

October / 71 35¢

the mysterious east

an independent atlantic magazine



Power,
Not the
People

Made
By
Hand

St John's
Vested
Interests

ABOUT the mysterious east

We've had a lot to say about Fundy Tidal Power in past issues, and it may seem that offering a new look at the whole problem in this one is beating a pretty dead horse with a pretty long stick. But we don't think so. We're not convinced the horse is dead at all. Fundy power is just the kind of project that attracts the most imaginative and most daring engineers and planners.

And it's just the sort of thing that politicians love. The reasons for this become clear if you look at a book like Mike Royko's *Best* - a book about Chicago's mayor Richard J. Daley, and one whose relevance to the Maritime provinces doesn't seem very clear at first. But one of the most important lessons in that book - a delightful and scary one, even if you couldn't care less about the fortunes of Chicago - is that politicians who survive build monuments. The building of mammoth projects provides jobs and opportunities for patronage; it extends a politician's power; it attracts voter interest; it puts him in control of millions upon millions of dollars in contracts and studies. And it does all these things whether it serves any social function or not.

That's what scares us about Fundy. Maritime politicians aren't very bright, on the whole - but neither is Richard J. Daley, and he's found the formula for getting re-elected. We could very well find ourselves with the Fundy project underway, if ever the premiers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick read *Best*.

And once such a project is underway it becomes doubly hard to stop - even if all of our worst fears about its environmental, economic, social and aesthetic consequences are realized. Because once you've spent a half a billion dollars, you look pretty silly abandoning a project - as the people responsible for the Embarcadero Freeway in San Francisco or the Spadina Expressway in Toronto have discovered. The more money you've poured down your rathole, the sillier

you feel to just get up and walk away, leaving what looks a lot like an empty rathole. Look at the Nova Scotia government's chagrin over that heavy water plant at Glace Bay; it would have been better to have simply misplaced the money, or had it stolen.

It's clear, then, that the time to think about stopping Fundy is now, before a shovelful of earth is turned.

Joe Borowski - one of our favourite politicians - has suggested that the empty Spadina ditch could be made into a park, with small lakes or ponds in it and gangplanks extending over it. On Sunday afternoons, he suggests, anyone who wanted to pay, say five dollars for the privilege, could shove one of the politicians responsible for the thing off a plank.

Perhaps a good hard look at Fundy Power now will save our politicians from such a fate. But of course there's always the Chignecto Canal, the Prince Edward Island Causeway...

With this issue, *The Mysterious East* completes its second year of publication. With our next, we will be returning to our usual monthly format after some experimentation with a bimonthly schedule; concerned subscribers will be reassured to know that your subscription runs for twelve issues, not twelve months. Concerned librarians will be interested to know that this issue is number 18; some back issues are available at absurdly inflated prices.

The work of three members of the New Brunswick Journalism Co-operative - Jason Baxter, Bill Templeman and Thomas Dodd - is featured in this month's issue of The Mysterious East. The Co-op is a summer project sponsored by the Federal Opportunities for Youth programme to provide training and experience for young journalists in the Atlantic Provinces.

INSIDE



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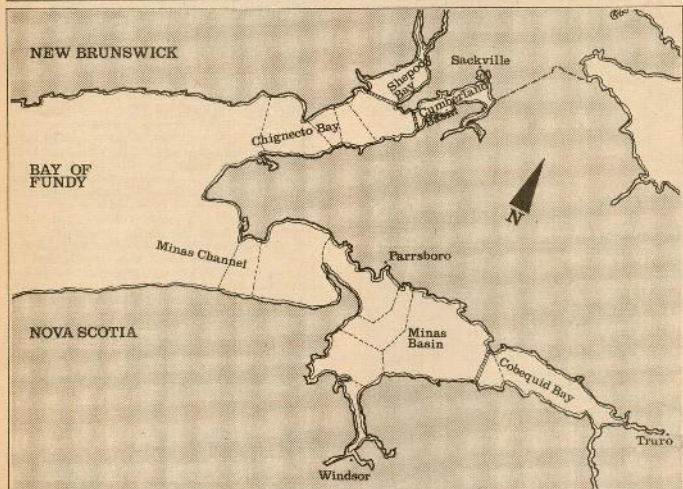
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TIDAL POWER POLITICS

JASON BAXTER



THE CAMPAIGN TO PROMOTE THE DEVELOPMENT of Bay of Fundy Tidal Power has been moving into high gear recently. Governments, newspapers, industry spokesmen and business men all seem to have been producing public statements and propaganda with a new enthusiasm. In the Maritime press, it seems there is no significant dissent: the clear implication is that the people of the region are solidly united behind the effort to get construction started.

Because of this pressure, it is doubly important that some questions be raised about the project - about its practicability, its economic and social effects, its effects on the bodies of water involved. Who'll build it? Where? Who'll pay for it? Who'll make money off it? We need to consider such questions before government commits us to the project sight unseen.

Jason Baxter is a former student at the University of New Brunswick, and a member of the New Brunswick Journalism Co-operative.

That they are likely to do so seems clear: it's been done to us so often before. This kind of "development policy" has been standard practice: we have purchased other pigs in other pokes. And the effects have been nothing short of disastrous.

The domination of our economy and our lives by foreign corporations is easily documented, and its results must be made clear before we can understand the sort of mess we might be getting into with Fundy Tidal Power. It is perhaps such economic considerations which are most immediately important.

