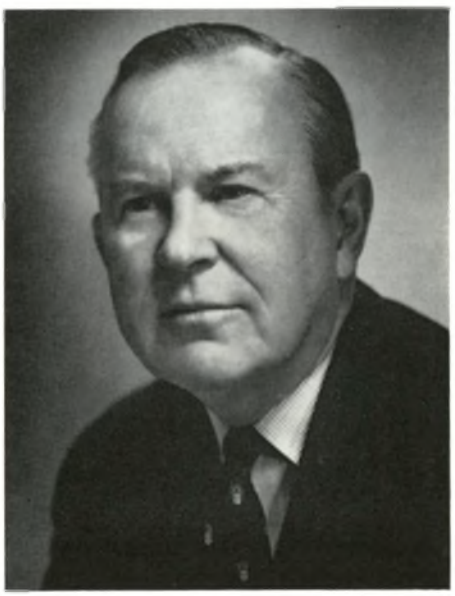
Ce Centenaire est en effet pour nous une bonne occasion de songer encore davantage à améliorer notre façon de vivre. Or, rien n'influe davantage sur le mode de vie que le milieu dans lequel nous vivons.

Une des principales difficultés à surmonter pour tous les niveaux de gouvernement comme pour tous les citoyens, à notre époque, est de fournir à tous les êtres humains qui composent notre société un droit égal aux avantages qui, sans être garantis par la nature même de l'être humain, sont quand même essentiels à la liberté de chaque personne pour que l'ensemble de la collectivité en bénéficie.

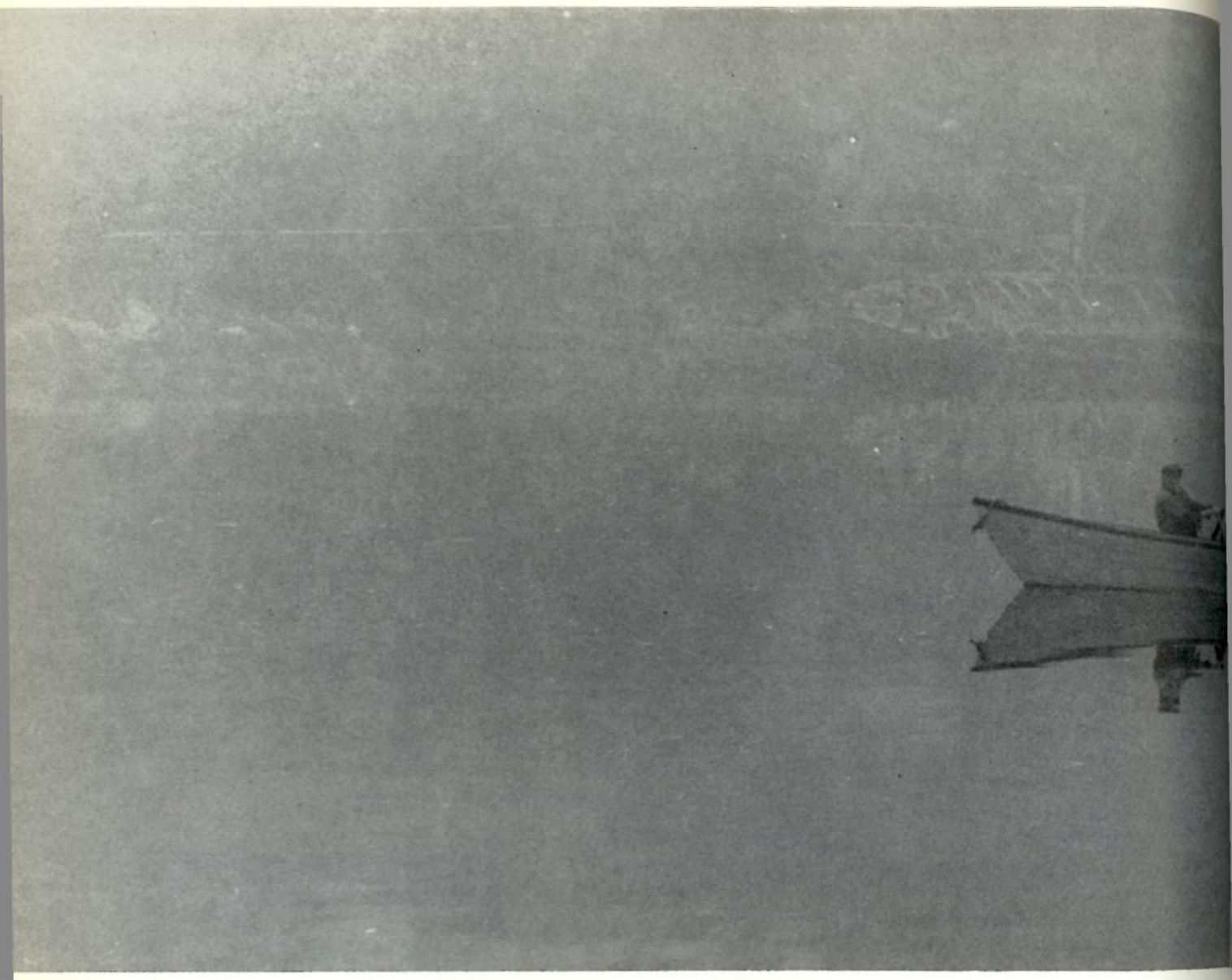
Ici, au Canada, nous visons à éliminer la pauvreté et à fournir à chacun un logement suffisant. Toutefois, nous nous rendons aussi compte plus que jamais qu'il est également important d'aménager des milieux de vie qui, en plus d'être efficaces du point de vue économique, apportent à leurs occupants des satisfactions d'ordre spirituel. Pour arriver à ce but, il faut trouver des moyens d'encourager l'aménagement d'agglomérations dans nos centres métropolitains et autres grandes régions urbaines qui ne cessent de s'accroître, afin de réduire au minimum cette sensation d'énormité, d'impersonnalité et d'aliénation qui s'en dégage et qui est de nature à favoriser la délinquance, les maladies mentales et autres maux ou problèmes sociaux.

Le désir de créer des milieux de vie plus civilisés et plus producteurs pour tous les Canadiens est une aspiration digne de cette année du Centenaire de la Confédération. Il ne sera pas facile de réaliser un tel idéal et il faudra certainement, pour y arriver, obtenir la collaboration indéfectible de tous les niveaux de gouvernement ainsi que de l'entreprise privée.

L'année du Centenaire est sans doute l'année toute désignée pour rêver de la sorte de collectivité que nous aimerions voir se réaliser, où les citoyens peuvent vivre, travailler, se distraire et réfléchir dans une harmonie parfaite les uns avec les autres et avec leur entourage. Si tous les Canadiens ont à coeur de vivre un jour ce rêve, nous pouvons alors espérer qu'il se réalisera avant très longtemps.



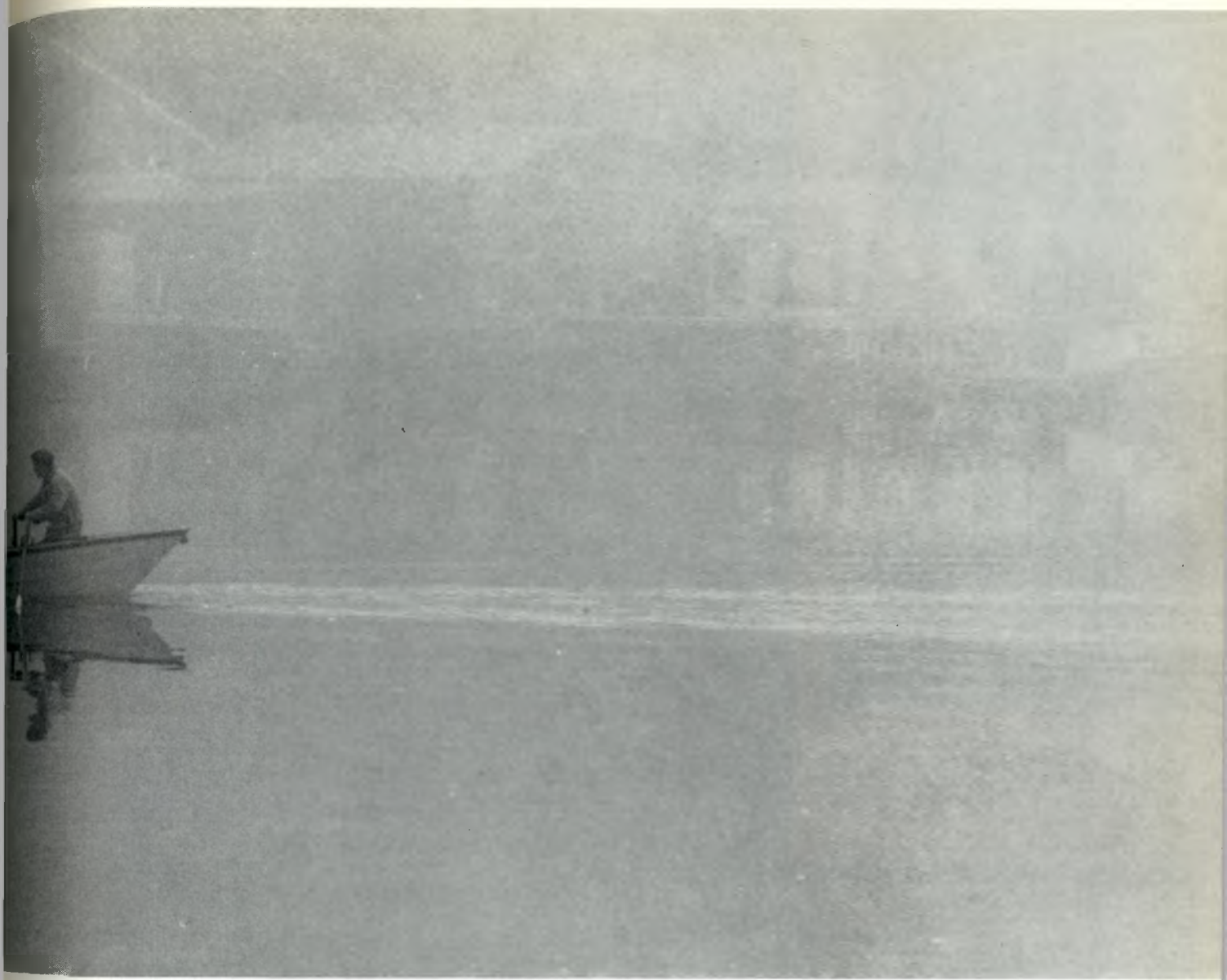
L. B. Pearson



# ST. JOHN'S

by Harold Horwood

*". . . this rocky, foggy city with its five centuries of traditions, its seamed European face, and its shining American backside."*



If your favourite meal is seal flippers, but cod tongues run a close second, and if you like nothing better for desert than a dish of yellow berries called bakeapples, there is no doubt about your "nationality"—you are a Newfoundlander. If, on top of this, you regard all Canadians as foreigners, and still think of England as your mother country, then you are probably a St. Johnsman — a proud citizen of the oldest European city in North America.

Mexico has older towns than St. John's, but they were built by the Aztecs, or even older civilizations. The Newfoundland capital was the first New World town founded by Europeans. It was the main base for the fishing fleets of France, Portugal and England (and for Spain, too, when she wasn't at war with the others) even before Jacques Cartier made his landfall on nearby Funk Island in 1536, and went on to "discover" Canada. It was a flourishing free port, doing a huge trade with all the fishing fleets of Europe, when Sir Humphrey Gilbert landed in 1583 to lay the cornerstone of Elizabeth's empire.

But little of this ancient history is seen in St. John's today. The oldest buildings still in use date from around 1750, and most of the downtown city, swept clean by a series of fires in the last century, is distinctly Victorian English. Frame houses, crowded close, march like the steps of a stair from the waterfront to the crest of the harbour ridge. They have bay windows, roof gables, and elaborate decorations of turned wood on eaves, balconies and doorways. The churches, too, are mostly Victorian Gothic.

Life downtown revolves about the waterfront and its annual cycle. There are two fishing villages right inside city limits — one almost in the heart of the business district, where the pre-dawn stillness of the waterfront is broken each morning by the coughing of trap boats going to their fishing berths at Freshwater Bay, Peggy's Bag and Sugar Loaf Head. Some of the biggest plants in the city produce frozen fillets, salt cod and fish meal.

The village of Quidi Vidi, in the east end, is not much changed since it was captured from the French in 1762. Its pocket-sized harbour has an entrance too narrow to admit anything but a fishing smack. The other village, the Battery, is all that remains of the fishing rooms that once completely encircled St. John's harbour. It is a typical fishing settlement, and one of the most productive in the province.

The character of an overgrown fishing village is enhanced by the swarms of foreign fishermen that make St. John's their New World headquarters. The Portugese, still the most numerous, have been fishing out of St. John's since 1500. Their arrival, each spring, changes the waterfront to Old World gaiety: white, tall-masted sailing ships crowd the piers, bright-sailed dories stacked on their decks. Bright-shirted fishermen knit nets on the pier, or play impromptu games of football in bare feet if the weather is warm enough. Shops hang out signs saying that Portugese is spoken. Parties with Latin music and casks of red *vino* are organized on board, and there is a boisterous reunion of old friends. The Portugese have their own statue of Corte-Real (whom they regard as the true discoverer of the New World) on Confederation Hill, and their own shrine of Our Lady of Fatima in the Basilica.

Russian, Spanish, Japanese, and—just recently—Polish fishermen are seen on St. John's docks. Russia and Japan operate the world's biggest factory ships on the banks just offshore. By contrast, the Spaniards arrive in tiny black trawlers, moustached or bearded and looking like pirates, and the Poles in decrepit-looking draggers that seem to have been resurrected from pre-war junk heaps.

In spring and summer, throngs of these foreign fishermen give Canada's oldest thoroughfare, Water Street, an international flavor. Flavor, of another kind, is one of the street's industries, for underneath its pavement Portugese wine lies aging in vaults, as it has done for hundreds of years. It is shipped from Oporto to mature in the special atmosphere that only St. John's can supply, then shipped back to Europe to be sold to people who insist on having only the very best port to go with their nuts and sugared fruit.

The St. Johnsman himself has always been a citizen of the world, his ties

Some of the foreign fishermen arrive in tiny trawlers, "moustached or bearded and looking like pirates."

Opposite page: An older area of the city seen from a window at City Hall.

with Demerara (where he gets his black rum, the "national" drink) are closer than those with Montreal, and his knowledge of Oporto, Pernambuco or Port of Spain (where he trades) is far fuller than his knowledge of Toronto, Ottawa or even Halifax, for the eyes of this city of the sea have always followed her ships to Europe, the West Indies and the Orient.

Founded as a trading centre, where Irish textiles were exchanged for Spanish wine, and pirated gold plate for Basque iron work, St. John's has lived by trade ever since. The typical St. Johnsman never thinks about making something for use, but only of buying something for resale, and being in business means being in trade. Some merchant firms are more than 200 years old, and they have a sort of family compact. The *nouveau riche*, grown fat on juke boxes and TV stations, will only be admitted after several generations to the exclusive club of those whose great-great-grandfathers were dealing in Smyrna figs and Manilla hemp before the Fathers of Confederation were born.

But the St. Johnsman is no tight-fisted shopkeeper. His hospitality is proverbial, and he loves his leisure. Even before the city went on a five-day week, there were more official holidays (ranging from St. Patrick's to Orangeman's Day) than in any other part of Canada. There are still holidays to celebrate St. George, because he is the patron saint of England; St. John, because on that day John Cabot is supposed to have sailed through The Narrows; and St. Shotts, a saint invented in Newfoundland to preside over the opening of the hunting season.

It is a city of sportsmen — but the sports have a local character. A cardinal point of the year—outranking the arrival of the Portugese or even the sailing of the sealers—is the regatta on Quidi Vidi lake. This oldest sporting event in North America has been a Newfoundland holiday since 1828, it is held early in August, on a day chosen by the all-powerful Regatta Committee, it combines a series of boat races with some of the elements of a circus and a fair, and is attended by 30,000 - 40,000 people.

Angling is still more popular, and the 24th of May is practically a holy day among trout fishermen (which is the entire male population of St. John's over the age of seven). The legal limit is 24 trout, or 15 pounds plus one fish (double that for a two-day trip), but it is impossible to enforce such a law when 50,000 anglers are all out at the same time, hip-deep in brook trout, that swarm in unbelievable numbers in the surrounding lakes and streams, and many St. Johnsmen boast unblushingly of catches of ten dozen or even more.

St. Johnsmen sincerely believe that they are several cuts above just about everyone else. They got that way by centuries of relying on themselves for everything. They fought their own wars for hundreds of years before England got around to lending a hand. When the Dutch attacked the town in 1763, the fishermen, led by a skipper named Christopher Martin, set up six batteries around the harbour mouth and fought them off.

A hundred years later they went out with their sealing guns and powder horns to ambush a regular French army under Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville on the Southside Hill. They hadn't a chance, of course. Half of them were killed on the

Opposite: Arrival in harbour allows time to dry off fishing clothes.

Centre left: ". . . a massive pile of steel and brick called Confederation Building."

Centre right: The Colonial Building.

Lower left: The special character of the old city includes the sea, the smell of salt fish and a peculiar accent.

spot. But they delayed things long enough to organize the defence of the town, and the French never did capture the fort. St. John's was burnt three times during the French-English wars, but no fleet ever managed to force the harbour entrance, though it was often tried. Even during the Second World War, shore batteries and a boom defence kept the German submarines out. They sank ships right off the harbour mouth, attacked nearby Ball Island and blew everything sky-high, but at St. John's they managed only to fire a few torpedoes into The Narrows where they exploded harmlessly against the rocks.

The modern city, divided from the sea by the harbour ridge, began almost the day the war ended with an immense housing project now called Churchill Park. In time, this appendage began to wag the dog, so that even the seat of government moved from the ancient waterfront into a massive pile of brick and steel called Confederation Building on the edge of this huge subdivision. It is flanked by the factory-like College of Trades and Technology, and by the biscuit-box architecture of the new university, the whole complex looking like something out of the American mid-west, and all of it, symbolically, out of sight of the sea.

The pre-war city of 40,000, with its Victorian streets and its waterfront smells, its bearded sailors and stores full of tarred lines, is still there. But it is surrounded, except where it dips its feet into the harbour, by a new city of 100,000, very much like many other Canadian cities, and very proud indeed of its newness, its cleanliness, the evenness of its graded lawns, and of the largest shopping mall east of Montreal.

In the old town some streets are so steep that they have concrete steps instead of sidewalks and, if you look carefully, you will still see the stone-paved crossways, where little ragged boys were employed in other years to sweep away the horse manure for well-shod pedestrians.

Here, where the sealing fleet anchors in the spring, its wailing sirens thrilling the hearts of all true St. Johnsmen, the special character of the old city remains. The character includes the sea, and the smell of salt fish, and a peculiar accent, heavily larded with Irish idioms, though the population is mainly of English descent. It includes a special look and manner. One St. Johnsman can spot another anywhere in the world, though the marks of his nationality may not be apparent to foreigners (those born east of The Narrows or west of Waterford Valley). The St. Johnsman is practical, hard-headed and disillusioned. He has his soft side, too — especially apparent in his deep attachment to this rocky, foggy city with its five centuries of traditions, its seamed European face, and its shining American backside.

# *Charlottetown*

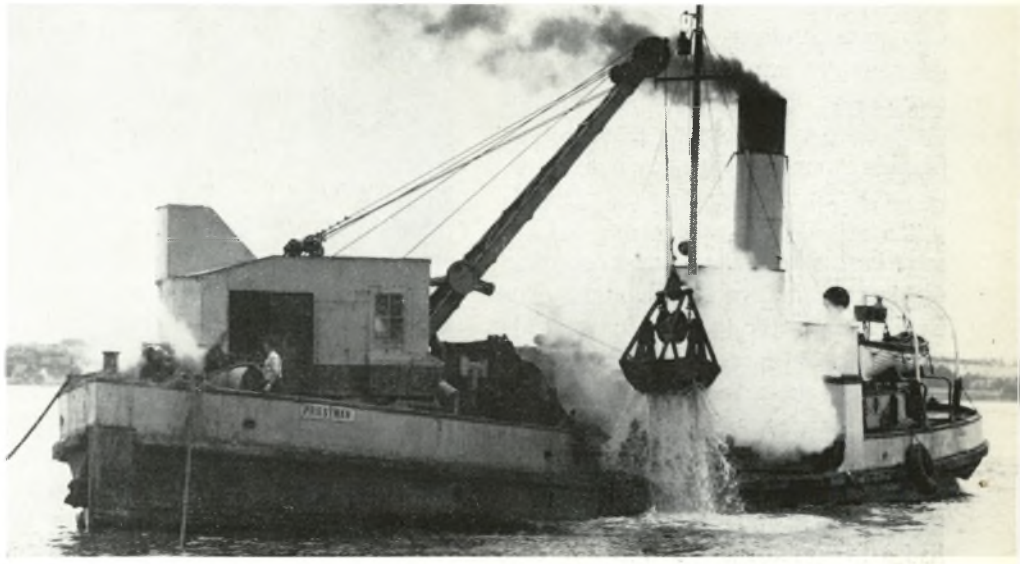
by Frank MacKinnon

The capital of Prince Edward Island, named in 1763 after Queen Charlotte, wife of George III, is a combination old colonial town and modern political city. It is historic; the stories of its Indian, French, and English discoverers are well known. It is stoutly loyal to the old country; every street is called after a royal personage or colonial official. It has a special place in Canadian history; the Fathers of Confederation held their first meeting there. It is not a typical Canadian city; it has a set of characteristics

*". . . a combination old colonial town and modern political city."*

Opposite page: Government House, Charlottetown.

Below: A dredge in operation in the harbour.



all its own. Yet it is fundamentally Canadian; it reflects on a small scale most of the features and problems of the nation which was started there in 1864.

Charlottetown is located on a site of great natural beauty facing a sheltered harbour and bounded by water on three sides. The blue of sea and sky blends with the unique red soil and an abundance of fine trees. Victoria Park in the west end invites its citizens past venerable Government House to beaches and playing fields. Four small parks in the centre of the city provide open space and recreation. And in the east end the exhibition grounds and race track have facilities for many other activities. The architectural character of the city, which it inherited from colonial times, is enhanced by Province House—where the Fathers of Confederation met — several fine churches and some splendid residences. The new Confederation Centre, the provincial building, Prince of Wales College, several business blocks, and new residential areas provide a combination of modern architectural features which contrast harmoniously with the old. The streets are wide and they provide an interesting comparison with the busy waterfront on the south and the magnificent gardens of the Experimental Farm on the north.

The economic life of the city is based predominantly on agriculture, government, and tourism. There are no manufacturing industries of any kind. As the site of government, the courts, branches of all the banks, trust companies, chain stores, the major hospitals, the universities, and businesses of all kinds, Charlottetown draws its money from every segment of the Island's economy. In addition about two-thirds of the government's revenue comes from Ottawa, and together the two sources of revenue provide a continuous flow of funds to maintain the city's economy. Nearby resorts, summer activities, and good hotels bring thousands of tourists every summer, together with their dollars. Charlottetown is therefore a prosperous city and, because its revenue comes from a variety of origins, its prosperity tends to be comparatively steady. It will not admit this, though: there are too many Scots and farmers who do not tell their business; and Dominion-Provincial relations is the Island's main hobby.

Few cities are so well endowed with recreational activities and few people anywhere can enjoy their favorite sport or relaxation so conveniently and at so little cost. Swimming is only a short walk from the centre of the city and the Atlantic seaboard's finest beaches are a mere fourteen miles away. Every sport from baseball to horse racing is accessible to anyone. All the attractions of the countryside are nearby. Golf is only minutes away and trout fishing takes only a short drive. It is easy to have a summer cottage and it is easy to get to it. Young people, busy middle-aged people and retired persons, wealthy and poor alike, have a wide variety of such activities to enrich and vary their lives. Often they are not appreciated; nevertheless they are there.

Culture and entertainment are also available in quantity and variety. Charlottetown has "The Fathers of Confederation Memorial Building" or "Confederation Centre" which consists of one of Canada's finest theatres, an art gallery, a museum, and a library. The theatre operates all year round. In summer it presents the Charlottetown Festival, a three-month program of plays, musicals, and concerts featuring Canada's leading actors and artists and a symphony orchestra as well. The thousands of tourists who visit Charlottetown each summer pack the theatre, and the Festival has been so successful that the City joins Stratford and Vancouver as the country's principal centres for summer theatre. During the winter months the Centre is a stopping place for all Canada's touring companies, and drama, opera, ballet, and concerts are regularly presented. The art gallery, one of Canada's best, houses an excellent collection and holds many special exhibitions. The Centre is also the location for a steady series of conventions and conferences throughout the year.

The existence of cultural facilities encourages local productions. Charlottetown has several drama societies and choral groups, and for many years it has had a lively musical festival and a productive art society. Consequently, anyone with an interest in these activities has ample opportunity to participate in or partake of them.

Charlottetown is a university town. For over a century it has had two institutions of higher learning. Prince of Wales College, established in 1834, is a publicly-owned non-denominational university, and St. Dunstan's University, founded in 1855, is a Roman Catholic university. The varied educational opportunities provided by these institutions and the activities associated with them, make important contributions to the life of the city.

Government occupies a unique place in the affairs of Charlottetown. The provincial government is one of the largest in the world in relation to size, population, revenue and functions performed. Politics, therefore, takes up a large part of the time, effort, and money involved in the economic, social, and religious life of the people. The impact of a governor, premier, cabinet, legislature, supreme court, county courts, civil service with all standard departments, assorted boards and tribunals is large and all-embracing on a city of 24,000 people.

This political dominance has obvious disadvantages. The establishment is costly; Parkinson's Law operates; almost everything anyone does has political implications; politics pervades business, religion, education, and almost everything else; and procedures, problems, officials and issues are inflated far beyond their real significance.

The advantages are obvious too. Nowhere does constitutional government operate as close to the people as in Prince Edward Island. The activities of government are open for everyone to see. Government House, departmental offices, and the courts are easily accessible. The interest and excitement of politics are always close at hand and politics has always been the major sport on the Island. Charlottetown is the main area for this sport and entertainment, and the show is continuous and lavish.

The social character of Charlottetown combines many features of a metropolitan area with the characteristics of a market town. Being a capital, it is the scene of conferences, diplomatic visits, royal tours, itinerant groups and exhibitions, all of which stop there because of its status and amenities rather than its size. It is far enough from Central Canada to be regarded as isolated, yet its people and products are only a few hours away from Montreal, Boston, and New York. In an age when "suburbia" looms large in sociology, Charlottetown is not a suburb or dormitory of anywhere else. It is just far enough from other places to enjoy an independent existence but near enough to maintain contacts on its own terms. Unlike several other Canadian capitals, it has no nearby large city to rival it. It entertains half a million tourists in summer, yet because of its many facilities nearby, such as a thousand miles of beaches, it has none of the "Coney Island" atmosphere of many resort towns. Although it sells mixed agricultural products to many markets, it is not a unit in the industrial activity of another city. Because of its status, governmental and other officials can take part in national activities and organizations far beyond Charlottetown's size and population would warrant. It is represented in national competitions, and on national boards and conferences. Indeed, there are very few national enterprises of any kind without a representative from Charlottetown and for 24,000 people at one end of a large nation this is an interesting activity and useful contact.

Charlottetown also has all the local attributes and functions of a market town. The farthest village in the province is only ninety miles away. Islanders come to the city to do business, see politicians and civil servants, shop and be entertained. The "Old Home Week and Provincial Exhibition," the horse races, hockey nights, and a host of gatherings bring people into the city by the thousands. By the same token, Charlottetown officials, salesmen, entertainers and, indeed, any citizen can go anywhere in the province, take in an event, and be back the same day. A government inspector or trial judge in Charlottetown, for example, enjoys the convenience of a close relationship between town and country. A splendid network of highways, the best in Canada in relation to traffic and population, makes it easy for Charlottetown to serve the province.

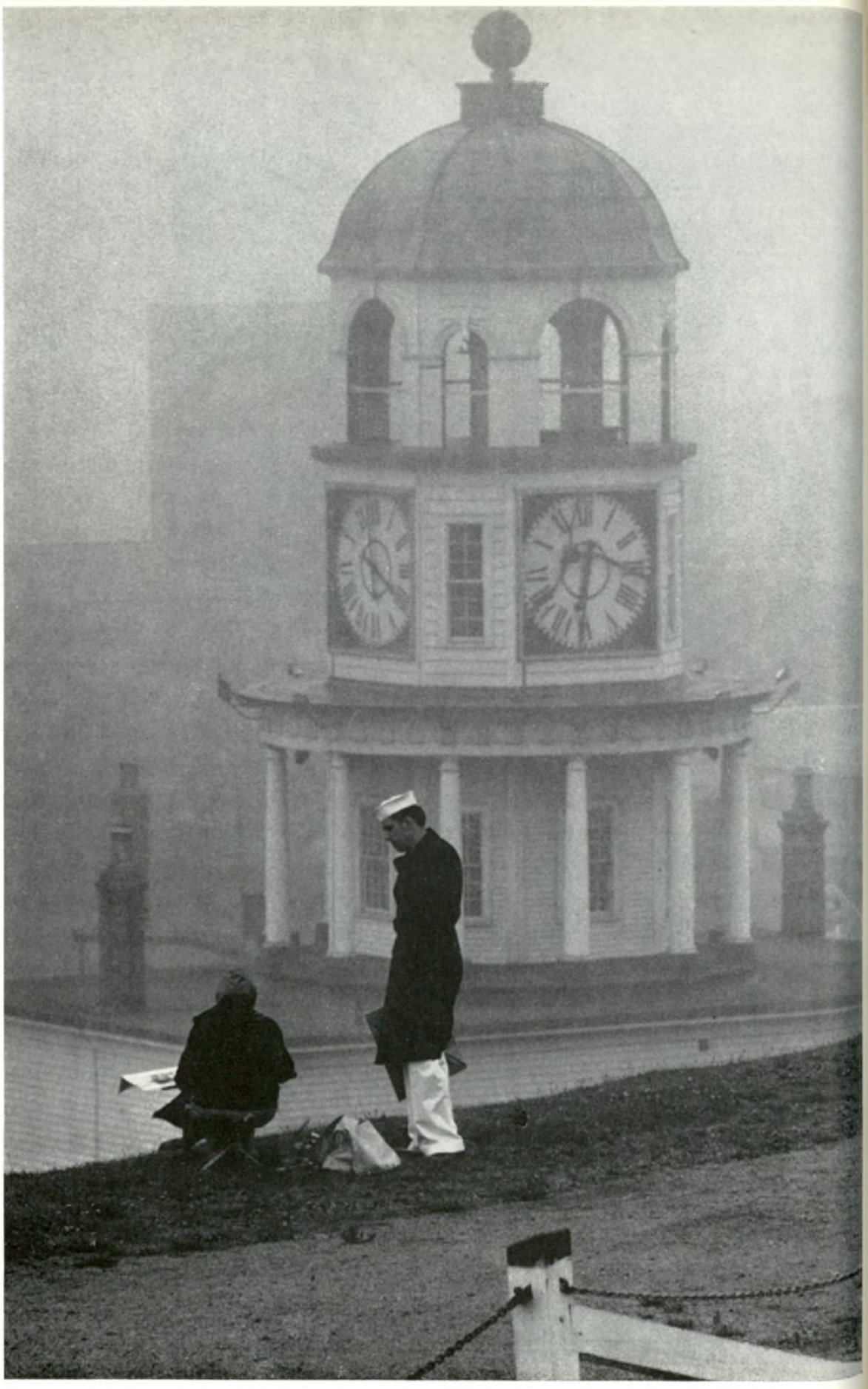
Because of all this activity people mingle readily in Charlottetown and life is anything but impersonal. Whether one goes to a horse race or a grand opera one meets many friends. A visiting convention can almost always have the Lieutenant - Governor, Premier, and Mayor at its head table. There are more church teas, bridge parties, and meetings per population-hour-square mile than anywhere else in Canada. Ballet dancers, visiting diplomats, and women in saris can be encountered in the streets. Cars from every province and U.S. state, line

the streets. There is always something or someone to see, hear, visit, or talk about. The daily newspapers record even the most trifling events and their social columns have to be seen to be believed. Everyone knows everyone else or, at least, who everyone else is. There is none of the loneliness of the big city, but there is also little of its privacy.

Because there is so much of everything in relation to size and population people in Charlottetown take their various associations very seriously. Being a Liberal or a Conservative is far more a matter of "principle" than in most places and political patronage assumes the status almost of a right. The same characteristic is evident in church activities. There is a dual school system in Charlottetown and young children are split into denominational categories from grade one, a fact which plays havoc with social unity and affects almost every activity including making appointments and awarding patronage because they are often done on the basis of denominational "turns."

Life in Charlottetown shows the operation of the Canadian democracy, constitution and social structure in a small place. The result is variety, interest and, at times, the turbulence of a "storm in a teacup." But just as mixtures and turbulence can be similar in small cups to those in large pots, many Island characteristics are similar to those of Canada as a whole. For instance, the Island has a colossal government in relation to its 108,000 people; Canada is similarly endowed, with eleven of everything political for only twenty million people. The Island has a pluralistic society; so has Canada. These comparisons are much more pertinent than similar ones in the big or medium-size provinces because the Island is so small, and, like a little brother in a large family, it has to take both the initiative and defensive because it wants the same privileges the bigger ones have. It is appropriate that the "cradle of confederation" should also be a miniature reproduction of it, which is illustrative of both its strengths and weaknesses.

A wooden house with elaborately carved rails.



# HALIFAX

by Hugh MacLennan

*"It was an outpost of the old world of Europe, and though it has at last become Canadian, it has lost less than any other Canadian city the impulse that made the independent existence of Canada possible."*

It is assumed in Upper Canada (a region known in Nova Scotia to begin at the St. Lawrence and to end at Port Arthur) that Halifax is the most unprogressive city in the nation. This assumption is correct, and never did I get better proof of it than the last time I visited Halifax and heard people complaining because the city was growing so big, that there were no longer enough playgrounds for the children. This led me to make a little inventory and I came up with the following.

Right in the middle of Halifax is the biggest vacant lot in Canada lying idle and not earning a cent. It is an inheritance of colonial days and is called The Commons. Real estate enterprisers could make a fortune out of it by turning it into a modern urban complex, but the city won't let them do it. The only buildings that ever stood on it were the emergency shelters thrown up to house the homeless after the Halifax Explosion, and these were demolished long ago.

Looming above The Commons is Citadel Hill with a moated fort on its top built by negro slaves captured as plunder by Admiral Cockburn when he sacked Washington. When I was young they never mowed the grass on its slopes and let it grow into hay two and a half feet high, providing a modicum of privacy for sailors who burrowed into it to make love to underprivileged girls who lacked rooms to take them to. I can't remember any of them being arrested for this, though there must have been a law against it. In Halifax it was understood that sailors have had certain rights since the mind of man runneth not to the contrary.

The Citadel has a wonderful view and is pregnant with memories of imperial habits. Queen Victoria's father, when he was governor of Nova Scotia and commandant of the garrison, had his whipping posts there. Being a punctilious officer, he would order a hundred lashes for a man who had the smallest smudge on his uniform and the people who lived on Brunswick Street had no need of the still uninvented alarm clock to wake them up in time to go to work: the screams of soldiers being flogged at sunrise did it for them.

In the Depression, the troops long since gone, the Citadel's fort provided shelter for thousands of unemployed from all over Canada who were paid ten or twenty cents a day (I forget which) by the Federal Government. Lord Beaverbrook, who got his start in Halifax and in consequence found it more congenial to move immediately afterwards to Montreal, revisited the city toward the end of the Depression and told the city fathers that the Citadel was the only real asset they had and that they ought to build a luxury hotel on the top of the fort. Nobody paid any attention to him, but after the Hitler War they turned it into a museum, mowed the grass and illuminated the outlines of the fort at night, concealing the searchlights in the moat.

In front of St. Matthew's Church (the brother of its first minister was the

Opposite page: The summit of Citadel Hill.

Above: "They even have a theatre in Halifax now, the Neptune, one of the five best permanent repertories in North America."

founder of Cleveland) is an eighteenth century graveyard where most of the tombstones are flat, horizontal slabs. During the V.E. Day riot in 1945, while a naked Wren (said to be from Toronto) directed traffic at the intersection between St. Matthew's and the Roman Catholic Basilica, these flat gravestones were turned into bars by sailors who had looted the liquor stores and this was the only time they ever served the living. They are still there, occupying the most valuable piece of real estate in Halifax, and when a progressively-minded citizen proposed turning the graveyard into a parking lot, nobody paid any attention to him.

Another choice building site is the Public Gardens, about as central to Halifax as St. Catherine Street is to Montreal. It is well over a century old and is certain to remain there for at least a century more. Just south of it is Victoria Park. A mile and a half south of this vacant land are the gates of Point Pleasant Park; ten miles of pine-shaded walks and bridle paths, the harbour on one side, the Northwest Arm on the other, and the Point itself aiming straight at the shipping Channel which passes in the lee of the redoubt named after the Good Old Duke of York who marched them up to the top of the hill and marched them down again. In this park are the ruins of three more forts which the children find fascinating.

There is also McNab's Island at the eastern mouth of the harbour where I cooked meals in billy cans over driftwood fires beside the lighthouse landspit where the British used to hang pirates and deserters in chains *pour encourager les autres.* Last winter an Ottawa woman now resident in Halifax wrote me a frantic letter in Montreal asking that I join her in petitioning City Hall to prevent McNab's from being "developed." By purest chance I met a prominent Halifax lawyer on Sherbrooke Street an hour later and without the least change of expression he said, "Tell her not to worry about that. It's being taken care of."

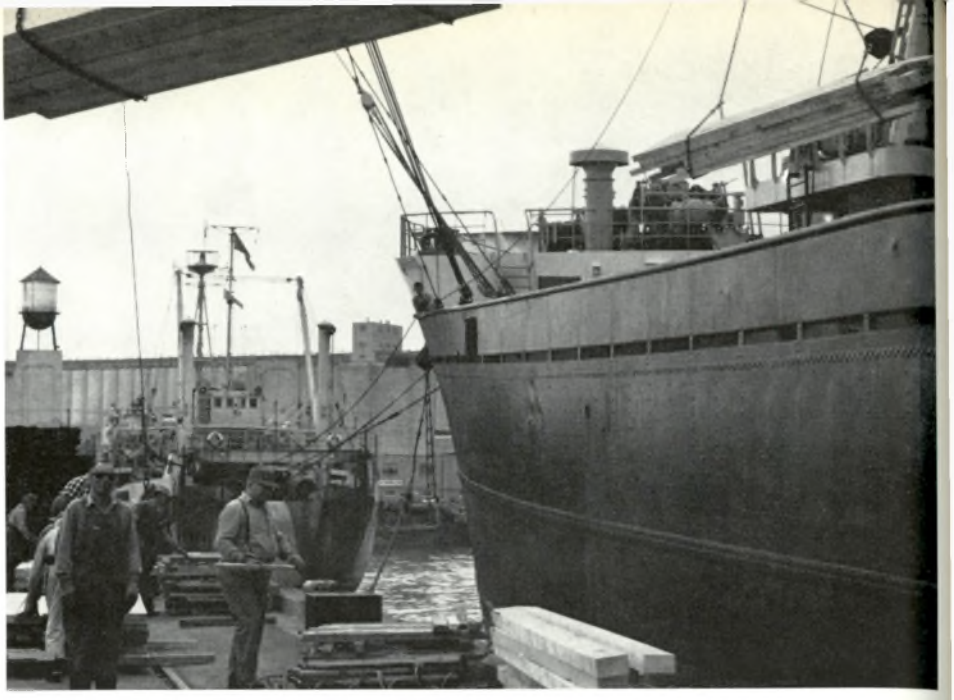
In addition to all of this, anyone can reach an empty beach after a twenty-five minute's drive from the Halifax business district.

For they do have a business district in Halifax — several of them in fact — though the principal one is so concentrated that parking is just about impossible in it. This is one of the most curious business districts I ever saw in North America: hidiosities of Victorian red brick jumbled up with eighteenth century gems like Government House and St. Paul's Church, with the Parade and City Hall, the latter of which began as Dalhousie College and was originally financed by loot captured from the Americans by Halifax privateers in the Armageddon of 1812. (Americans have always been generous in financing higher education in Canada.) In the financial district near the old harbour is Province Building with a statue of Joe Howe flanked by two cannon taken off the captured *Cheseapeake,* and it was here that the first popularly elected government of any European colony sat in session in the 1830's.

Halifax was a wonderful place for a boy to grow up in fifty years ago. I always think of it with excitement: shabby Barrington Street crowded with sailors and soldiers, convoys coming and going, famous liners arriving for troops and famous ships of the Royal Navy moored in the Stream. And of course there was the great Explosion, and what better introduction could a boy have had to the personality of the twentieth century than that?

But Halifax was more than this. So much of the world came there — not the world of VIP's but the rough working world of sailors from everywhere. So much of the world was visible there: government and education side by side, the process of exporting and importing right in front of your eyes and the smell of the produce seeping into your nostrils, politics without much bluff because we all knew the politicians, working men who looked like real working men in flat cloth caps and with fine rugged faces, fresh fish hawked through the streets or bought by housewives out of the boats that had brought them in from the sea. You needed no sociology professor to teach you society in the abstract. The place was an intact city state, and everyone was part of it.

The climate, as the natives are the first to admit, is deplorable. No Canadian inlander experiences the like of a blizzard driven ashore off the ocean by a northeaster blowing at eighty knots an hour. In spring and summer the fog can blanket Halifax for days and you hear harbour bells clanging sadly and the signal on Chebucto Head moaning like an



Above: ". . . the process of exporting and importing right in front of your eyes . . .

Right: . . . and the smell of the produce seeping into your nostrils . . ." Loading salt cod into the hold of a ship.

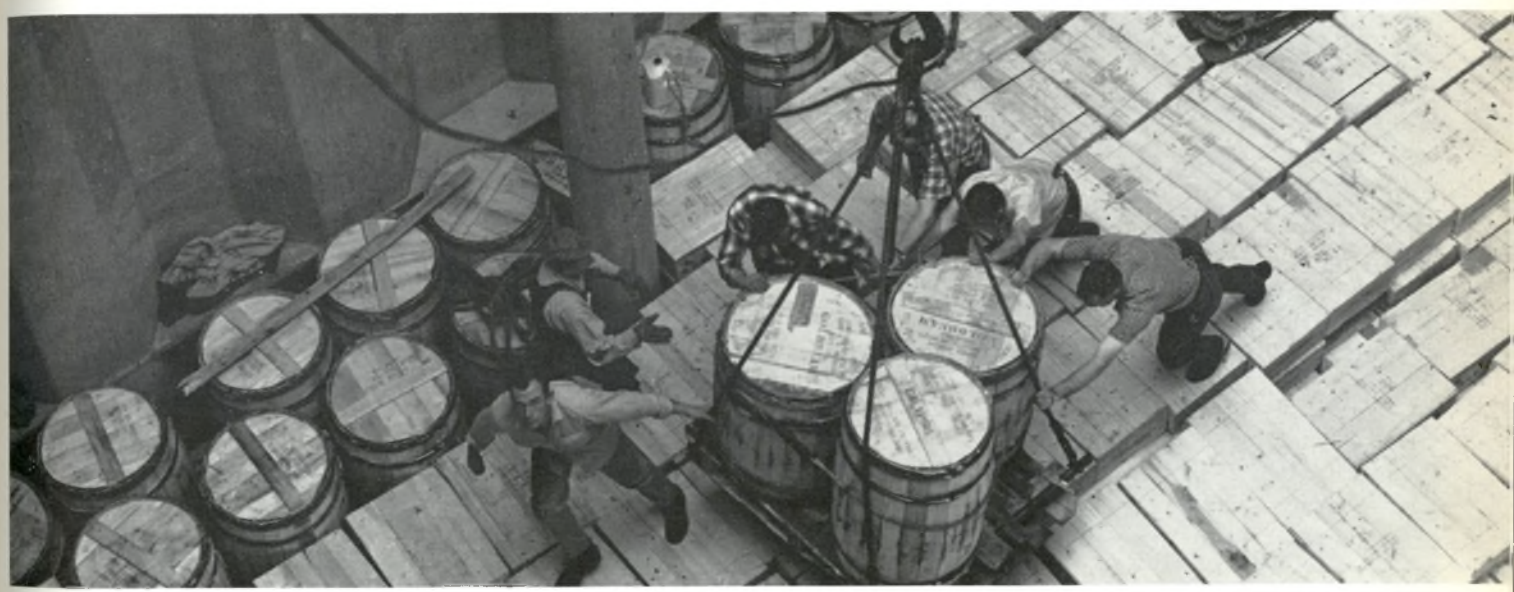
unmilked cow. But on sunny days you forget the fog: unstained snow in winter, and in summer the sun makes the air glisten.

As it was in me to become a novelist, I suppose I had to leave Halifax in order to earn a living for the life of this city is not chaotic or vicious enough to furnish material which truly reflects our age. The children still laugh a lot and don't look modernly mixed up. When I was young we were very backward sexually, and a boy was thought a sissy if seen out with a girl before he was eighteen, and even then the girls never gave him any real encouragement. This is not the same any more, they say. Even in Halifax, many things are not the same any more.

After 1945 Haligonians seemed to sense that the history in which they were founded was now over and they closed the book on it. They went on a house-painting spree that would have horrified their fathers who never painted, so they said, because the moment they did so their taxes were raised. In the Christmas season nearly all the streets are festive with lighted trees. Much town planning has been done aimed at opening up vistas and sparing the good buildings of the past. The city with its *banlieue* has trebled its size since my day. With the inclusion of Dartmouth, Spryfield (on the western side of Northwest Arm) and the suburban building along the western slopes of Bedford Basin, the total population of the urban district must now be close to 200,000 people.

The universities have kept pace with this. When I was at Dalhousie in the late 1920's we had only five buildings, none of them large, on the Studley Campus. Now there are more buildings than at McGill, all of native fieldstone without an homogenized one in the lot. Surely this is one of the handsomest campuses on the continent. They even have a theatre in Halifax now, the Neptune, one of the five best permanent repertories in North America. It takes its name from the ancient *Le Thèâtre de Neptune* of 1606, in Port Royal, where the first French settlers gave the first theatrical performances known in the New World.

What can I say that is bad about Halifax? If I lived there I could probably say a great deal. I might even complain because the 18-hole golf course that used to sprawl through the south end of the city was taken over by the R.C.A.F. during the Hitler War. But I don't feel like saying anything bad about Halifax except that I never was able to earn a living there, which was as much my own fault as the city's, for I wanted to do things in those days which the city did not value.



Oh yes, there **is** something I can say that is very bad. In the past few years high-rise buildings have appeared. There are several of them, and they make me think of jaws full of false teeth all ready to eat the city up. They have already spoiled its shield-like contour and if more of them come . . .

And something else again. Whenever I visit Halifax and return to exciting Montreal I find that the air of Halifax has spoiled me for at least a week. The polluted atmosphere of the great city stinks and chokes my lungs till I get used to it again. But it is pointless to complain about that. Greed is responsible for pollution, just as it is responsible for the breaking of frontiers, and Montreal was originally one of the great frontier cities of the New World. Halifax never was that. It was an outpost of the old world of Europe, and though it has at last become Canadian, it has lost less than any other Canadian city the impulse that made the independent existence of Canada possible. That was to be North American while still being an outgrowth of European civilization.

# MONCTON

*"Aujourd'hui, le centre des Maritimes . . .*
*Demain, la grande ville des Maritimes."*

de Emery LeBlanc

Ci-contre, Moncton vue des airs avec, à l'arrière-plan, la rivière Petitcodiac.

Comment saisir l'âme d'une ville? Comment découvrir sa personnalité Est-ce par son aspect physique, ses édifices, ses rues, ses parcs? Ou est-ce en connaissant sa population, ses ambitions, ses réussites?

Il faut un peu de tout cela si l'on veut donner de Moncton une image qui en fait une entité vivante.

Dans un pays où les grandes villes groupent plus d'un million d'habitants, où une dizaine de centres métropolitains frisent le million, c'est une petite ville, qui pourrait passer inaperçue. Dans une région où les sites historiques abondent, c'est une ville pour ainsi dire sans histoire.

Mais c'est une ville qui a sa personnalité, ses charmes, ses attraits.

C'est une ville relativement récente: son incorporation date de 1875. Mais son histoire remonte à bien plus loin en arrière.

Les premiers habitants blancs de la région étaient des Acadiens venus de la région des Mines en Nouvelle-Ecosse. Ils s'étaient établis le long des rivières Petitcodiac et Memramcook durant la première moitié du dix-huitième siècle, et ils avaient trois petits villages dans la région. Aussi, ils avaient construit une chapelle près du site qu'occupe aujourd'hui le parc du mascaret, sur la rue principale. Mais tout fut balayé en 1755 et durant les années qui suivirent.

A peine dix ans plus tard, des colons allemands arrivaient et la commune de Moncton surgissait. Mais le village même qui allait devenir la ville que nous connaissons aujourd'hui, s'appelait le Coude, nom inspiré par le contour de la rivière Petitcodiac à cet endroit. Ce n'est que vers 1855 que le nom Moncton fut utilisé pour désigner la ville même. Ce nom lui vient du général Robert Monckton, qui avait participé à la prise de Louisburg et à la bataille des Plaines d'Abraham. C'est à la suite d'une erreur de plume que la lettre "k" fut supprimée.

Moncton, c'est le centre géographique des Provinces maritimes. C'est l'endroit par où doivent passer tous ceux qui se rendent en Nouvelle-Ecosse ou dans l'Ile du Prince-Edouard et en viennent. C'est cette situation géographique qui explique son existence et sa croissance. Mais c'est sa population qui lui donne son caractère et sa personnalité.

Le premier chemin de fer des Maritimes, le European and North American Railway, passait par Moncton, reliant Saint-Jean et Shédiac. Après la Confédération, il y eut l'Intercolonial, reliant les Maritimes à Montréal, et ce chemin de fer aussi passait par Moncton. Par la suite, le National Transcontinental fut construit pour relier Moncton et Winnipeg. Aujourd'hui, ces trois chemins de fer font partie des Chemins de fer nationaux du Canada et Moncton est le centre administratif de cette société, pour l'est du pays. C'est là aussi que sont situés les ateliers ferroviaires de la région.

Quand ces ateliers furent construits ils étaient en dehors de la ville. Il fallait même s'y rendre par chemin de fer. Mais aujord'hui la ville à grandi et elle entoure ces vastes ateliers. Une carte géographique donnerait à la ville l'aspect d'un Y, le pied de la lettre se trouvant au coin sud-est de la ville, là où elle a connu ses débuts, et les deux branches vers le nord ouest et le sud-ouest, de chaque côté des ateliers ferroviaires.

Par suite de sa situation géographique, Moncton est un centre de distribution. Ceci explique la présence de centaines de maisons d'affaires d'envergure nationale. On commence par des bureaux, puis des entrepôts. Les Monctoniens espèrent que demain, on y fera de l'assemblage et après-demain de la production. C'est déjà ce qui se fait dans certaines entreprises. La situation géographique de Moncton explique également la présence de plus de 1,200 commis voyageurs qui rayonnent de Moncton pour couvrir les quatre provinces de l'Atlantique.

Ce fait explique deux phénomènes: l'aspect résidentiel de la ville et la présence de gens venus de tous les coins du pays. Aux Maritimes, ceci constitue un facteur important, car habituellement les populations sont stables et recoivent fort peu d'apport de l'extérieur.

Donc, Moncton est avant tout une ville résidentielle, une ville faite de maisons unifamiliales. Chaque maison a son gazon, son jardin, ses arbres, L'étranger sera peut-être surpris de constater que ces maisons sont surtout construites en bois: la brique est fort peu utilisée, et la pierre encore moins.

Centre ferroviaire, centre de distribution, doté de quelques industries secondaires, Moncton se donne un air de prospérité qui surprend ceux qui la visitent en se remémorant trop facilement les statistiques pessimistes que l'on publie habituellement sur la vie économique des Maritimes.

Moncton est aussi une ville résidentielle que les grands arbres cachent durant les mois d'été, où la vie est calme et paisible, où l'on oublie facilement qu'on est dans un centre urbain important.

Ces facteurs expliquent l'aspect physique de la ville. Mais pour en saisir l'âme, il faut connaître sa population.

Moncton, c'est en plus petit, la province du Nouveau-Brunswick, le Canada même, en ce sens que sa population se partage entre Canadiens de langue anglaise et Canadiens de langue fran-

çaise suivant à peu près les mêmes proportions que dans la province et le pays: environ 40 pour cent de langue française et 60 pour cent de langue anglaise. Ce sont d'abord des gens de la région. Ajoutons-y les personnes d'autres parties du pays venues ici parce que Moncton est un centre de distribution, quelques immigrants récemment arrivés au pays, et nous avons Moncton.

Aujourd'hui, alors qu'on se questionne sur l'avenir du pays, il est intéressant de voir ce qui se passe dans cette ville. Dire que tout est parfait, que l'entente la plus complète existe serait ridicule et insulterait les Monctoniens. Il y a toujours eu des problèmes et il y en aura toujours, et ensemble, les Monctoniens travaillent pour les résoudre. Les solutions ne sont jamais faciles, rarement satisfaisantes pour tous. Mais ce qui importe, c'est qu'il y ait des solutions. Et celles que les Monctoniens trouvent aujourd'hui valent mieux que celles des années passées. Et celles de demain seront encore meilleures.

Le système scolaire est un exemple. Une seule administration mais trois genres d'écoles, que les gens appellent les écoles bilingues, les écoles irlandaises et les écoles anglaises. Les écoles bilingues, ce sont les écoles pour les étudiants de langue française: la langue d'enseignement comme la langue d'usage courant dans la classe est le français. Les écoles irlandaises reçoivent les élèves catholiques de langue anglaise. Et les écoles anglaises reçoivent les autres élèves. Il n'y a pas de cloison étanche entre ces différentes écoles, et les étudiants sont libres de fréquenter celles qu'ils veulent. C'est ainsi que depuis quelque temps, on trouve dans les écoles françaises un nombre considérable d'écoliers dont les parents sont de langue anglaise. Et ce phénomène date d'avant la création de la commission B & B.

Système parfait? Evidemment non. Système qui s'améliore avec le temps? Assurément, même si ces améliorations sont parfois des sources de difficultés. Mais les difficultés n'effraient pas les Monctoniens.

Moncton, c'est aussi une ville universitaire. Si elle joue ce rôle avec toutes les hésitations d'une débutante, c'est qu'il est encore nouveau pour elle. En effet, l'Université de Moncton existe depuis 1963 seulement. C'est une université française, qui reçoit ses élèves des trois provinces maritimes et du Québec. La cité universitaire groupe présentement une dizaine d'édifices et d'autres surgissent chaque année.

Mais Moncton telle qu'elle existe aujourd'hui est une ville qui groupe environ 50,000 habitants. Depuis dix ans, son territoire a passé de 4.22 milles carrés à 14.93 milles carrés et sa population de 36,000 à 50,000, alors qu'elle s'est amalgamé les banlieues du nord et de l'ouest. Au sud et à l'est, la rivière Petitcodiac et le ruisseau Hall forment des frontières naturelles.

C'est une ville qui a 112 milles de rues, des pompiers, des policiers, des industries, des quartiers neufs. C'est une ville comme toutes les autres si on la réduit aux statistiques. Mais c'est une ville qui a sa personnalité, son âme, quand on considère sa population, sa géographie.

Que sera cette ville demain? Tous les rêves lui sont permis. On a parlé de grouper les trois provinces maritimes en une seule province. Dans ce cas, le site logique pour la capitale serait Moncton, centre géographique, commercial et social de la région.

(Photo de droite)
La rue principale, quartier central des affaires.

(Photo de gauche)
"Moncton est aussi une ville résidentielle . . ."

A Moncton même, on songe à l'avenir. On a vu ces villes qui, par manque de planification, ont permis aux quartiers limitrophes de se développer au détriment du centre-ville.

Ici, la ville a fait appel au professeur Spence-Sales de l'université McGill, pour élaborer un projet de croissance logique, continue, suivie et ordonnée tout en songeant à la revalorisation du centre-ville. Ce ne sera pas facile. Alors que presque partout ailleurs sur ce continent, les villes ont vu leur centre dépérir au bénéfice des banlieues, Moncton seule saura-t-elle trouver la solution?

Les Monctoniens le croient et fermement. Leurs projets ont de l'envergure.

D'abord, il y a le chemin de fer. Les Monctoniens le respectent, car ils sont très conscients du fait que même aujourd'hui, le chemin de fer reste le premier employeur à Moncton. Mais de là à accepter que tous les trains coupent la ville en deux, il y a loin. C'est pourquoi les autorités municipales et le chemin de fer étudient présentement la possibilité d'aménager une nouvelle voie pour entrer en ville, en passant par les marais de l'est et longeant la rivière Petitcodiac. Ainsi, le trajet ne serait pas allongé, les dépenses d'aménagement seraient relativement peu élevées, et le chemin de fer cesserait de nuire à la circulation.

Et les projets continuent. Autour de la ville proprement dite, deux grandes artères: au sud, la rue Commerciale, aménagée le long du fleuve, partant de la route de Saint-Jean à l'ouest et rencontrant l'autoroute de l'Ile du Prince-Edouard à l'est; de là, le boulevard Wheeler, qui fait le nord de la ville, pour atteindre la route transcanadienne.

Voilà pour les routes de ceinture. Quant au centre même de la ville, les projets sont encore plus ambitieux. La rue principale, sur une distance d'environ un demi-mille, devient un mail. Pour faciliter la circulation, les rues situées tout autour de ce mail: Commerciale, Botsford, Highfield et Queen sont améliorées, des autoparcs sont aménagés, des transformations aux édifices les rendent tout aussi accueillants pour les automobilistes que pour les piétons du mail.

Et au centre, un nouveau complexe municipal-provincial. L'hôtel de ville de Moncton est vieux, désuet, trop petit. Il ne répond ni aux besoins de l'administration, ni au sentiment de fierté des Monctoniens. Depuis des années, les autorités achètent les édifices et les terrains dans le voisinage immédiat.

Ce printemps, le visiteur qui aurait passé par Moncton aurait été étonné de voir les travaux de forage qui se faisaient en plein centre de la ville: on faisait des analyses du sol pour déterminer les fondations des édifices à venir.

Ces édifices logeront l'hôtel de ville, le poste de police, les bureaux du ministère provincial de la justice et tous les autres services provinciaux. Ce sera la première fois que la province et la municipalité s'unissent pour construire un complexe administratif.

Moncton. Centre ferroviaire. Ville universitaire. Centre de distribution. Ville résidentielle.

Moncton. Ville type, tant par sa composition ethnique que par son urbanisme.

Moncton. Ville jeune encore, qui connaît un essor merveilleux. Aujourd'hui, le centre des Maritimes. Demain, la grande ville des Maritimes.

# fredericton *fair daughter of the forest*

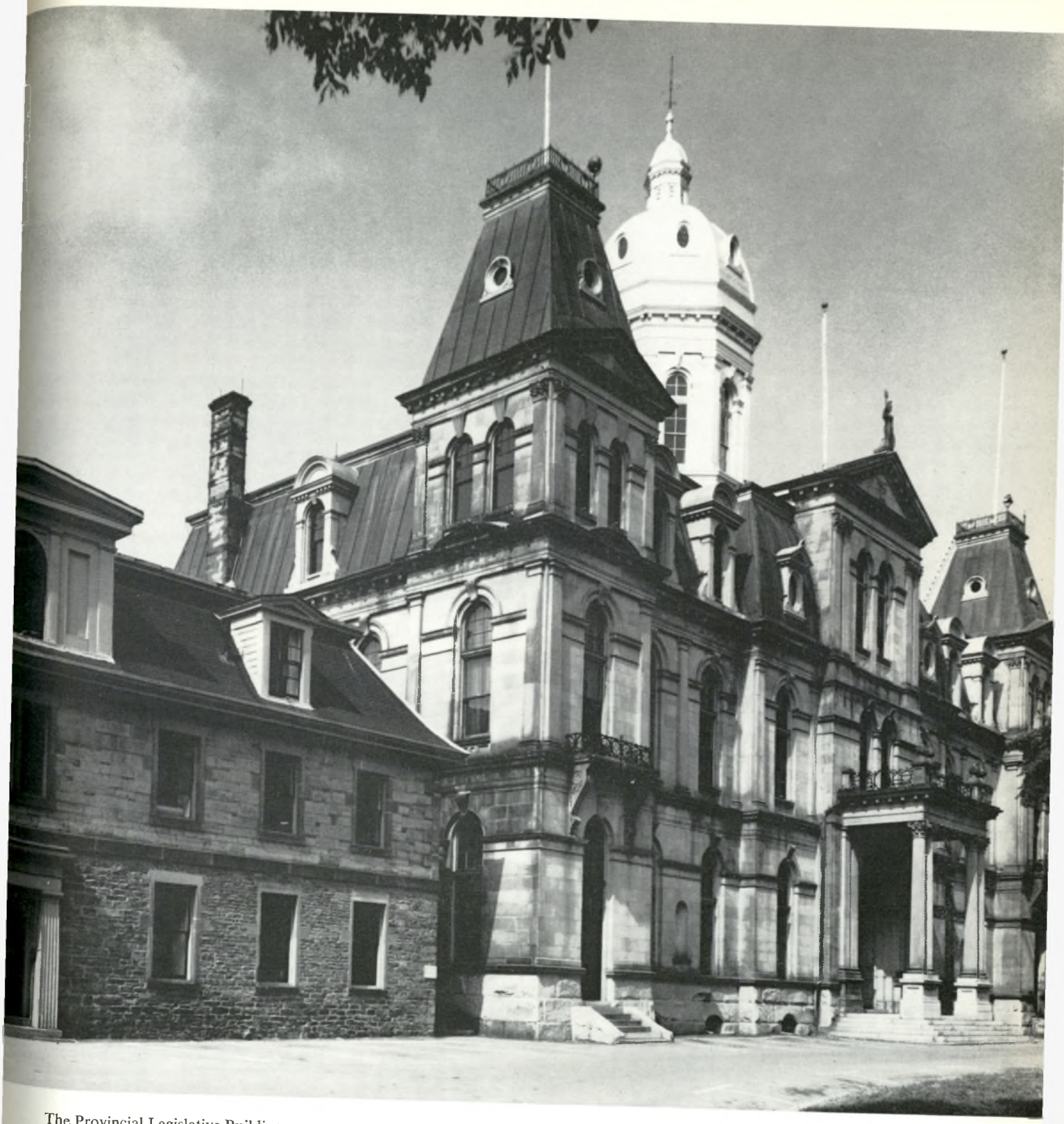
by Esther Clark Wright

Fredericopolis Silvae Filia Nobilis: the words chosen for the scroll below the arms of the city of Fredericton were an apt description of the town on the St. John River, hemmed in as it was by wooded hills, beyond which stretched miles and miles of almost unbroken forest. It was a very small town, standing primly on its well planned town plat, when Queen Victoria, in 1845, ordained that it should "henceforth be a City and be called the City of Fredericton." Ecclesiastic law required that the centre of a see should be a city, and New Brunswick was being made a separate bishopric, with its capital, Fredericton, the seat of the bishop and the site of the cathedral. It was the final triumph of that group which historians have dubbed the Family Compact. Ironically, the city incorporated in 1848 was given a seal pointing to the group which had ousted the Family Compact, the lumbermen.

For more than two generations, the lumbermen were to dominate the city, the river on which it fronted, and the province of which it was the capital. In the Fredericton of that era, the departure of the woods' gangs for the winter's cutting, the spring drive of logs on the St. John and its tributaries, the opening of the mills and the growing of the piles of sawn lumber that littered the shores on both sides of the river, the sorting of logs at the booms above and below the city, the coming and going of the tugs which manoeuvered the rafts, were important events marking the seasons. Except for K. C. Irving's pulp wood, all that is gone now. Gone, too, are the old willow trees on the bank of the river, to which the lumbermen used to "snub" their rafts, to the great delight of the youngsters who ran happily over the rafts, regardless of the risk of falling into the river or of being crushed by a rolling log.

There used to be, when I was a school child in Fredericton, seven willows on the river bank. Couples would come wandering along the green looking for an unoccupied bench beneath, and small boys would creep up behind with instruments of torture in their hands or yelp derisively from the branches above the lovers' heads. There was a charm about those old willows, an ethereal beauty in the moonlight, and a stateliness that came of long years of watching men and events pass by. They had seen the birch bark canoes of the Malicetes coming down from their winter hunting grounds to the summer fishing along the Bay of Fundy shores. They had a ringside seat for the fights between French and English for possession of the fort Villebon built at the mouth of the Nashwaak. They had watched the Acadians building homes and barns and a chapel dedicated to Ste. Anne on the meadows behind them, and had seen the New Englanders burn houses and barns and chapel. The willows had seen Israel Perley and the scouts from Essex County, Massachusetts, turned away from the site by the Acadians' friends, the Indians from Aukpaque. They had seen Beamsley Glasier designate townships for the officers who had taken part in the conquest of Canada. They watched John Anderson build a trading post across the river and had seen Benjamin Atherton carry supplies up river for another trading post.

During the years of the Revolutionary War, the willows had been witness to much hurried coming and going. In July, 1783, they had seen a group of officers pass by on what Edward Winslow described as the most agreeable tour he had ever had. In October and November of that same year, they watched officers and men of the Loyalist regiments, with their wives and children, perhaps three thousand of them, arrive, complaining of finding nothing ready for them, of having to make their way so far up the river, so late in the season. They may have heard the children crying in the cold tents and seen the despair of men and women when supplies dwindled and starvation stared them in the face. In the summer, directly behind them, the willows saw surveyors laying out a town for the regiments, two or three streets parallel to the river, with several intersecting streets. The next year, they saw the governor come and later, they could glimpse, up river, another and larger town being laid out as the capital of the new province. Through all the building of the town, as well as the present burning down, those seven willows remained. They watched John Medley's cathedral rise haltingly, as money came to hand, and they had somehow survived the bringing of Boss Gibson's railroad across the river. But old age and the straining



The Provincial Legislative Building.

of the lumber rafts caused one willow after another to crash. With them went something of Fredericton.

Besides the willows, other trees that were once a part of Fredericton have gone. There were the pines out Regent Street, Scully's grove, a favourite place around the turn of the century for family and Sunday School picnics. White pines had been one of New Brunswick's greatest assets before they were ruthlessly mined in the early days of lumbering in the province. Throughout the nineteenth century, the pines of Scully's Grove remained undisturbed because they were outside the limits of the town of 1785, and the town had hardly begun to burst its bounds. The earliest houses had been built on the streets nearest to the river, Queen, King, and Brunswick. After the cranberry bog out back had been drained, George and Charlotte had been built up. These were the five streets, a mile long, except where the river cut off the ends of Queen Street, which had been divided into eight blocks by intersecting streets, named for the counties, the Prince Regent, and the first governor, Thomas Carleton.

Dugald Campbell, who laid out the town, placed a green at each end and reserved four blocks in the centre for use as a common and a site for public buildings. The church, however, was built near the river, close to the earlier site planned for the regiments. Except in the regiments' town, there was little building outside the town site until the branch railroad connecting with the Canadian Pacific's main line to Montreal and with the Boston trains, drew the town out York Street, beyond Charlotte Street. New streets were added, narrower than the older ones, with lots shallower than the hundred and sixty-five feet that had given room for woodsheds, barns and gardens in the lots of the original townsite. The narrowness and shortness of these streets showed a lack of foresight and interest in town planning among local authorities of late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. They allowed the pines of Scully's Grove to be cut down and the land divided into building lots.

In another part of this area back of the town site — Dugald Campbell had marked out ten-acre pasture lots there — a stand of beech trees remained at the turn of the century. Queen Square, now very flat and filled with artificial aids to recreation, used to be all hillocks and hollows where children got their feet wet in spring when picking violets. In the autumn, they scuffled through the leaves, looking for beechnuts, and watching with awe the stately beings in cap and gown, with great loads of books, who cut across the square to climb a wooded hill to the distant college. The Lady Beaverbrook Residence occupies most of that slope now, and the buildings of the University of New Brunswick and of the Teachers' College have climbed far back into what was once the college woods. The Forest Rangers' School and the sweeping curve of the Fredericton bypass have likewise taken their whacks at the forest. On both sides of the river, the houses creep further and further up the hills and the tree lines recede.

It was the nearness of the forest and the closeness to nature, combined with the classical traditions of the College, which influenced a group of writers who made Fredericton known far beyond the bounds of New Brunswick. From the publication at Philadelphia, in 1880, of Charles G. D. Roberts' *Orion and Other Poems,* Fredericton became increasingly famous in literary circles. Roberts' several volumes of poetry, his animal stories, the poetry of his cousin, Bliss Carman, the varied writings of his younger brothers and sister, the slim volumes of verse by Francis Sherman, led to Fredericton's being called a 'nest of singing birds.' The sensuous and mellifluous verse of Roberts and Carman, so much acclaimed by nineteenth century critics, is out of favour now. The 'Fiddlehead Group' who are trying to revive Fredericton's fame as a literary centre, are less concerned with nature and more concerned, as we all are in these days of increasing urbanization and automation, with people and the ferments of a different and more complex world.

The Beaverbrook Art Gallery is beginning to make Fredericton known in the world of art and, in time, the Playhouse may become a mecca for theatre and music lovers. What chance have elm and maple against this increasing sophistication, against overwhelming masses of steel and concrete in such buildings as these, the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel and the Federal and provincial office buildings? Some of us mourned the sacrifice of maples, whose planting along the green was instigated by a former mayor, George E. Fenety. It is a cause of regret, too, that every year the elms grow fewer.

The elms are Fredericton's peculiar treasure. Their graceful arching takes the eye away from the undistinguished houses. They give grateful shade in summer, and in winter the tracery of their dark branches against the brilliance of the winter sky is unending delight. The delicate green of their unfolding leaves heightens the joy of the northern spring, and their maturing yellow enhances the golden haze of autumn. Elms are trees of the meadow and a constant reminder to a generation not river-minded (unless the river can be harnessed to yield power for a pushbutton age) that Fredericton, built on a meadow, owed not only its physical site but, as well, its economic importance to the St. John and its tributaries, especially to the Nashwaak, though in lesser measure to the Nashwaaksis, the Keswick, and the Oromocto.

To the Loyalists, coming up the

Left: C.N.R. Bridge.

Below: Cotton processing plant.


It is hoped the Playhouse will become a mecca for theatre and and music lovers.

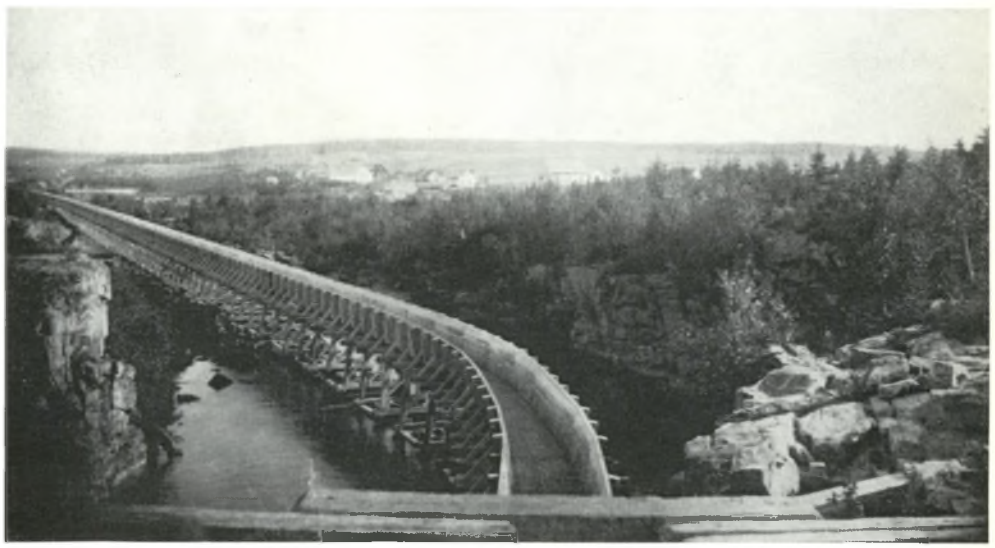
river in small boats or canoes, the meadow, around which the St. John sweeps in turning from a brief easterly course to its generally southward direction, seemed to be a long point extending out into the river, and they called their first town St. Ann's Point. Then Edward Winslow, realizing the futility of hopes of preferment in Halifax, belatedly took up again the cause of the regiments and conceived the idea of making their town the capital. Marshalling his arguments about its centrality and attractiveness with much skill, he persuaded the governor, Thomas Carleton, to make St. Ann's Point his capital. The fashion of the time required the name of a personage, and the third son of George III, Frederick, Bishop of Osnaburgh, was accorded the honour. It should have been called Winslow's town, for it was his idea, and his influence permeated the town from its inception. Placing his wife and rapidly increasing family on a farm up the river, he devoted himself to the duties of the minor post he had received and to currying favour with the authorities. The reward of a judgeship moved even his Massachusetts crony, Ward Chipman, to protest. Long after his death and the dethronement of the Family Compact, the spirit of Edward Winslow's devotion to 'The Establishment' lingered on in the tiny capital, nearly destroyed the college, made the Cathedral a target for social climbers (when one, with Baptist forebears, asked for immersion, a bathtub, hired from a local plumber, was set up in the aisle and the bishop, with some difficulty, immersed the tall candidate), and retarded the development of intellectual and welfare activities. Thanks to Edward Winslow, Fredericton was the ideal place for an old man, returning occasionally to the province in which he grew up, to receive the adulation he craved, and Fredericton was most grateful for the largesse bestowed from his cement-filled coffers.

Someone who recently flew across the country by helicopter reported Fredericton dreaming under its elms. Nonsense! Fredericton was driving restlessly up and down looking for parking places, or being jostled on its crowded shopping streets, or slipping down river to the modern amenities of the Oromocto shopping centre. Sixty-five years ago Fredericton was a little country town dreaming under its elms. The good river silt was used for gardens, and the horse and cow and hens most people kept assured continuance of the gardens' fertility. The gravelled roads were well crowned and in the ditches the melting snow of spring and the autumn rains kept the elm roots well watered. In summer, the sprinkling cart laid the dust, lest it disturb the housewives embroidering on the top doorstep and the children sitting decorously on the lower steps until Daddy could be seen coming home from work. Now the snow is removed, the water is drained off, the roots of the elms are overlaid with tar and cement, and the elms are fighting a losing battle against tall buildings and disease. Fredericton has become a city, in fact as well as in legal fiction, but she is less and less the daughter of the forest, and for how long, losing her elms, will she seem fair?

# alma

*de Victor Tremblay, p.d.*

*" . . . centre organique et foyer d'action rayonnant sur la région."*



La tête de la grande glissoire construite en bordure du cours de la rivière pour y faire passer les billots. Les ouvriers qui avaient travaillé à la construire s'établirent petit à petit en face de la "dalle" pour former le village de Saint-Joseph d'Alma.

Alma est une des métropoles de cette vaste région du Québec que depuis plus de quatre cents ans on se plaît à appeler "le Royaume du Saguenay". Située près du lac Saint-Jean, du côté de l'Est, sur les rives des deux cours d'eau qui en sont les décharges, elle est à égale distance de Chicoutimi, qui est jusqu'à présent reconnue comme la métropole de l'ensemble du Saguenay, et de Roberval, qui fut longtemps celle de la région du Lac Saint-Jean, l'une des quatre parties du Royaume.

Veut-on avoir une idée suffisamment exacte de ce qu'est Alma? Un aperçu des lieux, de son origine et de son évolution, de sa réalité présente peut la donner.

La localité d'Alma fête cette année le centenaire de son existence. C'est dire qu'il y a cent ans, dans les lieux qu'elle occupe, il n'y avait rien de ce que le labeur des hommes y a mis.

Sa place n'était pas sans forme et sans contenu, *"inanis et vacua"* comme l'univers au premier stage de sa formation. Loin de là. Elle offrait un site géographique aux traits pittoresques et puissants. Une large terrasse de sol arable, dont la partie sud est percée de têtes de rochers granitiques et dont la partie nord est coupée par les deux décharges du lac Saint-Jean, qui embrassent ainsi entre elles une île longue de neuf milles et large de trois, avant de se réunir pour former la puissante rivière Saguenay. Cette île devait recevoir le nom d'*Alma*, qui lui fut donné en souvenir de la rivière de Crimée, l'Alma où les alliés remportèrent une victoire marquante contre les Russes en 1854.

La Petite Décharge part du lac en plusieurs canaux séparés par des îles; elle rétrécit son cours ensuite, le promène capricieusement en diverses directions, tantôt calme tantôt formant des rapides qui s'appellent: les Cuisses, l'Ilette, le Carcajou; la Grande Décharge, débouchant du lac par un col relativement étroit, la Gorge, fait un bond à pic de seize pieds, puis s'étale en un large faisceau de canaux d'humeur inégale semé de rochers et d'îles dont l'une, au nom farouche, l'île Maligne, était des-

tinée à la célébrité. Les deux rivières étaient riches en poissons, de ces poissons vigoureux qui fréquentent les cascades, le plus athlète d'entre eux étant d'une espèce particulière au lac Saint-Jean, la ouananiche.

Tout ce plan de terrain, plaine et île, était couvert d'une forêt touffue de conifères et de bois francs où dominaient le pin blanc et l'épinette rouge, première richesse naturelle qui devait être exploitée en ces lieux.

Jadis l'Indien venait durant la saison d'été camper au bord des Décharges, attiré par l'abondance du poisson, qui était la base de son alimentation en ce temps de l'année; il n'en faisait pas un lieu de passage, car les cours d'eau n'étaient pas propres à la circulation; dangereux à descendre, ils étaient impossibles à remonter.

C'est la difficulté que les Décharges présentaient à la drave des billes de bois qui amena les blancs en ces lieux isolés et lointains, presque inaccessibles pour eux, il y a cent ans. Dans la section la plus hostile de la Petite Décharge on construisit, en bordure du cours de la rivière, une longue dalle en bois pour y faire passer un courant d'eau capable d'entraîner librement les billots. La construction, le fonctionnement et l'entretien de cette glissoire (qu'en anglais on appelle *slide*) attira des travailleurs; plusiers d'entre eux et d'autres qui les suivirent se firent colons et entreprirent de défricher ce sol riche pour s'y établir. Travail ardu que celui de conquérir à la hache cette terre contre la forêt fortement enracinée; vie dure et austère que celle de ces colonisateurs privés de tout marché et de tout secours de l'extérieur. Une modeste chapelle bientôt remplacée par une église attira autour d'elle les éléments d'un village en face de la "dalle", dont l'activité dura trente ans. Ainsi fut créée, par une soixantaine d'années de labeur, une paroisse essentiellement agricole, bien organisée aux points de vue religieux, scolaire, social, économique et qui connut la prospérité: Saint-Joseph d'Alma.

En 1925 allaient se former dans des portions détachées de son territoire deux villes industrielles: Isle-Maligne et Riverbend. La première est née des pouvoirs hydrauliques de la Grande Décharge. Un complexe de barrages construits pour retenir les eaux de la rivière et du lac Saint-Jean à une élévation de 110 pieds permit d'installer à l'île Maligne une usine produisant 540,000 h.p. (402,000 kw) d'énergie électrique, la seconde en puissance existant alors au Canada. Dès qu'elle fut en activité, on commença à construire des lignes de transmission pour mettre ces forces motrices au service des industries dans la région et à l'extérieur.

L'autre ville industrielle se plaçait sur l'île d'Alma à un coude de la Petite Décharge qui lui valut son nom: *Riverbend*. Elle était due à la construction d'une fabrique de papier alimentée par le bois provenant des forêts qui entourent la région agricole du Lac Saint-Jean.

En 1942 surgissait sur l'île d'Alma, tout à côté de la centrale d'énergie électrique de l'île Maligne, une usine de réduction de l'aluminium, qui amenait le développement de la ville déjà établie.

Page de gauche:
Alma en 1902. Le petit village vu de l'île d'Alma.
Ci-dessus, panorama d'Alma:
A gauche, les usines à papier, Riverbend et Naudville.
A droite, la première ville d'Alma (commerciale).
Au centre, la Petite Décharge.

En même temps se formait, dans un secteur résidentiel entre les deux usines, le village de Naudville, qui allait devenir ville en 1954.

De son côté, la localité d'Alma devançait tous ces développements par son progrès en population et en organisation: le village, qui devenait ville en 1924, chef-lieu du comté de Lac Saint-Jean en 1933 et cité en 1958, prenait l'allure de centre commercial et administratif. En 1962, par la fusion des quatre villes en une seule, la cité d'Alma se constituait la plus importante de la région du Lac-Saint-Jean, qui comprend les comtés de Lac-Saint-Jean et de Roberval.

Voilà la trame et les étapes de l'évolution de la localité.

Aujourd'hui Alma compte une population de 25,000 habitants dont 98 pour cent sont de langue française et dont 8 pour cent sont cultivateurs. La plus grande partie est groupée dans l'Alma d'avant la fusion, sur les deux rives de la Petite Décharge. Cette population se distribue en cinq paroisses catholiques et une communauté protestante. Elle possède une administration municipale unique, avec représentation proportionnelle de ses unités composantes.

Avec ses deux grandes usines qui comptent, celle de l'aluminium 1,150 employés et celle du papier 800, son hôpital qui en emploie 560, et l'ensemble des unités de toutes sortes qui en compte 1,360, avec les services administratifs régionaux dont elle est le siège, la localité d'Alma est en fait la métropole du Lac-Saint-Jean.

Elle peut même disputer à Chicoutimi, qui pourtant est à la tête de la navigation sur le fjord et la rivière Saguenay, les avantages de la position géographique en regard des perspectives d'avenir. Car elle est située à un carrefour, à un point névralgique: position clé en fonction des développements que le futur semble promettre à ce coin de pays. Si elle est fidèle à la compréhension de son rôle et au dynamisme qu'elle a manifesté en certains domaines, elle est en droit de croire à une heureuse destinée.

Si j'avais à créer le monument pouvant caractériser la localité d'Alma au Lac-Saint-Jean, je proposerais un large disque de granit noir, produit des lieux, reposant sur quatre piliers de même roche, symbolisant les quatre villes qui sont les unités composantes et qui ont fait l'unité nouvelle, l'Alma centenaire, dont le symbole, par sa forme en bloc circulaire, évoquerait le double rôle de centre organique et de foyer d'action rayonnant sur la région. C'est ainsi que les lieux, l'histoire, la réalité présente et les possibilités me la font voir.

# CHARME DE QUÉBEC

de Gérard Morisset

"Champlain, semble-t-il, a vu d'avance, à la manière d'un tour d'horizon, les possibilités matérielles de ce site enchanteur."

Certaines villes canadiennes possèdent suffisamment d'édifices anciens pour qu'elles offrent aux visiteurs attentifs des carrefours intéressants ou des avenues agréables. C'est le cas de Halifax, dont certains monuments remontent au milieu du XVIIIe siècle. C'est aussi le cas de Kingston, où le feuillage encadre avec bonheur des maçonneries massives et des tours imposantes. C'est aussi le cas du vieux Montréal, réduit à sa plus simple expression, il est vrai, mais évocateur d'un passé lointain et magnifique.

Si la ville de Québec l'emporte, et de beaucoup, sur les autres villes canadiennes, c'est qu'après chacun des malheurs qu'elle a subis au cours de ses trois cent cinquante-neuf années d'existence, elle a eu de bons maîtres d'oeuvre pour panser ses plaies et d'excellents hommes de métiers — architectes, charpentiers, menuisiers, serruriers — qui ont procédé, avec beaucoup de soin, même de scrupule, à sa restauration.

Il n'est pas étonnant que Champlain ait choisi le massif rocher de Québec pour y fonder sa ville. Ce lieu-dit l'a particulièrement attiré par son plateau planté de noyers; par son cap pittoresquement juché au sommet de cette fortification naturelle, d'où partent, chaque année, les lots des ruisseaux et des torrents qui se forment à la fonte des neiges et qui, à la longue, sont devenus les artères principales de la petite ville; par l'estuaire de la Saint-Charles, havre sûr promis à la construction des navires. Champlain, semble-t-il, a vu d'avance, à la manière d'un tour d'horizon, les possibilités matérielles de ce site enchanteur. Dans ses *VOYAGES,* il en a publié un dessin à vol d'oiseau. Les possibilités spirituelles ne sont pas moindres. Le fondateur les pressent. Il les voit. Il les touche, pour ainsi dire, du doigt. Si logique est son plan, et ferme est sa ferveur, que ses successeurs n'auront qu'à prolonger son action et perfectionner ses moyens.

Bâtie lentement par des hommes de métier venus des quatre coins de la France, Québec surgit du rocher dans une architecture de pierre et de bois, avec des proportions agréables dignes de ces maîtres-artisans qui connaissent la *règle d'or* et se gardent de l'oublier. C'est le

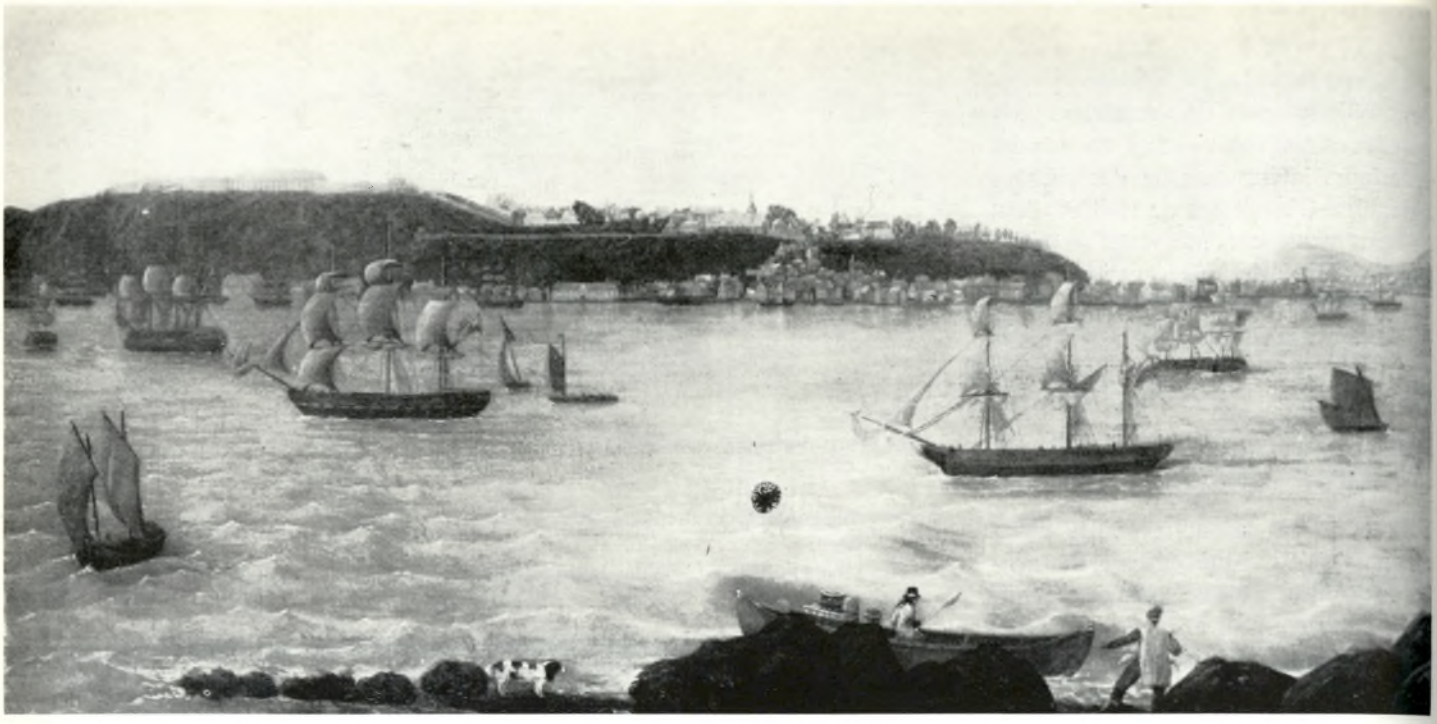
A gauche, l'hôtel Chevalier vers 1880.

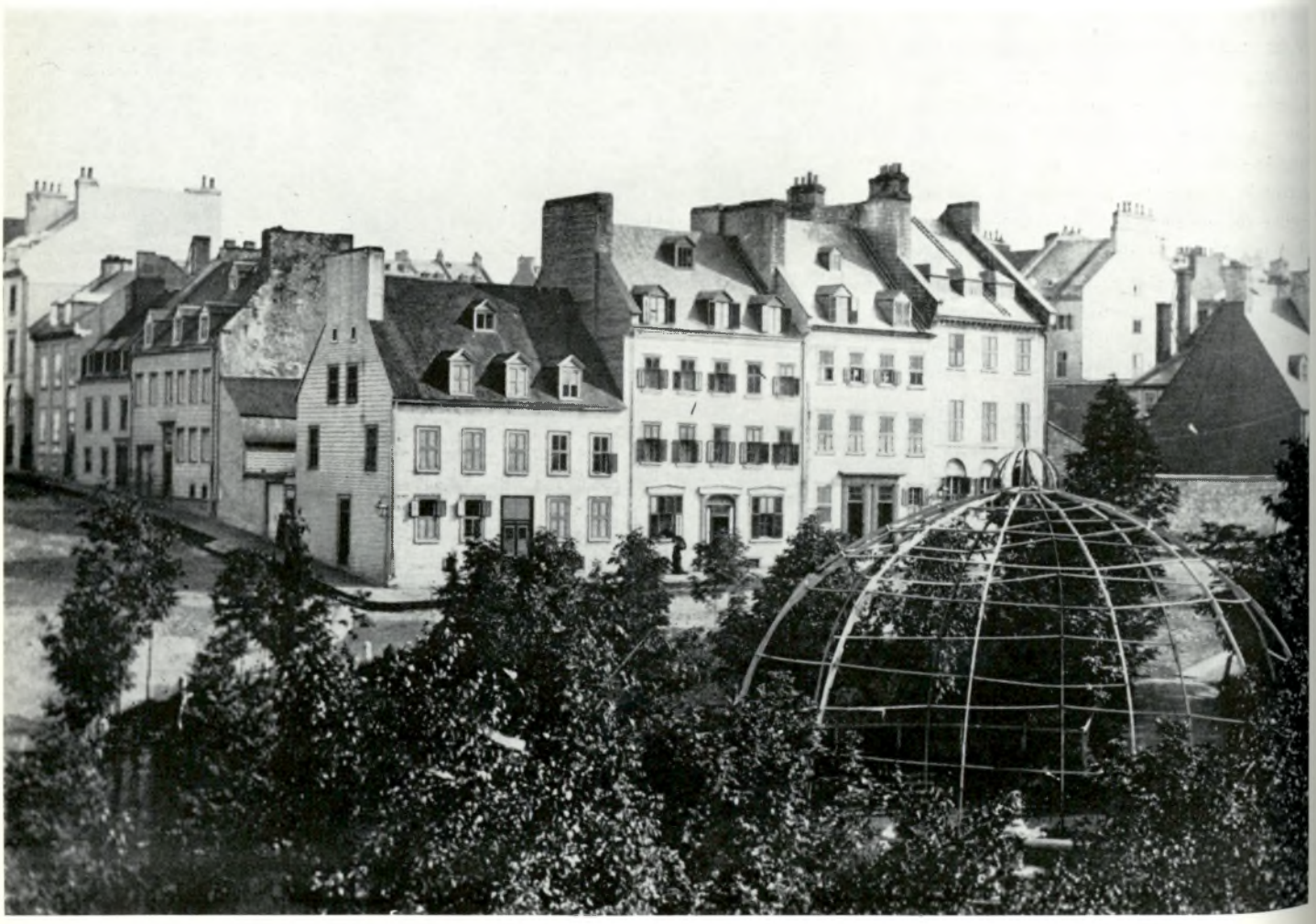
Ci-dessous, la vieille maison des Jésuites à Sillery.

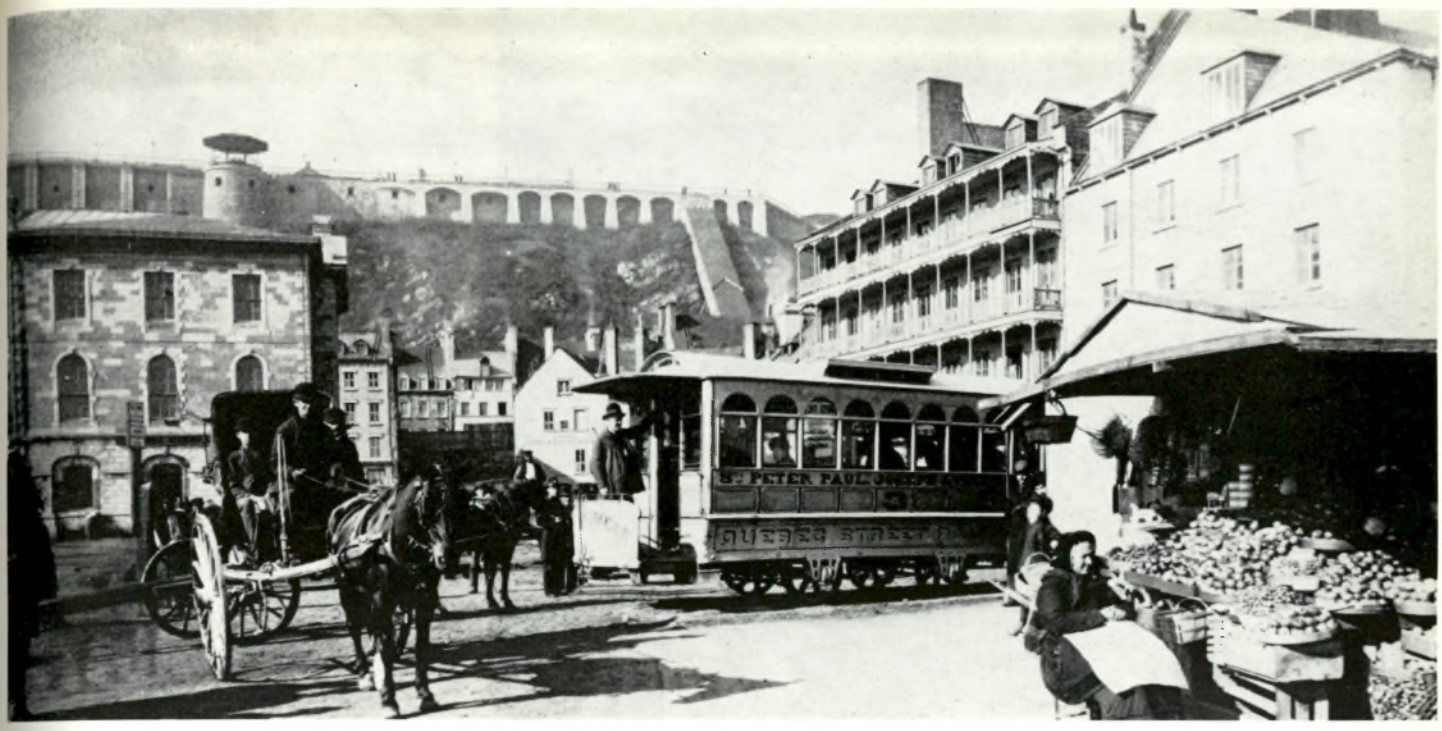

secret de cette architecture simple, sans ornementation, sans prétention non plus, qui envahit les bosquets de noyers et de trembles et esquisse à grands traits la silhouette du "Cap aux Diamants". Telle se présentait la capitale de la Nouvelle-France, à l'arrivée de Jean Talon et du régiment de Carignan.

A partir de 1665, Québec, simple bourgade, devient en quelques années une petite ville. Siège du gouvernement civil et du gouvernement religieux, elle devient aussi capitale de la construction navale et terminus de la voie maritime.

Un nombre considérable d'ouvriers du bâtiment se sont appliqués à bâtir leur ville et, du même coup, leurs logis, tout au moins, leurs quartiers respectifs. Au cours de l'été de 1682, un incendie éclate dans l'atelier du maître tailleur d'habits Etienne Blanchon et s'étend rapidement à toute la ville basse. En quelques heures, c'est le désastre: il ne reste de ce quartier que des cheminées en terre cuite et des solages en pierre calcinée. Loin de se décourager, les ouvriers du bâtiment rouvrent les chantiers, embauchent les maîtres maçons et tailleurs de pierre, s'abouchent avec les charpentiers, les menuisiers et les serruriers. En même temps, les maçons et les ingénieurs militaires s'apprêtent à défendre Québec contre les entreprises des Bostonnais. De 1680 à l'année 1700, Québec est un im-








La Basse-Ville vers 1880.

Page de gauche, photo du haut, Québec vue de Lévis, vers 1836.

Page de gauche, photo du bas, la place d'Armes et les maisons de la rue Saint-Louis vers 1875.

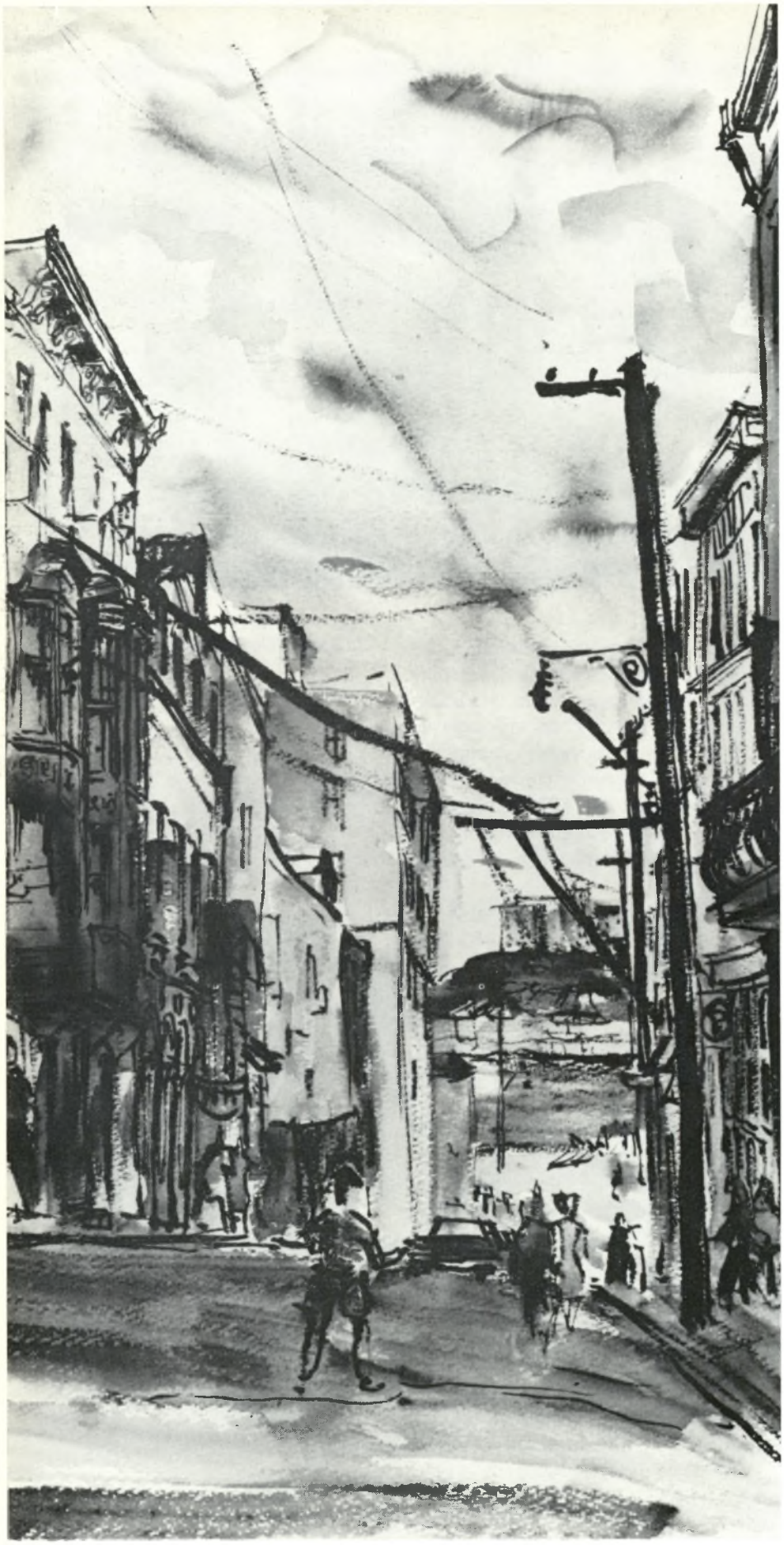
mense chantier bourdonnant des bruits des tireurs de pierre et du crissement des bouchardes.

Il est heureux que Québec ait eu, à cette période de son histoire, des maîtres d'oeuvre compétents et actifs. L'un des plus entreprenants est un architecte d'origine parisienne, Claude Baillif. Arrivé à Québec en 1675, il a construit le Séminaire de la ville, l'ancienne église de Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupré, dont il existe le joli clocher de 1696, l'église de Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, et quelques maisons de pierre de la ville basse; son influence s'est surtout exercée sur les apprentis qu'il a formés. Baillif n'est pas le seul à bâtir la haute ville et à rebâtir le ville basse. Il faut citer Jean Lerouge, François de Lajoue et Pierre Janson, dit Lapalme, tous trois de Paris; Sylvain Duplex, Léonard Paillard et Jean Marchand, nés en France.

Après le siège de Québec par les Bostonnais, en 1690, une nécessité s'impose: rendre la ville imprenable. En l'année 1700, on commence à construire les fortifications permanentes dont Levasseur de Néré, ingénieur militaire, a dressé les plans. Suspendus en 1720, les travaux sont repris en 1745 et terminés cinq ans plus tard. Québec n'est donc plus une ville ouverte. C'est une ville fermée, une sorte de prison qui s'ouvre chaque matin, mais qui se referme chaque soir après le couvre-feu. Sans trop murmurer, les citadins acceptent les murailles, les tours bastionnées, les cavaliers, les poudrières et les casernes. Au cours du siège de 1759, la ville est dévastée, comme on peut s'en rendre compte par les gravures de Richard Short. En 1775, il n'y a que peu de dégâts — quelques maisons rue des Remparts, l'Intendance, le collège des Jésuites . . .

C'est le Québec du début du XIXe siècle que l'arpenteur Jean-Baptiste Duberger a reproduit à grande échelle, dans la maquette en bois qu'il a sculptée de 1805 à 1809. Admirable travail d'un amateur de belle architecture, cette maquette est le chef-d'oeuvre de Duberger. Arpenteur consciencieux, dessinateur formé à bonne école, sculpteur adroit, il domine son entreprise. Qu'il ait aimé sa ville, la fantaisiste ordonnance de ses monuments publics, l'architecture sévère mais agréable des immeubles commerciaux de la ville basse, la disposition très ingénieuse, presque unique au monde de ses ouvrages défensifs, sa maquette le prouve d'une façon péremptoire.

Même si l'on ne connaît pas à fond l'histoire de la vieille ville, on est séduit par une impression lancinante: ces maisons de pierre, qui épousent les diverses formes de ce promontoire rocheux sont extraites naturellement d'un sous-sol riche en ardoise bleutée.



# The Walled City of QUEBEC

by Stuart Wilson
and Bruce Anderson

sketches by Stuart Wilson

Quebec City, an ancient fortified stronghold whose battlements still frown over the surrounding landscape, is situated on a peninsula. The land rises high at the confluence of the narrow St. Charles, or "La Petite Riviere," and the broad St. Lawrence, and creates a gateway less than one mile wide between the upper river and the widening gulf below.

Jacques Cartier's ships sailed between forested shores of the great river in 1535, during the reign of Louis XIII. In 1608 Champlain established the "Habitation" at the foot of the precipice. He laid the foundation for "La Nouvelle France." The vast domain was ruled by the Kings of France for 150 years.

The name Quebec is hidden in legend. Some claim that it stems from the expression, "Quel bec!" — "What a peak!" the exclamation applied to Cap Diamant by one of Cartier's sailors; while others declare for a derivation from an Indian tongue, "Kebec," a narrowing or constriction, the name given by the Micmacs, an Algonquin

tribe. An old plan from the Paris Archives, Depôt des Fortifications des Colonies, shows the spelling Kebec. Whatever the truth may be, correct pronunciation requires that the word should be Kébec.

The importance of the city of Quebec has always been due to an interlocked complex of reasons, — her traditional position as titular and symbolic head of the largest group of French - speaking peoples in North America, her status as the capital of Quebec, and her present and future importance both as a North American seaport and as a door to a still largely undeveloped realm of the north.

From the high rocky promontory where the massive Citadel now stands, or from the promenade on Dufferin Terrace slightly lower down the cliffs, an exhilarating and sweeping view encompasses the river as it widens into a broad pool of shining water. The panorama is famous; Charles Dickens, Thoreau and William Kirby, among many others, have described the view with enthusiasm.

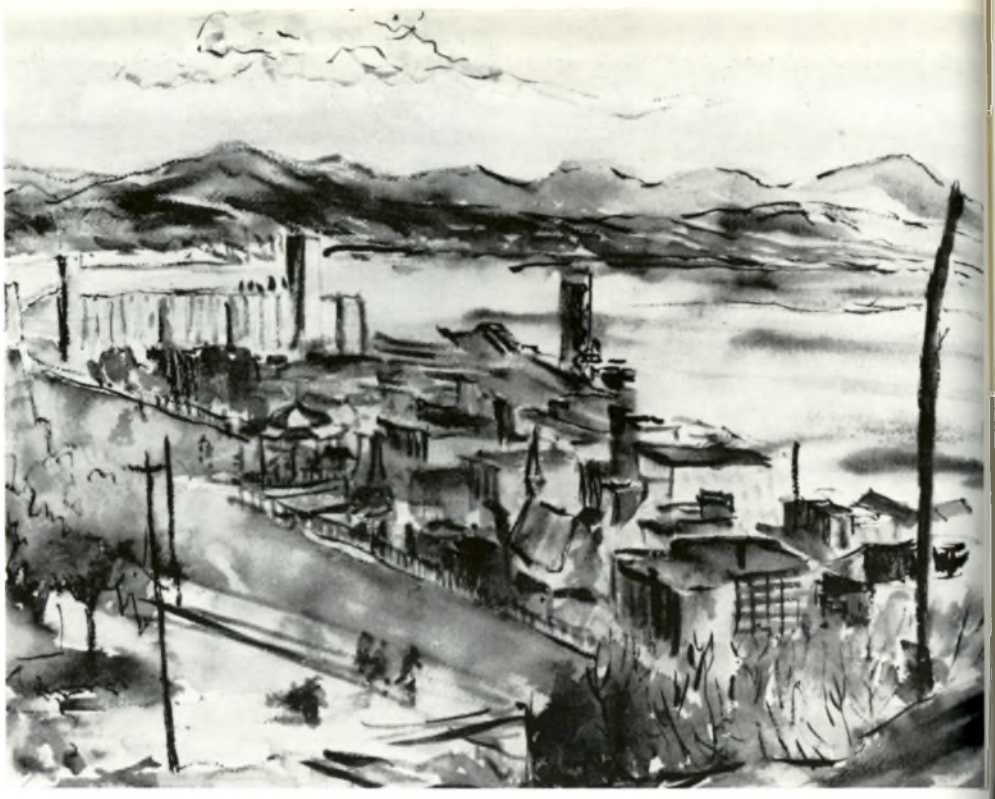
The windows of the down-stream bedrooms in the pinnacled tower of the Château Frontenac afford an even more striking view. A long, low silhouette, L'Ile d'Orléans, divides the river into two channels. The distant island is another storied repository and source of French-Canadian history, life and manners. A green cape, the Point Lévis, with a terminal ship-yard at Lauzon on the south shore, obstructs the view of the navigable river below the island. Spanning the North Channel, between island and mainland near Montmorency Falls, the delicate silhouette of a suspension-bridge shimmers far away. Slopes of gold and green arable land sweep back from the shore to the edge of dark green forests and high blue and purple outlines of the Laurentian Mountains. Diminutive houses and tall churches make a continuous string of communities on both sides of the Royal Road to Montmorency Falls, Giffard, the first seigneury of Beauport, and St. Louis de Courville.

Deep-sea vessels, and smaller craft, "les geôlettes," sail serenely up the broad Gulf to pass between the high shoulders of Quebec and Lévis. From the top of

Opposite page: Rue Sous-le-Fort from Jolliet's House.

Top: Bassin Louise.

Below: The Basilica, The Chapel and the Minor Seminary.



Looking down from the Citadel.

the cliffs on either side of the river, the view is down upon the masts and funnels of passing ships. At night they slip silently through the dark gateway. Glittering pleasure palaces or mysterious cargoes shed a coloured glow on sombre swirling waters.

One hundred feet below the promenade, at the foot of the precipice, is Lower Town or "La Basse-Ville," a section of the Champlain ward, which comprises the old city of Quebec. Twisting roofs and angled buildings describe a double S-shaped descent in a sag of the cliff, down Mountain Hill road. The only nearby vehicular access to Lower Town is provided by this steep twisting street. A direct descent from the Terrace for those on foot, is possible by the inclined Escalator, an old but still serviceable conveyance. The escalator rumbles down the cliff and slices into the house of Louis Jolliet the explorer, at the foot of Rue Sous-le-Fort.