In historical terms, what is happening is that we have abandoned the tradition of Maritime industry and rushed into the fast new world of corporate wheeling and dealing - where we seem to be losing our shirts. Our economy has changed from the days of ship building, fishing and agriculture. These were carried on in a "frontier" economy where some semblance of individual free enterprise still existed, and many of our people were self-employed. The ships have gone and the corporations have taken over the fisheries. Our

rural areas are being depopulated and the farmers are selling out (often to large corporations). Maritimers are rapidly becoming employees, which of course means they are more susceptible to unemployment.

TIDAL ECONOMY

THIS CONSIDERATION IS ESPECIALLY important with respect to Fundy Power, for one of the central arguments in favour of it is that it will create employment. Unfortunately, however, power projects are notorious for providing large numbers of temporary jobs - and far fewer permanent positions. Using the figures of the Atlantic Tidal Development board, close to five thousand construction workers would be required over a nine year period, with a reduction to one hundred and fifteen positions after the plants were in production. If the present construction slowdown presents problems, one wonders what that kind of cutback might do.

And conditions would be aggravated if the control of this and other portions of our economy were to become further concentrated in the hands of foreign-owned corporations. In fact, the question of the ownership of the finished project is probably the most important one of all for the Maritime economy.

Mr. G.E. McInerney, Chairman of the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission (a Crown corporation) said on May 10, 1971, "I have very considerable reservations about the suggestion now apparently being made that the Tidal Resources of the Bay of Fundy should be handed over to a group of private investors on a speculation basis... the ultimate control of Fundy Power sites in New Brunswick must in our view rest with the people of this province in the long haul... to make concessionary arrangements with private investors on such major developments as are involved in the Bay of Fundy, before all the important facts are known, could spell higher power costs for New Brunswickers through generations yet to come."

If a foreign-owned consortium supplies the initial investment then there seems little question that they would own the power produced. This of course means control of the prices at which the power is sold, which would give them considerable leverage. The project could, for example, work at a break-even level (thus tapping Maritime governments for supportive concessions or even subsidies) while the parent corporation showed an outrageous profit by selling electricity at higher prices to the manufacturers of New England. This process would of course finally show up in increased prices on the large number of goods Maritimers purchase directly or indirectly from the northeastern United States. (At first glance this seems incredible, yet it is essentially the way Scott Paper operates, keeping its local profits down by setting pulp at low prices to the U.S. parent company for manufacture, after which prices can be set that are in line with the U.S. market, but which Canadians also have to pay.)

There are strong indications that foreign capital will be crucial to Fundy Power if Gerry Regan has anything to say about it. After he created the Fundy Tidal Development Corporation (into which ten million Nova Scotia tax dollars were sunk) he set off around the world making press appearances peddling Fundy Tidal. While courting American investors in Boston he said "I do want to very clearly have it on record that we in Nova Scotia will continue to encourage in every way possible, investment by American interests in our province and I would suggest that nowhere would American capital be in a more stable climate and a more

reliable area." That stability's going to be important to us; on his return Regan lamented Nova Scotia's history of labour trouble, which, he said, was turning away needed foreign investment. That served warning of the repressive bill which the Minister of Labour, Mr. Leonard Pace, submitted to the emergency session of the Legislature last June 28th. The stringent anti-labour measures were justified by appeal to the need for labour stability both at present and in the event we were engaged in a project like Fundy Tidal Power.

The legislation demolishes labour's rights in the collective bargaining process for developments with construction costs in excess of five million dollars, and appears to be aimed at clearing the decks for foreign investment, particularly in large projects such as Tidal Power. Such legislation is another effect of the dominance of foreign capital in our economy.

BANANA REPUBLIC

ANOTHER INDICATION OF THE PROBABILITY that foreign capital would be crucial to Fundy Power can be found in last December 30's *Pictou Advocate*. The *Advocate*, a consistent booster of tidal power, unwittingly gave an indication of the sort of thing that's going on:

Even the Provincial Government of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick showed practically no interest at the time [of the international conference to study Tidal Power]. However, since the conference there has been increasing pressure from all sides to get action on the Fundy Tidal Development Plan.

Charles MacLennan, formerly of River John, now with the Harza Engineering Company of Chicago has been promoting Fundy Tidal Power for years. In addition to his numerous letters to the Pictou Advocate, the Halifax Herald and the Atlantic Advocate, he has undertaken Scientific feasibility studies. (He was also one of the organizers for the conference.) In the past few weeks the line-up of persons jumping on the band wagon has grown tremendously.

Pictou Advocate

MR. CHARLES MACLENNAN HAS INDEED been promoting Fundy Tidal Power for years. No other individual has had so much page space devoted to Fundy Power in Atlantic journals. He usually signs letters to the editor "Very truly yours, Charles MacLennan, P. Eng. P.O. Box 125 River John, N.S. Interestingly, however, in the *Advocate* of May 26, 1971, he is identified as "Charles MacLennan, a senior official with Harza Engineering Company of Chicago" who has for many years been interested in Fundy Tidal Power Development. He has prepared a series of articles explaining technical aspects of the project in terms the layman can understand. This is the first in a series of articles to appear in the *Pictou Advocate*. Mr. MacLennan is a native of River John where he has property."