From the terrace, the view is over a huddle of narrow streets, pitched roofs, square blocks of office and warehouse, old hulks of stone walls and chimneys clustered about and dominated by the needle-like steeple and high roof of a parish church. The river glitters beyond the wharves at the foot of Rue Sous-le-Fort. Across the river, high banks hem the shore, and the roofs and spires of Lévis sit on tall cliffs. Two water-bug ferries shuttle back and forth, day and night, since the Quebec Bridge of heroic proportions is situated some distance above Sillery, at a still narrower constriction of the river.

In winter, the snow-covered roofs stand out like a patch-work quilt against stone walls and dark streets below. Smoke curls up into a brooding sky from tall chimneys. But during fine weather this high and exposed sunny platform provides the occasion and place to watch, lazily, the distant occupations of others. A prospect is presented which, although grand and magnificent, is also restful and reposing. Sounds mellowed by spatial volumes and distance, resound from below; bangs and reverberations, exploding firecrackers, detonating cap-guns, backfiring autos, the sharp steam-whistle of the ferry and shrill voices are blown away by the wind.

But mere gazing and dawdling will not reveal the town. So turn back and walk past Champlain's dignified monument, on the promenade, towards the leafy Place d'Armes beyond, with its strange damp Gothic fountain A Monument to Faith, surmounted by graceful, gesturing figures. Continue to the right around the domed Post Office in which has been set, on the pediment of the portico, the plaque of the Golden Dog. The crouching animal holds a dainty morsel between its paws and growls out the doggerel inscribed below:

"I am a dog who gnaws a bone,
While gnawing on it, I await
That day, not yet arrived, but coming
When those who bit me, shall be bitten."

Continue past the Archbishop's Palace and turn down the stairs which swirl around a statue of Bishop Laval. Across the way is a fortified park, where George-Etienne Cartier holds forth amongst the trees. Heroic figures gesticulate and salute, plead causes, or mutely bless the multitude of poor sinners. Inert bronze has been brought to vibrant life in bold and romantic statues.

Mountain Hill (Rue de la Montagne) leads sharply downwards. Champlain built the first small road up to the side of the escarpment in 1623 to gain access to Fort St. Louis, then being constructed at the summit.

Pomp and glory has been left behind, but vine-leaves, trellises and wine-bottles in a window announce a fine restaurant. The curving sidewalk leads downwards, Breakneck Steps, squeezed between buildings descend abruptly to one side. At the top of the steep cast-iron stair the view is down a long narrow street. Little Champlain and Champlain Street below, at the bottom of the precipice, form a strip development off the southwest corner of Lower Town.

Left: Petit Champlain.

Middle: La Rue Couillard.


From open airiness the heights penetrate to shaded narrow spaces, full of noisy children. Little boys play strenuously; little girls, dressed neatly in dark blue smocks and berets, leave the small parish school alongside the steps on their way to nearby homes.

This part of Lower Town, lying beside the water and under frowning battlements pierced for iron cannon, is tilted towards the river, and is composed of terraced streets parallel to the shore, and sloped squares connected by narrow ramped streets leading down to the waterfront.

The parish has a long history which stretches back to the seventeenth century colonists. Ancient maps by early planners described change and development.

A sketch map by Jacques Cartier prepared in 1613 showed a turreted "Habitation" situated near the present parish church. A "Plan of Quebec," dated 1660, by Jean Bourdon, the Surveyor-General, was the first reliable map of the whole site of old Quebec. The Lower Town area was already built-up and the general layout established.

Grants of land in the form of large farms and estates, bestowed by the King on various religious groups, divided the plateau above the escarpment. The land-holdings made a splayed pattern like the widespread fingers and thumb of an open hand. Apart from opening up the land to fur-traders and merchants — an object of French colonization as developed by Colbert the minister of Louis XIV — was the merging of the native Indians with the colonists by conversion to Christianity.

A more elaborately drawn map, dated 1670, entitled, "La Ville Haute et Basse de Quebeck en la Nouvelle France," showed the whole development more clearly. Straight dotted lines running off at an angle into the hinterland indicated the beginning of the road to

Sillery, the present "La Grande Allée."

In 1685, a detailed plan by de Villeneuve, the King's Engineer, delineated the whole of Quebec. The large religious buildings and estates of the Ursulines, the Jesuits, the Seminary and the Hospital, established by the Recollets Fathers who came to Quebec with Champlain, occupied the largest part of the settled land on the heights. Lines of principal streets, such as St. John's Street, had been established. Fort St. Louis and its defenses crowned the point of land above "la côte de la Montagne." Across the passage, north of the Fort was the Bishop's Palace — overlooking the Lower Town the bishop was close to his flock. The Parish Church (Upper Town) was adjacent to the Seminary, where the Basilica is now situated.

Most citizens then lived in Lower Town. The open space beside the storehouse was called "Le Marché," and all the streets including "Le Petit Champlain" had taken shape.

The second Villeneuve plan of 1692 revealed that development had been rapid. The street-pattern of Lower Town almost resembled that of today. Replacing the storehouse a church had been built, and the public space in front inscribed "La Place." On the axis of a free-standing house on the north side of the square, a statue within the space is indicated. A stair was drawn at the end of Little Champlain Street, where the Breakneck Steps stand.

Upper Town had been surrounded by fortified walls and bastions and Fort St. Louis strengthened. Outside the walls, near the gate by the Hôtel-Dieu (the Hospital) on lower ground beside the St. Charles, was the Intendant's Palace, with ancillary buildings, gardens and a large boat-basin equipped with lock-gates to retain water when the tide was out.

Old plans reveal that the lines of Quebec had been laid down during the French regime. In the middle of the eighteenth century a map shows most of the inhabitants living by the river-banks, and much of the land within the extended walls free from development. One early settled area in Upper Town was the pocket of land between the Seminary and the Hospital, above Rue des Remparts, on the point of land towards the mouth of the St. Charles.

From 1795 to 1809, a Lt. Jean-Baptiste Duberger R.E., under the command of Captain By, built a model of the whole city at the time. It was constructed to a scale of 24 feet to the inch, was thirty-five feet in length and is now preserved in the National Archives. This elaborate work displays the consistency of the architectural forms and the impressive style of the early city of Quebec.

Many more maps have been drawn since those days, but that prepared by Joseph Bouchette, Surveyor-General of Lower Canada, in 1815, was perhaps the finest. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the city grew rapidly, filled up inside the walls and pushed beyond.

The character of to-day's streets is a partially broken-down result of three and a half centuries of development and decay. Until the end of the nineteenth century, the whole Lower Town area had a consistent character as old photographs and engravings show — steep gabled roofs with pointed dormer windows, and thick-walled stone buildings clustered densely together into a tight well-ordered precinct. Lower Town then had somewhat the appearance of a northern mediaeval European city. A principal difference was that most of the buildings were of stone with tin-plaque fish-scale roofs rather than half-timber and slate.

Iron lanterns were fixed to stone walls at street corners. Shop-signs, suspended over the streets, were shaped in the form of boots or ships, or they depicted a denizen of the deep — Neptune brandishing his trident. These symbolic forms signified the trade of shopkeepers and craftsman and denoted the place of mercantile premises.

Little Champlain and other streets were surfaced during this period with wooden planks, while the raised, plank sidewalks had granite curbs. This practise continued in some of the smaller streets until 1921, although Place Royale had been paved in cobbles many years before. Today's streets are asphalted.

In the nineteenth century, and before, the river was in its glory. Boats were the principal means of transportation. The "Royal William" was launched

in Quebec in 1833 and became the first steamboat to cross the Atlantic. Around 1910 multi-decked pleasure boats appeared along the wharves.

During previous centuries the normal picture in Lower Town was one of a bustling but structured and co-ordinated way of life. Open market spaces, quays and wharves were important to commerce. The first market was held in Place Royale, subsequently markets were established over watery basins, the Champlain market in the former Cul-de-Sac de Kebec and the Finlay Market in the old landing place below Place Royale. In 1880 the open space in Finlay Market (now full of parked cars) led down, at its lower edge, as a series of monumental stairs to the water and served as a landing place for skiffs and boats as well as the Lévis horse-ferry. Boatmen plied their trade here. An impressive, porticoed market hall was axially placed and related to the stairs and the market-place.

Just above in the Place, connected by a steep narrow passage, tarpaulin covered market-stalls were set up in front of the church. Nearby was the Champlain Market. In Upper Town another market was held in a domed circular building in front of the Cathedral.

When the town was first founded the tide reached almost to the cliffs, but over the years, due to the fall in the river, and the gradual extension of the shore-line, Lower Town moved out from the precipices. The land available for building became wider and warehouses as well as commercial buildings were constructed on it.

Two important classical - revival buildings in Lower Town during the late nineteenth century were the porticoed market-building on Marché Champlain and the domed and colonnaded Customs House in the northern part near the ship's basin. The market-buildings have all disappeared, but the Customs House lingers on, disconnected from the water and forlorn among the sheds and parking lots.

To-day the character of the whole area has slipped and become downgraded. Over the years many of the buildings were burnt and destroyed. Typical sloping roof forms disappeared: they were torn down and filled in. Traditional dwellings were converted into characterless block-like buildings with anonymous flat roofs.

Methods of local transportation have changed, the car has replaced the boat, and every open space is full of passively-waiting parked vehicles. Angry autos honk their way through the narrow streets to the Lévis Ferry.

Many local people look down upon Lower Town as a grey area. They seldom descend to its byways. The district, a cradle of New France, serves as a passage for non-residents. The parish is small and poor, as the members mostly work as stevedores and dockers. The French-Canadian workers who live there are down-to-earth, and they maintain simple standards of old time living. They enjoy company but when unoccupied and alone, they like to look out of windows, sit on balconies or doorsteps and take in the world.

Although Lower Town is a major tourist attraction, its amenities are limited, though they could be made interesting to local people. An existentialist "boîte," a few taverns and bars, a waterside restaurant, a pool-hall and the terminal building of the Lévis ferry, provide the chief social recreation. Recently several old houses have been carefully renovated including the Maison Farnel, the Maison Soulard and the Hôtel Chevalier. A new restaurant has opened in an ancient vault.

Leading off Rue Sous-le-Fort, another narrow street Rue Notre-Dame, and a still narrower passage below, provide the entrance into Place Royale, the sloping square in front of the old parish church, L'Eglise Notre-Dame-des-Victoires (first constructed in 1688, the oldest church in Canada). Although pedestrians can penetrate the square at every corner, cars may enter only at the north-west corner by Notre-Dame. The entrance façade of the church, now painted chocolate-brown, fills up the southern end of the square, and the classical steeple overlooks adjacent roofs and serves as a landmark to sailors on the river.

Until recently an ancient hostelry, the Hôtel Louis XIV, filled the northern or sunny side of the square. The hotel, converted during the late Victorian period from the former steep-

Opposite page: From the Post Office.

Below: Passage into La Place Royale.

roofed Hôtel Blanchard, was established in 1830. This once fashionable resort was altered into a flat, pink-stuccoed, five-storey edifice crowned with tin cornice and minuscule baronial turrets. The hotel was interconnected and linked with some very old stone buildings which occupied the land between the hotel and an adjacent small street. A vaulted tavern and barber shop conducted business in the basement, while the interior was memorable more for quaintness and oddity than comfort. Destroyed by fire in 1966, the building is to be renovated and converted into its original form.

Leaving the square by Notre-Dame Street, entrance is gained at the foot of Mountain Hill to the Sault-aux-Matelots a long, narrow grimy street faced with flat buildings. The setting is hostile. A short distance down, an alleyway or "ruelle" runs up steeply between a gap in the façades towards the cliff, and turns to the right below overhanging rocks. Rue Sous-le-Cap, a cavernous grotto-like by-way, winds below the looming cliff and unfolds as a long, dark, tunnel-like lane edged with old houses and shacks.

In winter, glacier-like formations slip down the cliff. Stalactitic icicles hang from above. Stalagmites grow upward from heaped snow.

Rue Sous-le-Cap dodges under a bridge of shacks and connects with Côte Dambourges. Looking up the rock, the north end of "Le Grand Séminaire" peeks over into Rue Sous-le-Cap. Côte Dambourges leads steeply upwards to Rue des Remparts.

From the ramparts, a new sweeping view reveals the great river, the ship-basin, the estuary of the St. Charles River, ships, grain-elevators, grain-loading towers, sheds and commercial buildings. Mountains rise in the background. Great cannon, with the initials G. R. and dates between 1775 and 1805 poke their long muzzles over the parapet.

Down below, the chimneys, roofs and terraces of sleazy Sous-le-Cap look more attractive. The high-pitched voices of children at play echo from the walls below. Across the roofs, higher up through the windows of tall commercial blocks, offices are filled with business men and secretaries. Down on the river, empty ships ride high on the hull, or close to the gunwales when loaded.

The fortified walls of Quebec were accommodated to the topography of the land by following the major differences of elevation between the Upper and Lower Town. The encircling streets followed suit. Narrow streets crept up steep declivities on patches of land between great institutions. Private development of the residential and commercial areas of Upper Town adapted and fitted itself to the restrictions imposed both by terrain and existing land-holdings. These limitations and the restricting and enclosing effect of the fortifications have given Quebec streets a tight mediaeval pattern.

Nearby, on Rue des Remparts behind the Hôtel-Dieu, is a group of three, steep-roofed, low, wood-faced houses in a clearly-detailed colonial style. The Marquis de Montcalm was tenant of the end dwelling, from which place he left in 1759 to do battle. Today, the well-maintained houses known as Candiac — after the Château de Candiac in Provence where Montcalm was born — are the property of the Archbishopric of Quebec. Walking southwards, up Rue des Remparts, a line of tall narrow shuttered houses of various periods may be studied.

The tall harsh block of the former major seminary, now a part of the University of Laval, looms up.

A narrow street runs back along the base of the building and becomes a

Above: Roofs — Lower Town.

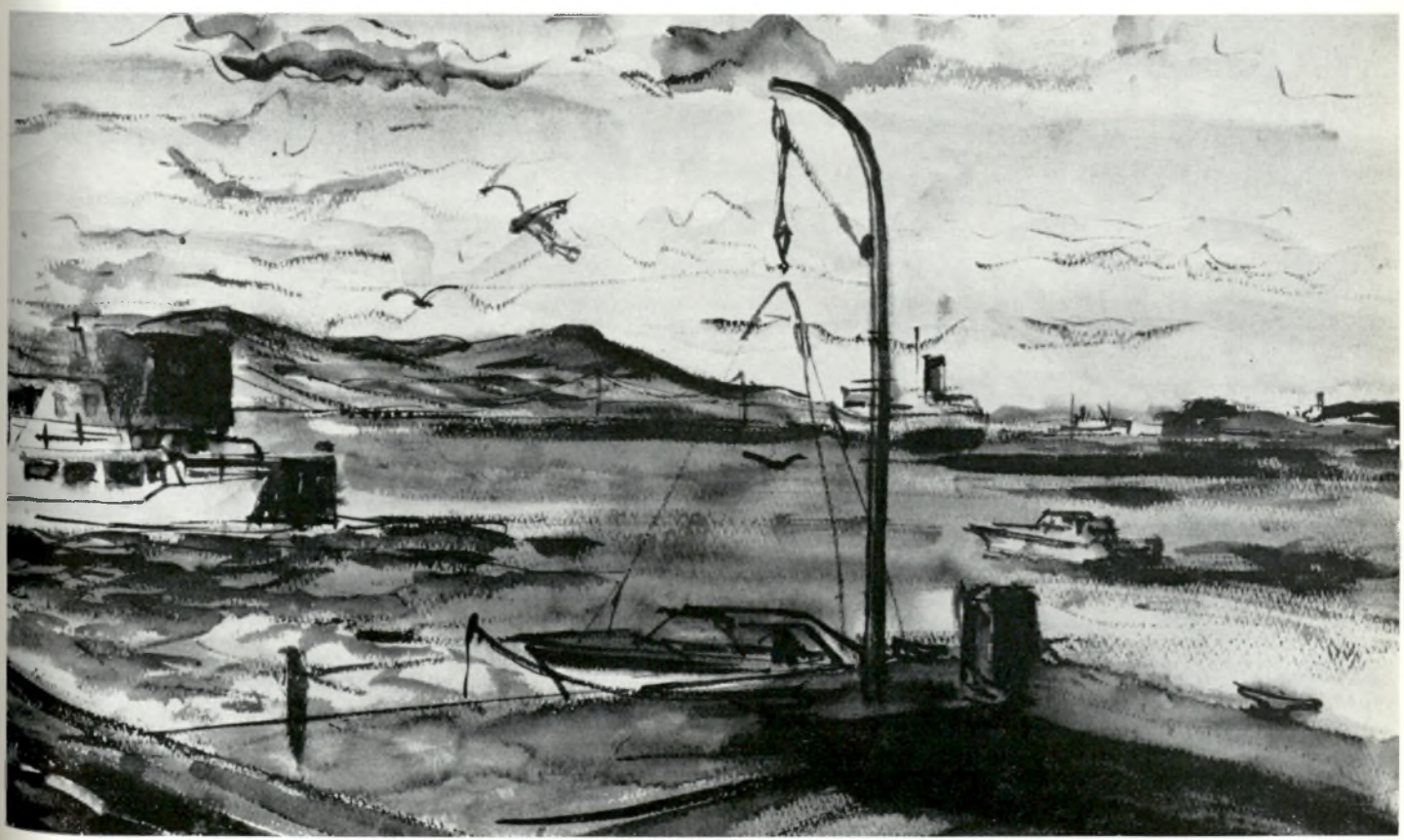
Opposite page: From the wharves—Lower Town.

canyon between tall blocks before issuing through a great stone arch onto Rue Ste. Famille. Going up Ste. Famille and around the stone nave of the Congregational Chapel, which contains the memorial shrine of Bishop Laval, the visitor passes through lacy wrought iron gates between pillars of bulging rusticated stones. Immediately adjacent to the chapel door is the pedimented arched opening which leads into the courtyard of "Le Petit Séminaire." Small-paned arched windows, spaced like eyes in a frank face, widely apart, rhythmically punctuate the stuccoed walls. An ancient sundial, painted on the stucco, is placed assymetrically over a door between two windows. Simple stone porch-steps lead up to a severely panelled wooden door. The light mushroom toned walls, which shine whitely in the sun, descend to a broad painted dado base. The enclosure breathes a sheltered and peaceful air. This old and charming school which has graduated many famous citizens, was affiliated in 1665 to Le Séminaire des Missions Etrangères. Of the first group of thirteen students, six were Hurons. The seminary buildings contain many priceless objects of art, craft and historical reminiscence.

From this secluded quadrangle, it is possible to explore the old and earlier settled portion above the ramparts between Laval University and the Hôtel-Dieu. François - Xavier Garneau, the learned Canadian historian, dwelt here. Old quiet houses sit peacefully on quiet streets. While the high steep streets of elegant Upper Town with tall dignified houses, snug down to the steep narrow sidewalks. Simple and sturdy colonial types, the purest Greek-revival stone façades, and echoes from the British Isles, stone terraces of bourgeois townhouses, are modified into a conforming regularity by Quebec streets. Front doors are crisply dandified, bombastically pompous or serenely aloof; they are ornate with bosses, bolection mouldings, cusped panels, acanthus leaves, and incised bevels in complex arabesques.

Going south-west along St. Louis Street beyond the Garrison Club, to the left, grassy banks and a road roll up towards the bastions of the Citadel. Through the encircling walls at Porte St.-Louis, "La Grande Allée' 'the tree-lined boulevard of a prosperous quarter stretches ahead. To the right is Parliament Hill, and crowning the slight rise of well-groomed grass and paths is the ornate façade and turreted roof of the "Hôtel du Gouvernement," a legislative palace in a florid late nineteenth-century interpretation of a seventeenth-century French Renaissance château. The edifice contains both the Provincial Legislature and the Legislative Council. The ambitious pile was erected as a monument to provincial autonomy.

The designer, Sir Eugène Taché, noted as a cartographer, provided, in 1884, many niches along the front wall of the building. The niches were devised to contain bronze statues of figures famed in Quebec history. The extraordinary pageant ranges from Indian times, through the explorers and "coureurs-des-bois," to the martyrs, missionaries and religious leaders, the gallants of Louis XIV, the military heroes and generals, down to the trousered dignitaries of Pre-Confederation, Confederation, and later times. Some niches are empty, others which once were filled are void. The unfilled niches await the statues of great and memorable figures of a future Quebec.



Le parc Champlain près de la rue Radisson.

# TROIS-RIVIÈRES

de Albert Tessier, p.d.

*"une petite ville sans prétention, bâtie sur le sable"*

Cette définition remonte à une quarantaine d'années. Elle était destinée à un auditoire universitaire de "L'Acropole de l'Amérique", alias Québec! Serait-elle acceptable aujourd'hui?

Au cours du dernier demi-siècle, la ville des Trois-Rivières a brusquement changé son rythme vital. Elle a pris enfin conscience du rôle que lui dicte sa position privilégiée au Coeur du Québec. Il lui a fallu près de trois siècles d'incubation pour éclore.

Au départ, les perspectives trifluviennes semblèrent encourageantes. Avant même l'an 1600, on cite le lieu dit "les trois-rivières" comme l'endroit de rencontre préféré des Indiens et des traiteurs. En 1603, Champlain, au cours de sa minutieuse exploration du fleuve Saint-Laurent, signale que ce serait un lieu idéal pour une "abitation." Un peu plus tard, il écrit à Richelieu que le poste des Trois-Rivières "est placé dans un des plus beaux endroits du pays, où la température de l'air est bien plus modérée, le territoire plus fertile, la pêche et la chasse plus abondantes qu'à Québec.

Les indigènes partageaient les préférences de Champlain. Ils "se plaisent davantage aux Trois-Rivières que non pas à Québec, écrivait le père Lejeune; aussi font-ils là leur séjour plus souvent et en plus grand nombre." Bon gré mal gré, les Québécois durent se déplacer chaque été pour monter aux Trois-Rivières, afin d'y rencontrer leurs pourvoyeurs de fourrures. Durant plus d'un quart de siècle, le petit bourg trifluvien fut le principal centre d'attraction de la colonie. On y tenait de spectaculaires tractations de paix; des alliances s'y nouaient au cours de palabres pleins de couleur; des expéditions s'y organisaient avec le concours des tribus amies; les missionnaires conquéraient des amitiés et posaient les premiers jalons de leur apostolat.

Cette période de prépondérance trifluvienne prit fin vers 1650, alors que Ville-Marie, mieux située et mieux servie par les circonstances, prit définitivement la vedette.

Il restait aux Trifluviens un atout; la rivière qui ouvrait aux canotiers les mystérieuses régions nordiques. En 1651 et 1652, le père Jacques Buteux remonta le Saint-Maurice jusqu'à sa source, à près de 400 milles au nord des Trois-Rivières. Il voulait assurer à l'Eglise et à la France la maîtrise des territoires de la Mer du Nord. Il y laissa sa vie. Le Saint-Maurice, turbulent et agressif, découragea les autres Trifluviens qui tentèrent de le remonter. Les rapides des Forges et des Grès, les chutes de Shawinigan, de Grand'Mère et des Piles, le rendaient impraticable sur une longueur de cinquante milles; cette route fut abandonnée.

A partir de cette époque le bourg paresseux s'endormit sur son maigre monticule de sable. Les uns après les autres, les jeunes l'abandonnaient pour chercher aventure et fortune ailleurs. Et c'est ainsi que notre ville a fourni à la Nouvelle-France ses plus audacieux coureurs de bois et ses plus prestigieux explorateurs: Jean Nicolet, Pierre Pépin, Nicolas Perrot, Radisson, Des Groseilliers, les La Vérendrye, etc. . . . Au début du 17e siècle, une lueur de réveil s'alluma avec les hauts fourneaux des Forges, mais les bruits d'enclumes et les halètements des cheminées ne parvinrent pas à tirer les Trifluviens de leur lourd sommeil, pas plus, d'ailleurs, que les canonnades lointaines des assaillants britanniques. En 1760, lors de leur montée vers Montréal, les troupes anglaises ne daignèrent même pas saluer Trois-Rivières d'une fusillade. Elles passèrent sans s'arrêter devant "cette capitale insignifiante d'un gouvernement tant vanté." (Knox)

Sous la nouvelle administration, la "capitale insignifiante" perdit même son titre de centre administratif. Le gouvernement des Trois-Rivières fut tout simplement supprimé.

La ville connut quand même un renouveau marqué à partir de 1763. Rien de spectaculaire, bien entendu, mais elle fit parler d'elle dans les milieux de la finance, du commerce et de la politique, grâce à l'étonnante famille Hart qui en fit son fief personnel. Les Hart avaient de l'ambition et de l'astuce; on les trouva bientôt à la tête des entreprises les plus diverses: commerce international, fourrures, brasseries, coupe de bois, institutions bancaires, fabrique de potasse et de perlasse, etc. . . . Ces messieurs avaient des comptoirs et des agences en Europe et aux Etats-Unis. L'un d'eux, Ezékiel, se fit élire député des Trois-Rivières. Il fut le premier juif de l'Empire britannique à réussir cet exploit. On l'empêcha de siéger.

A la même époque, un autre néo-canadien, l'hon. Matthew Bell, dirigeait fastueusement l'industrie des Forges Saint-Maurice, où il recevait princièrement les membres de la gentry québécoise ou montréalaise.

Les Trifluviens de vieille souche tenaient un rôle plus qu'effacé dans ce

Logements construits vers 1930, rue Ste-Cécile.

réveil. Ils collaboraient de leur mieux, acceptaient tout, pardonnaient tout . . . Leur attitude valut à notre ville le titre peu enviable de "bourg pourri".

Une industrie prometteuse, la coupe du bois, insufflait à l'économie languissante du Bas-Canada un regain de vie. Les immenses ressources forestières du Haut-Saint-Maurice offraient aux Trifluviens l'opportunité de prendre une place de choix dans la production du bois d'oeuvre que le Canada expédiait à pleins voiliers vers l'Angleterre. Quelques audacieux ouvrirent des chantiers de coupe, mais leurs trains de bois, secoués, disloqués, se brisèrent dans les bousculades tumultueuses des chutes de Grand'Mère et de Shawinigan. Il fallait trouver une solution.

Des démarches tentées auprès des autorités gouvernementales n'aboutirent qu'en 1852, alors que la Chambre vota des crédits pour la construction de glissoires et d'estacades. Cette même année, Rome créa le diocèse des Trois-Rivières. Eblouie par son titre tout neuf de ville épiscopale et par les perspectives qu'ouvrait l'aménagement de la rivière, la cité engourdie se réveilla brusquement.

Des Trifluviens authentiques cette fois associèrent leur projets et leurs espoirs. Un journal dynamique, l'*Ère Nouvelle,* secoua l'apathie de la masse et fit miroiter à ses yeux des perspectives de transformations dans tous les domaines: agricole, industriel, éducatif, social, etc. . . . On crut vraiment qu'une ère nouvelle s'ouvrait pour Trois-Rivières.

Trente années passèrent sans amener beaucoup de changements. L'arrière-pays n'était occupé que par les équipes nomades des bûcherons et des draveurs; la population de la cité épiscopale dépassait à peine 5,000 âmes et restait dépendante des Hart, ainsi que des Baptist et des Américains Norcross et Philipps qui avaient érigé deux scieries sur le Saint-Maurice.

En 1885, un Montréalais, John Forman s'avisa d'utiliser l'énergie des chutes de Shawinigan et de Grand'Mère qui, jusque là avaient bloqué tout développement vers le nord. Avec l'appui de financiers américains, il contruisit à Grand'Mère une des premières usines de pâte à papier du Canada.

C'était le début de l'asservissement

du farouche Saint-Maurice. Désormais, il va devenir le fidèle serviteur de l'homme. Après Grand'Mère, Shawinigan surgit magiquement de la forêt, en 1900. Sept années plus tard, à 70 milles au nord, près des chutes de La Tuque, la cadette des villes de la Mauricie s'installe confortablement au coeur de l'immense réserve forestière du Saint-Maurice.

L'ère de l'électricité, de la pâte à papier, du papier à journal, de l'aluminium, de l'électrochimie s'ouvre avec éclat et, pour une fois, ne décevra pas les espoirs des Trifluviens.

La ville-mère de la Mauricie se transformait au rythme du tourbillon qui secouait toute la vallée. Rasée par le feu en 1908, elle se fit un visage neuf, rebâtit en hâte des édifices plus commodes mais moins attrayants que les maisons normandes qui lui donnaient le charme vieillot d'un village de l'ancienne France. La population, enrichie d'apports nouveaux, secouait l'engourdissement que deux siècles d'attentes déçues faisait peser sur elle. Animée d'un esprit nouveau, confiante, tendue vers l'avenir, elle échafaudait des projets, caressait des rêves de grandeur et de prospérité. Tout lui semblait possible et facile. En 1934, à l'occasion des fêtes du troisième centenaire de leur ville, les Trifluviens firent feu de tout bois pour créer un climat de confiance et de fierté dans toute la population de la Mauricie.

Ce jeu combiné des forces spirituelles et matérielles continue d'imprimer aux Trifluviens d'aujourd'hui un élan vers l'avenir. Tous les espoirs semblent permis.

Quelques données mathématiques prouveront que l'esprit neuf des Trifluviens s'alimente à des données solides. Au début du siècle, la population entière de la Vallée du Saint-Maurice ne dépassait pas 16,000 habitants. De ce total peu imposant, Trois-Rivières et sa soeur jumelle le Cap-de-la-Madeleine prenaient la grosse part, soit 12,000.

Aujourd'hui, le Trois-Rivières métropolitain, englobant Trois-Rivières-Ouest et le Cap-de-la-Madeleine, dépasse le palier impressionnant de 100,000 âmes. Pour sa part, la ville des Trois-Rivières (63,000 habitants) a élargi ses cadres en s'annexant le territoire des Vieilles-Forges, portant de la sorte sa superficie de 4,794 acres à 19,792. Elle se vante maintenant de tenir la deuxième place dans la province! Une évaluation globale de 300 millions de dollars et un budget annuel de plus de 8 millions autorisent les Trifluviens à se considérer comme des citadins de première zone.

A côté des réalisations concrètes qui stimulent l'enthousiasme entreprenant des Trifluviens de 1967, des perspectives souriantes justifient les plus audacieuses ambitions. Bientôt, le pont qui doit souder en un bloc homogène les deux portions du Coeur du Québec enjambera le fleuve et rendra faciles et rapides les intercommunications. Depuis plus de trente ans, les Trifluviens réclamaient ce pont: enfin, ils l'auront!

Le mirage de l'industrie monstre de la sidérurgie de Bécancour a subi des éclipses, mais il reste encore des espoirs et les Trifluviens se tiennent dans une expectative confiante. L'autoroute Québec-Montréal finira bien un jour par atteindre Trois-Rivières; alors nous aurons l'impression rassurante d'être vraiment un centre vital convenablement relié au reste de la Province. Il ne manquera plus au bonheur des Trifluviens, sur le plan des communications, que de voir la Transquébécoise faire de leur ville un carrefour de routes parfaitement articulé.

Afin de tirer le meilleur parti possible des chances qui vont s'offrir à elles dans un avenir prochain, les dirigeants des trois villes formant le Trois-Rivières métropolitain ont mis sur pied un organisme central chargé de veiller aux intérêts communs. Ce bureau industriel et commercial verra à "favoriser le développement, le progrès, la prospérité des industries et des commerces existants dans la région, ainsi que la création de nouvelles industries et de nouveaux commerces . . ."

Tout va pour le mieux dans le domaine matériel; les autres secteurs se développent au même rythme accéléré. Le climat trifluvien est au beau fixe. Les associations artistiques et culturelles sont en plein essor. Les chambres de commerce et les clubs sociaux se tiennent en état d'alerte et interviennent chaque fois que s'offre une occasion d'épauler une campagne ou d'appuyer des initiatives de portée civique. Un Centre d'études universitaires prépare solidement le terrain à une université que les Mauriciens jugent imminente. L'enthousiasme collectif des Trifluviens ne bouillonne pas à vide. Il se traduit par des réalisations concrètes qui mettent notre ville à la hauteur des événements qui se préparent. Les Trifluviens sont bien lancés et leur élan ne paraît pas devoir s'arrêter à mi-chemin.

Les Québécois font bien de tourner leur attention vers la petite ville qui est en bonne voie de devenir une cité modèle!

La rue King ouest, rue principale située dans le quartier des affaires de Sherbrooke.

# SHERBROOKE

LA REINE DES CANTONS DE L'EST

de Henri J.-M. Baudot

Un petit village d'Abénaquis, sis au confluent des rivières Magog et St-François, telle est, dit-on, l'origine de Sherbrooke.

L'histoire veut qu'un loyaliste américain du nom de Gilbert Hyatt vint y établir un moulin en l'an 1794 ce qui lui valut alors le nom de Hyatt's Mill. La localité conserva ce nom jusqu'en 1818 alors qu'elle adopta le nom de "Sherbrooke" en l'honneur de Sir John Coape Sherbrooke, gouverneur du Canada qui y fit une visite à l'époque.

La population qui était, dit-on, de cinquante-trois habitants en 1818 passa à 25,000 après la première guerre mondiale, atteignit 40,000 habitants en 1945 et compte aujourd'hui quelques 75,000 âmes. Sherbrooke fut incorporée comme ville en 1839 et plus tard comme cité en 1875.

Sherbrooke est appelée la Reine des Cantons de l'Est et remplit pleinement son rôle de capitale régionale, desservant une population de plus d'un demi-million d'habitants.

En ma qualité de sherbrookois d'adoption, j'ai été frappé dès mon arrivée par l'aspect physique et la situation géographique de Sherbrooke.

Nichée au creux d'une région vallonnée aux forêts verdoyantes, la Cité de Sherbrooke elle-même présente une superficie très étendue et très accidentée.

La route No 1 et le boulevard Bourque traversent toute la cité de part en part sur une distance de près de dix milles, descendant d'une façon très prononcée au coeur de la ville pour remonter ensuite graduellement de l'autre côté de la rivière St-François, en direction de Québec. Presque perpendiculairement à la route No 1, la route No 5 en provenance des Etats-Unis et de l'Etat du Vermont en particulier, traverse elle aussi toute la ville pour continuer le long de la rivière St-François, en direction de Victoriaville.

Sherbrooke est une cité coquette qui a su conserver la richesse de ses arbres; un survol permet de mieux comprendre combien juste est l'appellation qu'on lui donne parfois de "cité du tapis vert".

Nul ne peut nier qu'une agglomération urbaine dont la topographie est accidentée possède au départ un caractère plus vivant et plus attrayant qu'une autre. Située au confluent des rivières Magog et St-François, Sherbrooke compte actuellement six ponts dont le dernier en date, le Pont Terrill fut construit en 1965 au coût d'un million huit cent mille dollars, travaux d'approches compris.

Ce qui frappe particulièrement à Sherbrooke, c'est ce caractère de vivant exemple du bilinguisme et du biculturalisme qui reflète véritablement l'essence même de notre pays.

Que l'on s'y exprime en français ou en anglais, on s'y sent chez soi. Les enseignes, les noms de rues dont plusieurs rappellent l'histoire, tels Montcalm, Wellington, Abénaquis et Hyatt, pour n'en citer que quelques-uns, les employés des magasins, les commerçants, les hommes d'affaires et les professionnels qui s'expriment généralement aussi bien en français qu'en anglais, tout contribue à créer cette ambiance d'heureuse harmonie.

Sherbrooke fut longtemps le lieu de résidence de loyalistes; les premières entreprises et les principales industries y furent fondées par des Canadiens de langue anglaise et ce n'est qu'avec le temps que la population francophone prit le dessus, à mesure que les familles de langue anglaise quittèrent la ville et que les Canadiens de langue française y arrivèrent en plus grands nombres.

Aujourd'hui, la population de Sherbrooke compte plus de 82 p. 100 de résidants d'expression française et pourtant, les origines historiques étant ce qu'elles sont, on se croirait dans une ville où les Canadiens d'expression et d'origine françaises et anglaises se côtoient en nombre égal.

Le caractère biculturel et biethnique de la Cité de Sherbrooke se réflète naturellement dans de nombreux domaines et en font sa richesse incomparable.

On y trouve des églises et des temples de toutes les confessions possibles, depuis les Christian Scientists jusqu'aux Témoins de Jéhovah, mais la majeure partie de la population étant canadienne-française, ce sont les églises catholiques qui dominent, sous la protection de la basilique cathédrale. Le palais archiépiscopal, en pierre de taille, constitua longtemps un véritable monument jusqu'à la construction de la cathédrale achevée en 1951 seulement.

Sherbrooke a connu une évolution très progressive depuis ces quinze dernières années, voyant naître en 1954 l'Université de Sherbrooke qui se développe continuellement depuis et dont la réputation commence à inspirer le respect dans plusieurs disciplines.

Tout près de là, à quelques milles à peine, dans la ville de Lennoxville, on trouve l'Université Bishop reconnue bien au delà de nos frontières et qui permet d'offrir à nos résidants toutes les facilités d'éducation en langue anglaise. A toutes fins pratiques, on peut donc dire que Sherbrooke compte deux universités, fait peu courant pour une ville de cette importance.

Même si Sherbrooke compte maintenant 75,000 habitants on éprouve à se promener au centre de la ville cette chaude impression de faire partie d'une grande famille où bien des gens se connaissent et se saluent amicalement de la main.

L'Université de Sherbrooke prend certes une importance croissante dans la vie de la cité et l'on ne peut pas nier le fait que le milieu universitaire soit davantage porté à exprimer des opinions généralement révolutionnaires. Mais n'est-ce pas l'apanage de notre jeunesse

étudiante que d'être débordante d'enthousiasme et de vouloir tout remettre en question?

Sherbrooke présente enfin cet aspect bien particulier de n'être ni une communauté canadienne - anglaise ni une communauté canadienne-française. En plus de son histoire et de l'évolution de sa population, le fait qu'elle soit située, pour ainsi dire, aux frontières canado-américaines explique que l'on y trouve un petit genre indéfinissable, une sorte d'heureux mélange d'us et de coutumes, de façons de vivre qui la distinguent de la plupart de nos communautés du Québec.

La Cité de Sherbrooke a certainement un rôle modeste mais important à jouer au sein de la communauté canadienne et elle remplit déjà ce rôle.

Fondé en 1889, le Sherbrooke Board of Trade devient la Chambre de Commerce de Sherbrooke en 1932. Cet organisme compte des membres des deux principaux groupes ethniques, fait alterner ses conférenciers et ses présidents, les choisissant tour à tour d'expression française ou anglaise. Ses administrateurs se réunissent toutes les semaines pour travailler au progrès de la communauté.

Ce même organisme présenta un mémoire à la commission Laurendeau-Dunton et le commentateur Leslie Roberts, parlant sur les ondes du poste de radio CJAD, déclarait le 18 mars 1965 en parlant de ce mémoire: "Of all the briefs presented to the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism in Montreal this week, the one I like best is that which came out of Sherbrooke's Chambre de Commerce . . . I like it . . . for the spirit which inspired it — good will between the Francos and the Anglos out in the capital and Queen City of the Eastern Townships . . ."

Longtemps, la Cité de Sherbrooke vit se succéder alternativement des maires d'expression anglaise et française et ce n'est que depuis l'élection du dynamique maire actuel, Me Armand Nadeau, c.r., en 1955 (il a toujours été réélu depuis) que l'élément anglophone n'est plus représenté au poste de premier magistrat.

En politique, la chose est quelque peu différente et si nos représentants à la Chambre des communes à Ottawa et à l'Assemblée législative du Québec sont la plupart du temps des Canadiens d'expression française, du moins sont-ils pleinement conscients et fiers de représenter un comté où l'harmonie règne entre Canadiens d'origines ethniques différentes.

Vue à vol d'oiseau de l'Université de Sherbrooke.

La Cité de Sherbrooke est très fière d'avoir eu comme représentant fédéral à Ottawa, vers la moitié du XIXe siècle, Sir Alexander Tillogh Galt, un des pères de la Confédération.

Depuis plusieurs années, on note très heureusement une croissance de l'activité culturelle. La Cité de Sherbrooke, grâce à son Université, est fière de compter dans ses murs l'un des plus beaux auditoriums de la province. Les spectacles, concerts, ballets, expositions artistiques de tous genres s'y succèdent à un rythme tel qu'il devient difficile de suivre toute cette activité.

Donnant suite aux instances de nombreux groupes sociaux, la Cité de Sherbrooke faisait il y a quelques années l'acquisition d'un magnifique domaine privé comprenant deux splendides résidences en pierres de taille, qui avait appartenu à feu le sénateur Charles B. Howard. Les autorités municipales ont installé une exposition industrielle dans l'une des résidences tandis que l'autre qui est mieux connue sous le nom de "Centre d'Arts de Sherbrooke" est mise gracieusement à la disposition de nos artistes pour permettre aux citoyens de mieux connaître les talents artistiques de notre pays.

On y a vu défiler de nombreuses expositions parmi lesquelles il faut citer les oeuvres d'émail sur cuivre de Madame Monique Côté-Drolet, boursière du Conseil des Arts du Canada et les toiles de Léo Ayotte, peintre québecois de plus en plus apprécié. Toujours dans le domaine des arts, Sherbrooke est fière de compter parmi ses enfants Paul-Emile Genest II dont le talent est plein de promesses.

Incontestablement, la Cité de Sherbrooke acquiert une importance croissante sur le plan régional. N'est-elle pas d'ailleurs la plus importante agglomération urbaine de toute la rive sud,

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Montréal et Québec exceptés?

Tout en demeurant une ville dont l'économie est fondée sur l'industrie qui occupe 47 p. 100 de la main-d'oeuvre, ce qui la place avant la moyenne de la province de Québec et plus encore des régions de Montréal et de Québec où ces pourcentages ne sont respectivement que de 39 et 27 p. 100, son secteur tertiaire s'y est considérablement développé au cours des dernières années.

Alors que l'industrie fournit quelques dix mille emplois, le secteur du commerce, de la finance et des services occupe plus de dix sept mille personnes.

Nous référant au "Survey of Markets" publié par le Financial Post, nous constatons que la moyenne du revenu personnel disponible se maintient approximativement à 20 p. 100 en dessous de la moyenne nationale tandis que la moyenne des ventes au détail augmente constamment et varie entre 30 et 32 p. 100 au-dessus de la moyenne nationale. C'est ainsi que les ventes au détail sont passées de 91.3 millions de dollars en 1963 à 104.7 millions en 1965. Ces quelques chiffres démontrent donc amplement le rôle croissant de Sherbrooke comme métropole régionale.

Dotée de trois hôpitaux, d'une université dans ses murs et d'une autre à moins de cinq milles, de nombreux services gouvernementaux tant fédéraux que provinciaux, d'importantes institutions d'enseignement dont un institut de technologie, Sherbrooke a vu se développer deux importants centres commerciaux depuis cinq ans. Un autre centre vient d'ouvrir ses portes à trois milles des limites de la cité. D'importantes maisons de commerce en gros desservent toute la région.

Dans le domaine industriel, si l'emploi n'a pas augmenté de façon spectaculaire, passant de 9,076 en 1951 à 10,107 cette année, du moins note-t-on avec satisfaction que l'industrie textile, y compris celle du tricot, du vêtement, des gants et des bas, qui occupait 50 p. 100 de la main-d'oeuvre industrielle en 1951 n'en occupe plus que 32 p. 100 aujourd'hui, ce qui souligne une heureuse diversification industrielle.

En plus de faire l'acquisition en 1961 de l'une des plus importantes fabriques de chocolat et de confiserie, construite au coût de sept millions de dollars, qui occupe 450,000 pieds carrés et procure de l'emploi à quelques 700 à

Sherbrooke vue des airs. L'industrie lourde est située au centre et à l'avant-plan de cette photo. A droite, vers le bas, on distingue l'évêché. La rivière St-François est celle que l'on voit au bas de la photo tandis que la rivière Magog apparaît au haut et à la droite.

Les terrains de l'Université de Sherbrooke.

800 personnes, la Cité de Sherbrooke a vu croître et se développer plusieurs de ses industries existantes, notamment dans le domaine du caoutchouc, des tissus de nylon et de rayonne, de la machinerie et des chaudières à vapeur, ce qui représente des investissements de plus de trente millions de dollars au cours des cinq dernières années.

Sherbrooke compte plusieurs industries d'importance nationale et même internationale: mentionnons en particulier une usine de fabrication de machinerie et d'équipement qui obtenait, il y a deux ans, une part appréciable d'un contrat de vingt millions avec l'U.R.S.S. Tout dernièrement une usine de chaudières et de centrales d'énergie décrochait un contrat de soixante-dix millions venant de l'Australie.

C'est donc dire que la production manufacturière de Sherbrooke est un facteur très important de sa vie économique.

Enfin, Sherbrooke est une ville où il fait bon vivre parce que la Reine des Cantons de l'Est est vraiment une reine située dans une des plus belles régions de la province de Québec.

A la base du plus important triangle routier de tout le Québec, soit celui de Montréal-Québec-Sherbrooke, la Reine des Cantons de l'Est n'est qu'à une trentaine de milles de la frontière des E.-U. et à quatre-vingts milles de Montréal par la magnifique autoroute des Cantons de l'Est.

Au point de vue détente, et en plus d'un fameux terrain de golf, d'une piste municipale de ski, de ses deux rivières et de ses nombreuses piscines publiques dont l'une est entièrement couverte et chauffée, en plus de son Palais des Sports dont la construction vient d'être terminée, Sherbrooke est à douze milles du lac Massawippi et à quinze milles du lac Memphrémagog qui s'étend jusqu'aux Etats-Unis sur une longueur de plus de quarante-cinq milles.

De nombreux sherbrookois possèdent des résidences d'été au bord des nombreux lacs environnants où ils peuvent se rendre en quelques minutes.

En plus de ces facilités de détente à portée de la main, Sherbrooke compte dans son orbite un théâtre d'été à North Hatley et le Camp des Jeunesses Musicales du Canada au Mont Orford. La piste de ski municipale est située à moins de quinze milles du fameux centre de ski du Mont Orford et plusieurs autres centres de ski sont situés dans un rayon de cinquante milles.

A titre de sherbrookois d'adoption, pourtant bien au fait de plusieurs autres villes canadiennes, Sherbrooke m'a conquis par les avantages qu'elle offre peut-être en moins grand nombre que ceux des grands centres urbains, mais au moins sans aucun des inconvénients que l'on doit y subir. La vie y est agréable et conserve un rythme humain harmonieux et attrayant.

Le soir, les fontaines lumineuses du jardin encaissé donnent un aspect presque féérique aux terrains de l'Université de Sherbrooke.

Photo du bas: Les endroits ne manquent pas à Sherbrooke pour faire du toboggan et de la luge.

Le port de Montréal vu de l'Administration des douanes, 1880-1885.

En face, le port et le profil de la ville, de nos jours.

# MONTRÉAL

de Alain Grandbois

*". . . une ville nouvelle, comme inconnue, étrange et tenant de la fantasmagorie, une ville magnifique."*

Aujourd'hui même, le nom de Montréal brille d'un éclat incomparable parmi tous les peuples de la terre. Ces syllabes musicales, cristallines, sont devenues familières à tous. Et chaque jour, de Halifax à Vancouver, de New-York à Mexico, de Hong-Kong à Melbourne, de Paris à Moscou, de Tunis à Valparaiso, en passant par les forêts, les déserts, les steppes, la toundra, le nom de la Métropole éclate comme le symbole de la fierté, de la liberté, de l'audace et du courage de l'homme.

Cependant Montréal n'a pas attendu la splendeur de "l'Expo 67" pour naître, vivre et s'épanouir. Ses racines ont plongé dans un terreau d'une richesse peu commune, et d'une rare densité.

L'origine de Montréal, nous la connaissons tous. Mais il convient ici de nous la rappeler. Car nul souvenir n'est plus pathétique. Voici un court extrait de Soeur Marie Morin, qui "fut la première religieuse que connut Montréal (1662) et le premier écrivain canadien, grâce à ses Annales de l'Hôtel-Dieu de Montréal (1697), qui demeurent une des sources importantes de l'histoire de notre ville".

"L'île de Montréal est vers le milieu

du Canada du côté du sud au regard de Québec qui est plus enfoncé du côté du nord. Elle a de tour à ce qu'on tien 30 lieues; au milieu d'icelle est la montagne si renommée, ou Mont-Royal, qui a donné le nom à toute l'île; mais ce qu'on appelle vulgairement Ville-Marie, aujourd'huy dans le Canada, à cause que Mons. de la Dauversière, à qui elle appartenait, luy donna ce beau nom. Lequel ayant ensuite fait présent de la dite île à Messieurs les Prêtres de St-Sulpice du Séminaire de Paris, qui en sont les seigneurs à présent, et qui font profession d'un respect et amour tout particuliers pour la très Ste-Vierge, et de zèle pour la faire honorer, ont parfaitement goûté ce beau titre et contribué à l'établir, etc. Ville-Marie est estimée des sages le poste le plus avantageux de la Nouvelle-France, du moins pour ce qu'il y a d'habitué pour 2 raisons. La première, à cause du commerce, ce lieu estant l'abord de toutes les nations sauvages qui y arrivent de toutes parts pour apporter quantité de castors et autres pelleteries qu'ils ont en leur pays, que les marchands français estiment beaucoup, et dont ils font grand trafic dans l'ancienne France et autres royaumes en temps de paix. Il y a une place grande et spacieuse dans la ville où les marchands dressent des boutiques plusieurs fois l'année pour traiter avec les sauvages qui sont quelques fois 4 ou 5 cens à la fois, ce qui est si recréatif à voir que grand nombre de personnes viennent de 60 lieux (de)loin pour voir ces sortes de foires. La seconde raison est la bonté des terres, qui sont fertiles, qui paient le laboureur de la peine qu'il prend à les cultiver au moins une grande partie, qui est chargée d'habitants, de plus, la chasse et la pêche y ont abondé, ce qui estoit d'un grand secourts pour y vivre grassement, mais à mesure que le nombre des habitants s'est augmenté, ces sortes de bien ont diminué. (. . .) Les terres de Ville-Marie ne sont encore habitées que sur une face le long du fleuve St-Laurent pour la commodité de la navigation des barques, chaloupes et canots, les navires ne pouvant pas approcher plus près de 60 lieux faute d'eau la rivière n'étant pas assé profonde, il y a à présent une manière de ville enclosse, de pieux de cèdre de 5 à 6 pieds de haut plantés en terre du bas en haut sont attachés les uns avec les autres avec de gros clous et chevilles de bois et cela depuis dix ans. Voilà les murailles du Canada pour enfermer les villes; il y a plusieurs grandes portes pour entrer et sortir qui sont fermées tout les soirs par des officiers de guerre que la France y entretient pour nous défendre sy nos ennemis nous voulois inquiéter; ils ouvrent les portes le matin à des heures réglées . . . il y a plus de deux cents (maisons) de bonnes, faites de murailles, qui sont enfermées dans la ville sus dite . . . il y a encore un plus grand nombre de maisons bâties dehors la ville pour la commodité des habitants qui défrichent les terres et qui demeurent dessus, qui y ont encore granges et estables pour loger leur bled et bestiaux chacun sur soy, etc . . ."

Dans les années qui suivent, Montréal devient le centre canadien le plus actif du trafic des fourrures. On y fonde des communautés, des maisons de commerce. Sur la place du marché, non loin du fleuve, les militaires, les ménagères, les coureurs de bois, les trappeurs, les Indiens, les petits boutiquiers composent une foule sonore et bigarrée. Des rumeurs ne cessent de circuler, qui s'affirment vraies ou fausses, concernant la sécurité toujours très relative de la ville. Les ennemis de Soeur Marie Morin ont la peau coriace. La France et l'Angleterre sont engagées dans des guerres interminables. La longue houle de ces conflits traverse l'océan, vient battre les flancs de Montréal. Mais

Photo de gauche:
La navigation sur le Saint-Laurent, à la hauteur de Montréal, à l'époque des radeaux de bois mal équarri et des voiliers.

Ci-dessous:
Au coeur de Montréal, on retrouve, dans un décor ancien et moderne à la fois, tous les éléments d'une grande métropole.

malgré ces luttes, ces dangers, la Ville continue de s'accroître, de grandir en importance.

D'autres années passent. Cent ans. Et c'est la victoire des armes anglaises. Aux créneaux des forteresses, dans la cour des casernes, à la promenade, les habits rouges ont remplacé les tuniques bleues. Les Montréalais d'origine française, de goûts modestes, continuent de travailler, d'oeuvrer, se serrant les coudes, et se rassemblant peu à peu dans l'est de la ville, ignorant ou feignant d'ignorer, dans la mesure du possible, les nouveaux maîtres. Les événements de la haute administration, de la politique souveraine, ils n'en font point trop de cas. Ils tentent de vivre comme vivaient leurs ancêtres, ils continuent de s'exprimer dans leur propre langue, ils ont le sens inné de la persévérance, de la continuité, du travail.

D'autres années encore. La géographie humaine de Montréal se dessine de plus en plus nettement, sans brusquerie, de façon naturelle. Les Canadiens français fondent des Collèges, des Universités, les Canadiens anglais font de même. Les diplômés de Laval, plus tard Université de Montréal, s'orientent plus volontiers vers les professions du droit, de la médecine, du professorat, du fonctionnarisme provincial ou municipal. Ils tiennent pour la plupart leur bureau ou cabinet de travail dans l'est, et se construisent des maisons à Outremont. Les diplômés de McGill, les ingénieurs, les industriels, les représentants de grandes compagnies anglo-canadiennes ou américaines gravissent le Mont-Royal du côté de Westmount. Rue St-Jacques, ce pouls économique de la ville, on y trouve les banques, les maisons de courtage, la Bourse. Mais quand le soir tombe, la rue St-Jacques devient déserte et pleine d'obscurité. L'agitation de la ville se concentre alors au carrefour des rues Ste-Catherine et Peel. On y peut voir, à un jet de pierre, la Basilique Notre-Dame, les gares de chemin de fer et d'autobus, de grands hôtels, des salles de danse, des cinémas, des bars et des tavernes pour les goûts les moins sûrs et les plus raffinés. Le centre de la ville fait ainsi le joint entre l'est et l'ouest.

Je dois avouer que cette esquisse de géographie humaine et urbaine est fort sommaire. Il faudrait plusieurs volumes pour dessiner et exprimer vraiment la vie même de la Métropole. Le Montréal d'hier, celui du début du siècle, et celui d'aujourd'hui.

Pour ma part, j'ai connu Montréal dès mon jeune âge. Je m'y suis installé pour de nombreuses années. Je l'ai quitté il y a peu de temps, et chaque fois que j'y retourne, je vois soudain devant moi se dresser une ville nouvelle, comme inconnue, étrange et tenant de la fantasmagorie, une ville magique.

Avant la guerre, celle de 1939, la guerre qui promettait de tuer toutes les guerres, Montréal possédait une réputation de ville de plaisirs qui n'était pas tout à fait injustifiée. Il y avait, dans certain quartier, des rues chaudes qui rappelaient Toulon, Naples, ou Alexandrie. Des dames de très petite vertu faisaient tinter des clefs dans les carreaux vitrés des fenêtres, afin d'attirer l'attention des amateurs éventuels. Les tavernes, les boîtes de nuit possédaient deux issues, comme dans les films américains, afin d'éviter les foudres d'une police généralement bon enfant, mais qui pouvait soudain, peut - être par mauvaise humeur, se montrer trop indiscrète. Il y avait également un quartier chinois, et l'on prétendait que l'on y jouait des sommes fabuleuses au fantan, que l'on y fumait l'opium, que l'on y mangeait du chat en guise de lapin. Ces racontars de haute fantaisie nourrissaient le romantisme fiévreux des jeunes filles du Sacré-Coeur ou de Villa-Maria, et celui des jeunes garçons de familles aisées fréquentant avec un très morne ennui les collèges les plus distingués. Une administration plus sévère vint corriger ce facile exotisme, et ce que la Métropole perdit en pittoresque, elle le gagna en sécurité.

Aujourd'hui, Montréal est devenue une ville cosmopolite. Une équipe d'une grande efficacité, dirigée par le Maire, Me Jean Drapeau, en conduit le destin. Et il n'est sans doute pas présomptueux d'imaginer que le fortin de bois de 1660 sera devenu, avant la fin de notre siècle, l'une des plus grandes métropoles du continent nord-américain.

# WESTMOUNT

by Leslie Roberts

*"...an island entirely surrounded by Montreal."*

Westmount in different eras. Left and above: Churchill Avenue in 1880 and as it is to-day.

Left and below: Sherbrooke and Arlington in 1889 and in 1967.

The City of Westmount is many things. For one, it is "home" to over 30,000 people who, in every other respect, are Montrealers.

For another, it is a myth, which maintains its residents consist of practically nobody but English-speaking "fat-cats," all of whom reside in sumptuous dwellings, doughtily refusing to speak a word of French. All these people are alleged to be "conformists" in the stuffiest sense of the term, not excluding the belief that Canada is really a segment of an Imperialist Empire, whose residents *ought* to belt out "Rule Britannia" on all possible suitable occasions.

One could add at least fifty addenda to the mythology, but those few noted will give you the general idea. If there is even a grain of truth in the foregoing then I, a confirmed Westmounter, must be the exception who proves the rule.

Westmount is an island, entirely surrounded by Montreal. I defy the passing motorist to know when he enters and leaves its confines, unless he happens to take note of the fact that street and all other traffic signs are bilingual — an item which makes a great deal of sense to me. If he drives slowly he may be impressed by the number of trees and parks, the latter totalling 120 acres in a municipal area of slightly less than 1,000. But if he is looking for the "palaces" of the Establishment, he will first have to climb almost to the mountain-top, where he will admittedly find a few. I know of no city in the western world which does not possess such an enclave. The residents of these fancy dwellings are not representative Westmounters, however, but simply millionaires, a recognized species anywhere.

Fat cats? My home is on a short, eliptical street on the lower reaches of the mountainside. On the next street, at approximately the same altitude a man named Frank Scott resides. Frank is known for many accomplishments — as a former Dean of Law at McGill, as the country's Number One battler in the field of Civil Liberties and, as such, the principal undoer of Duplessissism, by fighting and winning case after case against the latter in the courts (Westmount has never elected a Union Nationale candidate, despite the myth that the English-speaking Establishment persistently played "footsie" with him). Poet, with a wry twist to his verse, member of the B and B Commission, Scott was National President of the CCF for several years. A Fat Cat?

Dr. Wilder Penfield, the great neurosurgeon and now President of the Vanier Institute of The Family, lives just around the corner, in a house which can reasonably be described as "modest." A few blocks away you will find the equally modest home of Maxwell Cohen, McGill's current Law Dean and a recognized authority in matters constitutional. Nearby is the house of my family doctor, who will actually visit his patients in their homes—in other words accept "house calls"—which must be unique in this day of assembly-line medicine. And, speaking of Establishment-minded people, on the distaff side we have a charming lady in Madame Thèrese Casgrain who, more than any other person, rates credit for winning the battle-of-the-vote for the women of Quebec, as well as other "improvements" in the status of her sex before the law in that province. Ex-President of the Voice of Women herself, this daughter of a one-time Tory knight-M.P. and widow of a Liberal Speaker and Minister, is staunchly NDP. Madame Casgrain recently became a Westmount apartment-dweller, after long years of residence in as modest a small house on Mount Pleasant Avenue as you could find in any inner suburb of Toronto or Winnipeg.

Thus far, one has admittedly been showing "the other side of the coin," simply to stick a pin in and explode the bloated balloon of "the Westmount myth." We are not even an Anglo-Saxon enclave, if ever we were. The British-origin vis à vis French-speaking split currently runs about 2½-to-1. Considerably more than one-fifth of the city's total population derives from a wide variety of ethnic backgrounds. Less than half of us are Protestants, considerably more than one-third Roman Catholics. The average family-income, according to Dominion Bureau of Statistics figures based on the 1961 census, was slightly under $6,000 a year. The inflationary process, under which Canadians suffer unanimously,

Clearing snow in 1904 and doing the same work in Westmount now.

has given this figure an upward push, comparable to what has happened almost everywhere else. Otherwise, no change.

Westmount does take pride, not only that it is well and honestly governed, but in the fact that it was the first city in Canada to adopt the council-manager system, which originated in Staunton, Virginia, early in this century. The system has come to be generally recognized throughout North America as the most efficient form of municipal governance for what may be termed medium-size communities, as witness the fact that more than 1,500 comparable places, many in Canada, have adopted it. In Westmount it comprises an unpaid mayor (the present incumbent is "Mike" Tucker, a chartered accountant) and six unpaid councillors, each of whom takes responsibility for one department. Two aldermen retire every year, thereby assuring continuity of experience. But City Hall, under General Manager Norman Dawe, and a competent staff, is run like any successful medium-sized business. For the individual citizen to try to use "pull" on any councillor-friend would be an exercise in futility, because he would simply be told, "Go and talk to Dawe. He's the only guy who can help you, assuming you're in the right." Speaking personally, I would expect to get the same kind of friendly attention from the city manager, or his appropriate aide, as would be the case if I voiced a complaint to, say, Eaton's or Birks. The intention is not to imply perfection, although the Mayor recently described his City Manager to myself as "a find," but simply that Westmount's affairs are conducted like those of an efficient business.

Municipal politics? Here you bump into a quirk in which Westmount differs from most communities I know. We have a totally unofficial body called the Westmount Municipal Association, which any resident can join. As each civic election approaches, a general "meeting of the whole" selects candidates (usually after considerable difficulty in persuading people to stand). With rare exceptions the Association's men go in by acclamation. If, every now and then, a citizen takes the view that this is a very undemocratic way to manage the town and decides to give an Association candidate a run for his money, the record says he doesn't even do that. The last such occasion within recall ended with the Independent candidate piling up less than 300 votes.

I do not believe this stems from voter-apathy, because the experience of living here for more than twenty-five years tells me this is a very civic-minded town. Moreover anybody is at liberty to raise his voice in the Association's slatemaking "convention." The circumstances arise, as I see them, in part from the general satisfaction with the way civic affairs have been run by a long succession of administrations, in part, perhaps, because all the elective jobs are both time-taking and unpaid. (The average councillor serves two terms, towards the end of which he tends to say "I've done my bit. Find somebody else to do his"). Whether all this is undemocratic or not, the reader will have to decide for himself. All I have to contribute to any such discussion is that it works and does not derive from the apathy of citizenry. Moreover the system probably wouldn't work in a much larger and, therefore, more complex community.

Westmount's principal asset is beauty, installed by Nature and nurtured by man. Its backdrop is the greenery of its Mountain, divided from Montreal's Mount Royal by the depression through which Côte - des - Neiges Road runs.

Unlike the latter, totally given over to public parkland, the Westmount Mountain (as residents call it) has been opened to rigidly zoned home-building and it is on these upper reaches, between the road called Westmount Boulevard or "The Boulevard", where most of the community's entrenched wealth resides.

Actually, if today's Westmount is top-of-the-heap it is neither so in terms of its millionaire-class nor family income — the much newer Town of Mount Royal probably leads in the latter — but in leadership of the economic power a considerable number of its citizens wield in the country's finance and commerce. The man who heads a major corporation may live somewhere on the mountainside, but what he represents is economic power, in infinitely greater degree than what may be called personal wealth. Take just two names: Donald Gordon, recently retired President of the CNR, now head man of the Brinco Power development; and Herbert Lank who tops Dupont of Canada. Both are neighbours on Edgehill Road yet neither owes his status, either in Montreal or Canada, to the personal wealth he has piled up, but to his role as a mover-and-shaker. If Donald Gordon has become a millionaire (which I doubt) in the course of a business lifetime largely devoted to the general Canadian good, I can only add the wish that the country had a hundred replicas, no matter where they might choose to live.

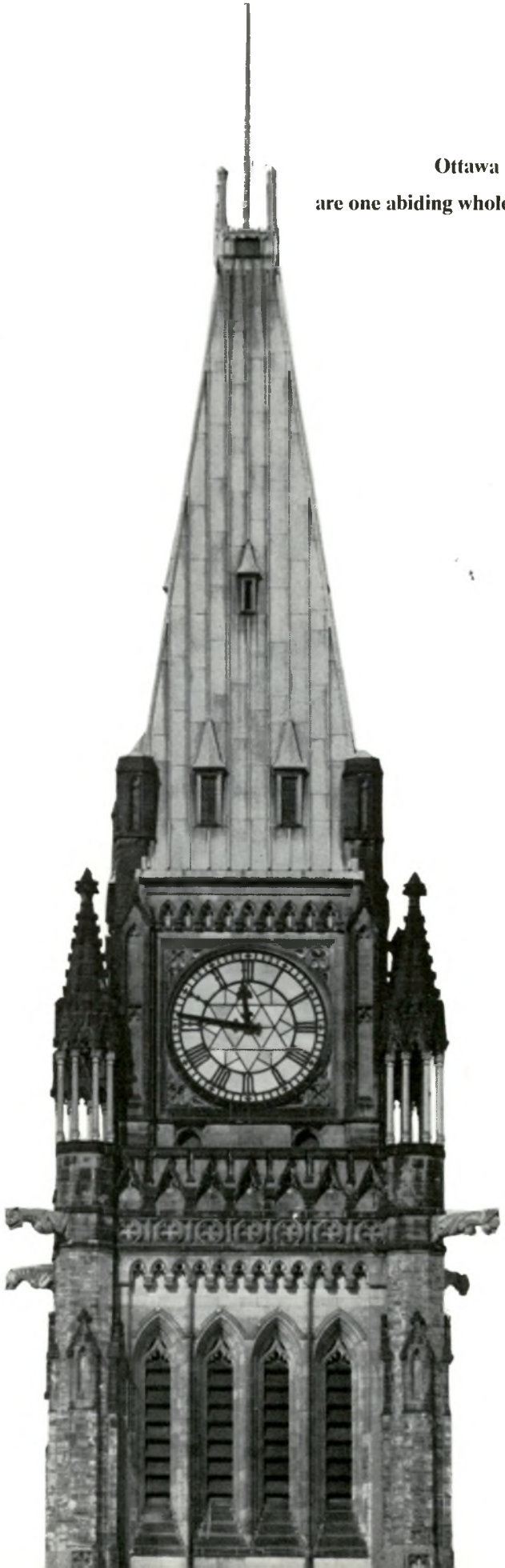
There is probably a good deal of second-generation money in this small city surrounded by a big city, maybe a number of people who, in France, would be called members of the rentier class — coupon clippers. But the great bulk of the populace, no matter its generation-number in the community, works for a living — the people who live in the tree-lined streets which slope down the hill from The Boulevard.

The "firsts" or "near-firsts" to which Westmount could justifiably lay claim actually lie in the percentages of its men of military age who served in the Canadian forces in both World Wars and that of its young people who seek university education, at least one in every four. In a Maclean's article some years ago Peter Gzowski, spoke of our predilection for McGill. "McGill is In," he wrote. The tone implied almost a blot on the local escutcheon. Speaking solely for myself, I wear the blot with pride, as I do that of having served in the armed forces, on my own two feet, not chairborne.

Westmount Park to-day.

Frankly it is impossible to pinpoint the year or moment when what has been called the "Westmount myth" was invented, and enlarged to the point that it became a regional (if not even wider) gag. The Gentlemen of St. Sulpice established themselves within its confines in the 17th. Century. The Hurtubise family's house, still standing and occupied, was built in 1699, which makes it older than Montreal's Château de Ramesay. But the real growth did not begin until the middle 1890s when the electric streetcars arrived — they turned back at the corner of Greene Avenue and St. Catherine Street, no more than three blocks inside the present city limits. Three years later the CPR built a station, half a mile east of the site of its present halt. The growing number of Westmounters could then become commuters, with the result that a wave of "immigration" ensued. "The first wave" had been mainly Scots in origin, though not entirely. For a short time the town, as it then was, may have been an English-speaking, protestant enclave. The best reason one has heard for this migration is that it was carried out by people who wanted to establish good schooling for their children. They opened their first Protestant school as early as 1873. They certainly were not millionaires—and the mountain top was distant bush.

There may still be "old Westmounters" who refuse to speak French. If so, they comprise a small group of elderly stand-patters. As recently as five years ago, however, Gzowski was writing that there are "lots of young Westmounters" who "look on the French as good gardeners and nothing else." I never read such nonsense. All the gardeners and handy-men of my reasonably wide acquaintance are jolly Italians. Maybe I don't know my own home town as well as I think. As a writer by trade I do know we have the best English-language public library in the Montreal area for general reading and certainly for research, polite policemen, a top-notch fire department for a city of our size and public services second to none in Canada. On such terms, coupled with a reasonable municipal tax-structure, I guess we can take a little ribbing — and Westmount has been ribbed by masters, running a gamut from Douglas Fisher to René Levesque. What these gentlemen like to kid is an outlook which no longer exists, if it ever did, a myth which was long since exploded. If anyone knows of a nicer place for a nonconformist of reasonable income to live, I'd like to hear about it.



**Ottawa — River, Valley and City, "set upon a hill" — are one abiding whole, an inseparable unity, known, but indefinable to those of us who "belong on the Ottawa."**

## THE RIVER

The River is the dominant life force. "Issuing from Lake Temiskaming, upwards of 350 miles, northwest of its junction with the St. Lawrence, and having its remotest sources beyond that Lake, The River flows majestically through a fine and fair country."[1]

Despite all that man's exploitation and pollution have wrought in recent decades, The River retains its grandeur, flowing majestically from its hidden inner sources, 1200 feet above sea level in northern Quebec, gathering twenty-two major tributaries in its flow and gliding and dropping down 730 miles to the confluence of its own brown and tawny waters with the blue currents of the St. Lawrence and on to the sea.

# OTTAWA

**CHARLOTTE WHITTON**

## A QUEEN'S CHOICE

Against the resentful Goldwin Smith's Torontonian contempt for "the sub-Arctic lumber village, converted by royal mandate into a political cock-pit," (as if ever the cock-fighting Valley had outside need of aid or birds for its pit), we may oppose Anthony Trollope's contemporary tribute (1861):—

"Ottawa is the Edinburgh of British North America. It stands nobly on a magnificent river, with high overhanging rock, and a natural grandeur of position, which has perhaps gone far to recommend it to those who chose it as the Capital of Canada."

Ottawa may not be the largest, the greatest, the wealthiest, the oldest or the most bustling of the cities of Canada to-day; but of which of our communities today can it be as truly averred in 1967, as in the dispatch from Henry Labouchere, the Colonial Secretary to Sir Edmund Head, Governor General, dated December 31, 1857,[2] "in the judgment of Her Majesty, the City of Ottawa combines more advantages than any other place in Canada for the permanent seat of the future Government." Certain it is, however, that these 110 years later, Ottawa can claim to be "the fastest growing" area in all the land, her employed labour force in the last recorded decade having increased by over two-fifths.[3]

A sketch by the Royal Engineers showing the entrance to the canal and Bytown, about 1826-32. The small stone building on the left bank — the Commissariat — is still standing and is now used by the Ottawa Historical Society as the Col. By Museum.

The entrance to the Rideau Canal, 1842.

## NEW, BUT OLD IN THE HAND OF GOD

True, Ottawa the City may be new in the knowledge, as in the building, of man, but it is inexpressibly old in the heart and hand of God.

For Ottawa's encircling hills are not only as blue as the Scottish Highlands but even older than they, older indeed than the Himalayas. One thousand million years ago, as the molten mass of this sphere cooled, the great rock bases, which that distinguished geologist, Dr. Alice Wilson, described as "the ribs of The Valley," were already in place, long before the Rockies or the Appelachians were created.

And 500 million years ago, tumultuous waters swept back and forth in successive submersions, gradually receding to form the waterways of the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence and the deep channel of the Kit-chi-sippi— the Grand River in the Outaoua tongue — and flowing out into the Valley.

What life of any kind first moved within those waters or trod these ancient hills we do not know (though it is said one of the finest fossil beds in all North America lies in the ground deep below the very site of the Tower of The Senate on Parliament Hill).

Whence the first human life came on to The Ottawa cannot be claimed with certainty, though it is averred that a people, possibly the Mound-builders, were here some 5000 years ago, coming across the Bering Straits, down over the north (the possible route of any contemporary nuclear attack?)

Of such are the controversial speculations of the primeval origins of The Ottawa where,

"All the years have gathered in
their heart
To whisper of the wonders that are
gone."

## THE OUTAOUAS ON THE KIT-CHI-SIPPI

Here, where from the North Shore, the powerful waters of the Gatineau, having journeyed some 425 miles from their contested sources with the St. Maurice, far north and east in Quebec, poured in to the Kit-chi-sippi itself; and from the South Shore, the Rideau has lazed the 120 miles of its pleasant ways through stream and lake from the Height of Land and its Cataraqui environs, to form a great Swampland Forks (Dow's Lake, where graceful dinghies and small white sailboats skim, and children play, in the Capital of today). The many points, inlets, bays and islands offered natural places of rest and portage, particularly about the seething Chaudière Rapids of the crashing Kit-chi-sippi itself, and the abrupt falls of the north and south arms of the debauching Rideau.

Here, *the Outaouas,* "the traders from the woods" of Manitoulin, a subtribe of the Algonquins, would have a reasonably safe place of rest on "the Flats" of either North or South Shore, as they brought their fine furs from Manitou to Montreal (the scouts with them, Mère de l'Incarnation, founder of the Ursulines, records in her Journal, "telling of a River comparable in majesty to the St. Lawrence.")

That was our Ottawa.

Logging operations on the Ottawa River with Parliament Buildings and the Château Laurier Hotel in the background.

Left: ". . . the Rideau has lazed the 120 miles of its pleasant ways through stream and lake . . ."

Below: In 1613 Champlain, eight days from St. Helen's Isle rested at Green Island in the Rideau. To him it was, "an island in the center, all covered with trees." To-day it is the site of City Hall.

Opposite page: Ice covered maple trees line a road at the Central Experimental Farm. The Federal Government maintains the farm which is close to the centre of the city.

## CHAMPLAIN AT GREEN ISLAND IN THE RIDEAU

Here, on the South Shore Champlain, in 1613, eight days by canoe, "up River" from St. Helen's Isle (site of EXPO '67) found safe and happy stopping at the lesser river's mouth on;

> "an island in the center, all covered with trees, like the rest of the land on both sides and the water slips down with such impetuosity that it makes an arch of four hundred paces; the Indians passing underneath it without getting wet, except from the spray, produced by the fall."

The voyageurs called the beautiful lacy falls "le rideau" — "the lace curtain."

## NORTH AMERICA CHANGES SOVEREIGNTY

Thus was life in the forested silences of the Upper Waters, as Europe, India and North America were torn in the clashing destinies of the Old World. With the fall of Louisburg on the Atlantic, Fort Frontenac at the entry to the Great Lakes, and Quebec, citadel of Canada itself, the whole North American continent changed sovereignty.

Within a half century, those who had learned their sense of freedom and liberty from Britain were to wrest into their own hands half the new continent.

But a handful of the British forces in North America, a few thousand "Loyalists," and 65,000 of the recently ceded subjects of the French sovereignty were to hold "on their own" and retain British North America.

## THE FOREST AND TIMBER

And now the second determining factor in all The Ottawa's story was to come into play — the forest and its timber.

The woodlands, whose denseness had kept The Ottawa hidden and largely untramelled, were to be the rich lure bringing men into her thrall, clearing her lands, building homes, settlements and espousing The Ottawa.

The American Revolutionary War and the Napoleonic Wars had cut Britain off from her timber supplies in both hemispheres. So up the St. Lawrence came Britain's Admiralty contractors, searching new mastings for the Royal Navy. To the inner reaches they followed the "White Pine," "pinus strobus," monarch tree of The Ottawa's forests. The Ottawa opened to timber. And the tall Quebec "yellow pine" — the white pine of The Ottawa — floated down her streams; became the mastings and planks of the King's ships that won the seas as the land forces moved on to the final triumph of Waterloo in 1815.

## WELLINGTON LOOKS OUR WAY

The long wars over, the Duke of Wellington had become Prime Minister of Britain, determined to strengthen Her Majesty's territories, abroad as well as at home. He rallied to his service in government men whom he had tested as able comrades in war. To Nova Scotia, as Governor, and later to Canada as Governor-in-Chief of British North America, he named George Ramsay, ninth Earl of Dalhousie.

For the strengthening of Canada, by assurance of a safe "inner way" against the buoyant new United States, via the Cataraqui and Kingston to the Interior, he expedited the plans for a Canal from Fort Henry to the Rideau, thence on to The Ottawa, and assigned Colonel John By of the Royal Engineers to take charge of its construction.

"In a day of water transport, the canal made Bytown the focus of all trade, up and down the timber-rich Ottawa, and indeed picked up, in part, cargo from the Upper St. Lawrence, the Trent, and the Quinte . . . "

## THE CANAL

And now enters the third determining force in Ottawa's being — "the Canal."

On September 26, 1826, Lord Dalhousie met Colonel By, on what is today the west bank of the Rideau Canal, the eastern slope of Parliament Hill, and handed to him the deeds for approximately 400 acres of land as "the scite for the headlocks" and also "a valuable locality for a considerable village or town for the lodging of artificers and other necessary assistants in so great a work."

In six years, the Canal was completed, extending 132 miles through The Rideau's natural waterways with but seven miles of new construction.

In a day of water transport, the Canal made Bytown the focus of all trade, up and down the timber-rich Ottawa, and indeed picked up, in part, cargo from the Upper St. Lawrence, the Trent, and the Quinte, carrying trade down to "the Front" across to link into the profitable U.S.A. trade with the Erie Canal, westwards; to Boston, eastwards. The Valley lent itself, as to this day, to the alternate farming and timbering activity which, for more than four score years, was to make timber the staple of this new country's economy.

## BYTOWN BECOMES CAPITAL OF THE CANADAS . . .

Bytown and her "bush buckaneers," as the elite of Upper and Lower Canada dubbed them, were as shrewd as they were ambitious. They saw far ahead to an ever developing extending land.

Experienced and powerful, they "scaled their limits" wisely. By Act of the Legislature of Canada, sitting at Quebec in December 1854, Bytown became the City of Ottawa.

## . . . AND OF CANADA: 1859, AND 1867

On reference of the Parliament of Canada, Her Majesty, Queen Victoria chose Ottawa as Capital of the Canadas on December 31, 1857. The choice was confirmed by the Legislature of Canada, (with a majority of five) on February 10, 1859. By the Canadas alone (the present Ontario and Quebec) were the Parliament Buildings erected on the Hill.

On October 20, 1865, a proclamation was issued naming Ottawa as the permanent Capital.

And by the Section 16 of the British North America Act, coming into force July 1, 1867, creating the Confederation of The Dominion of Canada. "until the Queen otherwise directs, the Seat of Government of Canada shall be Ottawa."

Parliament Buildings under construction.

## MONTAGE OF OTTAWA, 1967

And, this century later, the "sub-Arctic lumber village" still rides serenely the Hill above The Ottawa, her Carillon, memorial to her sons and daughters, who feared neither danger nor death in defence of her faith, pealing out to greet the second century of her nationhood.

Prototype of the Dominion of which she is Capital, Ottawa fans out east, west and south from her great River, a cluster within herself of the peoples who make up our twenty millions. In her 300,000 population are builders of the old, old Ottawa and others of today. Half her people are of the old stocks of the British Isles, a third of the old French and Lower Canada strain. And then, clear runs the mosaic that is our City — the fine German strain of long settlement; vivacious "Little Italy;" the old and new Netherlanders; the Polish stock of past and present migration; the sturdy Russian landsmen; the heroic Ukrainians; the energetic colourful dwellers on "China Row;" the strong Greek; the clever cultured Lebanese; the refugee Hungarians and, of the old early Ottawa, as of today's, the liberal energetic Hebrew stock who schooled the timber town to so much of its commercial life.

Over 60 percent of her people speak English only, 30 percent French only, a third are bilingual, only one percent speak neither English nor French.

In religious faith, Ottawa is again a fair cross-section of the Canada whose Parliament she shelters — some 43 percent Roman Catholic, 16 to 17 percent United Church, almost the same percentage Anglican, 4 to 5 percent of the old Church of Scotland, the faith of so many of her strongest founders; Baptist, Lutheran, Jewish and the other faiths which our people honour God in our 100 and more places of worship.

And, in "the Service," of the nation, over 50,000 of the 200,000 of Canada's Federal civil servants have here their homes and postings.

Ottawa, only a government city? In part, yes; in lineage and character not wholly so. For those who dwell on The Ottawa, North and South Shore and in its Valley, are of both long and recent living here — many are descendants of the early traders and explorers, of the New England Loyalists who took up early "lands in Nepean," "Canadiens" from the Eastern Townships, veterans of the Canal crews, military postings, Canal workers, river and timber men, officials, early doctors, clergy, teachers, bankers, lawyers, merchants, traders, service "workers," craftsmen to serve the small and growing town.

Vigorous, aggressive, courageous, confident, incredibly thrifty and ambitious, alert and trained in the shrewd political sense of the timber traders and contractors, they were ruthless somewhat, reckless a bit too, most of them, but hard-headed and, even if in some degree a bit practical about it, God-fearing and God-serving.

They gave Bytown and Ottawa the stamp of their creation, and she bears it still today. There's still tan-bark on her flounces and sawdust in her hair. But she carries forward many of the characteristics that drove them and her to their goal in those early founding days.

Ottawa is still, on the whole, a community of strong religious faith, her churches and temples attest thereto. She has not lost the sacrificing regard for learning of those pioneers from many lands. She has two Universities and an affiliated College; a range of elementary, secondary, private and specialized schools far beyond comparable quotas with other cities of her size. She has a long and well balanced chain of charitable, health and welfare agencies which she supports generously in voluntary givings, as well as public grants.

She is very proud of the fact that, in different censuses, she has been found to have more books per capita than any other city, (not to say that they're read, or that she might not equal or surpass their sale of lurid paperbacks).

True to her early traditions of thrift and energy, she enjoys one of the highest average incomes per head of any place in Canada but, partly in consequence, no doubt, is said to rank comparably high in the nation in the levels of "buying on time."

Child, bred of forest and river, Ottawa is a city primarily keen on the out-of-doors, everyone who possibly

can having a piece of land, or lease or "something like," where retreat may lead to fishing, camping, or hunting (both in season and out, true timber man descendant that so many are), hiking, paddling, boating, snow-shoeing, skiing, skating, just tramping, in season or out, The Valley creature is at heart's ease (indeed, in several recent winters, many of the schools have eschewed their dances for the winter night's trails).

Another inheritance of construction and timber camps is the Ottawa's keenness for games of all kinds and sports in any form — horse-racing, cock-fighting, wrestling, swimming, curling, bowling and, of course, football and hockey. The Ottawa dearly loves its own amateur teams and players but, like everything she does, is fervent about it, and will be found yelling heads off and throwing money about like drunken raftsmen, for a team of her own, though it be crammed with imports who may have never lived a week on The Ottawa. To their own players, or those who love the place and settle with us, Ottawans accord the lavish affection of a dervish.

With such proclivities, the Ottawans have never been brought up to much "night life" (at home!) For such outlets they "cross the River" or "go awa'" and, for those so given, are apt to range the lurid and out of bounds. But, at home, beyond the work gangs and an odd traffic tangle, Ottawa's streets are as quiet at midnight as on the Sabbath.

Another thing the Ottawans love is fires, doubtless bred of their nearness to the timberlands. They'll turn out day or night, at any hour, in any weather, for a good fire. And we have put on some historic ones; burned a good part of the City twice; burned the Parliament Buildings one time, and another gave the Parliamentary Library a rare scorching. We have burned down at various times the City Hall, one of the poshest Embassies and, in a most spectacular flare, the Interprovincial Bridge. The City will turn out at any time, if even a moderately good fire is mooted, and follow the fire trucks in droves.

Again, part of her frontier living and heritage and social life, attended on Parliament, Ottawa has always gone in "heavily" for entertainment of all kinds — amateur theatricals, and musical "do's," church shows and socials, fraternal, service club and like get-togethers, euchres, dances (folk, square, formal and now a bout of ballet), Kermasses, carnivals and, of course, monster bingoes. Ottawa's bingoes are the biggest, most frequent, most given to charitable purposes and most persistently and consistently illegal in the country.

As if to counter all these rather "back country goings on," Ottawa is greatly given to "things of the mind" as well — seminars, lectures, debates, forums, and now "symposiums" on everything from the Criminal Code and emotionally disturbed children to Marriage, Divorce and the Birthrate.

As for women's organizations, largely a legacy from fine conscientious "First Ladies" at Government House,

"Ottawa's own citizens sometimes attend sittings of the Commons, even of the Senate and, of course, few ever miss "The Opening" or "Budget Night". Confederation Hall, Parliament Buildings (top). Justices of the Supreme Court of Canada and spectators attend an "Opening" (below).

Opposite page: Her Majesty The Queen greets distinguished guests at a reception.

Ottawa has a very plethora of women's organizations — charitable, religious, benevolent, fraternal; eleemosynary, dramatic, political, study panels, etc. No woman need be without a place to go in Ottawa if in search of mental "activation"—there's bound to be some group meeting somewhere every afternoon or evening, and likely twice on Sunday.

And Ottawa has many a good, hearty, wholesome activity all her own — her buoyant Orpheus Operatic Society — the oldest in Canada; her Barbershop Quartet Singers; her fine Choral; her Little Theatre; her Grand Opera; her Choir and Musical Festivals.

But she has no proper theatre, concert hall or auditorium — (we burned the Russell Theatre down as well). We have just given Canada a 99 year lease at $5 a year to erect a $35 million National Centre for the Performing Arts on our finest site, valued at $2,500,000. Now we hear we shall not be able to use it for our theatricals and other activities. Obviously it's going to be too intellectual for us, or we not enough for it.

Come to think of it, if we were allowed free entry in this amphitheatre of our own largesse, we'd be likely to give priority to the best and biggest bingo ever! That's The Ottawa!

It's not that we don't like to be thought intellectual and cultural. Goodness, we have more members — or used to have — in Ottawa to the square inch in the Authors' Association than practically any other centre in the country (other than those two villes anciennes, Halifax and Quebec). We do attend faithfully and float about knowingly at every Opening in the National Gallery and, whenever possible, the Lectures at Carleton University and the Museum.

It's just that it doesn't quite "come off." Not even a Capital can show off to the best advantage when its guest orchestra has to perform either in an Auditorium redolent of past Horse Shows, or in one of the "Ex's" sheds. Incidentally it is here that the Mounties usually give their first performance of the Musical Ride before they risk it with less intimate and affectionate audiences than we, who love the old Coliseum, the Mounties, their horses, and just everything about them — they are

all products of Ottawa on The Ottawa!

Oh, we do have as our chief annual, costliest and most typically Ottawa production, the Central Canada Exhibition, put on in a gim-crack setting, as a super-country fair, with an 18th century Midway at Lansdowne Park, opened in 1885. But now the City is putting up $8,700,000 on a debenture note, and giving the "Ex" Association a grant of $4½ million dollars for the next 10 years to have a fitting place for the Grey Cup Game in 1967. So perhaps we are going "Big Tent" after all.

And Ottawa has no Zoo. But with the wide range of comparatively interesting and amusing diversions we rarely feel the lack of this feature of a sophisticated Capital.

Of course, Ottawa's main tourist attraction is The Hill, her chief diversion, Parliament. Ottawa's own citizens sometimes attend sittings of the Commons, even of the Senate and, of course, few ever miss "The Opening" or "Budget Night." The City's large social affairs center about "the Session" and the Diplomatic Corps, over 60 powers being accredited now to Her Majesty in respect to Canada. To these receptions guests often just attach themselves, unbidden, to drink the host nation's National Day's health in its national vintage and with no table charge, nor limit on the "chits!"

But, most of all, real Ottawans just adore their Market, defiant to progress or change. Here everyone meets — everyone. A Supreme Court Judge can be seen getting his paté de foie gras; a shantyman, full of whisky blanc, carting off his pig's head or a three-foot fish to a Market tavern; a sari-clad chatelaine seeking Eastern seasonings; a black-robed priest buying fresh flowers for the sanctuary; an epicure selecting the finest filet mignon in all Canada or giant white crabs from a shop three generations old at the Byward Market stand.

And The Market brings into strong focus one of the most enduring hereditary traits of the timber and construction days — the Ottawan's love of food and drink. Every possible event, from the interment of pioneers' bodies, returned here for burial, to an Election Night or a Rugby win, is made an occasion to "gorge and guzzle," — usually

"Through these same streets her sons have passed to glory, and to death in our wars; the returning known our gratitude. The nation's great have here been welcomed in victory; others, their service finished, have been borne in solemn state, past silent ranks to quiet rest and an enduring place in the nation's history." Veterans, with Colours dipped, in front of the War Memorial (below). The Memorial Chamber, Parliament Buildings (lower).


Above: Although half her people are of stock from the British Isles, many other races make up the population. Here a German-Canadian party is in progress.
Below: Over a quarter of Canada's Federal civil servants live and work in the city. A section of the National Air Photo Library.

at someone else's expense. Some possessive hankering for food — and drink — appears as insatiable in the Ottawa's appetite as curiosity in the elephant. In fact McTaggart's official records of the first surveys at the "Forks of the Reddo" in 1826, notes this obsession and does so with a most unappetizing menu.

The Public Archives of Canada preserves cards of early incredible menus at Bytown functions. One, a Banquet in 1821 at the old Russell House (we burned that down too), lists six courses.

The First course offers three soups; the Second course, Bar Fish, Maskinongé, and Doré; the Third course is the "Boileds"—ham in champagne, mutton, turkey legs, chicken legs, "bouilli" and corned beef and, a strange product, "boiled leg of tongues;" the Fourth course brought the roasts — saddle of mutton, beef, pork, pig, turkeys, lamb, chicken, veal, fillet of veal, ragout veal, partridge, duck (Teal, Brome and Blue Wings), snipes and woodcocks; the Fifth Course, desserts — plum and rice puddings, mince and apple pies, calves-foot jelly, blanc mange, "ice and whipped cream," sponge cake and "pierce manties;" the Sixth course —

almonds, raisins, figs, oranges, preserved peaches, pears and cherries.

The menu notes that all the Potables, not included in this menu, but required to serve 42 guests were, 15 bottles of champagne, 15 Madeira, 13 Sherry, 7 Bordeaux, 8 Port and "beer and whiskey" (apparently on call).

Our Montage of Ottawa can close with the picture — soaring towers, graceful spires standing against the skyline, but side by side with blocks of hideous practicality and old structures, shaken in decay. Narrow streets, humble timber dwellings and small shops still parallel and cross our broad drives and stately parkways.

But Ottawa rarely lets her country down. Our sovereigns and their viceroys and guests make royal progress through our thoroughfares in their hours of triumph, to the joyous warm acclaim of crowds, who proudly bear themselves as citizens of the nation's Capital.

Through these same streets her sons have passed to glory, and to death in our wars; the returning known our gratitude. The nation's great have here been welcomed in victory; others, their service finished, been borne in solemn state, past silent ranks to quiet rest and an enduring place in the nation's history.

This is Ottawa: Your City and Mine! Our Capital.

". . . carting off his pig's head . . ."

(1) Joseph Bouchette, Surveyor - General, 1817-18, Topographical Description of the Province of Lower Canada.

(2) Dispatch — Dec. 31, 1857 — Henry Labouchere—Public Archives of Canada.

(3) Ottawa, Eastview, Carleton County Local Government Review, 1965-6: Murray Jones.

Ottawa today—new buildings downtown frame the distant Peace Tower on Parliament Hill.

# my two torontos

by raymond souster

1. Remember our old Toronto? Guarding the Past,
that Anglo-Saxon heritage more faithfully
than even those two stone watch-dogs standing fast
before the Eaton mausoleum. So content to be
centre of a tidy back-water, our closed Sunday
epitome of it all. Where those who had not
could sit on verandahs, or in one room, and rot
while those more fortunate moved across the Bay

to the Yacht Club, or drove to summer cottages
up North. Where Sam McBride, Irishman,
a mayor without an enemy or plan,
became our colorful leader, leaving no mess
to clean up after: secret, do absolutely nothing.
Then '39 and War. Gentlemen, the King!

2. Now the late Sixties. What lies behind this façade
of straining skylines, expressways spewing cars,
subways where new moles ride, the very sad
high-rises, straining upward to touch the stars
or whatever lies above the black-smudge smog
smothering our lives? The restlessness, perhaps,
of a young giant, bound by the cords and straps
of indecision, caution, some bumps on the log

still needing to be smoothed or axed away.
The new has followed too quickly on the old
which fashioned no real tradition of its own.
Much has been built on sand or shallow clay,
not enough anchored to bed-rock, shored with stone.
Much of this glitter will not shine like gold.

3. Just yesterday I watched young sculptors raise
metal creations on the City Hall's fresh lawn,
thinking, you may be viewing the first days
of a new re-birth, youth being called upon
to start blood-muscles pulsing hard again
in our faltering giant. If such a creative burst
could be transmitted to the aldermen
haggling across the Square, and if these first

signs of a fresh start could be multiplied
among our people then we'd grow as wise
as now we are growing recklessly and tall.
Let us turn our envious eyes from Montreal
back to our own streets, look with growing pride
to where our first beginnings nudge the skies.

The only way you can see a whole city at one time, not just bits and pieces, is from the air. Two months ago I travelled from Vancouver to Toronto at 550 miles an hour, and I still feel a childish sense of wonderment from looking down at the great carpet of lights that stretched from horizon to horizon. Some passengers just kept reading their magazines or talking, but others craned their necks to look out the little windows at the magic beneath them.

The jet was going down, and my ears felt like bubble-gum, my mouth like saltwater taffy; the two beers I'd ordered a while back had no effect on me whatever. But it was more like being Sinbad than me, riding the silver Roc-bird over towers and minarets of fabled Bagdad. A fleet of Indian canoes with blazing torches paddled into Toronto Harbour. The brightly lit drag strips of 401 and the Frederick Gardiner Expressway reeled away north and south. When the plane banked steeply over I felt as if I'd been pitched right into the Milky Way.

Of course that's a pretty romantic approach, and the metaphors are scrambled. Not much like spending a night in a Jarvis Street flophouse during the late Fifties, then spending the next day in Allan Gardens picking bedbugs off my clothes. I was looking for a job at the time, and didn't feel very amiable towards Toronto. I believed all the clichés: 'Toronto the Good,' 'City of Churches,' 'Hogtown,' and that people walked by on the cold streets with faces averted for fear you might hit them up for a dime or smile.

I remember going into a tavern in those days, carrying half a dozen paper-covered books, laying them on the table and drinking beer. Something took my attention away for a moment, and when I looked again the books were gone, stolen from right under my nose. I was pretty peeved, but the incident fitted in neatly with my whole unflattering opinion of Toronto, which I expressed to the peaceful beer-drinkers in a few well-chosen words.

In 1964 I lived in an apartment on Sackville Street, in the older section of the city, once called 'Cabbagetown.' I didn't expect to enjoy it. Having spent some previous years in technicolour Vancouver and swinging hi-fi Montreal, the place seemed calculated to turn me into a morose alcoholic or snarling anchorite in about two weeks.

It didn't. I got interested in the city and its history. Driving down the Don Valley Parkway, the Frederick Gardiner Expressway or Davenport Road wasn't quite such a metropolitan nightmare when you remembered that all these modern rapid transit systems were once old Indian trails. Senecas and Mississaugas once padded along the dust beneath grey asphalt. Another trail through thick pine woods followed the Humber River, where smoke of a Seneca village rose above the green forest more than 200 years ago.

Two blocks from the Sackville Street apartment was the Toronto Crematorium and Riverdale Zoo. My wife and I went for walks in both places — the zoo where animals are labeled for the benefit of small boys, and the cemetery where headstones are labeled for adults and many of the trees have name-plates designating their species as well.

The Crematorium is the oldest graveyard in Toronto, and such places have always fascinated me. Among my

# Moccasins to Oxfords

# TORONTO

by A. W. PURDY

*"... You ... zip downtown on the old Indian trail they call the Gardiner Expressway ..."*

favourites are the Loyalist burying ground at Adolphustown, and the Saint John, N.B., graveyard that has no fences, and sits right in the middle of the downtown shopping district. And the one in Toronto has William Lyon Mackenzie and George Brown for star boarders. The red-haired rebel, whose pike-armed plowboys clashed with Sheriff Jarvis' men on the site of Maple Leaf Gardens lies buried here. So does George Brown, who was a big enough man to patch up his differences with John A. Macdonald in order that the idea of this country should be possible.

I suppose what I'm talking about is a sort of double-vision. When you look at the Toronto Globe and Mail newspaper you see George Brown, who once owned it. When Frank Mahovlich scores a goal against Montreal Canadiens on television the ghost of Mackenzie must surely appreciate the Big M's scoring deke as well. And those superhighways with Indian trails underneath. An appreciation for the past, over which we skim at sixty miles an hour, the mind and muscles of men who built and lived and died here.

But that's romantic too. The Win-


chester Hotel on Parliament Street, where shabby drunks spew out at midnight closing hour, that isn't so romantic. Nor faded slums in that district with their quota of New Canadians, and the feeling on some of those night streets with shambling desperate people that violence could erupt at any time. But it's an interesting district, the only place where a woman ever tried to panhandle me for a quarter, surely not for coffee.

In spring, when the magic chestnut lanterns strew their creamy blossoms after Queen Victoria's birthday, when sidewalks are nearly covered with red scraps of paper from last night's firecrackers, small boys playing in alleys, sweaty undershirted men mowing ten-foot lawns — then it doesn't seem like a slum, only a place where people live and don't have much money.

The public face of Toronto is far different from this one. A black ugly forefinger of the Toronto Dominion Bank scolds the sky. Or the square-looking O'Keefe Centre disgorges thousands of playgoers at midnight. The new city hall and the old sit side by side, agreeing with each other much better than city council did over furnishings.

I have stood on the concrete courtyard near that big dinosaur's knuckle-joint they call 'The Archer' imagining pigeons debating together as they flew overhead: Do we dare? A cop on his horse with fifty children crowding around, asking questions, petting the horse until its head reared up in astonishment. The cop just sitting there with a good-natured expression. He'd never been so popular in his life. Other places the cops are not so good-natured.

I think the juncture of old city hall and new is rather marvellous. Looking from time-stained Romanesque towers to a concrete future of two hinged oyster shells makes one acutely aware of co-existing time, perhaps a little like the several successive towns of Homer's Troy built on top of each other. But I suppose eventually they'll tear down the old clock tower and all that red sprawling stone to build a marketplace for selling things. I don't like the thought. And may be that's an indication I've become a Torontonian in spite of myself.

"A cold city!" There's nothing cold about the old city hall except the police offices, and the new one is pure science fiction that makes the mind lift from its

Top left: Yonge Street looking North, in the 1890's.

Top right: Folk singers performing in The Village.

Opposite page, top: Newspapers — the pulse of the city.

Opposite page, lower: The Coffee Mill, a sidewalk cafe.

strange human concept. There's nothing cold about Kensington Market either, with its thick jabber of European vowel-sounds among the cluck-clucking chickens. Or St. Lawrence Market, and Yorkville with its beards and coffee houses. I used to read poetry at one of them called "The Bohemian Embassy." Once it was listed in the Toronto phone book by mistake as a foreign embassy.

I've travelled into Toronto by air, also plunging along the grey ticker tape of 401, and riding a train to Union Station past hundreds of littered backyards. I've gotten to like the place. It's a terrible confession to make, and Vancouver friends will never forgive me for it. Oh sure, the financial houses on Bay Street sometimes make me shiver a little. But Ray Souster, the Toronto poet, works in one of them, and that takes the curse off Bay Street — partly.

Despite eastern and western pretenders Toronto is the centre of power in Canada — but then some town has to be that. Here are the publishers, the maligned C.B.C., countless factories,


Yorkdale Shopping Centre; shops, restaurants and department stores within a completely sheltered and climate controlled environment.

socialites dressed up like penguins in evening clothes, the seats of inherited wealth. It's also where things happen, where judgements are made, the thick coagulated blood-centre of Canada that in some degree holds the whole country together. All towns, cities, villages and regions are important to the mosaic, but Toronto has a surging vitality. Sometimes when the lights turn green at Yonge and Bloor, it's possible to think the whole population of your old hometown is moving toward you across the grey intersection. It's much the same as Peel and St. Catherine in Montreal and Granville and Robson in Vancouver, a crossroads where you're liable to meet anyone.

On second thought maybe that's too much a paean of praise. I don't mean Toronto to sound like Paradise, and it isn't. Last winter I lived in a red brick apartment block among countless other red brick apartments in Toronto west. A fairly expensive rental district that looked as if a giant bird had dropped bricks at evenly spaced intervals. Living in a place like that, complete with flashy shopping centre two blocks away, depressed the hell out of me. Being there at all was a mistake.

But you could zip downtown on the old Indian trail they call the Gardiner Expressway, skirting the Seneca village near the Humber, drop in at my favourite Village Book Store on Gerrard, have a beer at Bassel's on Yonge, along with the legally required sandwich — and migawd, here I am being the compleat Torontonian. The cops will be asking me for my passport the next thing I know.

Of course the town is getting too big for its britches, and too Americanized for my taste. The seats of power and wealth are here, about which I have ambiguous feelings. Dollar bills seem to flap around Bay Street like dirty green crows. And Toronto can be a little frightening too. But then there's double-vision, living three ways at once, past, present and future.

When I think of power I think too of the star boarder in Toronto Crematorium, and marching men near the Bloor toll-gate advancing on Maple Leaf Gardens which used to be Mrs. William Sharpe's vegetable patch. Mackenzie's ragged band of rebels fled in one direction and Sheriff Jarvis' men in the other, both thinking the opposing force too strong for them. Red-haired Mackenzie, elected to the legislature five times and five times tossed out on his ear. Then becoming the first mayor of Toronto while the Tories gnashed their teeth and Bishop Strachan brewed hemlock in the high Church of England.

My nomination for Toronto's Centennial Symbol is Mackenzie, with Toronto's new city hall as second choice. They're so unlike that they go well together. Double-vision again, I guess, bi-focals of past, present and future. History and the modern city, slums and dinginess, but also the surge and drive of life that moves forward and back, forward and back, and every century or two achieves something that might be called a few inches of human progress.

MINOTAUR IN TORONTO
It's a maze you see into
but don't comprehend
and the juncture of Riverdale
Zoo and Toronto Crematorium
would puzzle Darwin
Living in the fortunate slums
near Parliament Street
    in old Cabbagetown
among the drunks and Italian workmen
there was always a monster-stench
lurking near the Shop
    for Crippled Civilians
(who crippled 'em?)
watching from 19th century houses
choosing a victim from drunk and sober
in a rain or slush on Parliament Street

But I have escaped
into the rural countryside
where dogs bark and cows moo
and I can't stand it any longer
I shall have to go back
expecting to be disappointed
knowing full well
that poor beast from another century
with red ravening jaws gaped open
fiery eyes doused by the Fire Dept.
must be lying dead somewhere
on the streets of Toronto
and I have to see what they look like
the killers of that poor innocent beast
who didn't know what he was getting
                into.

"It's also where things happen . . ." Industry, wealth, artistry and, in many places, a sparkling, contemporary urban environment give the city "a surging vitality."

# *the ugly duckling*

HAMILTON by Marjorie Freeman Campbell

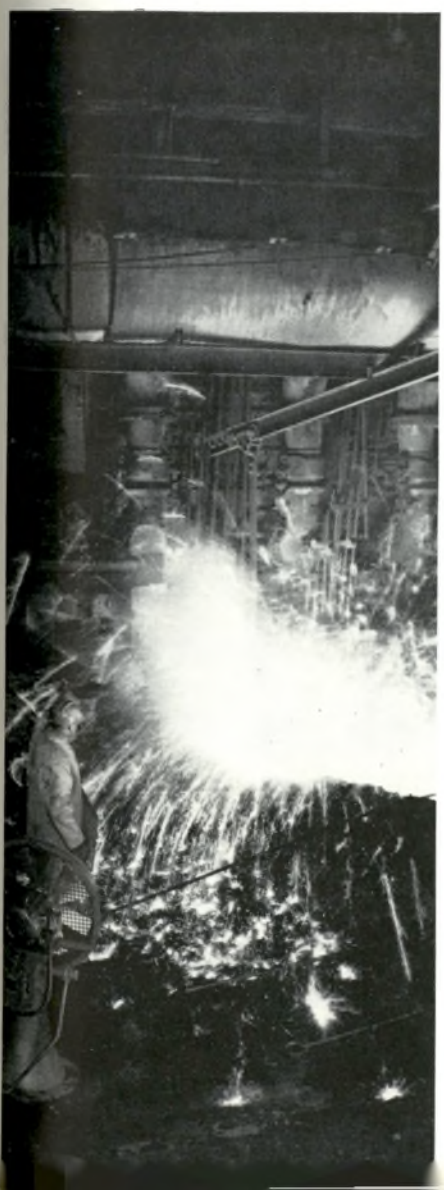
"Why is Hamilton at present a dirty word?" "Because," said Torontonian Alan Howard promptly, "it's a steel town."

"For years," continued the curator of the Marine Museum of Upper Canada, "Pittsburgh was in the same boat, you may recall. Its very name was synoymous with dust, grime and smog. Now I understand they've cleaned Pittsburgh up, and the old connotation is fading."

"Hamilton!" on television Joyce Davidson shuddered. She held her nose undaintily. "Hamilton! Ugh!"

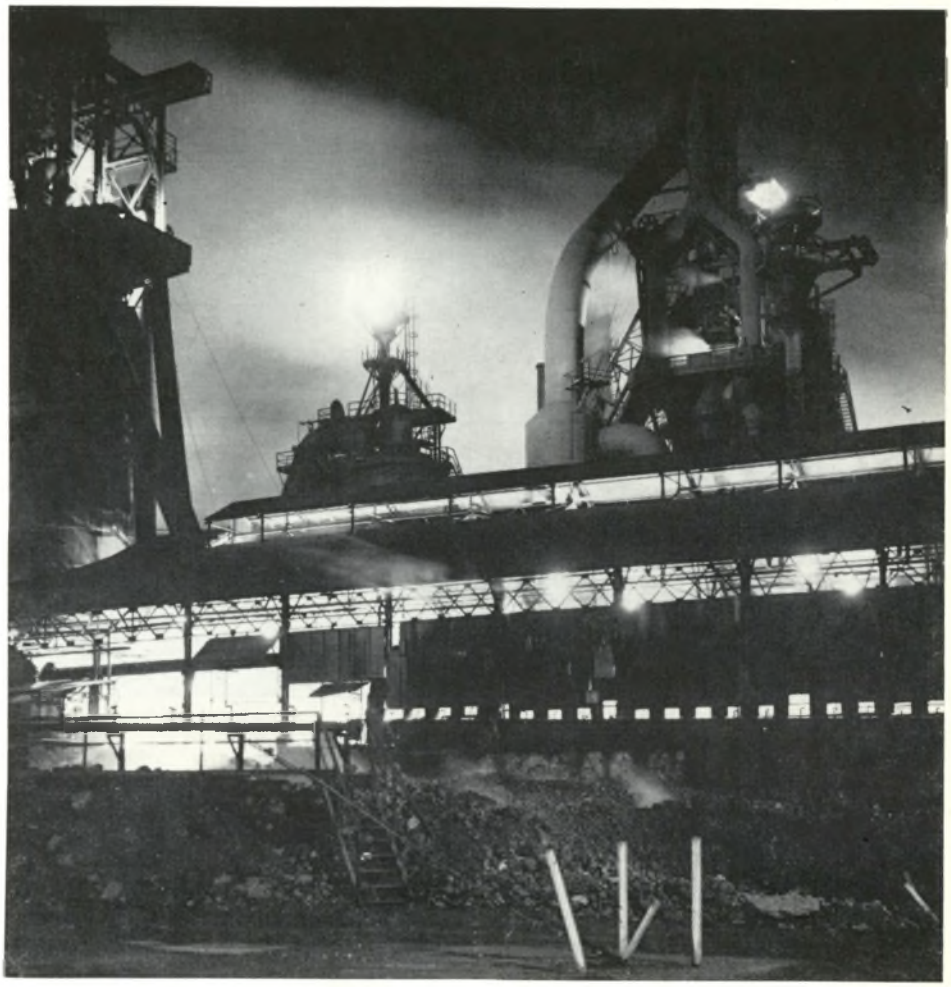
"Hamilton is the ugliest city in Ontario," declared Charles King in the Ottawa Citizen.

To the Canadian Broadcasting Company, Hamilton is a steel town, unrelieved, with mills predominantly employing Serbian steelworkers who seek release from daily servitude to a molten god by soul communion in karate and attendance at a small indeterminate mission whose pastor employs the Lord to shatter his outsize kidney stones into manageable proportions; and who achieve catharsis by spectator-participating in Tiger Cat battles and triumphs.



Lower left: Inside shot of a blast furnace.

Right: One of industry's most spectacular fireworks' displays — a blast furnace at night.



Past mayor Lloyd D. Jackson, Ph.D., a tall, strong featured, forceful man who travelled widely in the city's interest during his thirteen years in office, and who is one of Hamilton's staunchest advocates, presents the obverse side of the coin.

"Wherever I went," he said, "and I mean wherever, from Victoria, B.C., to London, England, and beyond, I was always greeted with four questions."