The farmer who brought our reporter's attention to Mr. MacLennan's work commented that "this strikes me like the way they go about drumming up contracts in the Banana Republic", "the people down there never seem to get anything out of them". Whether he was right or not that "Harza Engineering has an axe to grind" we should have the good sense to hire our own engineers to study Fundy's potential, not the organization that is in the market to develop our resources. You can still hear our government ringing up the bill we footed for Deuterium of Canada

Ltd. - of which Jerome S. Spevack said "Canada is going to have the world's most efficient and lowest cost heavy water plant".

TECHNICALITIES

AMID THE PROMOTION OF FUNDY TIDAL as the cure to all the ills of the Maritimes including the resurrection of the corpse of the Chignecto Canal - little attention has been paid to the details of the development. Some understanding of such technical details is necessary in order to assess the project's viability. There is a widespread misconception, for instance, about the source of the energy. Fundy Tidal Power does not seek to harness the movement of the tides but rather the potential energy in tidal variations on opposite sides of a dam constructed across the mouth of a basin. For example, with a thirty-five foot tide the enclosed basin could be filled to its maximum level and as the tide went out the thirty-five foot head would be used to generate electric energy, much as hydro plants use the head of water behind a dam on a river to generate electricity. This is referred to as the single effect - single basin programme. Another option, the double effect - single basin variation, has the apparatus to generate with the flood tide as it fills the basin as well as while the basin is being drained. Generating can only be carried on for a fraction of the incoming tide, since one must assure the basin is filled to capacity before the flood tide turns. The double effect system also requires much greater sluice capacity since more water transfer is required in the short period before the tide begins to ebb. The additional equipment greatly increases the construction cost of this programme.

Both of these schemes can be designed to include pumping capacity so as to overfill the basin and thus obtain a higher generating head. This increases the construction cost pretty drastically, of course, but tends to produce a steadier flow of power. Still another possibility is the use of linked single basins (in this case perhaps Shepody and Cumberland) using one basin as a generating head, filled on the flood tide. The power is generated as the water flows from the high basin into the low basin, which is in turn emptied on the ebb tide, thus allowing continuous generation. This scheme has a considerably higher capital cost due to the sluice tunnel, and produces less energy than the single basin operations.

One of the major drawbacks to the entire plan is that power demand fluctuates widely, depending on the time of day and the day of the week. Tidal power plants, however, generate energy only when the water levels of the tide make it possible - at different times each day and only for periods of four to five hours at best.

Thus an external pumped storage generating unit must be used to manufacture the energy to produce electric power when it is needed most. This of course involves increased capital cost (estimated in the report at \$85, per Kilowatt of installed capacity and an annual cost of \$6.80 per Kilowatt). It is necessary to construct one storage reservoir with hydraulic connection and generators to one immediately below. Adequate pumping facility to refill the upper reservoir during the short burst of energy from the tidal generators is also required. There is up to twenty-five percent loss of energy involved in this process but the worth of the power produced is greatly increased since it can be used with as much flexibility as common hydro plant output.

That the project is technically something less than a dream is clear from the conclusion of the Atlantic Tidal Development Board's report - which hardly echoes with the sort of enthusiasm that Maritimers are used to hearing

from Fundy's promoters. The report points out, for instance, that "tidal output could become competitive with energy from alternative sources when the interest rate dropped to about half its current value". The power itself will be no bargain - "the lowest unit cost of output from a single effect development is computed to be 5.6 mills per kilowatt hour, whereas the incremental cost of energy available from existing sources is substantially lower". 3.4 mills, to be exact.

The only mention of further activity in the development is in the Board's fifth recommendation, itself hardly an effusion of unbridled optimism:

The Board recommends further that additional detailed studies be authorized when (a) the interest rate on money drops sufficiently to suggest the possibility of an economic tidal power development in the Bay of Fundy; (b) a major breakthrough in construction costs or in the cost of generating equipment suggests the possibility of designing an economic tidal power development in the Bay of Fundy; (c) pollution abatement requirements magnify, substantially, the cost of using alternative sources of power; or (d) alternative sources of a more economic power supply become exhausted.

ENVIRONMENT

THERE IS LITTLE QUESTION THAT FUNDY Power has been exhaustively studied from an engineering viewpoint. But engineers are only now beginning to learn that such projects do not exist in vacuums, and those who have been involved in Fundy Power do not seem especially far advanced in this area. Aside from a short inquiry on the immediate effects on fish migration very little environmental consideration was made for the purposes of the report. Only this comment appears in the conclusions of the committee reports: "fisheries are unlikely to be either adversely or beneficially affected by a tidal power development at any of the sites."

Certainly the usual threats to the environment do not seem to be involved in Tidal Power development. None of the problems involved in adding undesirable materials to the water is present and fish will find it quite possible to swim through the structure unharmed. There are, however, other considerations.

The Atlantic Development Board's Maritime Provinces Water Resources report warns, for instance, that "when a large reservoir is located down stream of the source of pollution, the pollution's effects on the river tend to be aggravated". The report calls Macataque a prime example of this problem because of the considerable quantity of the pollutants being dumped into the head water from pulp and food processing. The important question is how to solve what the Water Resources Study sees as "an increased need to treat waste upstream of the reservoir". At the time of the report none of the towns or villages along coast or tidal estuaries to be affected by the dams had any sewage treatment and many of the areas had high concentrations of agricultural runoff.

If the tidal dams were constructed they would undoubtedly impede the flow of water and thus concentrate nutrients in the enclosed area, thus in turn increasing the likelihood of algae growth. This cycle could start to deplete the supply of oxygen and start a process of anaerobic decay characterized by a boggy smell. The dam itself would aid in stratifying the deep water behind it. This could have considerable effect on the kind of marine life which could exist behind the dam as well as affecting some marshland habitat for wild fowl.

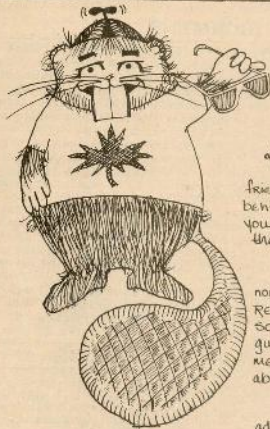
In any case, it would be necessary to implement full sewage treatment on the entire drainage area immediately upon construction of the dam. Although from an environmental viewpoint, of course, this should be undertaken in any event; it would impose considerable expense on short notice on the small municipalities in the area.

The sea serves as a moderator of the temperature -- in the winter it is warmer than the air and thus warms the surrounding land and in summer the reverse is true. Mr. Eugene Chipman, chief gardener at the Kentville Research Station had his peach orchard frozen out after the construction of the Annapolis River Tidal Causeway. He attributes this to the loss of the warm waters moving up the coast which once warmed the Annapolis River Valley. A similar cooling off might be anticipated in the enclosed areas behind the dam. Although some tidal exchange would continue, the water that remained behind would absorb most of the extra heat. Imagine keeping the water going into your heating radiator at the same temperature but decreasing the amount that flows through to less than a fifth of the former quantity. The temperature exchange is diminished by a factor of five.

Mr. Loomer of Falmouth, N.S., a green house gardener, suspects such a situation might shorten the growing season by up to twenty days in the Tidal River Valleys. He explained that the tides prevent heavy frost and if the moderating influence were reduced frost would occur both earlier in the fall and later in the spring.

Another -- perhaps more obvious and certainly no more widely considered -- effect on the environment would be involved with the need for mountains of fill for construction of the dams. It will have to be excavated from the surrounding area and trucked to the site and will undoubtedly have at least the sort of effects that strip mining has on the appearance of the area; it may well also involve the loss of large amounts of arable land.

All of these considerations need considerably more investigation before we commit ourselves and our economy to a project with such an overwhelming likelihood of economic and environmental disaster. We cannot allow the mindless boosterism of people like Robert Coates and the *Atlantic Advocate* to hustle us down the garden path again. Perhaps, this time, we can stop in time.



(Chorus)
Ladies and
Gentlemen...

Are you
shamed by your
lack of knowledge
about Canadian history?

Do your
friends talk about you
behind your back because
you know nothing about
the Fork & Beans War?

Well folks,
now there's a SUREFIRE
Remedy for all those
social ills, and it's
guaranteed to cure
melancholia & ignorance
about Canada...

Why, even this man →
admits that he didn't know what
was happening til he read

"She Named it Canada...
because that's what it was called."



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A LESSON IN GOVERNMENT AND HERBICIDES

THE SOFT SPRAY JOB

BILL TEMPLEMAN

The Characters

One 400 acre dairy and mixed crop farm near Granville Ferry, Annapolis County, Nova Scotia. One department of agriculture of the Nova Scotia government, hereafter known as The Department. One airplane. Numberless government officials, experts, interested parties. Lurking backstage: the Canadian Agricultural Chemicals Association, representing the herbicide producers of Canada.

The Plot

One breezy day in July, 1969, a light aircraft swooped down over the Belleisle Marsh on a spray and destroy mission against marsh weeds and other green leafy enemies of the Nova Scotia Department of Agriculture. The plane, from Maritime Air Services in Moncton, was hired to spray marsh lands owned by The Department. The mission was a resounding success: not only were The Department's 580 acres sprayed, but over a dozen nearby farms were treated too. Robyn Warren's land borders on the government property: his farm suffered the most damage.

A southwest wind of 25mph blew the spray north and east, damaging crops over two miles from the marsh. The farmers involved formed a committee and presented the facts to The Department. After a brief investigation the farmers were awarded \$30,000, compensation. For his 80,000 damaged cabbage plants, Warren received \$9,600. By October the case was apparently closed.

month of insemination	month of abortion	number of abortions per month	length of gestation
May 69	Jan 70	2	7 months
June 69			8
Oct 69			4
Oct 69	Feb 70	3	4
Sept 69			5
Aug 69			7
Sept 69	Mar 70	3	6
Oct 69			5
May 70	July 70	1	2
Apr 70			3
Apr 70	Aug 70	2	3
Apr 70			8
June 70	Dec 70	2	6
Sept 70	May 71	1	8

Calves stunted in growth: 17 (born between Jan 70 and Jan 71)

Number of twins: 2 sets, one male, one female

Normal gestation period: 283 days

Before, during and after and July 4th spraying, most of Warren's thirty-two dairy cattle were pastured on the marsh. Warren fed the cattle hay from the marsh throughout the winter. He had no reason not to use the hay, for The Department had given him repeated assurances that cattle would not be affected by the spray.

During the next eighteen months there were confirmed abortions and one unconfirmed; this cow aborted while grazing on the marsh and the foetus was not found. One foetus had deformed eyes and would undoubtedly have been blind had it survived, and others had withered legs. Before January, 1970, there had been no history of cattle abortions on the Warren farm.