"People came up beaming and shook hands and the first thing they said was, 'How's the old Hamilton Mountain?' 'How's the market? That wonderful market!' And then,' How about the Rock Garden? Still as lovely as ever?' And finally, 'The Tiger-Cats? What are they doing now? What is their record?' "

Chief librarian Charles Brisbin, a tall personable and dynamic newcomer to Hamilton finds Dr. Jackson's satisfaction with the above city symbols exasperating. "If Hamilton is ever to escape from its lunch pail category," he protests, "if it is to be revitalized, as we hear constantly, by its new Civic Centre and urban renewal if, in other words, it is to become a big city instead of remaining a small city, then it must develop an identity beyond the Botanical Gardens, steel mills, a market place and even possibly a football club. What the city needs is imagination and daring!"

Today the city is displaying both. Its urban renewal plan for rehabilitating the decaying north end of the city, noted for its fierce community pride and sense of tradition, is unique in Canada. It com-

prises a complete change of design of a 257-acre section of the city containing 2,500 houses occupied by more than 8,000 people, many belonging to families resident for generations in the area and opposed to change.

While the usual urban renewal project involves total slum clearance and rebuilding of the bulldozed area, Hamilton's more complex plan removes only blighted buildings and such others as may be necessary to provide space for new schools, additional park, recreational and shopping centre facilities, and public housing for residents whose homes have been demolished. Buildings capable of preservation are improved and renovated. The scheme embodies the new concepts of shared recreational and theatre-auditorium facilities by school and community centre, and government-subsidized apartment complexes for low-income pensioners.

Naturally such a massive plan aroused public objection and protest, the design of controlling traffic movement into the section by closing certain streets and substituting perimeter thoroughfares bringing a cry, "Ghetto!" Yet by exercising patience, explaining each development and minimizing inconvenience the urban renewal committee gradually overcame opposition.

When the pilot plot proved successful, Hamilton authorized Murray Jones, its designer, to prepare similar studies of the outmoded downtown area and of York Street, a narrow shabby congested link between the city's beautiful western approach and its business core.

Sweeping into the city on Burlington Heights, a natural 116-foot high-bar separating the calm reaches of the Dundas Marsh from Hamilton Harbor, the city's western entrance via the pioneer York Road runs through the landscaped properties of the Royal Botanical Gardens.

A unique feature in Canada, companioned only by its fellow in Montreal, the R.B.G. encompasses 1,900 acres of landscaped parks and gardens, lovely wooded glades and trails, an arboretum, a Children's Garden, and the city's famous Rock Garden, transformed from a gravel pit into a terraced amphitheatre blazing with seasonal colour, which attracts visitors from all over North America.

In contrast to this and the country estate perfection of Dundurn Castle and its grounds which follow, the grimy bottleneck of York Street is doubly shocking. In the plans submitted by Murray Jones to Mayor Victor K. Copps and city council, York Street became a wide boulevard avenue leading to a new $50,000,000 Civic Square incorporating Hamilton's white marble and glass-walled City Hall.

Departing from the North End development, Mr. Jones eliminated and realigned shabby streets, tore out parking lots and a hodge-podge of unassorted, time-stained buildings in an area three blocks square, and in their place created a spacious square with a complex of architecturally-coordinated buildings set in green spaces.

In addition to a tower office building, an arcaded hotel, and shopping areas with garage parking, these included a new $3,000,000 education Administration Building, now nearing completion; an expanded new main Public Library; an Art Gallery necessitated by McMaster University's appropriation for expansion of the existent gallery; and the city's long demanded and much needed $9,000,000 Hamilton Theatre Auditorium.

Of local residents clamoring for an adequate theatre for the city — and an enlarged stadium so that the victorious Tiger-Cats might occasionally play a Grey Cup game on home ground — none have been more vocal than members of the ethnic groups, largely employed in industry, who had known the cultural and recreational advantages afforded by European cities, and whose contribution of music, dancing, costumes, folklore and festivals have added gaiety, colour and zest to city life.

Possibly in all Canada there is no more complex community than this city of some 300,000 population which current statistics seem determined to ignore completely or to label simply, steeltown. In large part, the city derives its character from the genes of heredity in the strictures of environment.

Its founders, in the 18th. century, were British, French and German loyalists who fled from the American colonies at the time of the American Revolution, and who were rewarded by Great Britain for their devotion to the

Opposite page: A scene at Hamilton market.

Top: Hamilton City Hall, opened by H. E. Governor-General Georges P. Vanier in 1960.

Lower: Tea House in the Rock Garden, Royal Botanical Gardens.

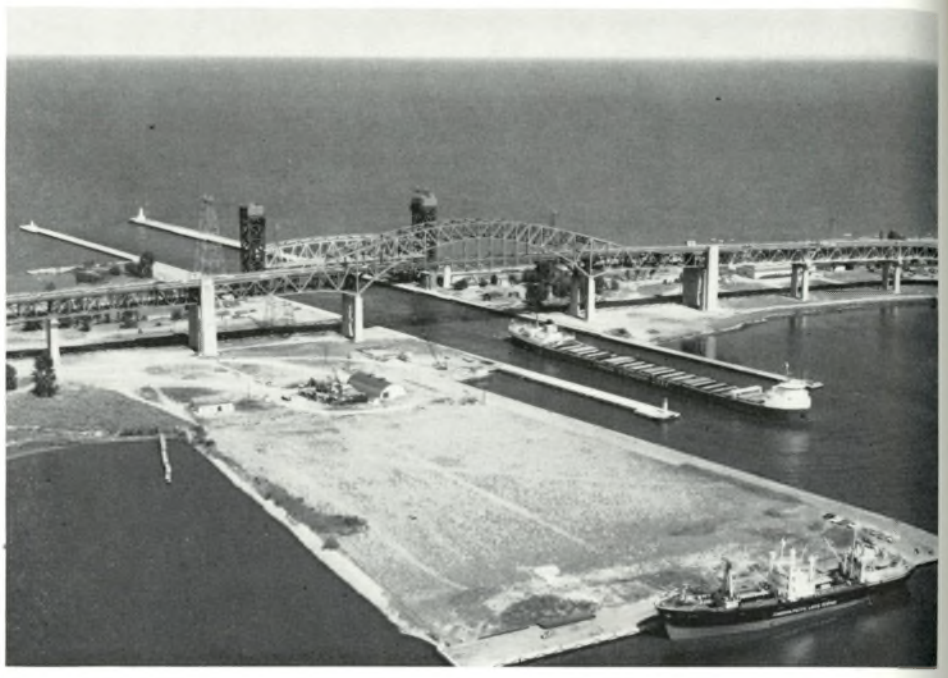
Crown by being given free grants of land in Canada. Today a small hard core of loyalist descendants in the city form the membership of the local branch of the United Empire Loyalist Association, Canadian counterpart of the American Sons and Daughters of the Revolution.

In Court House Square stands a handsome group of statuary, the Pioneer Family, executed by Sydney March of the famous March family of Farnborough, Kent, England, sculptors of the Canadian war memorial on Parliament Hill, Ottawa. The monument, commemorating the loyalists, was presented to the city by the late Stanley Mills, Hamilton merchant and pioneer family descendant.

Because of harsh treatment suffered in the United States where they were considered traitors, loyalists for generations distrusted and hated Americans. In the War of 1812 it was loyalist resistance to invasion by United States forces that held future Ontario for the Crown. Repulsed at the now historic battle of Stoney Creek, five miles to the east, the Americans failed to capture Burlington Heights, key to the interior

Left: A port scene at Hamilton Harbor Commission Wharves.

Right: Ore carrier entering Hamilton Harbor via Burlington Canal. In the background, Burlington Skyway and towers of the vertical lift vehicular and railway bridge.



of the province and the real objective of the invaders.

Ironically, when the Americans returned some sixty years later, to establish a beach head on the Hamilton waterfront and expand southward into the city, they conquered without battle. Receiving them with open arms Hamilton ensured their remaining by offering them free land and water and tax exemptions for good measure.

Today, of the 500-odd mills and factories which give Hamilton an industrial production third in Canada to Toronto and Montreal, some twenty-five are American subsidiaries, although of Hamilton's big three — Steel Company of Canada (Stelco), Dominion Foundries and Steel Company (Dofasco), and Canadian Westinghouse Company — only Westinghouse is American controlled. Of the remainder many possess heavy American capital investment.

Consequently, while local loyalists still wave the British flag, they probably derive a considerable proportion of their income — provided they are not fully employed in an American controlled plant — by rendering professional or other services to men, and their families, who are so employed.

While the motor car is commonly accepted as the factor exerting the greatest single economic impact on the 20th. century, in Hamilton it must share honors with three other determinants: Hamilton Mountain which has given the city a split-level personality, and with the bay imposed upon it for generations a limited east-west expansion, and the heavy industry.

Beginning with skilled workmen from the United States, such as steel foundrymen, the city's work force was augmented by Old Country immigrants and in the 1850's by Old Country engineers and navvies imported to work on the railways.

When American union organizers moved into Canada in the 1880's the preponderance of these workmen, experienced in and devoted to the trade union movement, led to the city becoming the focal point of union activity. Over the years Hamilton has suffered from many bitter disputes between capital and labour, the sobriquet, "strike-town," being more familiar in the past than today's "steeltown."

Simultaneously with these developments, however, in the 19th. and early 20th. centuries, aloof from the mills, in the highly residential west end of the city close to the foot of the Mountain or along the brow, a privileged aristocracy of old families flourished. In many cases an imposing Italianate mansion with its towers and multiple chimneys, a Georgian stone town house or a romantic Gothic villa, each set in its own city block of grounds, told of the mercantile era of the city, prior to the coming of industry, when Hamilton had prospered as a rail centre and entrepôt.

In Victorian days conservative Hamilton was as class conscious as any British rural shire, with good connections more important even than wealth. Today the old families, known internationally — Greening, Hendrie, Gibson, Osler, Brown, Crerar, Cawthra — are disappearing, while the great homes with their porte-cochères, conservatories and fountained gardens are converted to apartment or rooming houses, or to sites for new high-rise buildings.

One, the handsome 72-room Regency mansion, Dundurn Castle, built

by Sir Allan MacNab, is being skilfully restored and refurnished to the 1850's as the city's Centennial project. After dark an intriguing son et lumière spectacle, using concealed lighting and stereophonic sound, presents events of the wedding day of Sir Allan's daughter, Sophia.

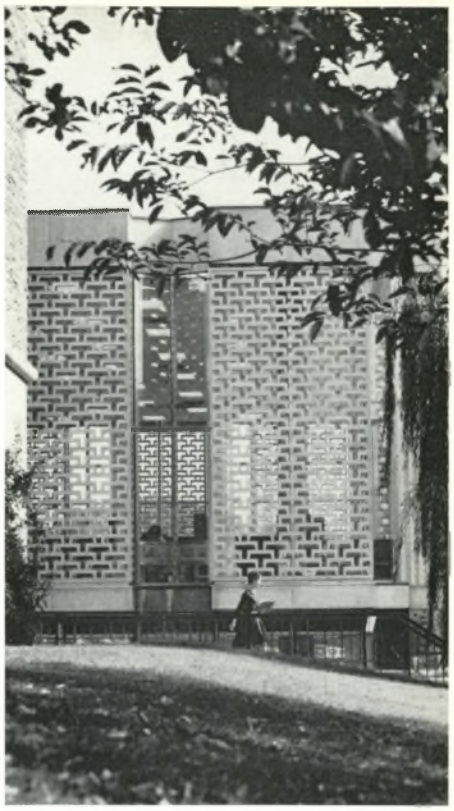
With the big houses has vanished the city of their heyday. Following World War II the tide of postwar immigration broke the mountain barrier, swept up over the escarpment and started the southward roll of multi-coloured rooftops and servicing business blocks which now comprise Hamilton's mountaintop "city within a city."

Today's Hamilton, with its great mills and factories, teeming ocean port, glass-bright multi-form schools and avant-garde churches, its parks and playgrounds, its expanding university and the high-rise buildings changing its skyline, is a city on the move.

Little Theatre (Canadian founded in Hamilton in 1876 as the Garrick Club by John Crerar, K.C.), amateur opera and musical theatre groups are winning national recognition; from Bach to barbershop to bop, old and new musical groups are flourishing.

Hamilton is no uglier in its depressed areas than other cities of commensurate size, no more commonplace and unimaginative in its ticky-tacky surveys. Encouraged by an award-giving beautification plan, residential and industrial properties have become exceptionally attractive. And it has its own unique beauty.

From the mountain on a clear day, and there are many, you can see the downtown towers of Toronto. Below the Mountain with its patterned scroll of access roads the tree-lined streets stretch to the bay with its white-sailed yachts, its lakers and ocean freighters moored at the busy Harbor Commission wharves. Beyond the long green sandstrip of Burlington Beach the darker blue of Lake Ontario sparkles in the sun.

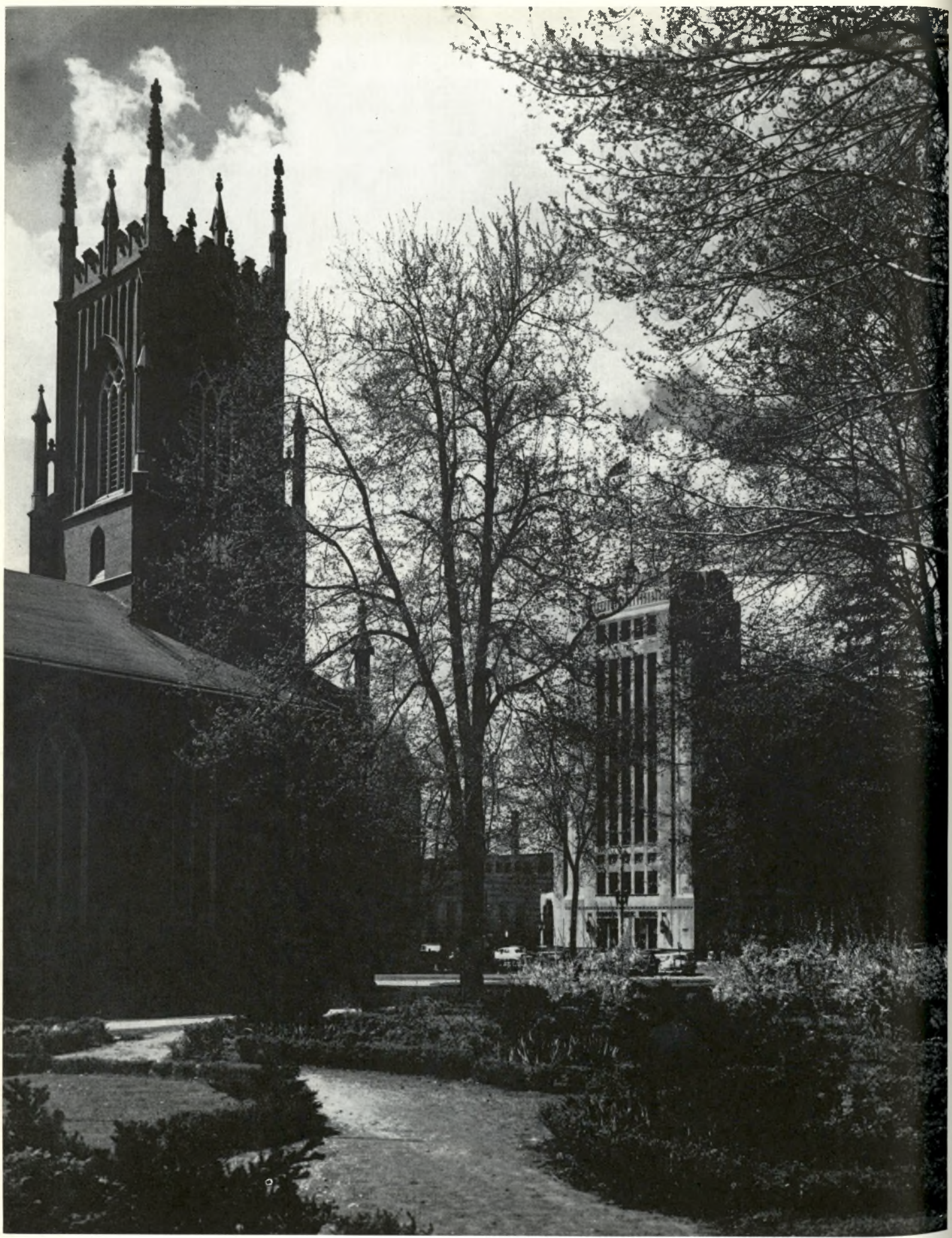


Few great ports around the world afford the ship coming into harbor a lovelier night-time panorama than Hamilton Harbor. Not even Bombay's famous half-circlet of diamonds outlining the Marine Drive, the onetime Queen's Necklace, nor Singapore's multi-colored semicircular sweep of shore lights surpass the jewelled circle that rings the harbor from the Queen Elizabeth Skyway's bay-twinned arc to glowing Burlington, backdropped by the lighted city and the Mountain trailed with gold. As spectacular as Stromboli's sullen flare is the roaring flame of red-hot slag quenched in the long-suffering bay.

And welcoming the traveller to port, navigation signal lights prick the darkness with their crimson metronomic flash.

Top right: Entrance to the new addition of Mills Memorial Library, McMaster University.

Above: Burlington Skyway Bridge from the north shore.



# LONDON

by CLARE BICE

**"Ours is so obviously a small town growing up, clinging to the past, emerging almost reluctantly into the restless future."**

Most of the Union Jacks may have gone, most old country associations been lost now that Canada has come of age, but it is at once apparent that Southwestern Ontario stemmed from Britain and that London is still a predominantly English-Scotch-Irish city. In the streets, until the Second War, you never heard any other language than English, now there is a smattering of Polish, Italian, Greek, German, Dutch, but they are alien sounds which make Londoners turn and look. I have not heard French spoken twice in a year on Dundas street.

Strangers are highly amused at hearing provincial Southwestern Ontario people say "Paris, France" to distinguish it from *their* Paris. Someone asked a wandering Cockney where he came from. "London!" he said, proud of it. "London, Canada?" "No, London the whole bloody world!" he retorted, annoyed that any other place should be pretentious enough to lay claim to the name.

Growing up in Victorian days, the people of London, Canada West, did much more than that. They called their river the Thames; there is a Hyde Park, an Ealing. The Anglican cathedral is St. Paul's not far from Covent Garden Market. The streets are named nostalgically Pall Mall, Piccadilly, Cheapside, Oxford Street. Leafy, tree lined, residential Regent Street is a far cry from the original and the railway tracks cut awkwardly across Pall Mall. The river in both Londons is brown and muddy, but then so is the Danube.

When I travel to other parts of the country I hear the same observation repeated again and again. "London is wealthy; it has more millionaires per capita than any other city in Canada." Perhaps it has, and fewer poor and destitute. There are enough of each. A curious yardstick to measure a city by. Another measurement might show that it is also a rather dull, dowager, conventional place. An easy place in which to grow smug and complacent. Its citizens often mention that one of the town's great advantages is that it's easy to get out of, get out to the Lakes or to some more exciting city — two hours to Toronto or Detroit by road or rail, two and a half to Buffalo, half an hour by air to Cleveland, two hours to Montreal or New York.

Yes, unless you do get away once in a while, there is a real danger of sinking into comfortable complacency. Toronto is the popular antidote. Toronto on a fresh June day, for instance, seems urbane and elegant, a metropolis rapidly changing yet still impressively human. It makes the Londoner feel, however, like Aesop's country mouse visiting his cousin the town mouse. To walk south from the Park Plaza and the Colonnade and see the riotous flower beds and fountains amid the city's steel and stone and concrete, to turn in through the arch of the new courthouse and emerge into the plaza, the pool, the great bronze Archer under the soaring wings of the new City Hall — this is life lived at a higher level. Our courthouse was built in 1830 and we have virtually no City Hall at all.

We feel a little humble about our old familiar downtown, the 19th. century gingerbread brick buildings, repainted above and disguised below with false glass and plastic storefronts, like small towns all over America. In London only the banks are new.

Yet Aesop's fable is still true. When we are caught for an hour in Toronto's stop and go five o'clock traffic or swept along with the Indianapolis-style driving on the expressways, it is easy to be thankful one is still a country mouse. *Our* Dundas Street is at least preferrable to *theirs, our* small company of beatniks congregating like starlings in Wellington Square is a very different matter from the curious, inane pageant of Yorkville after dark. We are content to live in

Opposite: St. Paul's Cathedral.

Below: Dundas Street.

Bottom: The new semi-mall.


London, yet have excitement and splendour and sinfulness, visual and intellectual delights, the bizarre, the big, only a hundred miles away.

Ward Cornell, a Londoner whose between-period N.H.L. hockey interviews take him to Toronto once a week in winter, says, "It's sort of like taking a 'fix', stimulating. I miss the trips in the off season."

London is not a city of architectural character. As in most cities, once proud residential areas near the city's centre have declined from town house, to apartments, to tenements or trade; one area after another, pleasant to crowded, gracious to squalid, with the new residential status symbols being built farther and farther out. As in most cities, it would be far better to circumscribe the city with a ten-mile green belt and do more than talk about urban renewal. Far wiser to make a better city than a bigger one, gobbling up the flat and fertile acres of Southwestern Ontario. But what city council anywhere boldly confronts the problem?

Ours is so obviously a small town growing up, clinging to the past, emerging almost reluctantly into the restless future. The London Life Head Office is somehow symbolic of the city. It is a two-faced architectural Janus, staid traditional Greek columns on the north side facing Victoria Park, once the parade ground of the garrison where gentlemen officers inspected their troops and then went off to gentler pursuits, tea or steeplechasing or dancing at Eldon House; the other side confronting the business heart of the city with a tame and tasteful version of mid-20th. century architecture. A block away the new semi-mall on Dundas Street has removed the parked cars and meters, providing a quieter and more civilized shopping area. No breathless, headlong new schemes for London without sober thought! We are still far from ready to make an imaginative decision like Toronto's City Hall.

The most expensive new buildings are at the University. On a green and lovely riverside campus, the architecture of the University of Western Ontario is a source of pride or despair depending on your point of view.

One view — pseudo bastard collegiate gothic all in cut stone, with castellated walls and useless false buttresses, costing a fortune per square foot for classroom and broom closet alike. With deadly dull uniformity, mediaeval cathedral windows adorn the Business School and tiny leaded glass panes disguise the Engineering Building in a nuclear fission age — a university of the mind denying any architectural ideas since the 14th. century. The opposing view was expressed in a Free Press editorial which declared, in effect, "What's good enough for Oxford and Cambridge is good enough for us!"

The university's curious hunger for

Opposite: Downtown London and the forks of the Thames.

Top left: Playgoers at a Little Theatre performance.

Above: Covent Garden market.

outward prestige and its honest search for real quality of spirit has lately added a major event to the already considerable cultural life of London. Its Spring Festival now housed in the new Alumni Hall, brings together George Szell and the Cleveland Symphony and major performers such as Risë Stevens, Van Cliburn and Marian Anderson to the city once a year. London has its own symphony Orchestra, not quite the equal of Cleveland's, and the R.C.R. Band which supplies valuable woodwind musicians to the orchestra and to several chamber music groups. A Weimar touch is added to the musical season by Gordon Jeffery's privately owned Aeolian Hall with its baroque organ and its Bach Festivals.

For well over a hundred years, ever since London was a garrison town, its citizens have had an inordinate interest in play going and play making. It's odd there have been so few major contributions to the theatre. Hume Cronyn, of course, was one and Alexander Knox. (We hearties of the football team used to scorn Alex Knox at university, scheming to put itching powder in his Hamlet tights). The London Little Theatre has been an almost unbelievable success for the past 25 years. In the 1940's what other city in America could boast that one-tenth of its population were paid-up subscribers to its Little Theatre season? Then, as now, there were about 10,000 members. Not without effort, of course — effort to purchase the fine old 1,000 seat Grand Theatre; effort to maintain it and refurbish it and add a proper workshop; to build up a permanent professional staff of five; to recruit over the years thousands of actors and directors and dancers and seamstresses and property and make-up people, member canvassers and financial advisers to keep it operating in the black. Eight plays a year mean ten performances each and endless rehearsals.

Of course, keeping 10,000 subscribers by providing palatable entertainment courts the disdain of the avant-garde and the iconoclasts who feel that Brecht and Albee are theatre, while *West Side Story* and *The Glass Menagerie* and *A Man for All Seasons* are only crowd pleasers pandering to the 10,000. To meet such criticisms and still pay the bills for their fine theatre, a Second Theatre now operates in a converted loft which seats a hundred. Here can be presented Genêt, Ionesco, the experimental, the home-made, the theatre of the absurd.

Like most Canadian history, London's own story has been communicated to generations of school children with little color or imagination. Grandparents harking back to the past usually get no further than the Donnelly murders or Guy Lombardo and his long underwear boys at Port Stanley, playing "the sweetest music this side of heaven." Years ago the Lombardos used to come home from Cleveland or Chicago in their racy Stutz Bearcats. They don't often return now,

but they are still regarded as a London possession.

From the time I was a boy I remember hearing of the great flood of 1883 and of the Victoria disaster on the 24th. of May, 1881 when 200 people were drowned in the sinking of a little pleasure steamer on the shallow muddy Thames which I could throw a stone across. But I was never told of the stirring events of December 1838, around our picturesque Courthouse, when 40 prisoners, chained together, were brought in sleighs from Windsor after a skirmish on the border. With the 32nd. Regiment of Foot quartered across Dundas Street, they were kept in the basement of the Courthouse until their trials began on December 27th. Six were hanged in the public square right there on Ridout Street, 16 were transported to Van Dieman's Land, the rest (except one who was set free) were banished.

I would have been thrilled and chilled to hear about all this, especially as there was no T.V., no Bonanza, no Time Tunnel when I was going to school.

There are many achievements to claim — the brewery John Labatt started over a hundred years ago, and Sir John Carling's brewery now moved away completely. On a grimy brick wall opposite the new C.N. station one can still read the faded lettering "John McClary, Wagons and Carriages." The wagons and carriages gave way to stoves and kettles, the black-country style factory was pulled down to make way for the new downtown Wellington Square shopping mall, and McClary's has become General Steel Wares. All Londoners are proud to claim Sandy Somerville the golfer and most, even the Liberals, are proud to have a local boy, John Robarts, as Premier of Ontario. Fewer know that Canada's brilliant ambassador to Russia, Robert Ford, is a Londoner.

Every school child is taught that John Graves Simcoe selected this place at the forks of the Thames in 1792 as an ideal site for the capital of Upper Canada. It has had to settle for a less official position but it is still the focal centre of the richest agricultural area in Canada. Celery growers, tobacco growers, cattlemen, dairymen, quarry men, general farmers, small town shopkeepers and the shopping wives of all of them converge on this city from a hundred miles around. And the city itself — a city of 200,000, a city of trees and parks — is the home of many diversified secondary industries, makers of shoes and appliances and stockings and brass goods, lithographers, branches of American industry, G.M. Diesel, 3M, Kellogg's, Kelvinator and a dozen others. The school boy can laboriously draw in symbols of almost any agricultural or industrial activity on his map of the area and not be far wrong.

All these things are London. All these things are ours. Talent and shrewdness and hard work and Nature herself have reserved for us this comfortable pew.

I am reminded of Rupert Brook extolling his village of Granchester, comparing it with other less fortunate towns; ". . . Cambridge people rarely smile,
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile; . . .
And Ditton girls are mean and dirty,

Opposite page: University of Western Ontario campus.

The Engineering School (left) and the School of Business Administration (below), at the University of Western Ontario.

And there's none in Harston under thirty,
And folks in Shelford and those parts
Have twisted lips and twisted hearts . . .
But Granchester! ah, Granchester!
There's peace and holy quiet there, . . ."

Well, Londoners hardly feel so strongly about other Canadian cities and towns, but still, in St. John's, Newfoundland you can't ripen a tomato and the meanest frame house costs $19,000; Hamilton is a gritty steel town; Winnipeg so flat; Windsor so American; Sarnia pollutes the air; Quebec is a city of yesterday, of history, and also a city of tourists and souvenirs; Vancouver is beautiful, vigorous, pulsating, but parochial, isolated, and given to drug addiction; the new face of Montreal is exciting but one can hear the distant rumblings of racial war drums.

See how easy it is for Londoners to sink into smug complacency?


## *"There are strangers in town now and we must acce*

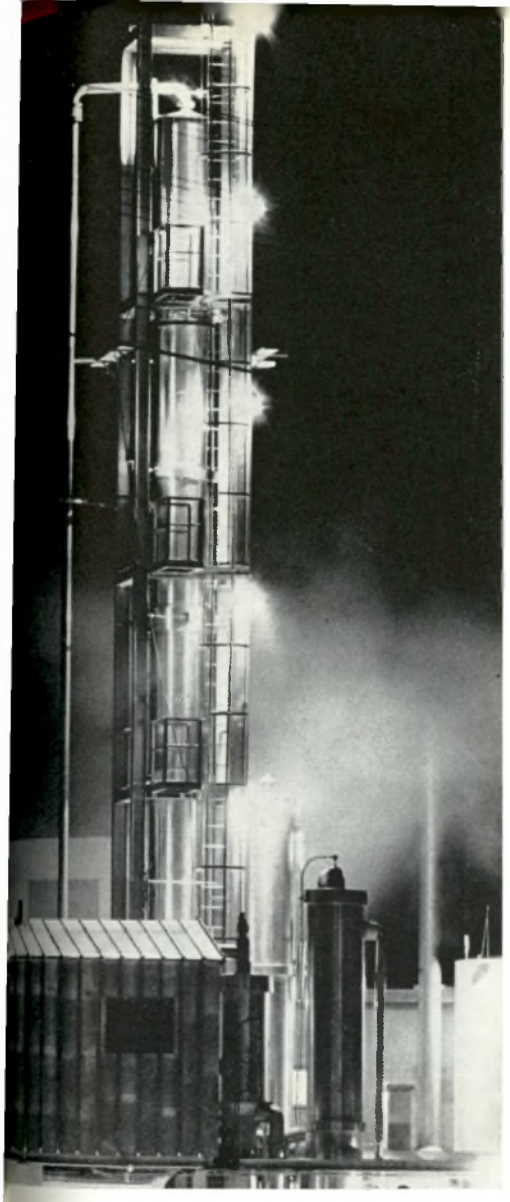
Our cedar skiff tugs restlessly against the anchor bridle heaving to the rolling chop of restless Lake Nipissing. In the other end of the boat, hooded in a winter parka against the raw breeze, my son huddles over his fishing pole. Between us, the icy water in the minnow bucket slops to and fro in counter tempo to the waves surging against our prow. A tardy June sun makes ready to slip down beyond the wave-lapped horizon.

Our skiff is one in a flotilla lined in loose formation a few hundred yards off the sandy beach. To the north and south of us, as far as the eye can see, other tiny boats bob up and down. Soon but not just yet, the evening will be cut with the angry grout of outboard motors as the fishermen decide to call it a night.

Half encompassing the cockleshell fleet are the arms of our city. North Bay cloaks the slope down to the water's edge. The crest of the ridge is still clad in evergreens but these slowly recede in the city's glacial progress up the escarpment.

Beyond the ridge lies 450 miles of rock, lakeland, moose pasture and forest. A railway line meanders towards arctic tidewater on James Bay and along it, like loosely strung beads, half a dozen towns represent sixty years of colonizing effort.

In our boat, my adolescent son and I have prime seats for the sights and sounds of the adolescent city at sunset. Cheers rise and fall from the community ballpark and from the railway yards



# NORTH BAY

by Leonard J. Parker

*e fact that we will never get to meet most of them."*

comes the chain thundering of empty boxcars being bunted about by whining diesels.

Little in this scene has changed since the days of the city's childhood. The boats, the ball game and the boxcars are all as they were fifty years ago when North Bay was a thriving, God-fearing railway community, proud of the courthouse in bricklayer's gothic and the dome-topped brick pile which housed the normal school.

You can sense today that North Bay has upon it the fitfulness of adolescence; not at all too certain it wishes to leave behind those days of innocent youth and unlocked doors. There are strangers in town now and we must accept the fact that we will never get to meet most of them.

No longer is a shopping errand a social event. Strange policemen stroll on the Main Street, their dubious eyes upon everyone. The traffic rolls ever more heavily with deference towards none. The hardware store still stocks globes for coal oil lamps in various standard sizes and there is time for an exchange of opinions on the home team's chances while a transaction is underway. But across the street in the trust company office, the receptionist, an alien in her lacquer, rouge, false eyelashes, false hairpiece and false bosom, carries out her duties in glazed-eye anonymity.

The arms and legs of our sprouting city jut gawkily beyond their cuffs out

Left Top: Downtown North Bay decorated with the Canadian and Centennial flags.

Right Top: A night shot of a chemical plant in the east end which resembles Cape Kennedy prior to a launch.

into the surrounding townships where swamp, bald rock and sand plains at last yield a cash crop for their owners . . . prime building lots. In the mushrooming suburbs, rudely awakened township councils strive to comprehend the complexities of community planning with all its ramifications.

But even yet, in my adolescent city, the home team play-offs necessitate an early adjournment of the council meeting and the building of a new arena generates more excitement in the leadership bloc than does the founding of a university. In this bloc is the second generation of those storekeepers, real estate salesmen and others whose businesses passed on to their families. Through the Rotary Club and the IODE and other prime agencies of city leadership, they have rotated Anglo-Saxon aplomb to take their turn on council and civic boards.

Their era is fast fading. Civic politics grows less and less the gentleman's hobby, giving way to the talented vote garnerers.

Professionalism seeps rapidly into many other fields. No longer do the aldermen casually drop off council to assume the job of city works superintendent, assessor, welfare administrator of some other municipal department.

In the social and civic forums, the doctors, lawyers and divines now have accountants, architects, foresters and doctors of geology to dispute their once-oracular pronouncements on everything from geo-politics on down. And these are but as scouts forewarning of the brigades of university-trained men and women of North Bay's third generation soon to come marching home in ten times the strength witnessed in their father's day.

Sometimes it is difficult to remember that North Bay, a city more in name than anything else, was mostly gravel streets scarcely a decade ago; that one police car could adequately maintain the peace; and that one set of signal lights could control the traffic.

The brickwork is mouldering on the Victorian-era façades along Main Street and the shopping centres in the suburbs sap the lifeblood from the heart of the city. The stately old homes nearby on the tree-shaded streets stand vacant with ever-growing frequency, too hard to heat, too hard to clean, too hard to sell in the era of mobility.

From the Federal and provincial governments came the nudges, the cajolery and, where necessary, the stern fatherly orders that made our adolescent city move on towards its destiny. The fatherly bankroll, doled out in earmarked amounts, helped smooth the transition. The firm paternal arm brushed aside the obstacles and juvenile misgivings to establish the community planning, the traffic arteries, the utilities, and the public health, education and

Left Opposite: Railway sounds in the city are a part of everyday life. The railways of Canada cross at North Bay and many local people have spent their entire lives working for this major industry.

Right Opposite: An explosives manufacturing plant where much experimental work is also carried out.

welfare measures where previously penny-wise policies of local autonomy had often sought to patch and re-patch a sadly-worn fabric.

The normal school is now a teachers' college and for company it has a university college, a technological institute and a school of nursing. And if these don't suffice there are other institutions only an hour or two away down the broad highways.

A new crop of educated youth is blooming, taking over with sure and certain hands the destiny of the community. The workers from the new mills and factories, the personnel from the big armed forces bases will follow their leadership in the revolution, more willing perhaps than conservative railroaders to gamble today's wants against tomorrow's security.

The first sowing of the electronic era, this crop of educated young people carry with them a more pragmatic approach, contrasting to the insularity of their parents. They know there are other places as fair and that people are much the same the world over. If they relate less to the old home town, it is because they relate more to all the world.

My son is growing up with the city. The year he was born saw construction start on the first of the new subdivisions, the television station started operation and the highway by-pass took the through traffic off Main Street. Before he could walk, the city had hired a professional engineer to superintend its projects, and work started on a second high school. Each year of his life has seen another major milestone passed in the evolution of North Bay. By the time he is old enough to vote, the city will have changed beyond recognition from the days of his infancy. Only the lake will remain unchanged, rolling restlessly as it does this evening, and as it did when Champlain saw it lapping the shores so many centuries ago.

Top Right: A Bomarc missile installation.

Above: Some of the older houses date back to the 1800's and are still used as homes. Tree-shaded streets grace other residences.

Left: The city is situated on the shores of Lake Nipissing — known for its good fishing. Tourist operators can also lay claim to some of the finest beaches to be found anywhere.

# PORT ARTHUR-FORT WILLIAM

"Neither do they understand that a community with a unique Northern personality and élan has evolved quite separately and differently from that produced by the Southern Ontario strand."

by Irene Dawson

The twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William are located on the north west shore of Lake Superior at the geographic centre of Canada. Fort William, built on the flat surface of a river delta has the look of a western town with its wide streets and low buildings. Port Arthur, "the hill city" clings with careless charm to the terraced slopes of a low hill that rises from the lake. These are northern cities, nestled in the curve of the Canadian shield in a setting of boreal forest and lakes. On three sides are hundreds of miles of sparsely inhabited wilderness while the fourth overlooks the terrible beauty of the largest inland sea in the world.

The glacier scarred landscape is dominated by the Norwesters, an ancient mountain range that today forms a series of low basaltic mesas and cuestas. The Lakehead harbours are protected by the great promontory of Thunder Cape. This rock mass has eroded over the centuries until it appears to form the outline of a sleeping figure that Indian mythology considers to be the home of Nanibijou — the sleeping giant. There is no softness or pliable aspect to the scene but rather an indomitable quality of respect and awe.

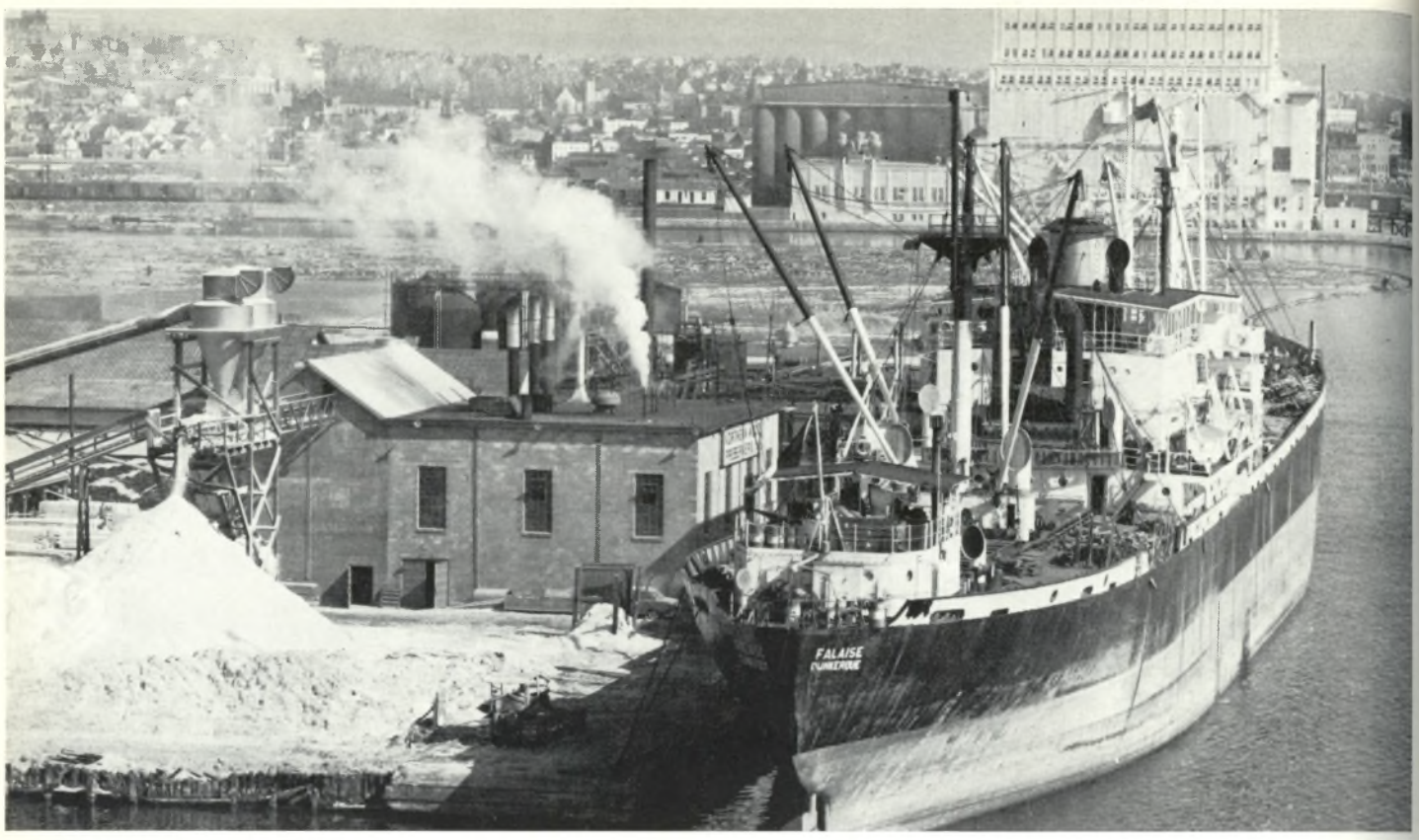
The climate is as rigorous as the landscape. Because of a protracted period of below freezing temperatures the harbours are frozen solid for several months of the year, spring is cool and drawn out while the delightful temperate summer and fall seem too short in comparison. In compensation however, the winter days are filled with sunshine and day after day there is an apparent limitless expanse of brilliant blue sky. The location of the lakehead cities has been inhabited by the white man from the 17th. century when the coureurs des bois established a fort to facilitate westward movement of the fur trade. Today, although the range of goods and commodities has multiplied and diversified, its raison d'être is essentially the same.

The first fort, Fort Camanistigoyon was built on this site by Dulhut, the French explorer in 1678. A more substantial French Fort, Kaministikwia was erected in 1717.

The North West Company began construction of a new fort in 1800 which was completed in 1803 and renamed Fort William in honour of the Chief Superintendent of the company, William McGillivray. After the unification of the North West Company with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, the fort became one of the chief trading centres of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Port Arthur had its beginning as a supply depot for surveyor and road builder Simon J. Dawson. Mr. Dawson

"The harbour is a giant industrial complex . . . Twenty-six huge grain elevators with a capacity of 110 million bushels service this largest grain port in the world." In the background are shipyards and a paper plant.




A seaport in the heart of a continent, the Lakehead funnels raw materials from the North and West for shipping around the world. Here, a French ship is being serviced in Port Arthur.

had been employed by the Province of Canada in 1857/1858 and later by the Federal government following Confederation in 1867, to survey and build the proposed colonization road from the "Depot" on Lake Superior to the Red River settlement in the west. Colonel Garnet Wolseley's expeditionary force to maintain order in that settlement, made use of Dawson's road in 1870 as a route to Fort Garry. Colonel Wolseley renamed the "Depot", Prince Arthur's Landing in honour of Queen Victoria's son. Port Arthur and Fort William were both incorporated as cities in 1907 and together are referred to as the Canadian Lakehead.

The Lakehead is Canada's mid-continent seaport, the western terminus of the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes waterway. The harbour is a giant industrial complex combining private enterprise and government in a partnership that is vital to the national economy. Twenty-six huge grain elevators with a capacity of 110 million bushels service this largest grain port in the world.

At this pivotal location linking East and West, manufactured goods from Eastern Canada, the United States and Europe move into the growing consumer market of Western Canada. By far the biggest share of the port's business involves Canadian raw materials being exported to international customers. An iron ore dock loads millions of tons of ore each year from mines at Atikokan 100 miles to the west, and five massive pulp and paper mills on the shores of the harbour manufacture and ship tons of newsprint annually.

The area is also the centre of a growing complex of primary and secondary industry — forest products, machinery, petroleum products and even subway cars. Tourism may also be classed as a secondary industry of importance. Last summer visitors filled to near capacity the cities' motels, hotels and adjacent camping areas. In the fall thousands of American hunters set new records for moose bagged in the area and the winter, each year, sees an increase in the number of visitors using the cities' ski slopes.

This brief historic and economic sketch does not impart the unique character and flavour of the cities. As a person who has lived in Port Arthur for only six years those qualities which give it its distinction have not yet become


Some years ago it was common practice for business firms to take wagers and offer prizes to citizens coming closest to guessing the opening date of navigation in the spring. The use of the government icebreaker since the second world war has pretty well put an end to such speculation, however interest in the opening of the harbour still had a strong emotional appeal. The coming of the icebreaker followed by a long line of lakeships meant we were once again in touch with the populous, rich and sophisticated parts of Canada and scores of citizens went down to the harbour to watch her come in. In the past few years interest has waned, however. At best it is now no more than an economic consideration. The general consensus, here, is that those "Down East" are not aware of this vibrant community. Neither do they understand that a community with a unique Northern personality and élan has evolved quite separately and differently from that produced by the Southern Ontario strand.

Top, left: Unloading grain from the West.

Below: Logs being piled up at one of the several pulp and paper companies in the area.

blurred through familiarity and it appears to me that the ethos of the Lakehead is determined almost entirely by its isolated geographic location and topographic and climatic conditions.

The nearest Canadian cities of any size are Winnipeg, 450 miles to the west and Toronto, 875 miles to the south east. The lakehead cities have a combined population of 100,000 — a population large enough to support local and imported cultural and entertainment activities. We have a viable economy and so are in a position to attract and keep business and professional men in the area. We can support a variety of schools, including a university providing intellectual stimulation within the community. Indeed a general factor of our isolation is independence as opposed to the dependence generally common to small isolated communities. This isolation, originated by our physical location particularly since we are so distant from the provincial capital, is now maintained by our economic and social independence. Perhaps once a year we may admit to a bit of nostalgic yearning for closer contact with other parts of Canada, but even this is changing.

The old Port Arthur Collegiate.

The Lakehead community does have one aspect in common with a similarly sized community in Southern Ontario in that its economic decisions and social mores are still set by the prosperous middle class business and professional man. The tone is cautious, reactionary and curiously Victorian. These well-to-do social leaders of the community tend, as they do in most Canadian cities to live in one area. This is even more localized here because the bush country which surrounds the cities tends to discourage country estate living and exclusive suburban development. Lack of serviced roads into many of the beautiful surrounding Lakes means that select summer resort areas are opened up and maintained by this group for their exclusive use so that winter and summer they depend on each other socially with little interaction with the rest of the community.

In this connection there is in one way a status quality in the Lakehead that has resulted in an easily discernable capsuling of other socio-economic and ethnic groups. The population growth has generally been the result of the needs of an existing industry or institution looking for workers in such fields as forestry, mining, transportation and related industries. The result is that immigration does little to change the tone of the community but rather the newcomer is fitted into a predetermined group. On the outskirts of Fort William is the Mission Reserve, an Indian reservation. These people are segregated not only by substandard economic conditions but by the very nature of the reserve system.

There is a large Finnish population as well as Italian and Ukranian in lesser numbers, so in a restricted sense the area may be considered cosmopolitan. But these ethnic groups continue to reinforce their separateness by marrying partners from the mother country and by actively supporting their own well organized cultural activities.

There is an exciting new influence beginning to make itself felt throughout the area. This influence eminates from Lakehead University in Port Arthur. In this community that has hewed its existence out of a hostile natural environment, intellectual activities have been viewed with some suspicion or at least tolerated as a respectable hobby. But now the imagination of the people has been captured and the pride that has previously stemmed from our rugged frontier condition now extends to its university. The university had its beginning as a technical institute after the second world war. In 1965 it achieved university status and began granting degrees in arts and science. It is now in the throes of a twenty-three million dollar expansion program to be completed by 1970.

But the university group, too, may be viewed as an entity. This is partly because of the "intellectual" nature of their occupation but more specifically because the bulk of the faculty have lived in the community for only a short time and in a university sponsored housing subdivision, so they naturally look to each other for social contacts.

One cannot forget that even the university is a northern institution. One of the first rules in the new residence was that students must not skin animals in their rooms. The ground breaking ceremony for the new science and technology complex was conducted with much pomp and ceremony this April and included as the guest of honour a

Kakabeka Falls, near Fort William.

distinguished English nobleman — however it was necessary to "break" the ground with a dynamite blast in this still frozen north.

The community continues to be one of contrasts. In a well appointed bar featuring imported entertainment there are conservatively dressed businessmen side by side with a jackbooted individual wearing a plaid shirt and bush jacket who may well be a wealthy timber operator or mining promoter. In the glossy sterile shopping plazas an old prospector with his pack on his back may still be seen replenishing his stock of staples. In a large department store the clerks identify personally with their customers rather than with the business of their employers and offer one items that are just as good but less expensive. In the fall the common question is, "Did you get your moose yet?" and it is not surprising to hear formally gowned ladies at the military ball discussing the difficulties of getting bush boots in womens' sizes.

Here in the Canadian Lakehead, there is a vitality and a sense of satisfaction that is the result of its citizens knowing that their cities have been built through their own efforts from a frontier settlement within the memory of living generations.

# SAINT-BONIFACE

de Marius Benoist

***"Pour bien atteindre les qualités locales, il faut s'abandonner à la pente d'une rêverie bien avertie de la succession des événements"*** ***Maurice Barrès***

La ville de Saint-Boniface ne serait rien de plus que ce qu'à certains moments et par certains côtés elle peut nous sembler être, n'était ce qui lui restera toujours un peu — sinon beaucoup — du fait d'un passé, pas tellement grandiose mais où l'on trouve quand même de bien jolies particularités.

Ce qui nous restera, à nous bonifaciens, du fait de ce passé, restera surtout tapi au fin fond des coeurs mais saura s'exprimer à l'occasion plus ou moins heureusement parfois, mais toujours avec affection. Et puis, ce qui nous reste du fait de ce passé n'est pas sans se révéler en certains endroits de la ville par ce qu'on y voit encore. Allez plutôt musarder aux abords de la cathédrale, par beau temps de préférence. Vous ignoreriez tout de ce qui s'est passé là que vous sentiriez quand même que là sont sûrement arrivées bien des choses. Il vous suffirait de connaître ces choses pour être en mesure de bien atteindre nos qualités locales par cette rêverie bien avertie dont parle Barrès.

Un beau monument vous rappelle que LaVérendrye passa bien en vue de chez nous s'il n'y a pas mis pied à terre. Très beau monument. Inscription latine plus belle encore: "Istas invenit terras easque humanitati et fidei aperuit." Il fallait découvrir d'abord, c'est certain; quant à instaurer de façon quelque peu valable la civilisation et la foi dans nos parages il faudrait attendre Provencher. Quelle tâche on lui imposait à ce brave curé de Kamouraska! Il hésitait à l'assumer, se croyant de peu de vertu, saint prêtre qu'il était, se disant de plus inculte et sans talent, ce en quoi il exagérait beaucoup. Et voilà que ce pauvre homme qui se considérait bien terre à terre, n'avait pas encore fini de se construire une méchante cabane de troncs d'arbres qu'il enseignait déjà le catéchisme, bien sûr, mais . . . ma foi! oui, le latin.

"Humanitati et fidei" dit l'inscription. Le sens de fidei est clair. Humanitati peut être civilisation mais aussi bien humanisme. Il se trouve que Provencher en plus d'avoir été notre premier prêtre, notre premier évêque, notre premier instituteur, notre premier civilisateur, fut aussi — puisque latin il y a — notre premier humaniste.

Parler humanisme en pareil endroit, en pareil temps, quelle anomalie! Songez qu'il n'y avait ici ni ville, ni village, pas

A gauche, la Basilique de Saint-Boniface.

Mgr PROVENCHER, premier évêque de Saint-Boniface (1787-1853).

même un hameau; que quelques mois plus tôt, avant que Provencher ne l'eut nommé Saint-Boniface, ce n'était pas même un lieu dit. Et pourtant, le brave homme qui se croyait d'esprit borné, venait de mettre en train ce qui ferait de la mission d'abord, du village ensuite, enfin de notre ville, un lieu où souffle l'esprit!

Il ne s'agit bien sûr pas d'une nouvelle Athènes, d'une nouvelle Ville Lumière, mais il s'agit d'un lieu où pendant bien longtemps on vint de bien loin pour s'initier aux arts libéraux. Un lieu qui pendant bien longtemps tout autant que centre spirituel de tous les catholiques de l'Ouest canadien, fut le centre intellectuel de tous les Canadiens français du pays. C'était le lieu où s'étaient trouvés notre première école, notre premier collège tout autant que notre première église, notre première cathédrale. Et tout cela dès avant la fin du règne de l'humble et grand Provencher. C'était le lieu où les missionnaires venus du lointain Bas-Canada ou de la plus lointaine France s'arrêteraient pour s'acclimater un peu, pour s'initier aux langues sauvages, aux manières du pays avant de partir à la recherche de catéchumènes parfois bien revêches, souvent intéressés mais bien peu observants. Quelques-uns de ces missionnaires ne reverraient jamais leur pays natal, mais tous reviendraient souvent à Saint-Boniface car c'était là qu'était la maison du père où l'on revenait quand le fardeau avait été par trop lourd, la tâche trop ardue, les résultats pas trop consolants et que l'on avait besoin de réconfort et de consolation.

Saint-Boniface serait longtemps centre missionnaire qu'il serait encore civilement bien amorphe, vu sa population tellement instable. Descendants de coureurs de bois ou de voyageurs canadiens, invétérés nomades, et de femmes issues de ces tribus indiennes éternellement errantes, rien ne prédisposait les métis à la vie sédentaire. Aussi, venu le temps des grandes chasses, ils partaient, hommes, femmes et enfants pour ne revenir qu'au bout de quelques mois, sinon l'année suivante. Mais ils revenaient. C'était quand même chez eux ici.