ONLY CATTLE THAT GRAZED ON THE MARSH aborted. Although feed from the marsh was fed to the whole herd during the winter of 1969-70, no highland cattle aborted. But the cattle twice bore twins, a rare occurrence in cattle breeding. The female twins were born alive, one calf having deformed legs. The male twins were stillborn. No male calves have been born alive on the Warren farm since June, 1970. Of the calves born alive from January 1970 to January 1971, seventeen were stunted: at nine to twelve months, they are the same size as normal calves at five months.

In the spring of 1970, Warren planted his crops again. His forty thousand cauliflower plants initially grew very fast, then they died. Only twenty dozen survived to reach the market - less than 1% of the crop. Warren's lettuce plants were deformed and unfit for market, and his celery was a complete failure, some of the plants growing to a height of six feet before dying. Corn planted near Warren's farm grew to a height of twelve feet before dying. In 1969 a dozen apple trees in Warren's orchard dropped their apples before maturity. In 1970 these same trees failed to blossom.

APPLE TREE DAMAGE

1969	trees dropped apples
1970	trees failed to blossom
1971	one half of each tree died (the half facing the direction from which the spray came in 1969)

And the Warrens were getting sick themselves. Warren's thyroid condition grew worse, and in February of 1971, he was examined by specialists at the Halifax Infirmary. One of Warren's sons, hospitalized at the Infirmary the same month, was examined by pathologists for herbicide poisoning; caught by drifting spray, he had been the only member of the family to suffer direct exposure. Warren and both his sons had similar symptoms: extreme lethargy, missing

A holder of a masters degree in English Literature from the University of Toronto and former Dartmouth, N.S. mailman, Bill Templeman was a member of the New Brunswick Journalism Co-operative this summer.

heartbeats and abnormal increase in heartbeat upon exertion. Mrs. Warren developed a swollen thyroid gland; unlike her husband, she had no previous history of thyroid trouble. The doctors could not positively diagnose the health problems as herbicide poisoning cases. However, the doctors did advise the family to stop drinking milk produced on the farm. The Warrens now do not drink the farm milk, nor do they eat any of its produce.

By the summer of 1970, Warren was no longer convinced that all his calamities were merely coincidences. Although still baffled by the abortions, he was certain that the July 1969 spraying was related to the new crop failures. In September 1970, Mr. Peter Nicolson, then local member of the legislative assembly, met with Mr. Harvey Venoit, Minister of Agriculture with the Conservative government, at a county exhibition in Digby. The minister promised to carry out an investigation, but the October provincial election intervened.

A few days after the meeting with Venoit, Warren sent vegetable tissue samples to G.D. Palfrey, Chief Weed Inspector, Nova Scotia Department of Agriculture, requesting that the samples be tested for Dicamba, 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T. On December 15 he received a reply from Palfrey stating that the test results for Dicamba were negative. No tests were done for 2,4-D or 2,4,5-T. On December 21 Warren again wrote to Palfrey, requesting that tests be done for 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T. Warren sent copies of this request to D.L. Parks, Deputy Minister of The Department and to J.D. Johnson, Head of the Crops and Soils Division. Warren is still waiting for a reply. Parks doesn't think the letter reached his office. And why didn't The Department test for 2,4-D or 2,4,5-T?

"Well," Parks told our reporter, "as I've explained to you, 2,4,5-T was not used. Therefore why test for it? With regard to 2,4-D, our department does not have the facilities to test for this chemical; that's one of the reasons why we've called in the federal department [of agriculture]. We'll know when we receive the test results from their labs."

WARREN AND HIS VETERINARIAN, Dr. Arendz of Valley Veterinarians in Middleton, now began to suspect that the abortions were also related to the spraying. In early January, 1971, Arendz wrote to Dr. R.M. Philips, a Department vet, requesting assistance in finding a cause of the abortions. On January 12th Philips suggested that Arrow grass and other weeds growing the marsh caused the abortions. But Arrow grass does not grow on the marsh. Moreover, the local vegetation caused no abortions prior

to the spraying. However, Philips did forward some information on the disturbance by herbicides of the nitrogen cycle in plants, information which was to prove useful to Warren later on.

On January 13, 1971, Warren received a letter from a local Department official.

"With regard to your request (of Dec. 21/71) for herbicide analysis on the samples of cauliflower tissue taken during the past season, *I have been assured by Don Palfrey that 2,4,5-T was not used on Belleisle Marsh by Maritime Air Services during their spray operation in 1969.*" (emphasis added)

But on July 30, 1969 the Bridgetown Monitor had carried a front page report:

The Department of Agriculture and Marketing is investigating reports of damage to fruits and vegetable crops in the Tupperville area. It is believed that this injury was caused by herbicides used in the area, the active ingredients of which were 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T and Dicamba. (emphasis added)

The Monitor's source was a statement from the Halifax office of The Department. The Department explains that when Maritime Air Services was preparing the herbicide

THE SNEAKING SUSPICION STORY

During the fall of 1970, Warren sent foetus tissue samples to the Nova Scotia Research Foundation for testing. In February of this year he received a report from Dr. Lutwick at the Foundation: traces of 2,4,5-T were found in five of the samples. When questioned about these test results, Mr. Parks replied:

M.E.: Are you aware of the 2,4,5-T test results obtained by Dr. Lutwick?

Parks: Yes, but at these levels, what are we dealing with? .005 parts per million? You see, these tests are extremely delicate operations, there's a high possibility of error. We have no way of verifying these results and anyway, they're hardly what you could call significant.

M.E.: But you said 2,4,5-T was not used. Why did it turn up in the analysis, even as traces?

Parks: I don't know. Your guess is as good as mine.



One breezy day in July, 1969, a light aircraft swooped down over the Belleisle Marsh on a spray and destroy mission against marsh weeds and other green leafy enemies of the N.S. Department of Agriculture. The plane was hired to spray marshlands owned by The Department. The mission was a resounding success; not only were The Department's 580 acres sprayed, but over a dozen nearby farms were treated. A southwest wind of 25 mph blew the spray north and east, damaging crops over two miles from the marsh.

Photograph - Charles Gallagher

mixture for the July 4 spraying, they could not obtain 2,4,5-T in the non-volatile (amine) form specified by the contract. Rather than spray with volatile 2,4,5-T - which facilitates drifting - they simply deleted it from the mixture. The Department did not know this on July 30, 1969, when the press statement was released to the *Monitor*. The contract stated that 2,4,5-T was to be sprayed. Apparently it wasn't. Or was it?

In February, 1971, Warren's doctors at the Halifax Infirmary were obliged by law to inform the Federal Department of National Health and Welfare that Warren's family and cattle might be suffering from herbicide poisoning. This department relayed this information to its Food and Drug Directorate, who in turn passed the word on to Twin Cities Dairies, Warren's milk buyer. On March 8 the dairy stopped buying his milk.

In February, the Food and Drug Directorate took samples of milk and blood from Warren's herd for testing. On March 12 the dairy was told by Food and Drug to start accepting Warren's milk. On March 16 the dairy again stopped buying the milk. On March 18 they started buying again, and have continued to do so without further interruption. Warren has tried, without success, to get the test results from the Food and Drug labs. The dairy does not know what was in the milk. Maybe the Food and Drug Directorate knows, but they aren't telling anyone.

In February of this year Dr. Lutwick found traces of 2,4,5-T in foetus tissue samples. On June 14 Warren received another report from Dr. Lutwick: 2,4,5-T in excess of 1 part per million was found in 9 out of 11 soil and vegetable tissue samples. Statistically these findings cannot be defined - or dismissed - as traces. The only test results Warren has received, incidentally, have come from independent, non-government laboratories. Warren has to pay part of these lab fees himself.

Last December, Warren retained Crowell and Durland, a Middleton law firm. On March 8, 1971 Warren, his lawyer, and Dr. Arendz met with Dr. Gillis, current Minister of Agriculture. The lawyer presented a submission to Dr. Gillis which called for an investigation and a reconsideration of the government's 1969 compensation decision. Gillis promised to contact the federal department of agriculture and request that a full investigation be carried out, explaining that his own department lacked the proper personnel and facilities for such an investigation. Gillis also placed Parks, his deputy minister, in charge of the investigation.



In 1969 a dozen apple trees in Warren's orchard dropped their apples before maturity. In 1970 these same trees failed to blossom.

TWO WEEKS LATER, DR. AVERY, Director of the federal department's Institute of Veterinary Research arrived one afternoon from Ottawa. He spent two hours talking with Warren, his lawyer, and Arendz. Then he drove off to Lawrencetown to talk with Chief Weed Inspector Palfrey. He returned the following day, talked briefly with Warren and his lawyer, drove to Truro and flew back to Ottawa that night. Avery did not visit Warren's farm, nor did he take any samples. The tranquility of the marsh remained unviolated.

Unaccustomed to the mysteries of government, Warren was astonished. The 'full investigation' had consisted of a few hours of discussion and paper shuffling. The entire mission seemed to be only legal reconnaissance by the governments. During the next few days Warren's lawyer put in five phone calls to The Department requesting further action. Two weeks later a federal vet came to take blood samples from the cattle herd.

By mid-April Warren was anxious to start work on his 1971 crop. In view of the disastrous results he obtained in 1970, he was uncertain about what he should plant in his soil, and badly needed government test results on his soil. After repeated attempts by phone, Warren's lawyer finally got through to the minister's office at The Department. Dr. Gillis wrote Warren, promising to pay for some of the testing debts Warren had accumulated, and confirming his promise of a full investigation. (After further repeated phone calls to The Department \$670, for testing debts was finally mailed to Warren in May.) Gillis also dispatched a committee of Department representatives on April 26 to the Mid-Valley Motel in Middleton for consultations with Warren's lawyer.

The committee bobbed and weaved. But Warren had documentary evidence. The committee claimed that soil test results sent to Warren in March 1970 were not intended as fertilizing guides for the spring crop. Warren's lawyer produced a letter from The Department to Warren which recommended fertilizers in accordance with the test results. After several minor engagements, the committee withdrew, recommending the following steps:

- 1) The Department should take soil samples from the marsh and have them analyzed for salinity, sulphates, chlorides and herbicide residue.
- 2) Replicate samples should be taken by The Department and forwarded to the federal department and at least one other laboratory for confirmation of analysis results.
- 3) Soil samples from suspected herbicide residue areas



Photograph - Charles Gallagher

should be forwarded to the federal department so that test plants might be grown with the soil to determine plant sensitivity to herbicides.