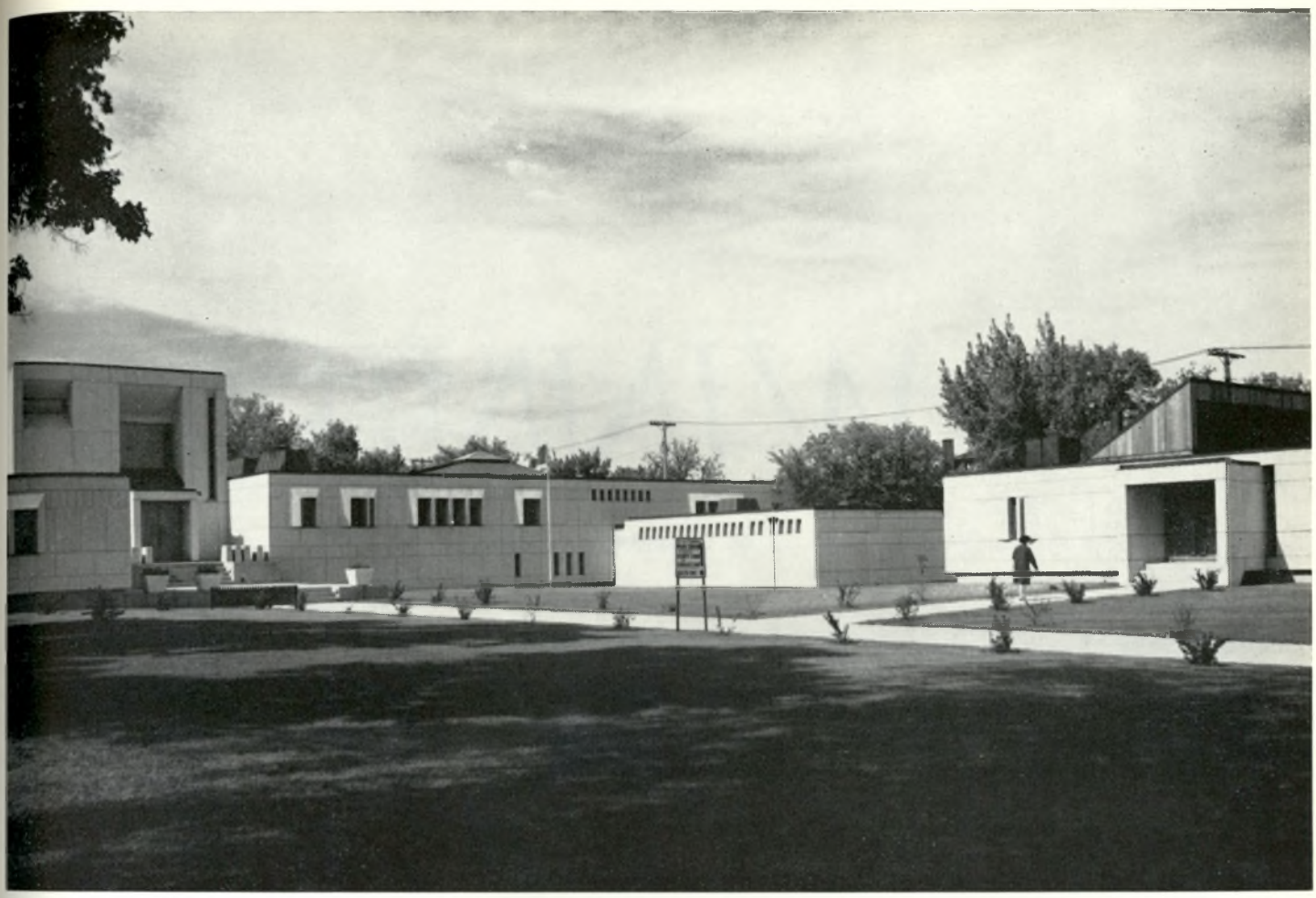
Graduellement ils se mirent à cultiver la terre, surtout que leur gibier favori, le bison, s'éloignait toujours pour disparaître enfin. Et puis, bien des Canadiens du Québec — cultivateurs ceux-là — étaient venus s'établir le long de la Rivière Rouge et donnaient le bon exemple. Une ère nouvelle commençait.

Sitôt la province du Manitoba créée, il nous était venu des messieurs, avocats, notaires, médecins, fonctionnaires, commerçants dont le savoir-vivre était remarquable. Il se trouvait même que quelques-uns étaient d'assez fins lettrés. Tous — ou presque — étaient au moins de bonne compagnie. Si bien que des visiteurs de marque s'étonneront de trouver une société d'aussi bon ton en un lieu si éloigné de tout.

La fortune y était pour bien peu. On ne fut jamais très riche chez nous. C'était par goût que l'on était ainsi, et ce goût n'allait pas sans celui de la culture.

N'est-il pas surprenant, que dès 1834, alors que notre collège n'avait même pas encore son propre toit, on y trouvait sept latinistes, parlant sauteux, et cri, et suivant des cours de grammaire française, latine et anglaise. On ne sera peut-être pas moins surpris d'apprendre qu'en 1900 nos collégiens jouaient une tragédie de Sophocle — en grec s'il vous plaît! Il faut dire qu'alors les jésuites dirigeaient notre collège depuis une di-

L'hôtel de ville, siège de l'administration municipale, dont l'architecture rappelle une époque déjà passée.



Ce centre civique, construit récemment en annexe à l'hôtel de ville, renferme quelques-uns des services municipaux.

zaine d'années.

Il ne faudrait tout de même pas croire que Saint-Boniface n'était rien autre qu'une gentilhommière où tous les citoyens étaient des érudits. Il y avait chez nous, comme partout, beaucoup de braves gens qui ne jouaient pas Philoctète, qui ne savaient de latin que ce qu'ils en chantaient à l'église, dont la politesse réelle n'était pas très formaliste, dont le langage pour n'avoir pas la finesse de celui de ces messieurs, était tout de même très français, sinon très correct, et dont les sentiments, à tout prendre, n'étaient pas moins nobles.

De ceux-là aussi, il nous restera quelque chose et comme de leurs concitoyens plus classés, ce seront qualités autant que défauts.

Oh! ce n'est évidemment pas tout cela qui nous a valu des immenses cours à bestiaux — les plus grandes du monde, dit-on — d'énormes abattoirs que par euphémisme on appelle salaisons, ce n'est pas tout cela qui nous a valu une gigantesque cour de triage — la plus grande de l'Empire britannique, je crois — et des raffineries de pétrole, des minoteries, des usines de toutes sortes. Tout ceci nous est venu — il serait bien long de dire pourquoi et comment. Disons tout simplement que c'était inévitable, la vie moderne l'exige. Ajoutons que nous nous sommes prêtés à toutes ces entreprises pas trop à contre coeur, encore que sachant fort bien que nous y perdrions quelque peu. Mais nous ne perdrons pas tout; il nous restera toujours quelques qualités particulières que nous tenons de cette succession des événements dont — selon Barrès — il faut être bien avertis.

# WINNIPEG

by Christopher Dafoe

# "The real Winnipeg is an idea, a mood, a way of being."

"Ah," said the man on the ferry crossing over to Victoria, "you're from Winnipeg. Too bad." While I blanched he spoke on of bitter winds and temperatures of forty below zero, frozen feet and spring floods. In the rain and fog ahead we could just see the green of the island rising up out of the sea.

The man in Toronto frowned. "Winnipeg? I was born there. Escaped 20 years ago. Haven't been back since. Move to Toronto if you get the chance. Continual residence in Winnipeg is a badge of failure."

In San Francisco they asked me if the Indians were hostile and whether it was true, as they had heard, that Winnipeg men shot buffalo to provide meat for their families.

Last May Day, with snow drifts thick upon the streets of my city and a savage wind roaring out of the north, I walked along Portage Avenue frozen to the bone and vowed to leave this frightful place at the earliest opportunity. Thousands of other Winnipeggers, I suspect, were making themselves the same promise. These vows are made annually as winter drags on into late spring and if they were all kept, Winnipeg would long ago have vanished from the map and the empty prairie would have returned once again to claim that sweep of rolling land where the Red and the Assiniboine unite for the final dash into Lake Winnipeg.

Some people, in fact, do leave; each year sees a major exodus, but more

Top: The first engine in Manitoba landed at Winnipeg in Oct., 1877. Locomotive No. 1 and a train of six flat cars were brought in by the steamer "Selkirk."

Above: Main Street, Winnipeg, about 1903.

The new City Hall.

arrive and put down roots and the city manages to hold its own. There are families here whose ancestors first shivered and froze in the winter of 1812-1813.

Winnipeg first came to life because of its waterways, the Red and the Assiniboine. It prospered because it was a crossroads on the great water-routes from east to west and from north to south. Steamboats chugged down the river from Minneapolis and St. Paul and before they came to shatter the air with the shrill cry of their whistles, fur traders from new France swept past in their canoes, headed for the Indian country. Then river transport declined, the railroad came through and prairie enthusiasts claimed that Winnipeg would be the new Chicago.

A hundred years rolled on from the day when the Selkirk Settlers first gazed with dismay at the grim-looking autumn land they had come to. The town was called by many names: Fort Garry, Red River, Winnipeg. The city grew, but Chicago's reputation remained secure. People stopped worrying about whether the population would reach a million. They hadn't come because of climate or size, but because human necessity had compelled them. The Scots came in 1812 because there was no place for them at home. The French came for reasons of business. The Jews arrived because there were no pogroms and because their children could be educated. The Ukrainians came because the old land was unkind to them. Here they could farm and do business unmolested. The climate was extreme but they got used to it and made the best of it. Bitterly cold in the winter, burning hot in the summer, it was simply a matter of changing your clothes and getting on with the job.

The character of Winnipeg was formed by its climate and by its location in the world. The nearest great city is five hundred miles away and so Winnipeg has to be everything to all its people. The city wasn't planned; it just happened because nature and circumstance said that it must be so.

Beyond the buffer that isolates Winnipeg from the rest of the world, rumors abound that the city on the Red is a place of vast spaces, endless vistas and yawn-producing expanses of dry grass and scrub. This may, indeed, have been true eighty years ago, but the city of half a million that has spread out from the forks has altered the nature of its setting. Trees were once reluctant to grow here but now the streets and parks are green in summer with large spreading elms and oaks. Patches of solid green relieve the coldness of brick and mortar in the city's ever-changing centre and in the residential areas old trees meet like

arches over the streets.

Nature, in a fairly frugal mood, withheld the breath-taking glories it lavished on Vancouver and Victoria and so men have taken on the task of giving nature a push. The result, while it can never hope to make Winnipeg famous as a beauty-spot, is comfortable and pleasant. Having planted most of our trees ourselves, we are reluctant to part with any of them. Near riots resulted when insolent authority attempted to remove a friendly old elm that grew in the centre of a fairly busy residential street.

The case of the famous elm, in fact, gives partial indication of what Winnipeg is and what sort of people live here. Winnipeggers are in favour of progress, but they want to know in advance its price in economic and aesthetic terms. If, for example, a row of trees must fall in order to make traffic flow more smoothly, most Winnipeggers would opt for an occasional traffic jam.

People in Toronto are always telling me how much their city resembles New York in its style and attitudes. Such a desire for comparison with foreign places seems to be absent in Winnipeg. The old dream of a second Chicago died long ago and even before the First World War a sense of place and a sense of identity was strong in Winnipeg. Far removed from direct external influences, the city took on a style and colour of its own. A centre of trade as ordained by the facts of history and commerce, it became, too, a centre of independent thought. Remote

The Grain Exchange and the marshalling yards are among the largest in the world.

The creation of a park north of the Legislative Buildings produced a green oasis in the centre of a built-up section of the city. The famous Golden Boy can be seen on the dome of the Legislature.

from the world, it took, nevertheless, a keen interest in world affairs. This interest was reflected, and continues to be reflected in both its newspapers, particularly in the Free Press which long ago assumed an importance in Canadian affairs hardly related to the city's size or its economic influence.

Outsiders are surprised to hear we have a professional ballet company, a prospering professional theatre and a symphony orchestra, but Winnipeggers accept them as a matter of course. Canadian performers who play to half-filled houses in the east become stars when they step out onto a stage in Winnipeg, for Winnipeg is strongly Canadian. It is pleased by foreign approval but it long ago learned to live without it.

A vast garden in the summer, Winnipeg becomes a chilled battleground during the endless winters. By March the filthy snow and the frost-pocked roads have convinced, or almost convinced, us that Winnipeg should never have been built, that our grandfathers were fools to leave the comforts of Eastern Canada and Europe to build a city in this no-man's-land. Three golden spring days can transform the city from a house of dust to a palace of hope and beauty. During the long months of cold, however, we are reminded again and again that Winnipeg, in many ways, was not designed to exist in such an unfriendly place. The naked streets of winter seem vast and gloomy, the wind roars along Portage Avenue while hurrying citizens fairly scream with the cold. The winter streets, in fact, should be underground but, after a hundred years, we are only beginning to see this fact clearly. In a few years the area around Portage and Main will be replete with underground shops and promenades and the cold streets above will be left to the wind and the ice. One hears talk too, from time to time, of an enormous plastic dome to cover the city and bring in eternal summer.

The heart of the city is changing too. Old residential areas, once filled with proud Victorian homes, are being smashed to powder to make way for cold, clean, sanitary high-rise apartments that are rapidly thrusting up like swords against the blue prairie sky. Some of us cannot pretend to be pleased. Too often elegance has been pushed aside to make room for functional vulgarity; too often

trees have been up-rooted to make room for car parks.

The face of the main streets has also altered. Grubby wooden shops that disfigured whole stretches of Portage Avenue have given way to monolithic office blocks that are, if they are not beautiful, at least clean. The uninspired vista at the corner of Portage and Main is being demolished to make room for a plaza complete with skyscrapers.

Some of the prospects, then, are pleasing, but Winnipeggers, who have learned to endure much, are prepared to be sceptical. Change is not worshipped for itself alone. Talk, after all, is cheap. If all the building projects announced in hope over the past twenty years had, in fact, been carried out, the city might, by now, extend almost as far west as Regina.

People, in the end, make a city what it is. The real Winnipeg is an idea, a mood, a way of being. Winnipeg is a combination of contradictions and hard cold facts. It is a city with a life and a spirit of its own.

Top: Members of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet at practice.

Above: Controllers in the Winnipeg International Airport tower.

*Child of Confederation*

# REGINA

by E. N. Davis

Ottawa was a thriving community when chosen to be the new nation's capital. But in 1867, the site destined for Saskatchewan's capital — now a bustling and growing city of 130,000 — was an unmarked spot in the virtually empty prairie wilderness, then the domain of the Hudson's Bay Company.

There wasn't even a trading post on the spot because there was no one in the surrounding void to trade with. When Edward Carss came to the Regina Plains from Ontario in 1881, he was the first settler in what has become one of the world's most productive wheat areas.

More than any other Canadian capital city, Regina is a child of Confederation, and the nation-building forces unleashed a century ago. In rapid moves after 1867, dazzling in retrospect for their daring and foresight, Canada's early governments vigorously pushed the fledgling nation westward, setting the stage for Regina's birth. In 1881, Prime Minister Macdonald named his friend, Edgar Dewdney, Lieutenant-Governor of the vast North West Territories which Canada had purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company.

Macdonald instructed Dewdney to find a location for a new capital for the Territories. One requirement; it must be on the Canadian Pacific Railway then snaking its way westward to comply with British Columbia's condition for joining Confederation. The new capital also was to serve as national headquarters for the North West Mounted Police, established to maintain law and order in the Territories.

On August 12, 1882, Dewdney visited George Stephen, President of the CPR, in Winnipeg, to advise him of his choice. Stephen immediately telegraphed Macdonald: "Dewdney here. Have agreed on location of capital new province on Pile of Bones Creek."

For countless centuries, roving bands of Indian hunters had slaughtered buffalo near where the railway was to cross a small creek. They left the bones in great piles, to bleach in the prairie sun and provide Regina's location with a feature to distinguish it from the prairie sameness.

Even the wily natives had the good sense not to try to establish semi-permanent winter headquarters in such an environment — a flat area, without natural drainage or shelter, open to the full force of fierce prairie wintry blizzards, devoid of trees for fuel and construction materials and lacking sufficient water to maintain even an Indian encampment.

The Indians failed to record what they thought of the sticky restless gumbo which underlies Regina to depths ranging from 34 to 70 feet to firm glacial till — a scourge for builders in their efforts to erect enduring structures until perfection of the economical technique of bell-bottomed caissons which support a building on the firm till.

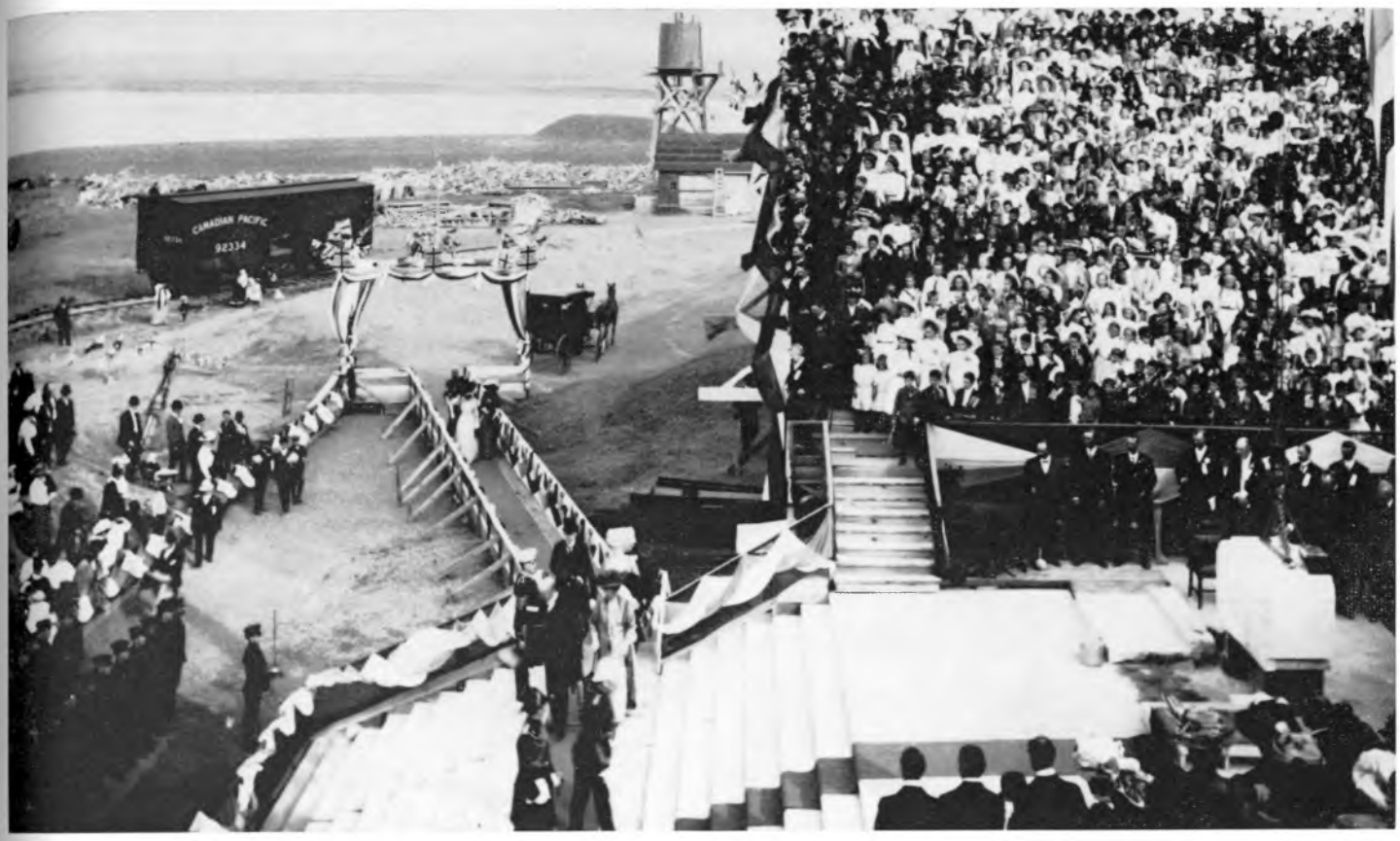
It was left to Nicholas Flood Davin, Irish-born poet, orator, and first Territorial member of the national Parliament, to record his impressions as editor of Regina's first newspaper.

"Last week," he wrote, "we had a nice rain and everybody who walked down Broad St., took a homestead on one foot and a pre-emption on the other."

(A homestead and a pre-emption each consisted of 160 acres of land).

Regina escaped being christened Pile O'Bones, although this might have been a suitable companion for Moose Jaw, the city 42 miles to the west.

Notables who arrived August 23,




1882, on the first CPR train toasted "Regina, Queen City of the Plains," a name suggested by Princess Louise, wife of Canada's Governor General, in honour of her mother, Queen Victoria.

By early autumn, Regina had a population of 900, mostly under canvas, and the white man's battle had begun to shape an unsuitable environment to his needs.

Even after 83 years, it hasn't been won completely. Despite the investment of millions to bring water from a lake 37 miles to the west to augment supplies from wells near the city, Regina's water problem hasn't been solved fully.

When Regina still was a shack town, less than two years old, Poet Davin carried poetic license to what many considered an absurd extreme in this verse:

"A pleasant city on a boundless plain,
Around rich land, where peace and plenty reign;
A legal camp, the province's wisdom's home,
A rich cathedral, learning's splendid dome;
A teeming mart, wide streets, broad squares, bright flowers,
A marble figure whence a fountain showers . . .
What city's this? A gentle princess famed
For happy genius it Regina named."

Except for the "marble figure whence a fountain showers," Davin's prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter. He, of course, could not have foreseen Regina's fountain — transplanted from Trafalgar Square, London — would be of red granite, not marble.

The fountain is a comparatively recent innovation, along with a seldom-used Speaker's Corner, replete with gas lamps from near the Marble Arch in London's Hyde Park and a two-decker bus brought across the Atlantic from London.

All this has happened since a provincial enactment a few years ago established the Wascana Centre Authority to control the utilization and development of the 1,300 acres of land which surrounds the mile-long artificial Wascana Lake.

Where once only prairie grasses grew, there now are thousands of trees and shrubs and great expanses of verdant lawns.

Points of call on a sight seeing trip in the two-decker bus include the massive

Above: Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada arriving to lay the corner stone of the Legislative Building in 1909.

Opposite page: The Fathers of Confederation sat around this table during the Conference held at Quebec in 1864 which led to the drafting of the British North America Act. After the conference the table was transferred to the Privy Council in Ottawa and later, when Regina was made capital of Saskatchewan, it was sent to the new city.

Regina as it is now. Wascana Lake, an artificial one, is in the middle.

bedomed limestone Legislative building, reputed to have the longest unbroken corridors in the world. Other government buildings on the route are the Saskatchewan Museum of Natural History, the Norman MacKenzie Art Gallery, the Regina Conservatory of Music, and Darke Hall, home of the Regina Symphony Orchestra. To the east, within Wascana Centre, gleaming white buildings of a new university campus are rising. A stone's throw west from the university, an ugly skeleton of steel has stood on the shore of Wascana Lake since the summer of 1965. It was to be Regina's Centennial Auditorium. In part at least, because of the city's burden of debt created by the handicaps of Regina's location, the City Fathers lacked the money required to complete the structure.

The province's offer to complete the 2,000-seat auditorium was snapped up with alacrity, and soon the naked steel skeleton will be clothed decently.

Of all their proud achievements, Reginans derive their greatest satisfaction from the reputation Regina has acquired for its trees.

What a struggle it was, sustained by faith and hope! Seedlings of shrubs and trees had to be replanted constantly. In the early days, if not destroyed by thoughtless humans, cows from neighboring farms nibbled off the tender young leaves as quickly as they sprouted.

A few years ago, a Reginan stopped to gas up at a service station in Texas. An elderly gentleman sitting in the shade, bestirred himself when he saw the Saskatchewan license plate.

"So you're from Saskatchewan," he drawled. "I was there, in Regina, just before the 1912 cyclone. Tell me, did those little switches they were planting ever grow into anything?"

They did, into thousands of magnificent trees.

Some of the seedlings, placed in the gumbo soils at about the time the Texan was in Regina, survived the cyclone which cut a swath through the city, killing 28 and leaving 2,500 homeless.

Now grown into 40-foot high maples a foot or more in girth, they still carry scars of the cyclone on their gnarled trunks.

By a curious oversight, the one man responsible more than any other for Re-

gina's beautification, was not mentioned once in a 250-page history written to mark Regina's 50th anniversary as a city in 1955.

He was the late George Watt, landscape gardener by vocation and musician by avocation. He came to Regina in 1894 after serving his apprenticeship in landscape gardening on the Dowager Duchess of Athol's estate in Scotland.

Watt was brought to Regina originally to landscape the grounds of the Territorial Capital Building. He remained until his retirement a few years ago. He not only guided and superintended the landscaping of Wascana Centre, around the Legislative Building, but he advised the city on the landscaping of its parks.

He literally combed the world for shrubs and trees for Regina's gumbo. In 1904, he accompanied Lt.-Gov. Forget to Banff, in the Canadian Rockies, when the latter needed a carload of spruce for Government properties throughout Canada. The Regina municipal gardener went along to obtain evergreens for city parks and boulevards.

As usual, there were scoffers, who said evergreens wouldn't grow in gumbo. But they did, as did everything George Watt touched with his green thumb.

The provincial government recently honored Mr. Watt's memory at a Centennial ceremony — appropriately by transplanting a tree to add to the thousands in Wascana Centre for which he was responsible. Also, a bay in a lake amid northern Saskatchewan's forests is to be named after him.

Mr. Watt, on his death, bequeathed his diary of 27 volumes to the Provincial Archives. They are priceless for the glimpses they provide of life in Regina after 1894.

Here's his account of celebrations marking Saskatchewan's debut as a province:

"Cut two ripe sweet melons Sept. 1, 1905, first day of the new province of Saskatchewan. Played at dance at Government Buildings, and on September 3 the band played, along with the 90th Band of Winnipeg, in Victoria park, while September 4, the historic inauguration of the Province was 'a lovely day'."

"Played with band in great Procession, also with orchestra in skating rink at Inauguration Ball, Earl Grey, Governor General, being present."

"The next day, played at luncheon at the Mounted Police barracks for Sir Wilfred Laurier and other notables."

From the earliest days, Reginans had a passionate fondness for music, and for other forms of entertainment, excluding raucous honky-tonks with painted ladies.

Penny Readings usually drew packed halls, evenings devoted to literary discussions, the reading of poetry, debates on current issues, and various performances by local talent, including Mounties stationed at the barracks.

One winter, in a more ambitious undertaking, local talent produced Gilbert and Sullivan's Pirates of Penzance, only to repeat it twice to raise money for royalties for which they were dunned.

Regina has been referred to scornfully as stodgy, a prairie transplant of "Toronto the Good." This is true, perhaps is attributable to the fact that most of Regina's pioneer families hailed from old Ontario.

In 1912 the completed Legislative Building stood on the flat prairie landscape like a dreadnought at sea. The very audacity of constructing such a graceful building in these hostile surroundings attests to the courage, and foresight, of the early pioneers.

Even in comparatively recent times, a traveller out for an evening of fun, is reputed to have described Regina as "the biggest cemetery lit up at night."

Since the provincial government relaxed the liquor laws to permit sales to 1:30 a.m., where live entertainment is provided, there's more night life.

But while the entertainment must be live, it must be decently clothed. There aren't any bunnies, nor topless gogo girls, even though rumors reaching the West are that these now are permitted in "Toronto the Good."

Only the other day, the provincial Liquor Commission decreed females employed in licensed liquor outlets must wear blouses or dresses with "reasonably" high necklines, and knee length skirts.

This rigid Puritanical attitude toward the display of the female form undoubtedly is being attributed to Regina's continuing mid-Victorian influence on the provincial Liquor Authorities.

But, after all, wasn't Regina named after Queen Victoria!

# PRINCE ALBERT

## *"The Good Wintering-Place"*

by John G. Diefenbaker

In 1691 Henry Kelsey, an Englishman of the Hudson's Bay Company, became the first white man to see the prairies.

Prince Albert has its roots deep in Western Canada's history. It is the centre of an area rich in colourful, sometimes violent, events. It has experienced boom and bust, great hope and disillusion, but never despair. Today it is full of hope.

Among its citizens are included every European racial strain. They exemplify true Canadian unity in that all live in amity and understanding with each other and with the Metis and Indian people.

The site of the city had been for generations a central communications point, "The Good Wintering-Place," for Indians before the coming of the white man. It was here that Henry Kelsey, an Englishman in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the first white man to see the prairies, came in 1692.

Peter Pond established a trading post on the river upstream from Prince Albert in 1776. Farther east, in the valley of the Carrot River, the Chevalier de la Corne, an adventurous spirit from New France, seeded the first wheat in Western Canada in 1754.

The old North-West Company established a trading post on Pond's site in 1796, and in 1798 its rival, the Hudson's Bay Company, located close to the present city.

In 1850 a group of Anglicans established the Isbister Settlement a little West of this point. But permanent set-

tlement came only with the arrival of the Reverend Mr. Nisbet, a Presbyterian Missionary in 1866.

I saw Prince Albert for the first time in 1905 when my father went there to file on a homestead. The Red River cart was still being used by the few on trails through to Winnipeg and Edmonton. As a boy, living in the Prince Albert area, the Indians and the Metis were my friends. (The North-West Rebellion was still vividly in the minds of the older settlers and the Indians and Metis.)

I saw Gabriel Dumont several times. He was viewed by us boys with mixed fear and admiration because of his consummate skill as a buffalo hunter, and his near-genius as a military tactician and guerilla leader.

Members of the North-West Mounted Police, as they travelled between Battleford and Prince Albert, often stopped at my parents' home.

As a descendant, on my mother's side, of the Selkirk Settlers of 1812 I learned something of the value of tradition and of national heritage.

My admiration for these pioneers then has never diminished over the years, nor has my esteem for the Metis and Indian people.

It was my experience as a boy in Prince Albert that determined me that there should be no second-class Canadians, and time and opportunity made it possible for me to do what I could to assure that all Canadians, whatever their colour or racial origin, would be treated as equals.

I was privileged to see the last of the virgin soil being settled on and broken, and the clearly perceptible wallows and bones of the vanished herds of buffalo were everywhere.

Prince Albert began with a community of pioneers in 1865, and the spirit of the pioneers, their hospitality which new no bounds and their spirit of friendliness remains a characteristic of Prince Albert, which today, has a population of 28,000.

I should like to record something of the contribution of Prince Albert to the public life of Canada.

The politicians of the early days in Northern Saskatchewan seemed to be concentrated in Prince Albert and argued their policies in joint meetings. Prince Albert is the only constituency in Canada to have had three Members of Parliament who were, or became, Prime Ministers of Canada.

Prince Albert has been a legal centre, and among those who practised law there were two who became Members of the Supreme Court of Canada; five who became Chief Justices of either Saskatchewan or Alberta; a score and more who were or are Judges, and one who became Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan.

Prince Albert has had in the past its share of disappointments and set-backs. But, with the indomitable heritage of its pioneers her people never lost courage. It is the hope of the people of that city, as it was the hope of the pioneers, that their dreams will come true and their fortitude be rewarded.

I will always answer with pride: "I am from Prince Albert. I am a Canadian!"

Top: City Hall Park.

Above: ". . . time and opportunity made it possible for me to do what I could to assure that all Canadians, whatever their colour or racial origin, would be treated as equals." A former Prime Minister of Canada enjoys a hot beverage with a group of Canadians.

## *City of Pride and Progress*

# CALGARY

by Grant MacEwan

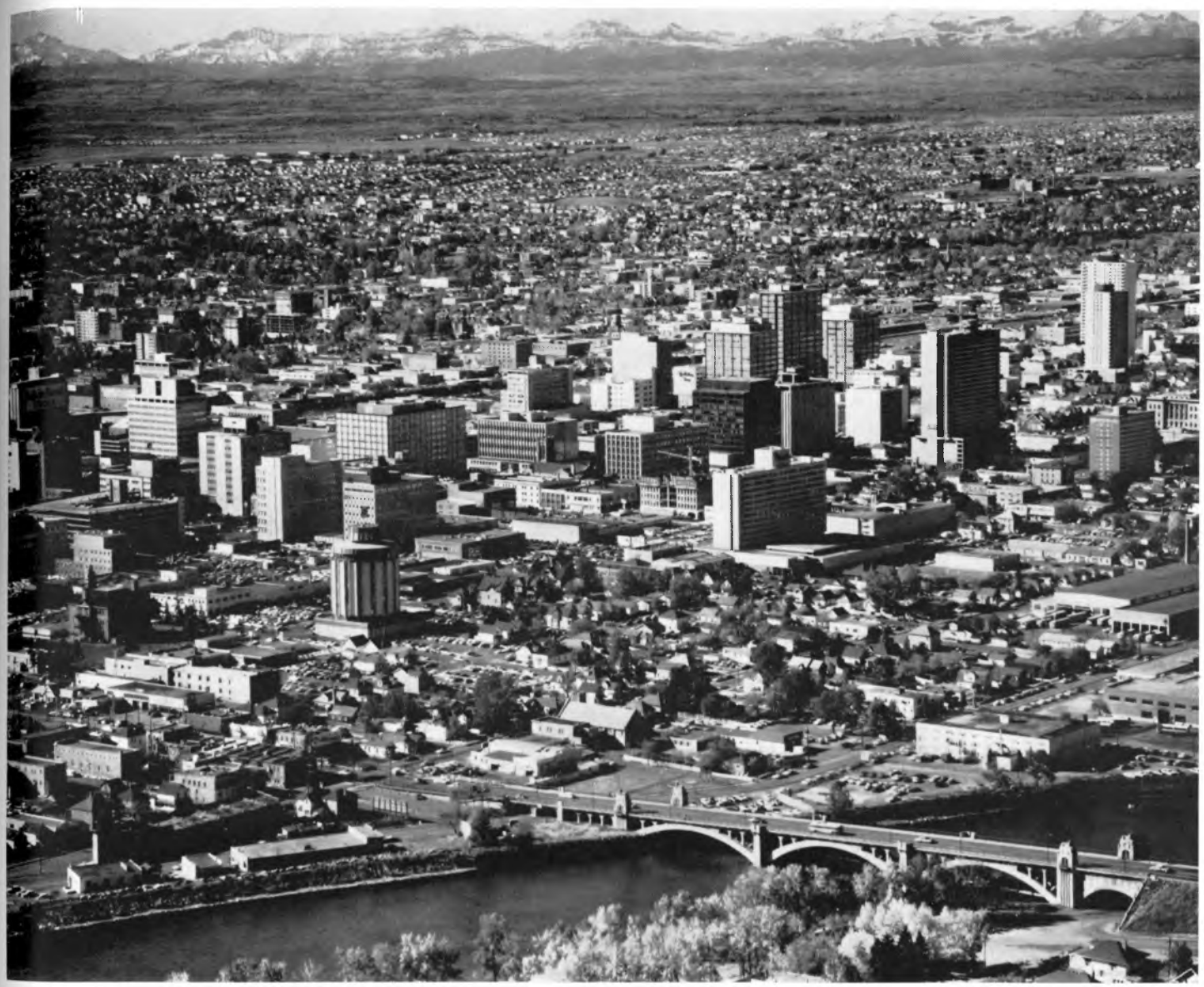
Calgary people have been accused of thinking of heaven as the second-best place to live. They do a substantial share of complaining about garbage collection and snow removal and mill rates but their loyalty is unmistakable and when they come to retirement and are free to move, they stay as though welded to the place.

Calgarians have very good reason to be proud of their city, its rich cow-town traditions, its association with great frontier names like Col. James Macleod, Sam Livingstone, Paddy Nolan, Bob Edwards and Pat Burns, the good fortune of proximity to mountain playgrounds and the delight of winter chinooks — the novelty of weather that can change as fast as traffic lights to make it possible for citizens to ski and golf in the same day. There is much more, a multitude of benefits and fringe-benefits from oil, distinctiveness in parks and zoos, an internationally famous Stampede, a young and vigorous University and so on.

As a success story, the city which, in point of population, now ranks eighth in Canada, could relate one of Centennial Year's best. Transportation offers just one of the good examples of spectacular change in less than a hundred years. Until some time after Confederation year, ground at the confluence of the Bow and Elbow Rivers was nothing more than a favourite camping site for Indians and it is doubtful if the first wheel had been seen in the area. Such being the case, the most advanced means of transportation known there would be the travois, consisting of two long sticks dragging behind an Indian cayuse. But less than a hundred years later, the community beside the Bow and Elbow could claim to have more motor vehicles per thousand of population than any city in the world. And nobody searching for a downtown parking place on a late-shopping night would question the claim to world record.

Calgarians do apologize for the narrowness of their city-centre avenues and wish those men who laid them out in the years of horse and ox transportation had used more imagination.

Winnipeg and Edmonton had their beginning in the fur trade. Calgary's birth was different, having been pre-



sided over by the Mounted Police one year after their arrival in the far West. As Inspector Brisebois and his young Mounties of F Troupe — still strangers in the country — rode downstream on the north side of the Bow in the autumn of 1875, they had no thought of founding a great city or even choosing a city site. Their only concern was in locating a suitable place at which to build an outpost.

The well-treed and uninhabited river valley with mountain backdrop appeared captivating and Brisebois called a halt. He shaded his eyes and studied the landscape more carefully, saying finally: "It looks like an ideal situation. We'll cross and camp between those rivers for tonight and if we still like it in the morning, we'll send for men and teams and get started on a fort."

The stockade was built with 13-foot pine logs—three feet in the ground and 10 feet above it — and the living quarters were roofed over with poles and sod in time for occupation when the weather turned wintry. Morever, Inspector Brisebois could think of no reason why the new post should not bear his name and, for a short time or until senior officers intervened, the place was Fort Brisebois. Finally, left to Assistant Commissioner James Macleod to choose a name, the choice was Calgary, called after a place dear to the Macleods on the Isle of Mull.

For eight years, Fort Calgary was an isolated outpost, and then civiliza-

Opposite page: The West end of Calgary around 1887.

Above: The city today showing the Foothills of the Rockies and the snow-capped Rocky Mountains themselves in the background.


Right: A hundred years ago the area was no more than a favourite camping ground for Indians. Less than ninety years later the centre of the city had a parkade and an aerial pedestrian cross-over, while the Hudson's Bay Company had developed into a modern department store handling some of the most sophisticated merchandise produced.

Opposite page, top left: "Calgary is now showing new interests in other things, recreational parks . . . and cultural pursuits." A pike at the aquarium.

Opposite page, top right: "Calgary has experienced notable expansion in industry . . . " These pipes are part of a complex which treats sour gas.

Opposite page, below left: The cowboy symbolizes the city's rich, cow-town traditions and ranchland background.

tion seemed to catch up with it. The rails came in 1883; the town was incorporated in 1884 and its few inhabitants found out about elections and taxes. They held a fair in 1886, forerunner of the famous Exhibition and Stampede; the place graduated to City in 1893 and the still-youthful community entered the 20th Century with a population of 5,000.

By this time, it was easier to capture a vision of city greatness. When the new provinces were formed in 1905, Calgary people were convinced their city should be the capital of Alberta. When Edmonton was chosen, Calgarians took comfort in the thought that their city would get the provincial University. But that institution, also, was located in Edmonton and Calgary-Edmonton relations remained cool for many years. But Calgary found many other forces working in its favour and flourished.

In many parts of the world, Calgary and Stampede became synonymous terms and early in every July, all roads seem to lead to the multi-million dollar Victoria Park, land which was purchased by the pioneer Calgary Agricultural Society for $2.50 an acre. The rodeo classic began as a bold experiment in 1912 when Guy Weadick persuaded the Big Four Cattlemen — George Lane, Pat Burns, A. E. Cross and Archie McLean — to back his gamble with their cash. After the Stampede's marriage to the Exhibition in 1923, it became an annual event, attracting more Crowned Heads, Prime Ministers, Ambassadors and other notable world figures than any other Canadian celebration.

Part of the show is held at Victoria Park, another part on the main streets and avenues where some city bylaws are relaxed and pedestrians wander about on 8th Avenue, much as they might do on a country lane or in a back pasture.

Some citizens say they are bored with Stampede capers but most of them continue to enter enthusiastically into the spirit of it, dressing for the occasion and making colored shirts and string ties and cowboy hats the only approved and respectable clothing for about 10 days.

The Stampede has become big business, but basically, it is still the expression of people finding pride in their background—ranchland background—just as Heritage Park, constructed beside Glenmore Lake to display most imaginatively a rare collection of frontier buildings and institutions, is an expression of pride in community traditions.

Although Calgary obtained its initial impetus from the Mounted Police and ranching, it was oil that propelled it into high gear. First there was that period of excitement in 1914 when oil was discovered at Turner Valley. Calgarians went almost mad in their eagerness. Those who could not secure cars to take them to the new well in the foothills, hired horses and buggies and drove over the trails to see for themselves if the oil was real. Convinced, they returned to form companies and trade in shares. For a time, it was a wild display.

Turner Valley was, for some years, Canada's only oil field of any consequence. It commanded everybody's respect and admiration and it was the means of bringing many oil companies to open offices in Calgary, where they remained even after the centre of interest shifted to other and bigger fields.

For Calgary, as for Edmonton and the province, there was no more important date than February 13, 1947, when oil was discovered at Leduc. It

climaxed a long and costly search and marked the beginning of an economic buoyancy such as citizens had never known. In the next 10 years, Calgary's population doubled and in another 10 years, it doubled again.

Calgary has experienced notable expansion in industry but population continues to grow so rapidly that it is difficult for new industry to keep pace.

But the natural attributes of economical power, alternatives in fuel, an abundance of good water and growing local markets must prove increasingly attractive to manufacturers.

There are, however, other considerations. Population increase and industrial growth by themselves should never be taken as an indication of city progress or city quality. A big city is not necessarily a better city than a small one — and often is not. Calgary is now showing new interests in other things, recreational parks, educational opportunities, creative arts and cultural pursuits. The clearest recent manifestation is the new University of Calgary, displaying mushroom-like growth and fresh ideas.

It is less than 10 years since construction began on the present campus and less than eight years since the first buildings were occupied. In 1964 the University branch became autonomous in academic matters with its own President and General Faculty Council and on April 1, 1966, the name was changed from the University of Alberta to the University of Calgary. Student population continues to soar and a building program is being pressed forward at a feverish rate.

There are those who contend that civic optimism is related to altitude. The theory will be disputed but the Calgary tendency is to talk in superlatives. At 3545 feet above sea level, Calgary is the highest city in Canada. The 150 square miles within corporate boundaries make it the biggest city, area-wise, in Canada. Calgary shares with Edmonton the distinction of being the fastest growing city in Canada and fights with Edmonton over the title of Oil Capital of Canada. But the southern city is the undisputed Rodeo Capital and, with a large population of American citizens — many of them in the oil industry — it might be called the United States Capital of Canada.

Visitors have been known to leave Calgary with the impression that the leading local pastime is trading new cars for newer ones; that the principal frivolity is in dressing like gentleman cowboys; that the patron saint is Bob Edwards of the old Calgary Eye Opener; that the city's trademark is a white hat and that the most obvious sin is in boasting. But local citizens are quick to explain that when they have so much going in their favour, they would appear ungrateful and unworthy if they didn't boast just a little.

*"Today the Northland is Edmonton's Oyster."*

# EDMONTON

by W. G. HARDY

At night, from across the North Saskatchewan River, downtown shows an intriguing skyline.

"So green," murmured a visitor from Europe as, two summers ago, we drove through Edmonton. "Like fairyland," said an American when, last winter, we paused on the southern lip of the valley of the North Saskatchewan River to gaze at the lights sparkling down below and on the slopes across the river.

To the visitor, the valley of the river is the most striking feature of Edmonton's physical appearance. From southwest to northeast, it winds in great sweeps through the city. Often it is almost a mile in width and its sides 200 feet in height. Its slopes, and the ravines that gully through them, are in most places thick with trees. Across the valley stride the giant piers of the high level bridge. Other bridges at a lower level carry continual streams of bright-coloured trucks and automobiles over the murky waters of the broad, strong-flowing river. Along the entire river bank or along the rim on either side of the valley, new vistas open.

The city itself sprawls in acres of ranch type houses and bungalows on either side of the valley. High-rise buildings dominate the downtown area and high-rise apartments fringe the edges of the valley. But, in general, Edmonton, the fastest growing urban centre in Canada, has preferred to spread itself horizontally. Today, it stretches over 85.6

As with many cities in Canada, Edmonton has experienced much in the way of expansion, and some of the most dramatic has been in the heart of the city. Part of the new CN Tower is seen in the left background; the round Château Lacombe, a CPR hotel, is in the foreground.

square miles. It is a city of homes, not of apartment blocks. In summer, it is green with lawns, shrubs and trees. In autumn, the city and the rolling, lake-studded countryside around it, are clothed with golden leaves. Even in the deep freeze of winter the wooded valley and the sparkling lights relieve the monotony. To me, Edmonton is the most attractive of the prairie cities.

Edmonton is only two decades old. When I first arrived in the city in late September of 1920 its population was around 60,000. Vacant lots gaped everywhere, reminders of a land boom which burst during World War I. Wooden sidewalks thumped underfoot and many streets degenerated swiftly from dirt into mud. The highest buildings were the domed Legislative Building, sited just above the spot where the bastions of the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Edmonton once frowned and the château-like MacDonald Hotel. The economy was based on agriculture. Life travelled at an easy tempo and the pioneer feeling meant a genuine open-handedness and friendliness. In those days, and until World War II, Edmonton was a "next year" city.

World War II brought 14,000 Americans to build what is now the Alaska highway and the Edmonton Airport, as an important base on the staging route for planes to Russia. After the war, Edmontonians including myself, waited for the inevitable slump. But, on February 13th. 1947, some 20 miles south of the city, a smoky flare from Leduc Discovery Well No. 1, signalled the birth of modern Edmonton.

In the next 20 years, I have watched the city change. Its population has swelled to an estimated 402,000. It has become part of the "affluent society" and hums with activity. "Gateway to the North," once a slogan rusted over with deferred hopes, is now a shining reality. There is a pulpmill at Hinton, west of the city, for example, and a highway and the CNR's main line connect it with Edmonton. Massive deposits of iron ore and copper have been discovered to the northwest, and a railroad travels the 370 miles to the lead and zinc complex at Pine Point on the southern shore of Great Slave Lake. And then there is the oil and natural gas, the "billion dollar twins" of Alberta's economy.

Most of the oil and gas fields discovered since 1947 are within a 150-mile

Below, right: The North Saskatchewan River Valley and its extending ravines have been held largely protected and unspoiled for 80 years.

Opposite, top: The discovery of oil at Leduc in 1947 gave Edmonton a Refinery Row and a petroleum complex with an investment total approaching half a billion dollars.

Opposite, lower: The Mayfair Park development, with its man-made lake, will contain a golf and country club as well as a number of other amenities.

radius of Edmonton. But seismic lines are being driven through the vast boreal forests north of the city, spiders' tracks along which oil and gas exploration rigs march. The Rainbow Lake field is the most recent find. Meanwhile, the estimated 300 billion barrels of recoverable oil in the McMurray Tar Sands are being readied for market.

The gathering pipelines for oil and gas run to Edmonton. Already her two exporting pipelines carry 60% of Alberta's production of oil to the east and to the Pacific coast. Inside the city "Refinery Row" and "Chemical Valley" are but two examples of a fast developing industry. Today the Northland is Edmonton's oyster.

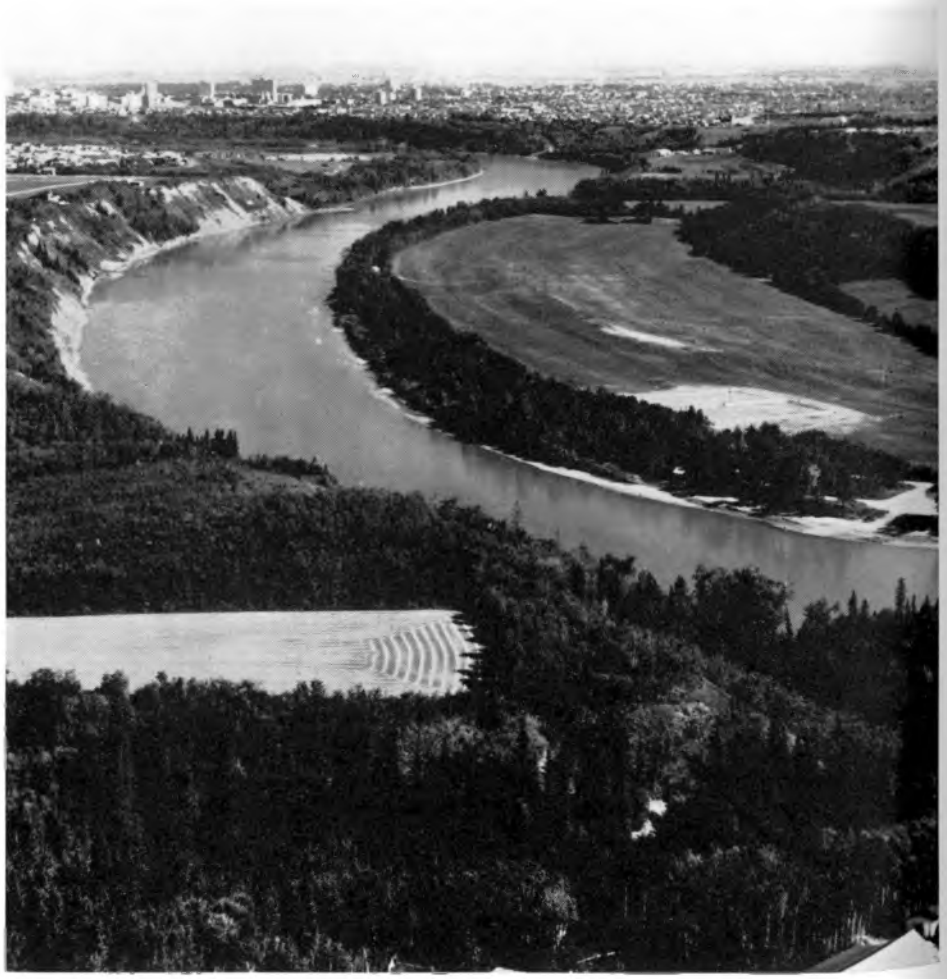
What then is one to say about today's Edmonton? In physical appearance the high-rise complex of the downtown area is one of the most striking features. The circular Château Lacombe, the modernistic City Hall, the 28 stories of the CN Tower, the new Centennial Library — these and other modern structures, make my eyes blink as I recall the low jumble of buildings I used to see. Similarly, the sheer extent of the city is fascinating. There are still nooks like Mill Creek or areas on the outskirts which retain the Edmonton of two decades ago, but, in general, it is almost unbelievable to find rows of houses, many of them of monotonous regularity, standing where prairie chickens used to dart from among stooks of grain, or skaters whirled over the ice of McKernan Lake.

For a visitor, the best approach to appreciate the city's spread is to drive in at night along the four-lane highway from Calgary. As his car reaches what once was the southern shore of proglacial Lake Edmonton he sees the lights of the high-rise complex across the river. But on the horizon to the west, north and northeast is a rim of blue-green lights, the limits of modern Edmonton.

The personality of the city is more difficult to assess, particularly since any urban centre is usually a congeries of contradictions. In view of its industrial development, it is not surprising that one facet is a pervasive materialism. Edmonton's people grasp at today's possessions and reach out for tomorrow's.

Another feature, however, is the survival of the pioneer spirit. Edmontonians are still conscious that they are at the end of a long line flung up into the northwest, leagues, as it sometimes seems, from anywhere except the prairies and the Pacific coast. Above all, there is a constant two-way traffic with the northland. Out from Edmonton to the north go trucks, trains, airplanes and automobiles; into the city, for business or on a holiday, come prospectors, oil and pipeline workers, highly trained personnel and executives.

This last in itself is enough to keep alive the sense of being part of Canada's frontier. When a strong American influence is added, this is a city where people are in a hurry and where, if a new idea is broached, the emphasis is not on the difficulties, but on how to surmont them. Both these features trend toward a free-wheeling way of life. Yet, side by side



with this facet of Edmonton's personality, dwells a stodgy conservatism and a veneer of puritanism.

In pioneer Edmonton everyone seemed to have come from someplace else. Today immigrants from Europe mingle with Edmonton-born citizens and temper the American influence. In the streets downtown, you may hear German, Italian and Dutch as well as French and Ukrainian. Each of the city's 36 ethnic backgrounds makes a contribution to the flavour of its life.

A surging economy often fosters the arts. This seems to be true here. Interest in painting and sculpture is strong. The Edmonton Potters Guild turns out excellent pieces. In the Citadel Theatre, the city has year-round professional productions. To it will be added four other drama groups, among them the University of Alberta's Studio Theatre. Musical talent finds expression in the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra and the Edmonton Opera Society. For them, as well as for on-tour performances the quite magnificent Northern Alberta Jubilee Auditorium provides a stage.

In another field, the Queen Elizabeth Planetarium was the first planetarium for the public in Canada. In writing—one of the most important influences in a country's cultural development — this city is striding forward. Creative writing courses, workshop groups, the Hudson's Bay's Beaver Trophy, the Edmonton Journal's Annual Literary Awards, and an active branch of the Canadian Authors Association have combined to produce an astonishing number of published authors. One attractive feature of Edmonton's individuality is this cultural growth.

The dominant feature of modern Edmonton, however, is a bubbling optimism. It has coal reserves close at hand. It lies in the centre of the only north-south stretch of arable land in western Canada. Its entrepreneurs are already reaching out to capture a greater share of the Vancouver market. But most of all, Edmonton's people see their city as the economic capital of Canada's "Northern Empire."

# PEACE RIVER LOOKS NORTH

*by J. G. MacGREGOR*

At Peace River town, the mighty river bearing that tranquil name, surging eastward from the Rocky Mountains, makes an important change in direction. From that point onward, its spate of waters flow northward another 1,800 miles before reaching the Arctic Ocean. Eventually becoming the major part of Slave River, then sweeping on through Great Slave Lake and leaving it as the Mackenzie River, these waters form the magnificent and exclusive waterway to the whole of the North and Arctic regions.

In 1792, three years before Fort Edmonton was built, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, on his way to make the first crossing of the continent anywhere north of Mexico, spent the winter at his Fork Fort, a few miles upstream from today's Peace River town. Ever since then the various successors of Fork Fort, culminating in Peace River town, have all been steeped in the spirit of the great river. Part of its spell is that it leads to the remote Arctic, and down it lie the mystery, the riches and far-off places of the North; Great Slave Lake, Norman Wells, Port Radium, Aklavik and Inuvik.

For many years Peace River town, cradled in the crook of this significant bend in the river, was unique in Alberta —a river town. As such, its streets still breathe of the old times and, of an evening, the gurgle of water on its river front whispers tales of by-gone days. Rising abruptly from the older portion of the town, its imposing background hill ascends many hundred feet until it reaches its peak in a white speck. That speck is the last resting place of Twelve-Foot Davis.

For many years before he died in 1900, the hard-bitten, open-handed little Twelve-Foot Davis, who acquired his nickname in the 1860 Cariboo Gold Rush, had been one of the few independent traders at the Forks. On the headstone his friends inscribed the tribute, "Pathfinder, Pioneer, Miner and Trader. He was every man's friend and never locked his cabin door."

When the Klondikers made their way through the area during 1897, the site of the present town was known as Peace River Crossing. Then, after 1905, when the Hudson's Bay Company built the "Peace River," the first commercial steamboat to navigate the river, the hamlet was called Peace River Landing, a name it retained until 1912 when, with the prospect of a railway, speculators surveyed a town site and christened it, simply, Peace River. After the E.D. & B.C. Railway arrived in 1916, it became a point of departure for the Far North and blossomed out into a combined river town and farming community centre. As a river town it watched the

Thirteen exposures of the midnight sun at Great Slave Lake.

"As a river-town it watched the departure of missionaries and traders, Mounties and explorers all heading down north to play their roles with Indians and Eskimos . . . "

Lower left: Patterns formed by permafrost.