4) Test plots should be planted on the marsh to determine the effect of the soil upon various crops. In addition to the above tests, Dr. Wright of the federal department agreed to consider investigations into the effect and relationship of saline soils on the nitrite, nitrate and cyanide levels in plant tissue sprayed and unsprayed with conventional herbicides.

J.D. Johnson of The Department was to keep all those present at the meeting supplied with progress reports on the various testing programmes. According to Mr. Parks all the above tests are presently being carried out and Mr. Johnson has circulated one progress report. In the middle of May technicians from the federal and provincial departments took soil vegetation samples from Warren's farm.

ON MAY 20 WARREN WAS TOLD HE COULD plant his crops; The Department made this decision without knowing the test results on the soil samples. But this was too late for many crops; apart from feed crops for his cattle and the test plots recommended by the April 26 committee – these were actually planted by Warren – he is planting nothing on his farm.

On April 2 Warren was offered a price on several cattle for butchering; not knowing if the meat was safe for marketing, Warren asked his lawyer to write to the Food and Drug Directorate for advice – this agency had taken blood samples from the cattle in February of 1971. The lawyer told the Food and Drug Directorate that Warren was going to sell the cattle unless otherwise notified. Warren received no reply. After waiting several weeks he decided, on his own judgement, not to sell the animals. He made a similar decision in 1970 over two tons of onions; rather than sell what he thought might be dangerous, he dumped the crop.

The entire investigation now rests with the federal Department of Agriculture. Warren's lawyer has contacted Department officials since the end of May, and they all warble, in reassuring tones, that nothing can be done until Dr. Avery's report is released. During the first week of June, Dr. Gillis requested a preliminary report from Avery. He was told that the tests were not yet finished and that no report – preliminary or otherwise – would be ready for at least one month.

The only thing Warren can do now is to wait for the results of the federal investigation. Presumably, they will strengthen his case and prod The Department into making a settlement. It may be a little quicker than waiting for the United States Government to denounce Coca-Cola as being deleterious to health and inimical to the American way of life.

DID THE HERBICIDES CAUSE THE ABORTIONS? Maybe – but, as both sides agree, there are simply too many things involved in cattle breeding to make a solid cause-effect connection. "Please quote me on this," says Robyn Warren, "there always could be another cause of the abortions." D.L. Parks agrees: "There are over 50 factors that could have caused the abortions. To blame the spray right away is, well, just jumping to an easy conclusion."

In order to prove in court that herbicides caused his cattle to abort, Warren must demonstrate a toxicological causal link between every step in the entire sequence from spraying to abortions, a very tough thing to demonstrate. Ecological logic would say that A,B,C and D are highly inter-related and mutually dependent phenomena. A could influence

THE SILLY SAMPLE STORY

In the fall of 1969 The Department took soil samples from Warren's farm in order to determine what fertilizers should be applied in the following spring. At this point, the tests had to do with the herbicide spraying. On March 26, 1970, Warren received a letter containing soil test results and recommendations – based on these results – for specific types and quantities of fertilizer. Warren applied the fertilizers as recommended by The Department. Unfortunately, there had been a bungling of lot numbers back at the lab; the recommendations Warren received were not based on his soil samples. Farmers throughout the neighborhood were affected by this error. Warren unintentionally added the wrong fertilizers and possibly poisoned his own soil – on The Department's advice. He planted a cauliflower crop on this soil. The results were disastrous.

THE WRETCHED RENT STORY

The land on which the cauliflowers failed was Farm Loan Board-leased property, for which Warren paid an annual rent. On January 14, 1971, Warren wrote to the Board, explaining that due to suspected herbicide and fertilizer damage – both Department-initiated calamities – all crops on the leased land had failed and that he had no source of income from which to pay the rent. His lawyer asked the Board to contact the minister of The Department for the full story. On March 11 the Board replied, saying that they would cease pressing for payment until the situation had been clarified. Over the next few weeks Warren's lawyer sent three requests for rent deferral to the Minister's office. After the third request, Warren received notice that his rent was to be deferred for 1971. The Wretched Rent Story came up for discussion during the April 26 meeting at Middleton. At that meeting J.D. Johnson of The Department agreed to recommend to the Farm Loan Board that all areas defined as being unsuitable for cultivation be deleted from the acreage rents under all existing lease agreements. Johnson also agreed to recommend that if rent monies had been collected in 1970 for these same areas that proper adjustments be made with the leasee. On May 14 all farmers leasing on the marsh were told that if they did not plant, they would not have to pay rent providing that they accept the following conditions:

- 1) The leasee must dig drainage ditches
- 2) He must control weeds
- 3) He must obtain Department approval of all ditches dug
- 4) If he did not keep the land in shape his lease would be cancelled
- 5) If he did grow crops, his rent would be based on his cropage.

In this tactically brilliant manoeuvre, The Department has, after befouling its own land, forced the farmers to do all the land maintenance for nothing; the farmers are working merely for the privilege of holding on to their leased plots of ruined land.

B, C or D in any number of ways. Logic, on the other hand, proceeds like tin soldiers marching in a row: first you must show A's influence on B, B's influence on C, and so on until you hook up with D. Then you must work backwards, showing that the only factor in C which could have influenced D had to come from A. For example, some plants naturally high in cyanide sugars can, if consumed in sufficient quantities, cause anoxia, a condition which can cause abortions.