Opposite: The Great Slave Lake railway under construction.

departure of missionaries and traders, Mounties and explorers, all heading down north to play their roles with Indians and Eskimos, white foxes and far-flung caribou herds. As a farming supply depot it watched agricultural settlement push back up-river 150 miles to Rolla and Pouce Coupe in B.C. and fan out into the forests of Hines Creek and Manning. In due course it lost most of its steamboat traffic to Fort McMurray, but it never lost its love or its yearning for the Far North.

What business Peace River lost when the river traffic fell off it made up as the farming areas developed but, for decades, as a town of some 1,500 people sheltered in its magnificent valley, it slumbered fitfully. Wars and depressions coming and going disturbed it little, but any rumour about the north country brought it instantly awake. And many a rumour came upstream with a Mountie's, explorer's or prospector's canoe or motor-boat.

One of the early ones was the discovery in 1921 of oil beside the Mackenzie River at Fort Norman, some seven hundred air miles north-west. At the time little came of it, but Peace River people thrilled to the sight of the landing and take-off of the first two aeroplanes ever to head into the Far North. Then, as the years went by, other discoveries came to confirm the town's faith in its vast hinterland — the copper staking rush to Great Bear Lake in 1930, followed the next year by Gilbert Labine's discovery of rich radium-bearing ore in the same area, and there were others.

By the mid-Thirties, bush pilots and planes were part of Peace River's life, Their shattering roar as they took off was a common occurrence. As each plane got airborne, headed up the river, and then banked over the town, everyone stopped to watch it straighten out, diminish and finally disappear downstream into the vast emptiness of the north. And in spirit everyone went with it, for wherever it was going they yearned to go too. Then in 1936, planes, sometimes several a day, roared up the river or swooshed down to a landing and taxied up to the river front. Each of them carried supplies or men north, or came back with tidings of the newest gold discovery — Yellowknife. Yellowknife? Why yes, downstream a bit, just 450 miles due north as the planes flew.

The rush to Yellowknife did not fizzle out, and word came of large mines and mills there, and of a town struggling into being, which Peace River people began to regard as a satellite town. As such, they had to have better communi-

cation with it than the small planes of the day afforded. Many years earlier they had worked out a wagon trail for the two hundred miles to Fort Vermilion. Why not upgrade it and continue it another two hundred miles down the Hay river to its mouth at Great Slave Lake? So, before long, by combining Peace River's urging and effort with some provincial money, they pushed through a winter road. That in turn was followed by the Mackenzie Highway which was completed in 1948. Along it new names came into focus: Keg River; Paddle Prairie, some 140 miles away; Upper Hay River; Indian Cabins, 300 miles north, and Alexandra Falls, in the Territories.

Peace River entrepreneurs now had access to the resources of the nearer north: timber, thousands of square miles of it; arable land, millions of acres of it, some good, much poor, but all of it vastly better than many countries could claim. At last their faith in the hinterland was on the point of paying off and Peace River began to grow.

Meanwhile, as the years passed, a paved highway gave access to Edmonton, 304 miles away. Another pushed out west to Fairview and led to the old farming areas west of town and beyond them to the Worsley iron ore deposits. Using these roads tourists came to marvel at the Peace River country's expansive fields of wheat, many of them spread over six hundred level acres, and to gape at the corn, cucumbers and melons laid out in the impressive market gardens on the Shaftesbury Flats at the town's outskirts.

All the tourists drove up the winding road to Twelve-Foot Davis' grave to exclaim over one of the scenic gems of Alberta, a land famous for its scenery. For there, spread out eight hundred feet below them and a mile or so away, lay the famous meeting of the waters of the Smoky and the Peace rivers. On the right, miles away, the mighty Peace shimmers as it emerges from the great

Above: Peace River Town has watched agricultural settlement push back up-river to communities in British Columbia. Here a ferry-boat waits to take on a mobile library van.

prairies. It grows larger as it sweeps in to the centre foreground some four miles away, its silvery expanse broken by green islands like great ships in line lying in a channel formed by the verdant hillsides. Here it is joined from the left by the sinuous Smoky bringing its marriage dower from mountains four hundred miles away. The waters intertwine and spread out lakewise then, the union consummated, they draw together again into a narrow channel and flow to the north, towards the unknown Arctic on the rim of the world.

Thus Peace River town, reposing on its flat, has been built in the most scenic city site in Alberta. Scenery though, no matter how consoling, feeds few and, during the1950's, Peace River people were delighted when oil seismic trucks and surveyors moved into town to study the adjacent areas.The upsurge in oil exploration imparted a new busyness to Peace River's streets. As a result, new commercial blocks and new homes brightened up the one-time river town, and a radio station erected its towers. Year by year, up on the flat farming land atop the west bank of the river, the town's airport progressed through its various stages from windsock, grass strips and crude shack, to surfaced runways and a modern terminal. Then came reports of new discoveries in the forests and muskegs a hundred miles east, which in this land of vast distances was practically at Peace River town's back door—Red Earth, Peerless Lake and Lubicon Lake. While each of these did prove to be oilfields, they were disappointing, and one by one the oilcrews moved on to other scenes.

Peace River people, however, always watching their northland, are used to hopes falling through, but before they realize that they have been disappointed in one venture they are seizing another. This time they focused on the huge deposits of lead and zinc ore at Pine Point, near the shore of Great Slave Lake and a mere four hundred miles away. Though their Mackenzie Highway led to the shores of that vast lake, it was of doubtful value in transporting ore, so the Peace River people put their heads together and insisted on a railway to Pine Point. The route would open up the vast timber resources of the northland and it would provide cheap freight for farm produce for Peace River's backyard—High Level and Fort Vermilion. In due course, and after a strenuous fight, they got their Pine Point Railway. As new way-stations sprang up, the long trains of yellow gondola ore cars began crossing the river into town and crawl-

ing up the steep grade out of it on their way to the world's smelters.

The oil folk, however, were far from finished with Peace River's backyard and, striking out from points along the Mackenzie Highway two or three years ago, they brought in the famous Rainbow Lake field. To service this field, Peace River town set out on another spell of building. A new bridge was started, giant trucks rumbled in and out of town, while at the airport men worked around the clock. During the summer of 1966 one giant Lockheed Hercules alone, carried eight million pounds of equipment to the Rainbow field from Peace River's airport. As fast as it could shuttle back to Peace River, crews loaded its maw with tons of forty-foot drill-stem and pipe, and sent it off again. Scores of other planes participated in the airlift to supplement what supplies the Pine Point Railway and the Mackenzie Highway could take towards the field.

Along the Mackenzie Highway, High Level woke up and grew to a town of perhaps two thousand people. In the oil patch another of Peace River's suburbs, the new town of Rainbow, 250 miles north and a little west, mushroomed. Then another suburb seventy miles farther on, the new town of Zama, started laying out streets. And as traffic along the Pine Point Railway and the Mackenzie Highway, originating from these and from other points in the north, rumbled into town, Peace River businessmen grew in numbers and prosperity.

"But," you say, "what sort of town is this Peace River?" Well, in most repects, it is like any other town. It has churches, modern schools, an up-to-the-minute hospital, drug stores and confectioneries, service clubs, bank clearings, payrolls and poker games, and a vigorous Board of Trade.

What makes it unique, however, is its magnificent setting in its spectacular valley and its long-time sentiment for the North. For decades, in this land of vast distances, it has been the North's handmaiden, and last year, as its legatee, Peace River had to enlarge its civic boundaries and annex several square miles.

Watch Peace River.

". . . and far-flung caribou herds."

# A VIEW OF KAMLOOPS

## *"One way and another the future looks bright for this city of the Interior..."*

BY R. M. PATTERSON

Early impressions are the most lasting, and the traveller who approaches Kamloops for the first time should do so from the west, by road. Coming from Savona, the Trans-Canada Highway leaves Kamloops Lake to climb some fifteen hundred feet up the valley of Cherry Creek, thus avoiding the sheer cliffs of Cherry Bluffs, at the foot of which the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway crawls precariously between the deep water and the precipice. Sliding down towards Kamloops on the east side of this miniature pass, among the long-spined ponderosa pines of British Columbia's Dry Belt and through a landscape of rolling hills covered with sage, bunch-grass and patches of golden sunflowers, one gradually gets the feel of an approaching city. Signs of old mines appear, oil pipeline installations, the isolated homes of those who need space around them — even, until recently, an establishment that proclaimed itself a part of the Canadian Navy. Coming after that, the information that Kamloops Lake, now eight hundred feet deep, was once a volcano a mile high borders on the commonplace.

The road swings to the left, northward, and the long, slanting drop continues. Bright new motels appear, all complete with coffee shops, panoramic views and swimming pools: the city remains obstinately concealed. On the far side of the road, on a right-hand curve and obviously on the edge of a steep drop, a lookout looms. Inside, walking towards the rails, the view lifts into sight.

The Shuswap Indians called the place Cumcloups, which means The Meeting of the Waters. And in that name is the reason for this place which its citizens are coming to think of as the capital of south-central British Columbia — and there, below you, are the rivers themselves, laid out as on a giant relief map with the waters in blue, the grasslands a soft green and the high forests dark and sombre. You are standing with your back to the midday sun — and straight towards you, right out of the north, from a land of high mountains and clear alpine lakes, comes the North Thompson River. Its water is brown, for this is the month of May and the side-streams are roaring. Looking up the North River, as the people call it, the eye is led easily past the semi-arid hills of the Dry Belt and up the long, green valley to distant mountains, still snow-covered, that rise above the wooded spurs. The impression is one of infinite distance.

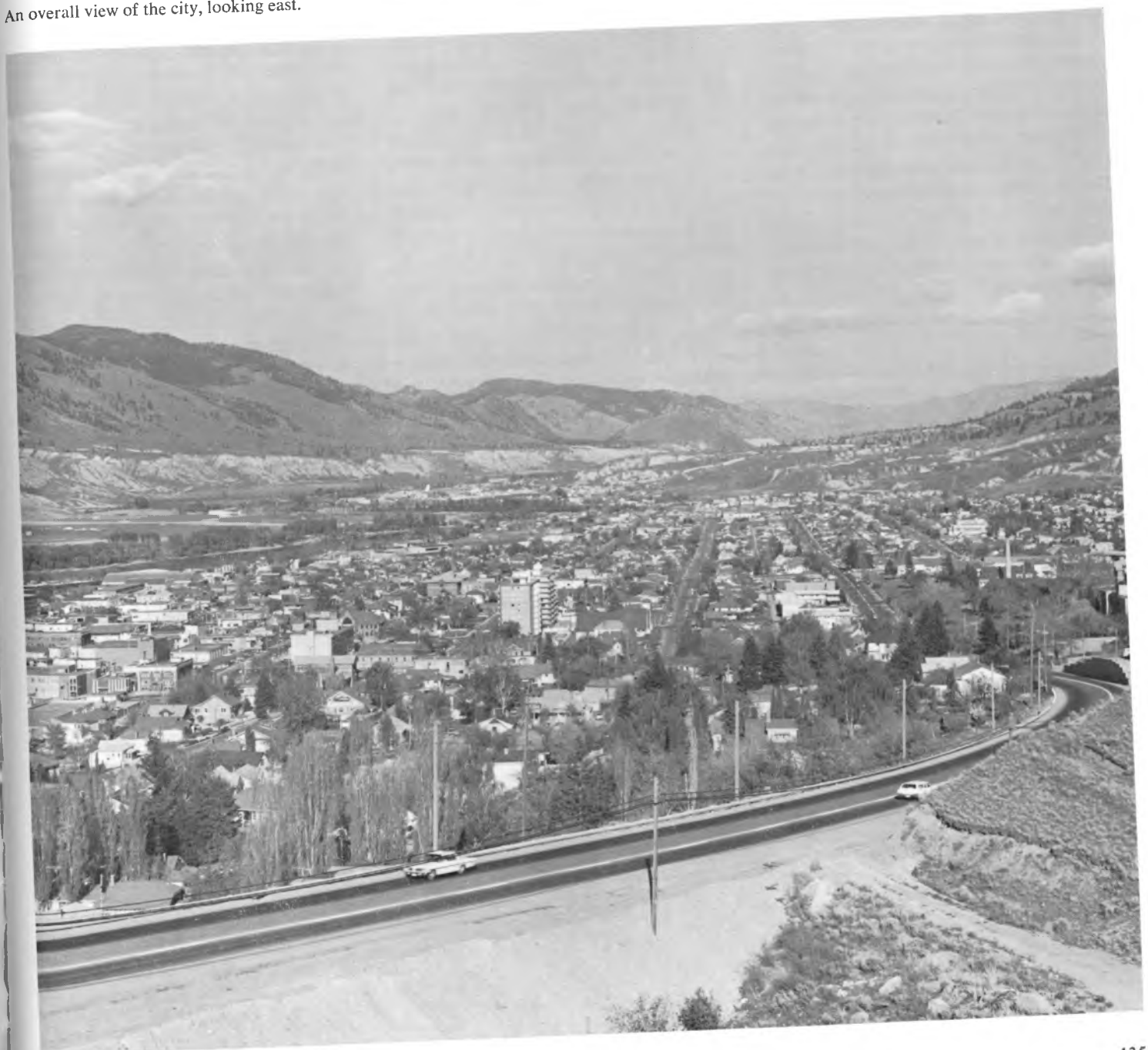
Directly below, and flowing from east to west, comes the smaller clearer stream of the South Thompson. The rivers meet, and for a short distance the clear water and the brown run side by side. Then they mingle and flow away to the westward as the Thompson River, down five or six miles of a shallow, slack-flowing spillway, to be lost in the deep, eighteen-mile-long Kamloops Lake.

That is the setting that attracted the old fur-traders, and that is the lay of the rivers that has shaped Kamloops as it is today. Look once more to the flats four hundred feet below. You are standing at the base of an inverted 'T' and looking straight up the shaft of it, which is the North River. In the northwest angle, between the North River and the main Thompson, the wide flat, once a place of fruit orchards, is now laid out in lots and parks and broad, curving highways. The surviving orchard trees now grace the gardens of the many homes that make up the town of North Kamloops. Beyond the town limits this development reaches on westwards into the Brocklehurst area — to the airport, to the golf and country club, and to the government Range Experimental Station where tests are made of trees and grasses, and where selections are developed that can take an extreme, though fortunately rare, temperature range from 106°F in the shade to 38°F below zero. and a rainfall of around eight inches.

North Kamloops was incorporated as a town in 1961, and to one who can remember the area in the pit of the depression of the thirties, when there was nothing of North Kamloops at all except the young orchards, and when the city of Kamloops at night was about as lively as a remote Scottish village on a Sunday morning, the obvious success story of the new town seems like a mad, impossible dream.

The town and the city are connected by the splendid new Overlanders Bridge across the Thompson River. They do not face one another across the water — indeed they barely overlap for there is little of the city west of the new bridge. It began there as a Hudson's Bay Company post, almost where the

An overall view of the city, looking east.



Overlanders Bridge springs out today — and from there the city has spread eastward along the south side of the South Thompson, just as the town of North Kamloops has spread to the west down the north side of the main river. In fact, if one includes with North Kamloops the subdivision of Brocklehurst, and with Kamloops those of Valleyview and Dallas, one is faced with a riparian ribbon development on a glorious scale — a total of 35,000 people spread out over almost twelve miles as the crow flies, on one side of the river or on the other, but almost nowhere on both. And only in one or two places does this development amount to a mile in depth. Valuable food-producing land is being eaten up: twenty years ago, when the Trans-Canada Highway was still only a small, winding road, the land now devoted to suburban sprawl was producing alfalfa and fruit, hops, tomatoes and garden truck.

But there still remains the north-east angle between the South Thompson and the North River. There it lies, empty save for a small fringe of land leased to industry along the South Thompson. Along the western edge of it, close to the North River, one can see the main line of the Canadian National Railway and the grey ribbon of the northern highway, due to be completed in 1968 as a major road to Jasper and Edmonton. But otherwise nothing — only an Indian village and an arid flat running back to the hot, stony peaks of Paul and Peter. That flat is the south-west corner of the Kamloops Indian Reserve which extends over an area of some fifty square miles. It lies right in the lap of the city — just where the city would like to go but cannot.

It was at the foot of Paul and Peter that the fur-trade first settled. John Jacob Astor's men made a reconnaissance in 1811. They came again in 1812 and built the first fort, closely followed by the North Westers, who took over from Astor's Pacific Fur Company in 1813. Then in 1821 the Hudson's Bay Company absorbed the North West Company and came to rule at Thompson's River. In that same year the returns of the post began to diminish: beaver dwindled steadily from 2400 in 1821 to 855 in 1827, and the woodland fur-bearers dwindled with them. The country was becoming trapped out — yet "The Bay" was unable to abandon the fort. It was the connecting link between the posts of New Caledonia in the north and those of the Columbia in what is now the State of Washington, and it was the breeding and wintering ground of the huge horse herd that supplied the horses for the fur brigades. Up to a thousand head sometimes dotted the open hills: no wonder that in places the bunch-grass deteriorated and the sage crept in. There were also the Shuswap Indians to be considered, numerous and of uncertain temper: a fort was needed here and "The Bay" was forced to hold on.

In 1843 they moved. The old fort was in a state of decay and they built a new one on the west side of the North River, where Fort Avenue in North Kamloops runs today. That was the last fort: the menace of the Shuswaps was decreasing, and when "The Bay" moved again, in 1863, to the south side of the main river it was an ordinary trading post that they built, unstockaded and open to the waterfront. That was the origin of the city of Kamloops, and from that location "The Bay" made two more moves as the city spread eastward, the final move being to the location that they hold today. And now — which way are the signposts pointing for the city?

In Australia they have (or so they say) a very remarkable bird. The distinctive characteristic of this strange fowl is that it invariably flies backwards because, while it doesn't give a rap where it's going, it always likes to see where it has been. That may work all right for a bird — but a city, too, will do well to cherish its own past. This Kamloops has done. A well set-out museum now houses an interesting and attractive record of local history—from Indian days, through the lively times of the fur-trade and the Columbia River gold-rush and into the present. All the West is there: the unpredictable Shuswaps; the old Chief Factor shot dead in his own hall by the treacherous Indian; the enormous pack-trains loaded with the furs of the northern Interior, southward bound for the Columbia River and old Fort Vancouver; the gold-seekers and the steamboat captains; the railroad construction gangs and the pioneer ranchers. They have been remembered with honour.

But a city, unlike that rare Aus-

tralian bird, must also look forward into the future. It must know where it is going — and also where it can go. The idea of a continued eastward sprawl along the Trans-Canada Highway to Campbell Creek and beyond is unattractive and uneconomic. And westward the city cannot go since the flat pinches out between the steep hills and the river. But it can go upwards — and year by year, as you drop down the hill from the lookout into town, you see the skyline changing. It is being broken by more and more high buildings, which, at the present time, can only be constructed with an eye to the future of this place where, by 1968, there will come together not only the two rivers and the two great railroads, but also two first-class highways from Calgary and Edmonton to the Coast.

The city can also climb the hot, dry hills to the south — but not everybody wishes to live high up, exposed to the winds and on hills that can be a problem in wintertime, even in a country of light snowfall. There remains the place where it all began: the big flat between the North River and the South Thompson, the site of the forts of the Astorians and the North Westers — the corner of the Indian Reserve. If only some equitable arrangement could be made with the Kamloops band of the Shuswaps all would be plain sailing for the city, while the Indians, withdrawing from our twentieth century rat-race, would be financially in a position to demonstrate to the struggling white man the true meaning of the words "gracious living".

When and if that day comes, the city fathers will find themselves reaching out up the North River and laying hands on some high alpine lake — an unfailing gravity tank for the people and the gardens that are yet to be.

One way and another the future looks bright for this city of the Interior with its dry, warm summers and its two thousand hours of bright sunshine. From few places can even the hottest days of July and August be enjoyed as they can from here. Kamloops is surrounded by many lakes, most of them high above the Thompson valley and with a climate of their own. Water lilies and the tall spires of spruce — a man dropped there suddenly would think himself far to the northward, far away from the cactus and the sage. And on the rivers and lakes of the main valleys, hundreds of miles of waterways await the enthusiast who launches his canoe or riverboat at the landing of the Kamloops and District Yacht Club on River Street. Not for nothing did the Shuswaps name the place The Meeting of the Waters.

Old maps of the area — maps that go back before recorded history began, before there was a fort at Thompson's River, show how little faith the cartographers had in this country in those far-off days: in fact they evidently thought it might lie beneath the waters of the ocean. On a map of 1765 the following words are written over these western regions: "It is very uncertain whether this part is Sea or Land."

Fifty more years were still to elapse before Alexander Ross, the Astorian, camped at the meeting of the rivers and decided that Cumcloups was — as it still is — a good place for a trader to build.

Skiers at Todd Mountain, near Kamloops.

# YOUNG VANCOUVER SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF YOUTH

by Ethel Wilson

My mother died in South Africa when I was a baby. My Father died in England when I was six or seven. I came to Vancouver in about 1895 with my Grandmother, her sister, and daughter, to join her three sons — J. F., W. H. (who years later became mayor of Vancouver), and Philip Malkin, and who were now established in business in the new little town of Vancouver. We did not know the history of the name Vancouver. Few people did, at that time — or few people cared that we commemorated the name of a brave and steadfast young man.

As the train moved in to the station, I saw — with an urgency that has remained in my heart ever since — the mountains, the sparsely manned harbour, the sailing ships, some steamers that had — I suppose, lately — begun to enter the harbour. We arrived at the station and were greeted warmly by my uncles (for here was the arrival of still another household in Vancouver). The town soon began to take the shape and the form of home. I have to tell a little of my own life in order to present the new sights seen by inexperienced eyes of youth.

As I see, now, while being driven around Stanley Park, the majesty and beauty of that area of great (or once great) trees which must be cherished, of the harbour of Vancouver—changed in its aspect from the silent calm sea of early days, of the mountains glorious and almost unchanged, the signs of Indian life as in a village across the harbour, I see that a certain serenity has gone (as everywhere in our world), and all around are the signs that link us, by sight and motion, with the world beyond us. The little town of Vancouver has changed in a lifetime to a great city, and has assumed an interpretative voice as a part of the great world.

There were few people in the streets, a crowd (as we know it now) was unknown. My uncles' business on Water Street was a token of future life in a city. The twin spires of the little Indian church graced the northern shore. In Vancouver the churches of the town seemed to be confined to Homer and Richards and Georgia Streets, then. What we have now for a long time known as the West End was wooded, a spreading forest broken by wooden houses in being, houses in the course of building. Vancouver began to grow to the east, west, north and south, to land and to water — both salt and fresh, sea or river, on nearly every side.

There were public schools of fair size in the city. I do not remember bookshops at that time. Before long the Carnegie Library was established with much acclaim. We were still surrounded by beauty, and in our house we read and read.

I attended a small private school, later known as Crofton House. I was — at first — one of less than a dozen pupils. Games were few, and happy, and un-organized. The atmosphere of England, our former home, was with us, and so was the love and surprise of our new country. Life was a game and we enjoyed it.

There was music in the homes of Vancouver. Evenings were not complete without song, or piano, or violin, not music of grand quality, but of the essence of pleasure. But there was an amazing amount of music — concerts, opera, all held in the small Opera House on Granville Street. Music was free and full, visual "art" conformed to tradition. We had no Art Gallery then

— but people had opinions. The art of "painting" was only occasional and peculiar—, on china, for example.

There was little crime in the city, and that was chiefly confined to the water front. As I walked to and from school (thirty-five blocks a day), I passed the chain gang clearing land for building-lots on Davie and Jervis Streets. The men of the chain gang were shackled. They were driven to work in a wagon with a team of horses and were guarded by keepers who cradled guns in their arms in traditional style. I was always a little afraid and did not turn to look at the chain gang although I wanted to explore their faces, and understand why this had come about.

One of the most notable figures of my youth in the West End was the fine negro Joe Fortes at English Bay. He taught nearly all the boys and girls to swim. I can still hear Joe Fortes saying in his rotund rich voice, "Jump! I tell you, jump! If you don't jump off of that raft, I'll throw you in!" So we jumped. Joe was an heroic figure.

I do not remember innumerable associations for local aid and improvement, for games and for other pleasures such as now crowd our newspapers and our lives. Perhaps they were there. Of politics I knew nothing.

When I went shopping with my aunt on Cordova Street I saw beautiful ladies in black, usually travelling in pairs. Their skirts were long and would have trailed (given a chance) but were held up by an elegantly crooked elbow, their cheeks were very pink, their eyes were large, and lingered as they looked, soft and hard with experience.

"Oh, Aunty Belle!" I used to say, "do look at that lovely lady! Who is she?" I was rather ashamed that my aunt did not know any of these lovely ladies nor did she seem to wish to know them. She snubbed me for my curiosity and thus was my burning innocence continued.

Picnics became popular. There was North Vancouver across the Inlet, to which my uncles rowed. There was a beach, later known as Jericho Beach, where loggers of a logging company named Jerry and Co. were working. For the adventurous there was the North Arm of the Inlet. Owing to the absence of engines and the presence of muscle, we were rowed everywhere. Later, Bowen Island was delightfully discovered. More than once I have met whales at close quarters. We were surrounded by beauty and the pleasures of nature.

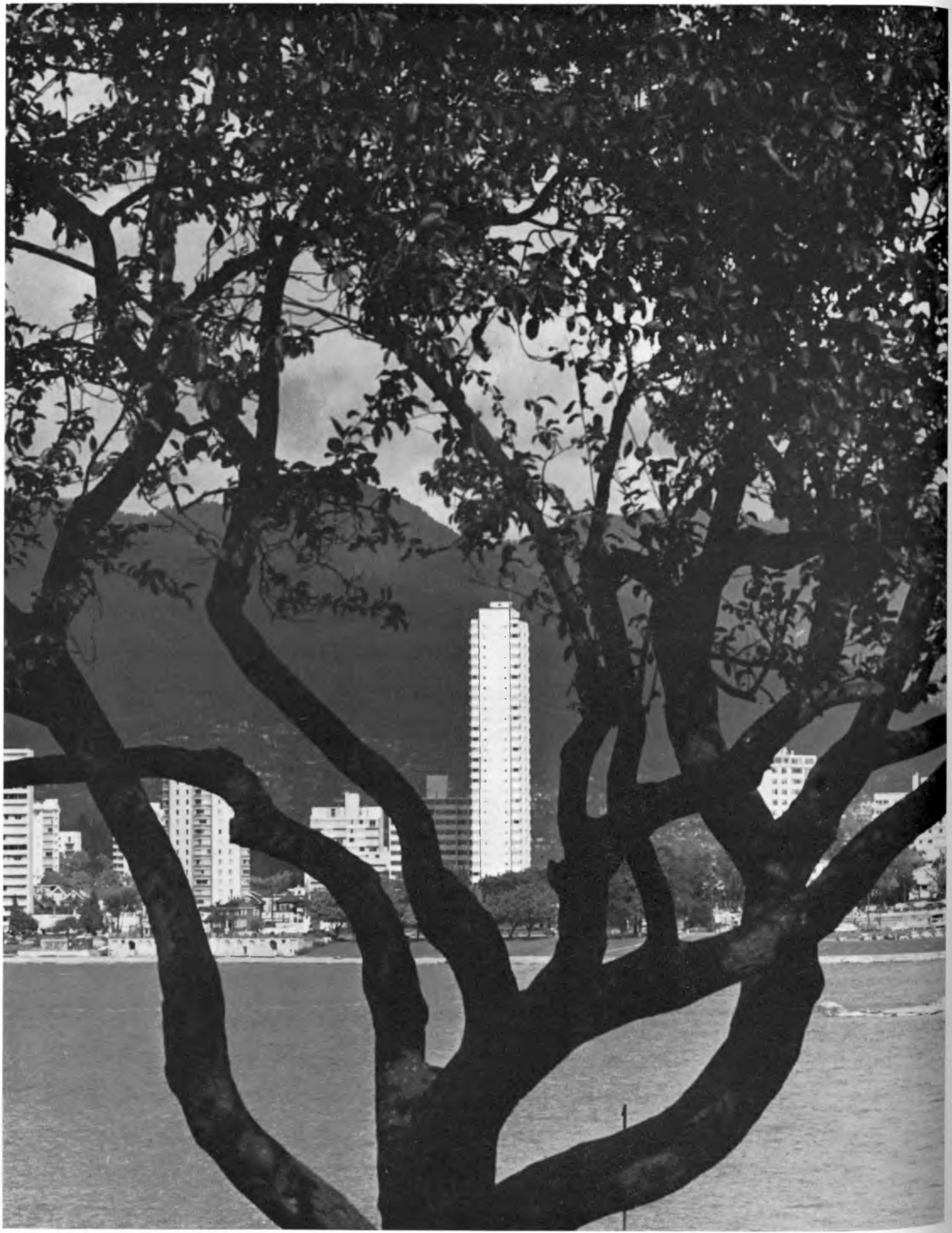
Everyone but my Grandmother had a bicycle. My great-aunt did not ride her bicycle; she preferred to walk it about and talk to people — her favourite occupation.

Many families who had recently come from England employed a cook, usually Chinese. Our cook pursued the same orthodox pattern as we did. He loved my Grandmother devotedly, and willingly "came in," as required, for Family Prayer which my Grandmother conducted twice daily. "Cards" were unknown in our house, but many of our friends played cards. I don't know why "cards" were taboo, but they were.

I relate these times, you see, as they presented themselves to a schoolgirl. The town changed to a city, land and water changed, the schoolgirl changed. And now, the city of Vancouver shows another face, looking east, west, and north in our beloved country of Canada, and far, far, beyond by land and sea.

There was a simplicity in life then which it would be folly to regret now.

An historic picture of Vancouver in its early days.



# VANCOUVER

## *where individualism is a religious rite*

by Herbert L. McDonald

Opposite page: High-rise buildings across English Bay.

Below: Vancouver Yacht Club.

If all the words written about Vancouver were put together they would still not add up to the truth, so it is unlikely these will fare much better. For this is an infuriating place.

I said yes, quickly, when I was asked to write this piece for the Centennial issue of Habitat. Who doesn't like talking about his home town? I am as jingoistic as a Board of Trader on a members' junket. It will take half a day at the most, I thought. That was an infuriated editor's month ago and I don't think I am closer to a memorable piece of polished prose than I was then. The trouble is there are so damn many things to say and they all sound like tourist titillation.

For instance: today, as it has been for the last two weeks, the mid-seventy air has been warm and dry. While the whole miserable east has changed its shirt three times today, gulped its salt tablets to replace sweat-lost energy, tuned up its air conditioners full bore, run for cover behind its mosquito netting, bombed the air with insecticides and tried to gather the courage to face another humid day, our pores have stayed closed, I've worn the same white shirt two days running, no winged pest has scarred my lily brown body and the blanket felt good last night. Propaganda.

For instance: yesterday at four o'clock, my wife and I towed the boat a few miles to a harbour ramp above Second Narrows. By six o'clock, 35 miles away, we were making dinner on the little two-burner alcohol stove moored to a log boom in a narrow cove of Gambier Island, in the middle of Howe Sound, and trading boating lies with a doctor and his family who, in their 25-foot sloop, had sailed the Swiftsure the week before. On the way home in a gentle sea, slow trolling for a bit, we picked up a taut little 10-pound salmon that, sliced into steaks and sprinkled with rosemary, will form tonight's dinner. And later, on the way to the house, we pulled into the parking lot at the foot of Grouse mountain and went up the gondola lift to the Grouse Nest chalet just because the lights of the city were sparkling in the crystal air below and it seemed the thing to do. Rank propaganda.

For instance: just now we have a niece from the east and her friend as guests. In their wisps of this and that they are lying flat on the pool's coping, toes dangling in the turquoise water, while behind them a pink-chested house finch and his little mate are working over the feeder, a rufous-sided towhee is cleaning up the seeds on the deck below and a flashy blue Steller's jay is raucously awaiting his turn from the top of the alder. Over in English Bay I can see the white sails and ballooning jibs of a hundred boats beating their way west in a race around the bell buoy, a 16-foot outboard and a 60-foot cruiser are running the tide side by side through First Narrows under Lion's Gate bridge, a sleek Japanese freighter is coming up to the Narrows and an English 45,000-ton super bulk carrier, heavy with grain,

is off Brockton Point slowly outbound. I can see tiny white figures on the Stanley Park cricket pitch, some damn fool kid waving his arms atop Siwash Rock who will probably have to be laddered down by firemen and, out in the western haze over the Strait, the mountains of Vancouver Island rival any stage designer's backdrop. Outrageous propaganda.

For instance: two days ago we put a friend on the jet for Sydney, Australia and that night a pal showed up with a Moscow University professor, a Caracas publisher and a Phillipine architect. Later, we went to a Northwest Indian art opening at the Art Gallery where I clinked glasses of Piper Heidsick with Indian chiefs of the Haida, Kwakiutl and the Squamish and introduced one to a university president because he wanted to know the way to a bursary for a promising girl student of his nation. Take the little addition we have just finished. Eight workmen were involved in it. The Englishman was in Montgomery's Eighth Army, the German in Rommel's Desert Korps and the Italian had been a vintner in the south. The Irishman had been in the plot to bomb Dublin's Nelson monument (or said he had been). The Madras Indian was earning his way through a PhD in physics at UBC. The American was beating his Viet Nam draft call. The Hollander had been a member of the Dutch underground and the one British Columbian was here because his Bering Sea halibut boat was on strike with the rest of the ruddy fleet. My barber, Hans, was captured at Stalingrad and spent four years in a Russian prison camp. A sculptor friend who has been getting a lot of commissions lately, was a pilot in the Luftwaffe. When the Japanese four-masted training

Top: Lion's Gate Bridge.

Lower: ". . . a sleek . . . freighter" coming into harbour.

Four young boys in a punt looking for birds under Vancouver dock.

barque spent a week in port not long ago, the captain, a former battle-wagon commodore, became the lion of local society. And when the largest German battleship, *Deutschland,* spent five days here a few weeks ago, the captain's host at the swinging party at H.M.C.S. Discovery naval station in Stanley Park, was the station's executive officer, a Canadian Jew.

For instance: would it help your understanding of Habitat Vancouver if I told you of some of my friends and the ways they have found for self-expression? Len, across the street, is a mining promoter. He picked up an ancient Alaska cruise ship, gutted it, towed it to San Diego and rebuilt its interior as a class restaurant. Now it serves 5,000 meals a month. But he is still active in his original work. Bill next door, is an insurance broker, who every summer and winter weekend tows his trailer to remote upcountry and upcoast fishing spots. Fred in the next block, retired a year ago but in the year he has finished building a lovely little downtown office building as an investment and he and his wife are going around South America by slow freighter in the fall. Syd retired a couple of years ago but is beginning a new manufacturing venture in the Okanagan. It takes two hours to buy a suit from George, my haberdasher, because you find yourself getting involved with the dry rot he found when he pulled up his boat's floorboards. Charlie who services the power lawnmower, and his wife, were the motion picture stunt men for Oliver Reed and Rita Tushingham in the white water canoe scenes for "The Trap" when it was made here last year. Buzz, a former American, sells monster road and mine machinery but at the same time has managed to secure a record book big game trophy of every species in the province, and when the *Danginn,* the world's third costliest yacht, anchors off his Vancouver Island summer shack each season, his teenage sons become fishing guides for the Rockefeller and Callas types, its passengers. Or take the wife of James Clavell,

Above: A mixture of many races adds to the city's fascination.

Right: Giant cranes can manage a diversity of cargoes . . .

Opposite middle . . . while wheat . . .

Opposite lower: . . . and sulphur require specialised handling.

movie producer, director, author of "Tai-Pan" and others. They live out beyond the lighthouse. She owns and personally manages a store in the Park Royal shopping centre full of exquisite (and expensive) things from Burma, Siam and the Pacific islands.

The point of all this is that people love Habitat Vancouver, indeed all of British Columbia, for the abundance of physical outlet, creative self-satisfaction and fulfillment of soul it offers. Is that too romantic, too sticky? Sorry, there is just no other way to say it. I produced a book in late '66 with the title, *British Columbia: Challenge in Abundance.* And that is exactly the way it is. You have to be here, as they say.

But — and there is a but, more's the pity, life ain't all roses. The Bible says the wise men came out of the east, but nowhere does it say how they went back. Wise men are still coming out of the east, young, aggressive, sharpened to a fine edge by tough company competition, sent to Vancouver as new western branch managers for the last three years of executive training before taking v.p. posts back at head office. You meet them at parties their first year here. Their suits are exactly the right cut, their wives possess the right degree of svelteness, their handshakes are demanding

and to a man, as the party grinds on, you hear first amazement then frustration voiced. Meet them three years later and they have become the same easy-going slobs like the rest of us.

One I remember. My but he was earnest. His career had been devoted to the bank and he had climbed inch by inch until now he was the new western regional manager based in Vancouver. If he watched himself carefully he would be a v.p. in Toronto in no time. Sometimes he didn't think he would make it. It all came to a head one day when he called in a branch manager to tell him he was on the way up; that from a branch managership he was being sent to a new head office position in Toronto and the move would include a car, a new home in a better-class section and a $4,000 raise. The man quit. "He'd be damned," he said, "if he'd give up his garden, his boat and his fishing weekends to go back 'to the rat race' and you could take his 15 years service as well."

Premier Bennett has said, although I think he was talking more of his 16-year-old government, "Converts are our staunchest friends."

For too many years Vancouver has suffered from the lack of a large, permanent corps of middle-echelon businessmen. Unlike Montreal and Toronto, this city has been too long a branch office town and while the changing managers buy good homes, join good clubs and they and their wives become active in some form of community work, there has always been the transient feeling that roots must not be allowed to dig too deep because inevitable transplanting was around the corner. This is illustrated in the British Properties residential development on the West Vancouver mountainside, where 15 per cent of the fine homes acquire new owners each year. One smart real estate sales person I know is growing rich on it. He has sold the same house as many as six or seven times, each time at a higher price and each time for a larger commission. The absentee membership lists of the better golf clubs have all increased two hundred percent in the past three years because playing members about to be moved back east, say to the Secretaries, "Keep my membership open for I'm going to come back when I retire or I'm going to work things so the company sends me here permanently." And some of them were the earnest young men who spent their first year bucking the more relaxed way of business.


But that relaxed way of doing business can drive old-timer and newcomer alike up the wall. With 9,000 boats in this area, try and find a decent marina carrying all a boat's needs. Marinas are still in the "mechanic complex" stage. Choose a suit cloth carefully then wait for three or four weeks for a Toronto thread factory to deliver or perhaps write at the end of that time to say the cloth is now out of stock. Try and find a hardware store in this town carrying a piece of galvanized metalware, like, say, a garden gate hinge. You would think it easy in this wet country. I've tried and it isn't. The paperhanger for whom we had been waiting a month was all ready to go when my wife decided she didn't like the paper I'd picked. He and I sped over the bridge to pick up the one she did like but then we found it was out of stock. We were told it would take two weeks to get it out of Toronto where it was made. "For goodness sake," I said, "where's the

"The point of all this is that people love Habitat Vancouver, indeed all of British Columbia, for the abundance of physical outlet, creative self-satisfaction and fulfillment of soul it offers."
Purcell Range (above); Delbrook Gardens, N. Vancouver (below, left) and Stanley Park (right).

phone?" In 10 minutes the plant sales manager had promised he would have the rolls on that afternoon's air freight and that we could pick them up at his outlet here next day. The local store manager looked amazed. Know what he said? . . . "We just don't do things that way!"

It's just too damn bad they don't, and yet we lack for little. All the world's choice is here provided you can trust a catalogue, a manufacturing agent's word and you want to wait for it. So you do wait for it because it is precisely what you want — and in the process you slow down. Then you go home to see how the gray-owl junipers are doing or look up at the ageless rim of the calm mountains or go down to the marina and tinker with the boat. Frustrations become petty and life withal seems in focus once more.

But one aspect never seems to get into focus. Vancouver these days is the epitome of 'too much talk and not enough action.' The majority are seldom heard. The vociferous minority organizes itself, stamps its newsworthy feet in council meetings, hires lawyers who put up so much smokescreen that fine plans never get beyond the model stage. A dozen are suffering that fate just now. The Bronfman - Eaton combination, Cemp investments, wants the two city centre blocks at Georgian and Granville streets to erect a giant hotel, department store, business and office high-rise complex. It would rejuvenate downtown and be the catalyst for more improvement. For two years that scheme has been balked by one group or other, the latest being City Council which wants more revenue from the parking spaces. A tremendous hotel, marina, townhouse and apartment development is planned for the mouth of the Capilano river where it meets First Narrows at Lion's Gate bridge, but now the Indian band on whose reserve it would stand say no, unless they get 50 percent of the profits. What this place needs is a Big Daddy like Fred Gardiner, former Metro Toronto chairman, who used to say: "O.K. you jokers, I've given each of you five minutes to speak your piece. Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do." And he did it. Vancouver's motto on its coat of arms reads: "By Sea and Land We Prosper." There are times I think it should read: "By Sea and Land We Maintain the Status Quo."

Then you think, what the heck. This place is only 80 years old. The province has only just passed its century. The trouble is we have no tradition. We were born into the industrial revolution and we grew up in a graceless time. There are scars and there are mistakes, but appreciation is growing gradually, generation by generation.

If I had my druthers, my habitat would have the Gallic vivacity of Montreal, the go of Toronto and the living accommodation of Vancouver. San Francisco is such a city, or was five years ago when I saw it last. But if you limit my choice to Canada then I have to take Vancouver's accommodation with all its little frustrations because in my early fifties I've now learned what is important in life — not the least of which is the feeling that 20 minutes from now I can be so damn far away from people I could walk around in my bare skin with only the tall cedars for company.

And if you will excuse me, now that I think of it, I believe I will do just that!


**The Dowager Queen goes Mod.**

"Victoria . . . has suddenly learned the art of make-up. More, she is taking hormone shots . . ." The Maritime Museum (left) formerly the Courthouse, is in the Bastion Square urban renewal area.

"Pedestrian walkways, brightened by brick and flower beds, radiate from the fountain around which scalloped concrete affords seating for sunners and contemplaters." Centennial Square (immediate left) is a "little masterpiece of urban cosmetic surgery."

# VICTORIA

Eric Nicol

Some years ago in the era of steam radio I did a CBC talk on Victoria in which I described the city as "the only cemetery in the world with a business section." This innocent comment, along with other remarks pertaining to "the Maidenhead of Canada," evoked from Victoria Chamber of Commerce a wounded bellow so reverberant that the CBC's Western Regional Supervisor felt obliged to fly to Victoria to placate the outraged boosters.

Aside from the reduced demand for my services as a broadcaster, the most lasting impression made on me by this incident was that Victoria, despite all appearances to the contrary, was alive —alive and kicking.

This impression has been confirmed by the trip to Victoria which I have made for the purpose of writing this article. To travel from Vancouver to Victoria is no longer a sedative. A tranquilizer, perhaps. But a completely benign tranquilizer.

Victoria today is a gracious dowager who has suddenly learned the art of make-up. More, she is taking hormone shots that have, for the first time since she was chosen as Capital of the West-coast colony, given her an aspect more auspicious than that of her arch-rival across the Gulf of Georgia.

The most striking feature of rejuvenated Victoria is the Centennial Square. This little masterpiece of urban cosmetic surgery was instituted by a Mayor as bright-eyed and bushy-tailed as any in North America — Richard B. Wilson. Wilson gathered about him a team of planners and architects that took the knife to an eyesore waterfront area and

View from Parliament Buildings, about 1897.

turned it into the charming enclave of McPherson Theatre and Restaurant, City Hall and a delightful latticed façade suggesting a seraglio but is actually a parkade.

Pedestrian walkways brightened by brick and flower beds radiate from the fountain, around which scalloped concrete affords seating for sunners and contemplaters.

Wilson's prime movers, kept moving latterly by Mayor Hugh Stephen, have been astute enough to avoid creating a beauty spot on an ugly hag face. Working a block at a time, with photographic mock-ups of each entire street, they are piecing out an over-all plan of shopping malls, parking areas and treed boulevards co-ordinated even as to colour.

The older buildings, stripped of the cheap rouge of advertising, have regained their dignity of mien under coats of tastefully chosen paint. Projecting signs have been discouraged, with the effect of making Victoria's broad streets look as clean and fresh as the sea breeze that whips off the salt chuck.

Naturally endowed with hills and streets that diversify the soul-destroying grid, Victoria is rediscovering the beauty of perspective. In this respect she has always had the grand example of the Empress Hotel, whose imperious posture flanking the Parliament Buildings is visually awesome beyond the wildest dreams of Conrad Hilton.

Change a city's complexion as you will, to be a handsome woman she must have good cheekbones. The Empress is high cheek. Since the hotel was first opened on January 20, 1908, it has made a career of intimidating Americans. Who of course love it. The Empress is probably the only place in North America where the family from Vermont can be made to feel that George Washington was a myth. They register as roistering republicans, but leave as colonials, chastened by miles of marching through vast and labyrinthine corridors 12 feet high and 12 feet wide.

Only now is the Empress beginning to make concessions to the creature comforts of the wayward Yank. Operation Teacup, as it is called, includes installation of A.C. current and such space-age novelties as showers, radios and (eventually) TV sets in the rooms. Cost: $4,000,000.

Meantime, the Empress lobby continues to function as the spiritual centre of Britannia Forever. The afternoon teas of wafer-thin watercress sandwiches and honey-soaked crumpets, served to daintily decrepit dames sit-

ting in high-backed chairs and reading lavender notes through glasses held in front of their glasses, is still the richest emotional experience that Victoria affords. Entering the Empress Tea Lounge, after a visit to the nearby "Royal London Wax Museum," one notes a slight decline in the vivacity of the incumbents. It is relaxing.

Undoubtedly, for the tourist, the major subduing factor is the tremendous ferns and other greenery of the Empress's conservatory and the Crystal Garden swimming pool. None of the huge plants is labeled as meat-eating but it is impossible to shake the feeling that a word spoken too raucously, or even a shirt too loud . . .

This English-garden element of Victoria's ambiance finds extension in Beacon Hill Park, where it is said the ducks quack with a Mayfair accent — "Quawk, quawk" — and the only distracting sound at times is the pop of the broom seeds. Flora is part of Victoria's psyche. How many flowered hats of Empress guests get watered by nearsighted gardeners in a given year is one of Victoria's statistical secrets, but there is no blinking the fact that the city makes its traffic nicer to be near with street dividers so broad and brilliant with bloom that Detroit hath less do-

Top: Provincial Archives and Library, an early photo.

Above: Flowers, rock gardens, trees and lawns underline the English atmosphere so prevalent in the city.

". . . Victoria retains the unique property of pleasing the eye . . ."

minion over the motorist's soul.

Victoria's parking meters are painted grass green.

The green thumb, whether from gardening or counting his millions marks that constant of Victoria life—the retired person. Chances are he is no longer ex-Indian Army, but the same amenities that beguiled Rudyard Kipling bring to Victoria thousands of Canadians, and Americans, resolved not to spend their sunset years chipping icicles off their eyebrows. Victoria's streets are furnished not only with flower baskets but with benches, at every bus-stop, to indulge that large part of the population happier off its pins.

Victoria thus preserves something of the Victorian pace of living, as a genuine image of its inhabitants, while exploiting for tourist trade the glories of Empire as faded as the crowns patterned on the Empress Hotel's Indian rugs. The caricature is too absurd to be taken seriously; the Tudor-style motels, the bowling alley fashioned as a Kentish hop-curing shed, the multitude of "inns" Red Lion and Imperial. Even Hy's Steak House is blazoned with heraldic devices—tourist dollars rampant on a field of As-you-were?

Male students at the University of Victoria who wish the reward of military service may either enlist as naval reserve or join the Beefeaters who bear sandwich boards campaigning for somebody's Sussex sweetmeats.

From this evidence it may be inferred that visitors who "follow the birds to Victoria" are gulled in more ways than one. Not so. Despite Ye Olde English hokum, Victoria retains the unique property of pleasing the eye, the quality recorded by Sir James Douglas, British Columbia's first governor and the man who in 1842 was scouting the coast for the site of the future Fort Victoria. Aboard the Beaver that summer's day as she sailed around a point at the southern tip of Vancouver Island, he knew at once that he had found it.

"The place itself appears a perfect 'Eden,' in the midst of the dreary wilderness of the North-west coast, and so different is its general aspect, from the wooded, rugged regions around, that one might be pardoned for supposing it had dropped from the clouds into its present position."

This paradise has managed to forestall the infernal worm of urban blight. The old-style, five-globe streetlamps are trim with fresh paint, and by night they cast a glow that dapples the city with provocative shadows.

More important, Victoria remains a city scaled to the human dimension. From the dinky Inner Harbour, which accommodates the CPR steamer and not much else, to the low-rise department stores and public buildings, Victoria does not oppress the spirit. The new B.C. Archives and Museum, which is the city's Centennial project, is its most massive piece of contemporary architecture, but Victorians may be counted on to mellow its modernity with ivy and live oak.

The statue of Queen Victoria stiffly ennobling the Parliament Building grounds is not amused by what is happening to her Colonial Capital. On the other hand she shows no sign of abdicating—certainly a hopeful augury for her city.

"This English-garden element of Victoria's ambiance finds extension in Beacon Hill Park, where it is said the ducks quack with a Mayfair accent — "Quawk, quawk" — and the only distracting sound at times is the pop of broom seeds. Flora is part of Victoria's psyche."

# PRINCE RUPERT

*"It had no childhood so it had no past."*

*by R. G. Large*

Prince Rupert, Canada's farthest north and farthest west Pacific port was carved from the wilderness in four short years, to become a city in 1910. True it was still somewhat primitive, but it was a city nevertheless. It had no childhood, so it had no past. It had only the present and the future. And what hope there was in that! Its prospects dazzled the eyes of those first citizens — men and women who had rushed there from all over the continent, to be among the first members of this future metropolis of the north. The Pacific terminus of a new transcontinental railway; one of the finest year round harbours in the world and five hundred miles closer to the orient than any other Pacific port. Who could have any doubts?

The community was the dream of Charles M. Hayes, the dynamic general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway. He painted a picture of ocean docks and his own fleet of ocean-going vessels, a combination which could dominate the oriental trade and steal the valuable silk cargoes from the rival Canadian Pacific Railway. He must have been persuasive, for he convinced Sir Wilfred Laurier and his Liberal Government at Ottawa of its potential and they gave him the charter to build and also backed his bonds.

But fate intervened. Charles Hayes, returning from a trip to Europe, was lost on the "Titanic", and two years later Canada became involved in the First World War. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, along with the Great Northern Railway, went into bankruptcy and the Canadian Government took over, amalgamating them into the Canadian National Railway. The Great Northern terminus in Vancouver was chosen as the western port for the new railroad, and Prince Rupert was relegated to insignificance as the end of a rapidly forgotten branch line.

Then followed the Depression years, when the city ignominiously fell into the hands of a receiver and knew its greatest shame when the Mayor of Vancouver referred to it as "that fishing village up north."

However, to the credit of its citizens, even in those darkest hours, they still believed in its future. It took a second World War to change the picture once again. For years Prince Rupert had been the "halibut capital" of the world, but overnight it blossomed into national importance. The Canadian Government suddenly saw Prince Rupert as the weakest spot in their defences — an undefended transcontinental railhead, open to invasion by the threatening Japenese forces in the Pacific. They hurriedly drew up their defences: but it took our American neighbours to see the positive values in the port, and they soon arrived in force. From a "fishing village," it became overnight, one of the supply ports for Alaska and the Pacific theatre of the war.

Only those who were there can appreciate the chaos when a town of six thousand inhabitants suddenly found itself with twenty-five thousand. Small wonder that the crowded living conditions and inadequate facilities of those days gave the city a continent wide bad reputation which it is still trying to live down! The ultimate was during the war, when a young woman was reputed to have committed suicide on being notified of her transfer to Prince Rupert.

While one hears a great deal today of the dangers of American investment in Canada, those sentiments will find little response in Prince Rupert. Its almost continuous prosperity since the war can be attributed to our American friends. Over the years the city has had only occasional notice from the Government at Ottawa, and has been consistently "sold short" by the railroad which gave it birth. The Americans, however, who discovered Prince Rupert during the war, showed a continuing interest afterwards in two fields — transportation, and the exploitation of natural resources. An American company, through its Canadian subsidiary, took over some of the war installations and established a pulp mill. They have since built a second one. The State of Alaska, anxious to get an outlet for its cities in the Panhandle, built a "marine highway," and daily ferry service to Prince Rupert was instituted. Since the city is connected by road with the highways of the continent, the new service

City Hall.

ended the isolation of Alaskan cities from Ketchikan to Skagway. The traffic in freight trucks and tourists is increasing steadily and during the summer months cars by the thousands travel the area. A year ago the B.C. Government Ferry Authority initiated a tri-weekly service from Vancouver Island to Prince Rupert, which links up with the Alaskan ships and offers the traveler an alternate route, as well as affording the residents of Prince Rupert a speedy connection with the southern part of the Province.

In fairness to the railway it must be recorded that the one contribution they have made to the development of the port was in the same field — transportation to Alaska. After the war they built a ferry slip and promoted traffic by car barge to a pulp mill in Ketchikan, and also across the Gulf of Alaska to Whittier, where they joined up with the Alaskan railroad. This has resulted in considerable business for the railroad, since freight rates from the eastern half of the continent are the same to all Pacific ports, and the subsequent water haul is much shorter from Prince Rupert. The position of Prince Rupert in the Canadian economy now appears assured. The city's slogan "A Gateway to Alaska" has been confirmed by events, and to it should now be added "and the Pacific."

With a present population of fifteen thousand, life in this northern city still retains the attractions of small-town

A view of the city looking north.

living while, at the same time, rapidly acquiring the amenities of modern urban existence. Blessed with a mild climate throughout the year; well supplied with transportation by air, sea, rail and road; adequately served with electric power by B.C. Hydro; strategically placed in British Columbia's North amid a wealth of natural resources in fish, forest and mine, Prince Rupert merits the careful attention of "Big Business," to say nothing of Government. Already the Japanese have seen the light and these enterprising people are shipping fish products, timber and ore through the port to Japan.

The founders of Prince Rupert have nearly all moved or passed away. Their place has been taken by a younger and more cosmopolitan population. Anglo-Saxons still form the basic stock, but every race and colour is represented. Italians and Scandinavians form the largest groups, with Chinese close behind. The latter are chiefly in business, particularly restaurants; the Scandinavians are involved in the fishing industry; and the Italians in the building trades. The city is completely unsegregated so that no ghettos or racial groupings occur. On the other hand two cultures have made their impress on the city. The Italians, the largest ethnic group, have contributed greatly to the beautification of the city with their building skills, in the construction of rock walls and notably the ornamental plaza and fountain in the centre of the town, which was given to the city on its fiftieth birthday by the Italo-Canadian Club.

The native Indian culture is also very much in evidence as Prince Rupert boasts the finest collection of Totem Poles on exhibit. These have been collected from the surrounding district and are erected throughout the city. They are being steadily augmented by the work of a native artist, William Jeffery. This skillful carver is employed all the year by the city and works outside the local museum, where his labors are a constant source of interest.

The complete intermingling of the races is noticeable in schools and sports activities. Regrettably Prince Rupert has its slum section as has every city across the country. This area is inhabited largely by the native Indians who, because of the many Indian villages close by, flock to the city in large numbers seeking employment and in some cases, education. Prince Rupert is coping with this problem through a Friendship House, foster homes, day care centres and an active programme of rehabilitation for alcoholics. A more effective solution of this problem awaits the construction of low-cost rental-housing, and this is in the offing.

One would expect this heterogeneous collection of people would make a colorful and picturesque population, but it is not so. Watching the crowds of eager shoppers thronging the streets on Friday night, one can only be impressed by the complete integration of these people. No "native costumes" are in evidence, all appear in modern styles, eager to become good Canadian citizens. Shades of color or characteristic facial structure are the only indication of the multi-racial origin. The exception are a small group of East Indians employed in the local sawmill, whose women folk appear on special occasions in flowing and bright colored saris.

But it would be wrong to give the impression that these people, as they

The waterfront, with Federal Government elevator in the foreground.

hurry to and fro, have lost all individuality in their integration. They have quickly learned the characteristic western independence, as a few town anecdotes will serve to show. Like the time a union dispute kept the sailors from work, and their wives left the housework to take up banners and placards and joined in the protest which kept their men from going to sea. Downtown traffic is a contest between impatient motorists and daring jaywalkers, the latter also subject to the wrath of the law — in the form of one-dollar fines, payable to the policeman on the spot. Once a woman proffered a two-dollar bill when being fined and was asked to wait for change. "Never mind," she said, "make it out for two dollars. I'm going back in a few minutes."

The Indians also add to the individuality of the town; their pride and sorrow evident the day they bore their native chief to the cemetery at the end of town, the slow march up the main street being led by the Indian Brass Band, attired in full uniform and playing the "Dead March" from "Saul." Then there are the many tourists, camera-toting and American, just ashore from the Alaskan cruise ship, who themselves contribute to the local color they have come to see. But for the most part, this could be any Canadian town on a shopping day, except that these people are in a hurry. They are going places! They have no time for the past. Once more in Prince Rupert, there is only the present and the future!

# PRINCE GEORGE

## I suppose you would have to say the brash, raucous go-to-hell city they call Prince George has matured a bit...

by Terry Hammond

. . . They haven't hung a visiting journalist in effigy for several years. I think a good friend and colleague on a Vancouver paper was the last, and that was two years back.

He wrote that it was considered unwise for a woman to walk down the main street after dark, that the population explosion there would do justice to a rabbit farm, that something over 100 arrests for drunkenness on a week-end would not make headlines and that a Pentecostal minister had described the setting of his parish as a "veritable Sodom and Gomorrah."

The good burghers of Prince George loosed a cry like a thousand lonely coyotes on a night when the snow creaks underfoot, and the frost crystals form at every searing breath and sound travels for ever and ever.

In British Columbia you can write that Vancouver is a town planner's bad joke, that New Westminster is an ugly, sidehill relic of an uninspiring past, that Victoria is a bush-league Disneyland-with-crumpets, and raise hardly an audible protest.

But not Prince George.

Prince George is the fastest growing city in Canada. After the Second World War was underway it had 2,000 people, today it has more than 20,000 and conservative estimates are that it will have 40,000 by 1971.

Its astounding growth as a city can be attributed to the very reason it became a settlement in 1807 under the aegis of Simon Fraser who established a fur-trading post there—it is a natural crossroads. In Fraser's day the crossroads was simply the intersection of two major waterways, the Nechako and Fraser Rivers. But in the years which followed, the valleys which carried the rivers came to provide gentle grades for packers' trails, then for roads and ultimately for major highways and railroads.

When it became a focal point for goods moving overland into British Columbia's resources-rich central and northern wilderness it developed as a major air terminal. Today when you place your finger at Prince George on a map of the province you are placing it at the intersection of major north-south and east-west highways, at the intersection of the CNR with the Pacific Great Eastern Railway, at a point where Canadian Pacific Airlines connects with local air carriers whose bush planes fan out to every point on the compass.

The pioneers of the early settlement built it into a fur capital and when the fur market vanished almost overnight in 1922 their descendants turned it into a spruce capital. With two multi-million dollar pulp mills in production it is well on the way to becoming a pulp capital.

Because of its location it has long been a distribution capital. A recent study showed that for every dollar's worth of goods moving into British Columbia's expanding north, more than 80 cents worth goes through Prince George.

With the $400 million Peace River power project well underway, less than 200 miles to the north, with molybdenum mines opening, new pulp harvesting areas being established and new pipelines being built to carry gas from the Peace River area, a significant portion of the through-traffic rubs off on local businesses.

In a community where just 30 years ago houses were going back to the city for unpaid taxes there is an acute housing shortage.

Where 20 years ago there was concern over keeping city streets open to traffic during spring break-ups there is now concern over mounting traffic congestion.

The city not only has the highest


"It proudly boasts of having more hours of sunshine than Vancouver."

overall growth rate in Canada — twice that of the fast-growing province as a whole — it has the highest birthrate in North America, a phenomenon which local wags attribute to the long cold winters and marginal television reception.

Shopping centres costing millions of dollars have blossomed in recent years and $30,000 homes are no longer conversation pieces.

While the pioneers of the area fought government apathy and business timidity to get the economy rolling, today's residents fight the problems of growth. A planner who looked over the city a few years ago said, "Prince George is a classic study in community growth. It has had every problem known to the planning profession and some which are absolutely unique."

Today, with resource development going on all around it and with Premier W. A. C. Bennett's great northern dream of a new Ruhr valley in British Columbia's hinterland taking vestigial shape, Prince George no longer has to court and harass the investment dollar. With affluence in its pocket it is turning to its second perennial preoccupation — status.

It would like nothing better than to shed its unsought reputation as the lusty lady of the near-north, but reputations die hard. "Prince George," a politician once said, "is a city with an awful lot of crust and an awful thin skin." Even in praising this ebullient, upstart city one must choose one's words with care.

Recently I talked to an old friend of my Prince George days, a man who had been propelled economically from a shack with outhouse, to a three-level mansion, two cars and a boat in the space of 10 years.

"Things are still booming, I see."

He frowned.

"We in Prince George prefer to say the growth rate is continuing at a satisfactory pace," was his deadpan reply. Prince George, like a reformed party girl, wears the cloak of dignity as though it had been made three sizes too small.

Never was this more evident than a few months ago when, with pomp and ceremony, civic dignitaries congregated to unveil a bronze plaque commemorating one or another of those kind of events in a community's history which are very liable to be lost sight of if left to the imperfect registry of man's memory.

Officiating at this poignant punctuation mark in history was craggy-jawed, prickly-tempered Mayor Garvin Dezell, the kind of Irishman the Irish will come to for the recipe if they ever try to improve the race.

With all the grace he could muster from a frame better suited for a Donnybrook than an unveiling, Dezell swept aside the folds of drapery.

There was a titter from the crowd, then a roar.

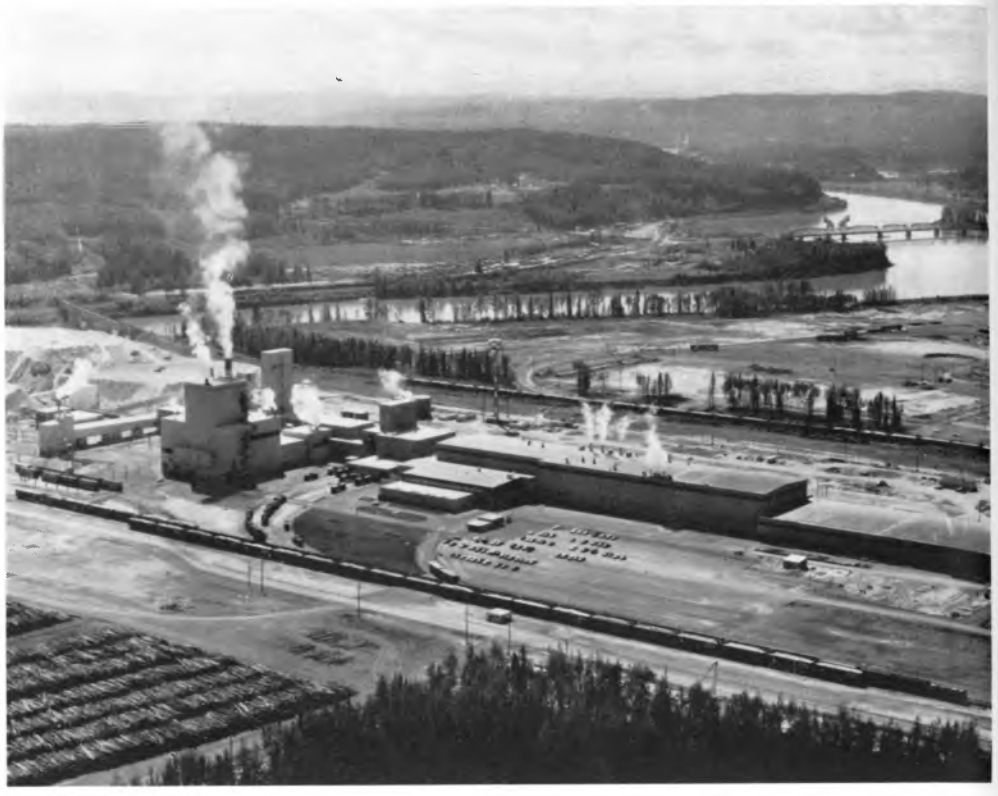
Dezell did a classic second take.

Where the sombre plaque should have been there was the lithe, bronzed figure of a Playboy nude.

Dezell laughed, and Prince George laughed with him.

Then the Vancouver newspapers got the story and all B.C. started to laugh. Dezell got angry. There was an investigation which turned up a local newspaper reporter as the prankster. The reporter was fired. Civic dignity was restored.

Like any city, or person, who has suffered years of indignities at the hands of nature, promoters, politicians, pundits, high-binders, economics and pure fate, dignity is important to Prince George. As a city still wet behind its false fronts, it wants to equate with the solidly established communities of the lower mainland.



Right: Boom town? "We in Prince George prefer to say the growth rate is continuing at a satisfactory pace . . . "

Opposite page: The city is a major road, rail and air terminal and is near the geographical centre of the province.

It proudly boasts of having more hours of sunshine annually than Vancouver. That some of this sunshine radiates upon a winter landscape so cold you are afraid to open your mouth lest the sub-zero air crack your teeth is a secret not generally shared with outsiders.

Objective winter weather observations by outsiders are not well received, no matter how cold the day. If you are an outsider who can safely be offended without fear of repercussions upon the satisfactory growth rate of the Prince George economy, you will be cut dead.

If you happen to be a visiting mortgage consultant or banker, however, you will be reasoned with.

First someone will point out that it may be cold, but it is DRY cold.

"Not like that awful DAMP cold in Montreal," someone else will say.

There is always one person present who will say "Oh, it's just nice and BRISK."

And then there will be the man who says, "Migawd, you think this is cold, you never been to WINNIPEG. We don't get that wind here."

"You notice there's no wind?"

You quietly acknowledge that there is not a breath of wind. You wonder if it is meteorologically possible for there to be wind in that cold.

Now a man will join the group who is neither a resident of "Prince," as it is familiarly (affectionately would be too strong a word) known to the initiated, nor an outsider. He has lived in the city less than a year. He is a newcomer and how he comports himself on occasions like this will be germane to his ultimate position in the pecking order of a community that pecks very sharply indeed.

If he is indiscreet, and inexperienced in the ways of concealing that one has just been fast-frozen by the oldest cryogenic system of them all, he may trot out for your benefit some awful old story regarding the effect of the cold on the human anatomy.

Oldtimers concerned with a satisfying economic growth rate will be seen to cringe and it is at least plausible the newcomer's taxes could take an unexplained 22 per cent jump next year or that the land around his nice, new, split-level home will be suddenly rezoned for heavy industry.

On the other hand if he looks askance at the light cardigan you're wearing and asks why you are so "bundled up," he just might become a director of the Prince George Board of Trade at the next annual meeting.

If he does, of course, he will have to fulfill his responsibilities to the Board of Trade (surely one of the most aggressive in the world) in between earning a living, serving on a lay committee of Knox United Church, being a Rotarian, giving a once-a-week class in karate at the Prince George Civic Centre, skipping a rink at the curling club and serving on the executive of the Prince George Rod and Gun Club.

Later, if he shows he can hold his liquor, his tongue and his sanity he may be drafted into a sufficiently larger group of organizations to qualify him in the pages of the local daily press as an "active community worker."

In the process of gaining this accolade it is not unprecedented to lose one's wife and business. If this happens the antidote is to move a couple of hundred miles further north and start again.

The dearest hopes and fondest dreams of the Prince George establishment are that the word "frontier" be dropped from the lexicon of writers describing the city's charms and that the Canadian people get it through their fat heads once and for all that it

is not "NOT up north." Even back in 1947 when the sidewalks of the city were rough planks and the drunken effluent from half a dozen acrid-smelling taverns sought shade and solace beneath their rotting timbers, "frontier" was a dirty word.

Blind to the billows of dust rising from its unpaved main streets, to the rim-wracked surplus army buildings its swelling population happily cut into home-sized chunks and dragged to barren city lots, the establishment chose to see it as a happy combination of industrial Hamilton and an ivied eastern college town.

Back about 1950 when I lived in Prince George I gave a brief talk to a service club luncheon. When I said the provincial government of the day would turn all of Vancouver Island and the Lower Mainland into one vast, treeless asphalt plain before it paved one inch of highway around Prince George, my listeners pounded the table.

A few minutes later when I said Prince George was the only city in the world where it would be possible for a hunter to rest his rifle on a parking meter and shoot a moose, the silence was deafening.

Later I wrote a piece about the city which did, in fact, use the hated word and I got an angry call from one of the aldermen.

"What possible similarity, he wanted to know, was there between a growing city like Prince George and a frontier?" I brought up the plank sidewalks, the outhouses which were still fairly numerous, the clouds of summer dust, the unplowed snow of winter and the boggy morass of spring for openers. There was a pause as he inspected the meagre arsenal at his disposal from which to throw a counter-punch. As an alderman he knew the council had just put up a few hundred dollars with which to finance a starkly simple cube of concrete as a memorial to the local dead of two world wars.

"Who the hell ever heard of a frontier town with a war memorial?" he asked triumphantly.

There is no quicker way to exit from the local cocktail circuit (Prince George is perhaps the only city in the world where rye and water is regarded as a cocktail) than to refer to one's geographical position as "up here in the north."

I believe it is incontrovertible that the Prince George Board of Trade has never issued a single piece of promotional literature which did not point out, and often in boldface type, that the city is at or near the geographical centre of the province.

With very little encouragement indeed, or none at all, a person from Prince George will point out that the city is no further north (well, not more than a mile or two) than Edmonton, Kenora, The Pas or Prince Albert.

Not only is Prince George not in the north, but in recent years it has somehow moved out of even the near-north. At one time it used to settle for being described "northern interior," but today it prefers to be "central interior" albeit in the northern portion thereof.

For brave, young Canadians here is a brave, young city.

It is a kind of Cinderella city with a do-it-yourself twist.

Its cruel stepmother has been its isolation from major markets and its ugly stepsisters have, until recent years, been government disinterest and the predilection for big business to invest in ventures it can watch from a window in the head office.

Nature, with bountiful resources, has been a fairy godmother who lacked the magic to turn a servant wench's drab garb to palace finery and a pumpkin into a coach.

Prince George is off to the prince's ball under her own steam and with a few smudges of soot along her hems.

Will she catch Prince Charming?

With a hammerlock if necessary!

Whitehorse.
It's a little like taking LSD.
Hallucinogenic.
When the trip's over you're not
sure whether or not you were
really there.
A deep-freeze Brigadoon.
Of course that's an exaggeration.
Whitehorse does exist.
It's not a figment.
For years the dreamlike quality
derived from opiate memories of the
Gold Rush and, later, from regular
injections of Federal money which gave
the economy a surrealistic flavour
because there was little matching
private investment.
It's changing now. It isn't like
the old days. It isn't like the crazy days
of the Gold Rush with hordes of men
riding north on high hopes and
returning south, poor enough in pocket
but rich in experiences for a lifetime.
Nor is it like the quiet years between . . .

***" . . . a kind of South Sea Island with a cold climate and great, long, sun-filled summer days."***

*by Harry Boyle*

# WHITEHORSE

Awakening in summer when the
river system opened to paddle wheels
and hibernating again with the
winter ice.
And it isn't like the wild days
of the Second World War when bull-
dozers roared louder than any moose
had ever done on lonely mountain sides
and grunted their way through the
piles of reluctant muskeg to build
the Alaska Highway.
The Japanese, our enemies, had
landed on the Aleutians and the
Russians, our friends, needed the air-
craft flown over the lonely Northwest
Staging Route.
It's been a tomorrow town,
punctuated by those two exclamation
points, the Gold Rush and The Highway.
Now mines, the real hope for
permanent stability or, at least, long-
term stability, are breathing legitimate
life into the city. They've done so before
but never with the concrete promise
and maximum investment of today.
Well, that's changing things.
Commercial expansion, new city
hall, bigger jail.

"Everybody is somebody in Whitehorse."

Is it changing the people?
They say it is . . . the oldtimers
and some of the youngtimers, too,
say it is.
But it isn't — much.
The LSD atmosphere of expanded
consciousness prevails. The individual
in every man can flourish. Most
permit it to do so. And not in the every-
body-wear-a-Stetson manner of
Calgary.
The real individual appears from
inside . . . maybe it's the eccentric.
Everybody is somebody in
Whitehorse.
Whether it's Wigwam Harry (his
piano box home recently burned
down), or major department store
owner Rolf Hougen (whose father
makes the best home-brew in the
world), or garage owner Bill Drury who
shipped a cold robin south via CPA
when it perched in his tree having
missed the annual migration.
Whitehorse brings out an indivi-
duality which not likely would have
appeared anywhere else or, if it had,
would have been mocked or killed
by overexposure.
Well, Whitehorse is a kind of South
Sea Island with a cold climate and
great, long, sun-filled summer days.
People come for the opportunity
the Yukon offers and stay because
they can be themselves in a territory
with space enough that you don't feel
like the middle man in a three-abreast
aircraft seat.
"Live and let live is the motto"
— but, "if *I* can help you (and you ask
for it), I will."
It's a small place Whitehorse.
About 8,000 people (and that's
more than half the population in
the 220,000 square miles of the Yukon
Territory).
But a lot goes on.
It's the world in microcosm.
Look at these newspaper stories
taken at random from a few issues of
The Star. They say (in a style that
would make your metropolitan editor
whimper) things like: Three men
fined a total of $4,500 for a conspiracy
in filing mining claims; a man is
charged with intimidating by threats

Top, right: "It's the world in microcosm."

Above: "Its changing now. It isn't like the old days . . . with . . . men riding north on high hopes . . . Nor . . . when the river system opened to paddle wheels . . ."

Right: "Sure there's growth . . . a great, GREAT night life with gogo girls and all, scheduled air flights, pavement, good painters, excellent amateur drama . . ."

the Commissioner of the Yukon (not much community spirit there, the Commissioner is the top executive of the territorial government). And here's lawyer H. H. Regehr saying in defence of client Alec "Lucky" John that he walked away from a police escort because he "is of an impulsive nature . . . used to the nomadic way of life and the pressure of incarceration loomed upon him." Recaptured after his stroll, Lucky John (the Yukon snowshoe champion) was handed 30 days. From up the line at Mayo comes word that, contrary to rumor, food is not being kept in the mortuary freezer facilities and, furthermore, says territorial councillor Fred Southam, it never was.

Now that all is not to indicate Whitehorse and environs are populated by zanies. They are not.

But odd things happen and they are viewed quite matter of factly. And the natural world remains of interest.

Says Linda Burian from Stewart River: "A few ducks and geese arrived last night. A blackbird arrived a week ago and also two chicken hawks were up around the hill . . . we seem to be accumulating a lot of hoot owls down here in the Valley. Every night there are three or four of them calling to each other. Ivan can go out in the evenings and call, and some of them answer."

Escapism?

No, that's not fair.

There's too much activity . . . too much friendliness . . . too much looking ahead. Good housing, new office buildings, lean geologists, grizzled prospectors, community planning.

It's not escapism that holds the magic spell but there is a thrall . . . and it is contagious. The most unlikely people come — or are sent north by their company or by the government — and it gets them, too.

"The happiest years," they'll say a long time after, "the happiest years of my life."

Sure there's growth and progress — good accommodation, a great, GREAT night life with gogo girls and

Opposite page, top: ". . . there is a real wish in most hearts that the fine things, the real things . . . the genuine friendships, mutual regard and common spirit . . . endure."

Opposite page, lower: This ". . . is not to indicate Whitehorse and environs are populated by zanies. They are not."

Right: ". . . the dreamlike quality derived from opiate memories of the Gold Rush . . ."


all, scheduled air flights, pavement, good painters, excellent amateur drama, surprising musicians and a housing shortage.

The development is heartening for those who have waited a long, long time for these things to happen — many have helped them happen — but there is a real wish in most hearts that the fine things, the real things . . . the genuine friendships, mutual regard and common spirit . . . there's a real wish (and strong likelihood) that they endure.

An aircraft landing on Great Slave Lake, Yellowknif

# YELLOWKNIFE

***"The town was born truly of an air age . . ."***

by Alex Stevenson and John Parker

On January 17 of this historic year 1967, Yellowknife was named as the site of the capital and seat of the Territorial Government. This action was recommended by the Report of the Advisory Commission on the Development of Government in the Northwest Territories. An extract from it reads as follows:

> "We conclude that what is required now is not provincehood but the means of growth to provincehood; that the best move for the peoples of the Northwest Territories at the present time is to retain the Territories as a political unit, to locate the government of the Territories within the Territories . . . the opinion most commonly and uniformly expressed in our public hearings was that the capital of the Northwest Territories should be located within the Territories. We believe this to be right in principle . . . We recommend that the capital be Yellowknife."

Although the present population of the Northwest Territories is only around 30,000, the vast region lying north of the 60th parallel makes up about one-third of the area of Canada. There are some eighty communities scattered across the Northwest Territories land area of 1,253,000 square miles, which is greater than the combined areas of the Atlantic Provinces, Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba. These settlements range from a few buildings clustered around a weather station, mission or northern store with twenty or thirty residents, to Yellowknife, the newly-created capital city with its population of over 4,000.

The city is the largest community in the Northwest Territories and lies

The "rock" in the Old Town. The old Hudson's Bay Company store seen to the right is now a warehouse. "The Bay" have moved to the New Town where they have a modern department store.

at approximately 62°N latitude and 114°W longitude on the north arm of Great Slave Lake. It is some 600 air miles north of Edmonton and 270 miles south of the Arctic Circle. Just west of here the drift-covered sedimentary rocks of the Mackenzie Basin meet the highly glaciated Precambrian rocks of the east. The surrounding country in general is typical Precambrian Shield; rocky with numerous lakes, practically no over-burden of soil and very sparse cover of forest. In summer the permafrost remains a few inches below moss or muskeg and ten or more feet below the surface of sandy soils.

For countless generations the Yellowknife region was hunted by Indians of the Dogrib, Yellowknife and Slave tribes. For years, traders, in the endless quest for furs, crossed Great Slave Lake following the water highways of the mighty Mackenzie River system. Associated with the fur trade, the story of Canada's exploration reveals the explorer and prospector searching for minerals. The cry "Gold" has lured hundreds of thousands of adventurous souls into the most remote and harshest regions of the world. Strangely enough, it was a mineral discovery that created the town of Yellowknife, just as the search for a mineral — copper — brought the first white explorer into the region nearly 200 years ago. Samuel Hearne of the Hudson's Bay Company left in December of 1770 for a tremendous tundra trek from the fort at Churchill to be the first European to attain the polar sea by land and returned to Churchill on June 30, 1772. On his way back from the mouth of the Coppermine River he reached the north side of Great Slave Lake, then known as Athapuscow (Net of Reeds), on

Christmas Eve, 1771. He referred to the Copper Indians because the knives and other implements they used were made of copper. The name Yellowknife is actually a misnomer — the true translation of the Indian term being "Copperknife."

Another renowned explorer to the region was Alexander Mackenzie who represented the North West Trading Company which had been formed in 1784 by a group of Montreal merchants. In 1789, starting from Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca, he canoed across Great Slave Lake down the then unknown river which now bears his name, a distance of over 1,500 miles until he reached the Delta. A number of fur trading posts had been established in the general region when Captain (later Sir John) Franklin entered the area in 1820 on the first of his great overland expeditions to the Arctic coast. At that time the one fur trading post on Great Slave Lake was Fort Providence, also located on the north shore (but not to be confused with the present community of the same name on the Upper Mackenzie). It was from there that Franklin led his ill-equipped party overland to the Arctic coast — and it was to Providence that the pitiful remnants of the expedition returned to report the rest of their comrades dead from starvation.

Traders, missionaries, police, travellers and Indians from time to time reported indications of mineral occurrences in that region. There was also a certain amount of travel and exploration by private parties, scientific investigators, patrols by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, all of which has added considerably to our knowledge of this region and its flora and fauna. Outstanding among these were Warburton Pike's expedition of 1889 northward from Great Slave Lake to the Coppermine; the rediscovery of Father Petitot's route from Great Bear to Great Slave Lake in 1908; trips to study natural history by Russell, Preble and Seaton; and the patrols of Inspectors Pelletier and French. When the Klondike gold rush first drew the world's attention to Canada as a mineral country, Great Slave Lake became the rendezvous of a few hundred men who wanted to reach the Klondike gold fields through the Canadian back door instead of by the Alaska Panhandle. They arrived from Edmonton on snowshoes, utterly exhausted, scarcely able to continue their journey. Not many of the hundreds ever reached Dawson City by this route. On the way back from the far north, the desperate pioneers staked a number of claims on the shores of Great Slave Lake although they knew perfectly well that mining at that time in such a remote country was out of the question. They returned to civilization, their claims lapsed and silence once again spread over the lake.

During the First World War, a man named Bruce explored Great Slave Lake and found gold. He brought back superb samples to Toronto but it is said that he died of grief because he could find nobody willing to finance the venture.

In 1926 another prospector actually sank a shaft on a narrow gold-bearing quartz vein on Wilson Island in Great Slave Lake, and launched a company. Unfortunately his bargeload of machinery was lost in the rapids of the Athabasca River and the mining project was abandoned.

Dr. Mackintosh Bell, the same man who had seen the colourful cobalt stain on the cliff faces of Great Bear Lake, was in the area in 1922 and again in 1928 and reported finding gold samples at the mouth of the Yellowknife River. In September 1934, a small party of prospectors came to seek the gold reported by Bell. They staked claims that changed hands a number of times, but ten years later this was to become Giant — Canada's largest gold mine. Other government geologists around 1934 were also exploring the shores of Yellowknife Bay. Their reports created a minor stampede. Flanked by some of the richest gold deposits in Canada, this resulted in the settlement being founded in 1935 and expanded as promising properties were developed into producing mines. The town was born truly of an air age, as bush pilots pushed northward and the wings of aircraft broke the monopoly of the airways long held by the ducks and geese and other bird life. In September 1938 the first gold brick was poured in the Northwest Territories.

Next came the Second World War. Prospecting and mining were flagging. War had made other activities vital and urgent. The hunt for gold was less important than the production of other metals. One mine in the area remained in production in a limited fashion, while the others closed. Around 1944, following an extensive diamond drilling program, remarkable new discoveries were made on the Giant Yellowknife property. With the end of the war this aroused a new interest in the mining industry.

By 1945 Yellowknife was experiencing the greatest gold boom seen in Canada in many a year. The surrounding prospecting area supported over 3,000 persons. With this new growth and with the awareness that Yellowknife was becoming a permanent settlement, it became evident that the site conditions and level of services were inadequate. The original settlement, now known as "the Old Town", was perched on a narrow rock-bound peninsula jutting into the waters of Yellowknife Bay, and on Latham Island which forms its extension. There was little room for future expansion and water and sewer facilities would be difficult to install; and the implementation of proper town planning measures was virtually impossible.

As a result, the Federal Government decided to establish an entirely new townsite, situated half a mile inland from the base of the Yellowknife Peninsula, and in 1945 the grid street pattern for the New Town was surveyed on a sandy plain, about one mile inland from the old site. By 1947 the new residential and commercial nucleus of Yellowknife had begun to take shape.

The New Town, although its growth was slow, has now become the centre for most community services. It has little of the pioneer or back-of-beyond aura about it. There are hotels with cocktail bars, a theatre, hospital, paved roads, airport, Sir John Franklin School and its adjoining residence Akaitcho Hall, museum, community hall and various other establishments. The student population attending the residential school come

A fish plant about eighteen miles west of Yellowknife.

from various areas of the Northwest Territories and include a high percentage of Indian and Eskimo children. Modern stores carry a wide variety of merchandise. One of these, the Hudson's Bay Company store, with its ancient symbol—"Incorporated 2nd May, 1670"—is still prominent, now a large department store in a northern setting with all the self-service conveniences of the south. The local newspaper is the "News of the North," put out by Ted Horton, a former mayor and one of the stalwarts of Yellowknife — his editorials sometimes charm but more often chastise.

The voice of Yellowknife's radio station — CFYK — is heard daily and is the originating station for all CBC programming on the "Mackenzie Network." TV has also reached Yellowknife and taped material is supplied by the CBC, as "Frontier Package" programs.

The New Town is linked to the Old Town by Franklin Avenue which is the main axial distributor street throughout the length of the New Town, and links Yellowknife with its airport some four miles to the west. From this fully modern, hard-surfaced, all-weather airport there are daily scheduled flights south to Edmonton, as well as charters.

The Old Town, despite the loss of some functions, has maintained an important and commercial position especially in those services which are regionally oriented and use the waterfront location. This was the original Yellowknife, populated in the wild days of the first stampede for gold. Today there are still some of the hastily-constructed frame shacks and log cabins perched on what is known as "the rock." All the charter airlines and water transportation companies have their offices located there. In summer seaplanes are tethered along the shore. In winter, in the same area, many of the same planes, equipped with skis, use the ice strip on Back Bay. With the airport and the seaplane facilities this establishes the community as an important centre of charter and scheduled airline activity for other points north.

South of the Old Town site and due east of the centre of the New Town is a third area which is already partly developed for residential purposes. It is isolated from the New Town by a ridge of rocks, perhaps sixty feet in height. It is accessible either by a shoreline road from the Old Town or from the New Town by a road through a draw in the rock ridge. The original school house was built near the lake shore at the end of this pass through the rocky hills and the area is still referred to as the "School Draw." Although relatively small in extent the School Draw commands a fine view of Yellowknife Bay and is developing as one of the most attractive parts of the enlarged town.

While there are a number of undeveloped water power sites in the locality, in 1948 the Northern Canada Power Commission completed a large hydro-electric plant of 8,350 H.P. on the Snare River about 90 miles up stream, to supplement the 4,700 H.P. plant built by the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company on the Yellowknife River about 15 miles north of the town. The capacity of the Snare River plant was increased substantially in 1960 with the construction of a 9,200 H.P. development at Snare Falls, some ten miles down stream from the existing plant.

Above: The Sir John Franklin School is a composite High and Vocational School.

For years water transportation was one of the mainstays of communication. This however, was slow, somewhat cumbersome and limited to a short operating season. In 1961 the Yellowknife highway was opened providing road access to the "Outside." It follows a northwesterly route from Yellowknife to Rae, skirting the northern arm of Great Slave Lake, then runs south to Fort Providence where the broad Mackenzie River is crossed by ferry boat in summer and an ice road in winter. From the river it goes east until it joins the Mackenzie Highway at Enterprise, 30 miles south of Hay River. The Mackenzie Highway runs north from Peace River, Alberta, paralleling the Peace and then the Hay River to Enterprise. The road distance from Edmonton to Yellowknife is 975 miles. The Mackenzie and Yellowknife Highways are all-weather gravel roads, well maintained and suitable for travel by all normal passenger vehicles. Bus service via Canadian Coachways now operates three times weekly between Edmonton and Yellowknife.

This road facility has reduced the remoteness of Yellowknife from those early mining days of the thirties. Indeed, it has opened a portion of the north to the tourist. Cars from every Canadian province and most states of the U.S.A. may be seen on the streets of Yellowknife each summer. People come to "see the north," fish, "Rockhound," and to enjoy the long hours of sunshine which number twenty in late June. Even in winter, though temperatures sometimes drop to 50° below zero, there is nothing in the climate of the region to prevent residents of Yellowknife from carrying on the same activities all the year round as other Canadians in cities much farther south. Unless there is some technological or scientific discovery, agriculture is extremely limited as are the forest resources. Great Slave Lake however, abounds in fish, and fur-bearing and other animals inhabit the surrounding countryside.

There is much yet to learn about Canada "north of 60°". As elsewhere it is the human problems that are of the first importance. Research will provide answers to many aspects of living conditions, housing, food and transportation. There is confidence and hope that from Yellowknife will come, in addition to a great contribution to the economic life of the north, the drive, imagination and inspiration for the future of the Northwest Territories. The people of this seat of the Territorial Government which was created as a Canadian capital city in Centennial Year, face an exciting and challenging era. From them should come the impetus in carrying out the national objective—the progressive economic and enlightened social development of the north in the interest not only of northerners but of all Canada.

Below: The weather can be conducive to convertibles and bathing, as these tourists at Sammy's Beach show.

# *ABOUT THE AUTHORS* ▶

# *ABOUT THE AUTHORS*

**Harold Horwood** (St. John's, pp. 4-9) is a novelist and free-lance writer. He was born in St. John's, and has lived in or near it all his life. He is the author of several books, including "Tomorrow Will Be Sunday" and "The Foxes of Beachy Cove," which has just been published. He has also written material for magazines, newspapers, radio and television. Mr. Horwood now lives in Beachy Cove, a tiny village 15 miles from the city.

**Hugh MacLennan, C.C.** (Halifax, pp. 14-17) is an associate professor of English at McGill University, and one of Canada's most distinguished novelists. He was educated at Dalhousie University, went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, and obtained his doctorate at Princeton. His first novel, "Barometer Rising," 1941, was set in Halifax at the time of the Explosion. Among his subsequent works, three novels — "Two Solitudes," "The Precipice," and "The Watch That Ends the Night" —won Governor General's Awards for Fiction, and he has also won the Non-Fiction award twice for essay collections. Mr. MacLennan has lived in Montreal since 1951. He was recently made a Companion of the Order of Canada.

**Frank MacKinnon** (Charlottetown, pp. 10-13) is Principal of Prince of Wales College in Charlottetown. A native of Prince Edward Island, he was educated at West Kent School, and McGill. He received his Ph.D. in Political Science from the University of Toronto, and was chairman of the Department of Political Science at Carleton University before returning home. Among his many activities, he has served as a member of the Canada Council and as President of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council. His books include "The Government of Prince Edward Island," winner of the Governor General's Award for Non-Fiction in 1951. He was instrumental in bringing the Confederation Centre into being. In 1961, he won the "Islander of the Year" Award.

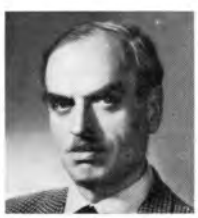
**Emery LeBlanc** est né à Shédiac, Nouveau-Brunswick, le 3 septembre 1918.
Etudes primaires à Moncton, études secondaires et classiques au collège Sainte-Anne, Pointe-de-l'Eglise, Nouvelle-Ecosse.
Professeur à l'Université du Sacré-Coeur, Bathurst et au collège l'Assomption, Moncton.
Rédacteur adjoint à L'EVANGELINE en 1943. Rédacteur en chef en 1945.
Passé au service des relations publiques du Canadien National à Moncton en 1963. Directeur des relations publiques pour la Région du Saint-Laurent en 1964. A publié deux volumes, "Les entretiens du village" en 1956 et "Les Acadiens" en 1963. (Voir pp. 18-21.)

**Esther Clark Wright** (Fredericton — Fair Daughter of the Forest, pp. 22-26) is a writer and historian. She was born and raised in Fredericton, was educated at Acadia, Toronto and Oxford, obtained her Ph.D. from Radcliffe in Economics, and has lectured at Harvard and Acadia. She is a former vice-president of both the Canadian Federation of University Women and the National Council of Women, and has served on the council of the Canadian Historical Association. She is the author of many volumes on the history and geography of New Brunswick, among them "The Saint John River" and "Blomidon Rose." Mrs. Wright has travelled extensively, and is a student of genealogy. She now lives in Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

**Gérard Morisset,** conservateur honoraire du Musée du Québec. Directeur de l'Inventaire des Oeuvres d'Art. Diplômé de l'Université Laval et de l'Ecole du Louvre.
Secrétaire de la Commission des Monuments historiques. Prix littéraire de la province de Québec (1936 et 1949); prix de l'Académie des Beaux-Arts de Paris (1938 et 1946); médaille Pierre-Chauveau par la Société royale du Canada (1954); prix Duvernay (1960); médaille de la Société des Dix (1964).
Membre de la Société d'Histoire de l'Art français (Paris 1932); de la Société royale du Canada (1943); président de la section de Québec de la Société des Ecrivains canadiens (1949-1956), membre du Conseil général (1948-1956), président de la Société historique de Québec (1954-1956).
M. Morisset, qui est l'auteur d'oeuvres nombreuses sur le Québec, sur la peinture, l'architecture et les manifestations artistiques en Nouvelle - France, a également collaboré à un grand nombre d'oeuvres littéraires. (Voir pp. 30-33.)

**Mgr Albert Tessier, p.d.,** propagandiste, éducateur, animateur, écrivain, photographe, conférencier, cinéaste, éditeur de nombreux ouvrages, apôtre de l'éducation familiale, protecteur des artistes et des écrivains de sa région, Mgr Tessier s'est dépensé toute sa vie aux causes de portée religieuse ou nationale.
Titulaire de la chaire d'Histoire du Canada en 1937 à l'Université Laval, membre de la Société des Dix, de la Société Royale, du Comité Permanent de la Survivance Française en Amérique, il est depuis 1937 l'inspirateur et l'animateur des écoles d'enseignement ménager et d'éducation familiale de toute la Province.
Décoré de la Médaille d'or du Mérite Scolaire (1947); Prix de langue française de l'Académie française et Médaille de la ville de Paris (1959).
On a recensé 500 textes écrits par lui depuis 1925. Son talent d'écrivain et de propagandiste, il l'a surtout mis au service de son pays et de sa petite patrie. (Voir pp. 42-45.)

**Mgr Victor Tremblay, p.d.,** est né à Métabetchouan, Lac-Saint-Jean (Québec), en 1892. Diplômé de l'Ecole Normale Laval, il a consacré sa carrière à l'enseignement, particulièrement l'enseignement de l'histoire universelle et canadienne. Il a entrepris en 1920, comme oeuvre personnelle, de recueillir de la documentation pour l'histoire de la vaste région appelée à l'origine "le royaume du Saguenay"; en 1934, cette oeuvre faisait naître la Société Historique du Saguenay, dont il a été le président et l'animateur pendant 34 ans et qui a créé des archives considérables. Il a publié divers ouvrages et il achève actuellement l'histoire de la localité d'Alma. (Voir pp. 27-29.)



**Stuart Wilson** (The Walled City of Quebec, pp. 34-41) is an associate professor of Architecture at McGill University, a position he has held for the past 20 years. During this period, he has also worked as an architectural consultant on a variety of projects, ranging from the Supersonics Building and Wind Tunnel at the National Research Council in Ottawa to Place Ville Marie in Montreal, and including stores, residences and churches. He has written many articles on Quebec architecture, and his drawings and paintings have been shown in numerous exhibitions.

**Bruce Anderson** teaches architecture at McGill University. Like Professor Wilson, his colleague and former teacher, he is a native of Montreal and a graduate in architecture from McGill. He has won several awards, including First Prize in the National Pilkington Competition in Architecture, the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada Medal, and a CMHC Travelling Scholarship.

**Henri J. M. Baudot** est gérant de la Chambre de Commerce de Sherbrooke depuis 1960. Né en Europe, il émigra au Canada en 1951. Diplômé en Administration de Chambre de Commerce, Montréal 1962 et en Administration d'Association, Syracuse 1965 (P.O.M.)
Secrétaire du Comité de l'Autoroute des Cantons de l'Est, membre du comité technique de l'Autoroute de l'Atlantique. Membre de l'Association des Secrétaires de Chambres de Commerce du Québec, de la Canadian Chamber of Commerce Executives et de l'American Chamber of Commerce Executives. (Voir pp. 46-51.)

**Alain Grandbois,** est né à Saint-Casimir-de-Portneuf. Il fit des études à Montréal, à Québec et enfin à l'Université de Paris.
Titulaire d'une licence en droit de l'Université Laval, M. Grandbois est l'auteur de nombreux ouvrages de poésie et de prose, parmi lesquels il convient de citer en particulier les Iles de la Nuit qui lui valurent le prix David et "dont on ne dira jamais assez l'importance pour l'étude du renouveau poétique au Canada."
Il a participé à la fondation de l'Académie canadienne-française.
Il est également l'auteur de "Avant le chaos", Rivages de l'homme" et "Visages du Monde".
En 1954, la Société Royale du Canada lui décerna la Médaille Lorne Pierce. L'année suivante, il obtint une bourse de la Société Royale.
En 1964, il mérita le prix France-Québec, et en 1966, le prix Molson. (Voir pp. 52-55.)

**Charlotte Whitton, C.B.E.** (Ottawa, pp. 60-73) is an Ottawa Alderman. She was Mayor of the city for many years, and the first woman to hold that position. Dr. Whitton is a third generation Canadian, born and educated at Renfrew in the Ottawa Valley. After graduation from Queen's University and several years with the Canadian Government, she founded the Canadian Welfare Council and was Director from 1926 to 1942. Elected a city Controller in 1950, she was later elected as Mayor at various times between 1951 and 1964. She has been a regular contributor to numerous periodicals, and was founder and editor of "Canadian Welfare."

**A. W. Purdy** (Toronto, pp. 76-81) is a poet and writer. He still resides in his native Bay of Quinte area in Ontario, although he now travels extensively. His most recent work, "North of Summer," was written after he had lived with an Eskimo family on Baffin Island. Mr. Purdy, who also writes radio and television plays, has received two Canada Council Fellowships and in 1965 won the Governor General's Award for Poetry with "The Cariboo Horses." He served in the RCAF during the war.

**Leslie Roberts** (Westmount, pp. 56-59) is a writer, broadcaster and lecturer living in Montreal. He came to Canada from Wales as a boy, and attended McGill University just prior to World War 1. On returning from overseas service, he worked as a political correspondent, becoming a free-lance writer in 1928. He served as a war correspondent during World War II. He now writes a daily column for the Montreal Star and is also an editorial commentator on a number of Eastern Canadian radio stations. Mr. Roberts is the author of fifteen books, including "Canada the Golden Hinge" and "There Shall be Wings." He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts.

**Raymond Souster** (My Two Torontos, pp. 74-75) is a poet and banker. He was born in Toronto in 1921, and educated there. After serving with the RCAF during the war, he returned to Toronto as a bank employee, and began writing poetry. His latest volume, "As Is," has just been published. Mr. Souster won the Governor General's Award for English Poetry in 1964 with "The Colour of the Times."

**Marjorie Freeman Campbell** (Hamilton — The Ugly Duckling, pp. 82-87) is a free-lance writer who has featured her native city in much of her work. She was born and raised in the Hamilton area, where her family has lived for six generations. The author of several books, her most recent publication is "A Mountain and a City," a history of Hamilton. Mrs. Campbell has also contributed hundreds of stories and poems to Canadian and American periodicals. An ardent traveller, both in Canada and abroad, she still makes her home in Hamilton.

**Clare Bice** (London, pp. 88-93) is Curator of the London Art Museum — a position he has held (excepting war service) since 1940. Born in Durham, Ont., he has lived in the London area for most of his life. After graduating from the University of Western Ontario, he studied art in New York. His portrait studies and Canadian landscapes have been hung in major national exhibitions, and he has taught art during summer schools at a number of Canadian universities. He is a frequent illustrator of children's books, and has himself written several, including "Jory's Cove" and "A Dog for Davie's Hill." He was awarded a Canada Council Senior Arts Fellowship in 1962. Mr. Bice is a member of the Royal Canadian Academy.

**Irene Dawson** (Port Arthur/Fort William, pp. 98-103) is Reference Librarian at the Lakehead University Library. She was born in Toronto and moved to Port Arthur in 1961. She received her B.A. from Lakehead and her B.L.S. from the University of Toronto. Mrs. Dawson has taken part in historical and archaeological research in North Western Ontario and has recently published an annotated bibliography on the Red River Route from Thunder Bay to Fort Garry.

**Christopher Dafoe** (Winnipeg, pp. 108-113) is editorial writer and drama critic with the Winnipeg Free Press. He is the grandson of J. W. Dafoe, former editor-in-chief of that paper. Mr. Dafoe was born in Winnipeg, and educated there and at Stanford. He joined the Free Press in 1955, and except for two periods of residence in London, England, has been there ever since. He has contributed drama criticism and essays to the Manchester Guardian and the Tamarack Review, and is a frequent commentator and actor for the C.B.C.

**Leonard J. Parker** (North Bay, pp. 94-97) is a district editor with the North Bay Nugget. He was born and raised in Northern Ontario, mostly in the Kirkland Lake area. He left school at an early age, and worked at various jobs before going into journalism. In 1946 he began reporting for the North Bay Nugget, later transferring to the editorial department. Following 10 years as public relations officer with the Ontario Northland Railway, he rejoined the Nugget in his present capacity.

**Marius Benoist,** est né à Sainte-Anne-des-Chênes, en 1896. Il vécut sa jeunesse à Saint-Boniface, à partir de 1904 et fit ses études au Collège de Saint-Boniface. Il conserva toute sa vie le goût et le désir de connaître toujours plus et mieux.
Musicien, il composa des opérettes qu'il monta lui-même; il dirigea aussi un orchestre à Saint-Boniface. De plus, pendant 39 ans, il fut maître de chapelle à la Cathédrale de la même ville.
Comme il l'avoue lui-même, il travaille le jour, fait de la musique le soir et lit la nuit.
Homme de culture, M. Benoist présente et situe la ville dans laquelle il a grandi et qu'il aime avec son âme d'artiste. (Voir pp. 104-107.)

**Edward N. Davis** (Regina, Child of Confederation, pp. 114-117) is a retired newspaperman who has lived in Saskatchewan for almost forty years, over half of them in Regina. He was born in Manitoba and educated in Alberta, obtaining his degree from the University of Alberta. After five years in the United States with the Los Angeles Evening Herald, he returned to the Prairies on the staff of the Regina Star. On its collapse, he edited The Prince Albert Daily Herald for 18 years, then served on The Regina Leader-Post as associate editor for a similar period. Mr. Davis is a regular contributor to The Globe and Mail and other Canadian publications.

**The Rt. Hon. John G. Diefenbaker, P.C., Q.C.** (Prince Albert, pp. 118-119) is Member of Parliament for Prince Albert. He was Prime Minister of Canada from 1957 to 1963. Born in Ontario, he was raised in Saskatchewan and educated at the University of Saskatchewan where he later obtained his law degree. He has sat in the House of Commons since 1940 and has represented Prince Albert since 1953. Mr. Diefenbaker was national leader of the Progressive Conservative Party and Leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition from 1956 to 1957 and was again Leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition from 1963 until this year. He is the recipient of many national and international awards and distinctions, including Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts and Fellow of the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada. He is an Honorary Freeman of the City of London and is also Honorary Colonel of the North Saskatchewan Regiment, Royal Canadian Infantry Corps.

**W. G. Hardy** (Edmonton, pp. 124-127) is Professor Emeritus of Classics at the University of Alberta. Born at Peniel, Ontario, he attended the Universities of Toronto and Chicago, obtaining his Ph.D. from the latter in 1922. He lectured in classics at the University of Toronto, subsequently moving to the University of Alberta, where he eventually became Head of the Department of Classics. Mr. Hardy has written about 200 short stories, four histories and six novels, among them "Father Abraham," "The Greek and Roman World" and "Our Heritage From the Past." He once served simultaneously as President of both the Canadian Author's Association and the International Ice Hockey Federation.

**R. M. Patterson** (Kamloops, pp. 134-137) is a writer and outdoorsman. He was born in England, educated at Rossall and Oxford, and served with the Royal Field Artillery in the First World War, when he was taken prisoner. Following a few years with the Bank of England, he came to Canada, where he homesteaded, trapped, hunted and prospected. After his marriage he settled with his family on the Buffalo Head Ranch in the foothills of Alberta. At the end of the Second World War he moved to Vancouver Island. He has written several books, among them "The Dangerous River," "The Buffalo Head," and "Trail to the Interior."

**The Hon. J. W. Grant MacEwan** (Calgary — City of Pride and Progress, pp. 120-123) is Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta. He is also a former Mayor of Calgary. He was raised on farms in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. After studying at the Ontario Agricultural College and Iowa State University, he became Professor of Animal Husbandry at Saskatchewan University and later Dean of Agriculture at the University of Manitoba. During this period, he was also active in farm affairs as a writer, broadcaster, livestock judge and farm fair organizer. In the 1950's, he became involved in Alberta politics, serving on the Calgary City Council and in the Alberta Legislature. In 1963 he was elected Mayor of Calgary, and in 1966 was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the province. He is the author of many articles and books on both agriculture and history, including "Between the Red and the Rockies," "Eye Opener Bob" and "Hoofprints and Hitchingpost."

**J. G. MacGregor** (Peace River Looks North, pp. 128-133) is Chairman of the Alberta Power Commission. An electrical engineer by training, he is also an historian and the author of several books on the Canadian West. For a number of years he was President of the Historical Society of Alberta. Although born in Scotland, he was brought to Canada as a child, and has lived in Alberta most of his life. He attended the University of Alberta, graduating with a B.Sc. in 1929. In 1957 he served as Chairman of the Royal Commission on the Development of North Alberta. Among his historical writings are "Northwest of 16" and "Pack Saddles to Tete Jaune Cache." A commissioned history of Edmonton is due to appear shortly. In 1960, he received an award from the Canadian Historical Society for his contributions towards the preservation of the history of Western Canada.

**Ethel Wilson** (Young Vancouver Seen Through the Eyes of Youth, pp. 138-139) is a distinguished Canadian novelist. She was born in South Africa and raised in England and in Vancouver. She and her husband, Dr. Wallace Wilson, lived in Vancouver for much of their life, except for a period in the early Thirties when his work in internal medicine took them to Vienna. Although Mrs. Wilson had often contributed stories to various periodicals, her first novel, "Hetty Dorval," did not appear until 1947. Since then, she has produced many works, including "The Innocent Traveller," "The Equation of Love," and "Swamp Angel." She has received the Lorne Pierce Medal from the Royal Society of Canada and also the Canada Council Medal.

**Herbert L. McDonald** (Vancouver — Where Individualism is a Religious Rite, pp. 140-147) is a public relations consultant. He is a Vancouverite who left the city to enlist in 1941 and did not return home for almost two decades. The intervening years after the war were passed in Montreal and Toronto, where he worked in various photographic, editing and public relations positions. As a free-lance photographer-writer he has travelled a half-million miles throughout Canada in the past 30 years. His articles and pictures have appeared in many Canadian and international magazines, and last year he produced a book on assignment for the B.C. Centennial Committee "British Columbia: Challenge in Abundance," the result of two years planning and travel.

**R. G. Large** (Prince Rupert, pp. 154-157) has practised surgery in Prince Rupert for 35 years. A native of British Columbia, he graduated from the University of Toronto in Medicine. Dr. Large has played an active part in civic affairs as Alderman, School Board Chairman, President of the Chamber of Commerce, and has served as President of the British Columbia Medical Association. He is the author of four books on Indian folk-lore and regional history, including "Prince Rupert, a Gateway to Alaska." His latest work, "The Medicine Man," a history of the pioneer doctors of the north coast of B.C., will be published shortly.

**Harry Boyle** (Whitehorse, pp. 162-165) is a former newspaper editor who has just returned to his old university to study law. He was born in Vancouver, raised in Penticton, and graduated from the University of British Columbia in 1948. After spending a few years in Europe, he began working as a reporter, ending up in Whitehorse for 10 years as editor-owner of The Star. Until his return to UBC this fall, he was editor of The Citizen in Prince George.

**Eric Nicol** (Victoria, pp. 148-153) is a newspaper columnist and free-lance writer. He was born in Kingston, Ontario, and raised and educated in Vancouver. He received his B.A. from the University of British Columbia, served in the war with the RCAF, then went back to U.B.C. for his M.A. in French. He spent a year at the Sorbonne, then moved to London to write a radio and television comedy series. He returned to Vancouver in 1951 to become a columnist for The Province and a free-lance writer. Mr. Nicol is the author of 12 books, of which three, "The Roving I," "Shall We Join the Ladies?" and "Girdle Me a Globe" won him Leacock Medals for Humour. He has also written many stage and television plays.

**Terry Hammond** (Prince George, pp. 158-161) is assistant city editor of the Vancouver Sun. He was born in Hamilton, Ontario, moved to British Columbia with his family as a child, and was educated on Vancouver Island and in Vancouver. He entered journalism after the Second World War, and lived for 10 years in Prince George, where he was a part owner of the Prince George Citizen, eventually becoming general manager and assistant publisher. He returned to Vancouver Island in 1958, serving as political reporter, legislative reporter and city editor on the Victoria Daily Colonist before going to the Vancouver Sun.

**Alex Stevenson** (Yellowknife, pp. 166-170) is Administrator of the Arctic. He has been associated with the North for some 30 years, most of them with what is now the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development. As Administrator, he is responsible for the co-ordination of the Department's field organization in the Eastern Arctic. He is the author of numerous articles on the North.

**John Parker** is Deputy Commissioner of the Government of the Northwest Territories. He is a former Mayor of Yellowknife. He was raised in Alberta, and graduated from the University of Alberta. His first job took him to the Yellowknife area for mining exploration, and he has been there ever since. He was formerly president of a firm of consulting engineers.

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ROBERTS, Nakash, Montreal
WHITTON, John Joosten, Ottawa
CAMPBELL, Beckett, Hamilton
DAFOE, Gerry Cairns
DAVIS, Heenan Studio, Regina
DIEFENBAKER, NFB
MacEWAN, Alberta Government
MacGREGOR, Rocco's Photography, St. Paul
NICOL, Graphic Industries Ltd., Vancouver
STEVENSON, NFB
PARKER, J., CP
PATTERSON, Dane Campbell

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