Recent textbooks state that the level of cyanogenetic glucosides - from which the cow's digestive system produces hydrocyanic acid - is increased by spraying with 2,4-D. (See *Poisonous Plants of the United States and Canada* by J.M. Kingsbury, p. 27, and *Veterinary Toxicology* by R.D. Radeleff, 1964, under "Cyanides"). As prosecuting attorney you would have to show that the plants which the cows consumed before and during pregnancy were not merely naturally high in cyanide sugars but were tripping along on a 2,4-D - induced high. You would also have to demonstrate a significant hydrocyanic acid in the pregnant cow.

Proponents of 2,4-D such as governments and chemical companies have placed all their bets on the ultimate supremacy of Legal Logic, as was recently demonstrated by a B.C. government official, who quaffed a 2,4-D cocktail in a publicity stunt to quell the herbicide controversy in that province.

We have substantial scientific evidence that 2,4-D causes an increase in the rate of production in the nitrogen and cyanide cycles of certain plants. Radeleff shows that 2,4-D can increase cyanide sugar and nitrate levels in plants. Swanson and Shaw (*Agronomy Journal*, 1954) demonstrate that applications of 2,4-D can increase the nitrate level and therefore the cyanide content of plants. Kingsbury has found that 2,4-D upsets the nitrogen metabolism of plants in the Brassica genus - which includes cauliflower and cabbage - and may increase nitrite and nitrate content to toxic levels.

A growing body of evidence suggests that when plants sprayed with 2,4-D are consumed by animals, or when animals are brought in direct contact with 2,4-D, poisoning, high birth mortality, and birth deformities take place. Stahler and Whitehead (*Science*, 1950) examine the nitrate poisoning of cattle eating sugar beets accidentally sprayed with 2,4-D. Tinker (*New Scientist and Science Journal*, 1971) describes a series of experiments by two French investigators, Osterag and Lutz, who report high chick mortality and physical deformity of pheasant, grey partridge and red-legged partridge from eggs sprayed with 2,4-D. In the summer of 1970, Robyn Warren noticed that his cattle developed a craving for ordinarily unpalatable plants that grow on the marsh. These were probably made more attractive due to their increased nitrate content. Although all Warren's cattle were exposed to contaminated feed from the marsh, only the cows that both grazed on the marsh and ate the feed suffered abortions. Nevertheless, it seems likely that 2,4-D raises the nitrate and cyanide levels of pasture plants, and grazing cows absorb these high levels which in turn can cause abortions.

THE OFFICIAL WORD

"When using a herbicide on pastures, follow label instructions carefully, particularly sections concerning the pasturing of livestock during and after treatment. 2,4-D or 2,4-D/2,4,5-T sprays are not injurious to livestock in the pasture. Care should be taken, however, to prevent grazing where poisonous plants (water hemlock, chokecherry, etc.) may be made more attractive to livestock after the chemical treatment."

The 1971 Guide to Chemical Weed Control, p. 14, distributed by the Minister of Agriculture, Nova Scotia.

THE MAD MEDICAL STORY

Confirming the existence of herbicide poisoning in humans is even more difficult than with cattle. Specialists at the Halifax Infirmary told *The Mysterious East* that a patient suffering from herbicide poisoning is virtually impossible to diagnose. A direct causal link between the spraying and Warren's symptoms is therefore very hard to prove. Doctors initially suspected that the Warrens had nitrate poisoning. They tested for nitrate poisoning by analysing the family's blood. When present at toxic levels in the blood, nitrates cause a condition known as methemoglobinemia, a loss of oxygen from the blood which would explain the Warrens' extreme lethargy. The Warren blood samples turned out negative for methemoglobin. The doctors then considered testing for direct herbicide poisoning but they found this to be difficult: herbicides enter the body in minute traces and they remain in the body for an undetermined length of time - which may be quite brief.

During their investigation, the doctors found test results from cattle and vegetable tissue samples taken from Warren's farm which showed virtually lethal levels of cyanide: 52 parts per million (ppm) in brussel sprouts, and 56 ppm in a cow butchered for meat. Cyanide poisoning in humans however, is very fleeting and hence difficult to detect. If the Warrens had consumed produce containing the levels of cyanide found in the tests, they might have died. The doctors then theorized that the Warrens might be suffering from both nitrate and cyanide poisoning. Suppose the Warrens had consumed both nitrates and cyanides: the nitrates would combine with oxyhemoglobin to form methemoglobin. The cyanide would combine with methemoglobin to form cyanmethemoglobin. Since the lab test for methemoglobin uses cyanide and produces cyanmethemoglobin, this test would be useless in this case, since cyanmethemoglobin existed before adding the test cyanide. There is no known lab test for cyanmethemoglobin. Perhaps the Warrens were saved from acute nitrate or cyanide poisoning by virtue of the fact that cyanide combines with methemoglobin, presumably reducing the toxicity of both. Otherwise, how would they have survived the high doses of cyanide found in the vegetable samples? This theory might also explain why the Food and Drug Directorate was apparently unable to detect any toxic materials in blood samples taken from the cattle. But the Food and Drug Directorate won't say just what it *did* find.

The doctors are sure, at least, that a slow build-up of toxic effects resulted in the symptoms of December 1970 to March 1971; the symptoms gradually disappeared when the Warrens stopped eating all food produced on their own farm. But as one doctor said, "If you asked me if it was herbicide poisoning, I'd tell you it wasn't; if you tried to tell me it wasn't herbicide poisoning, I'd tell you it was. We just don't know."

"Mr. Palfrey also has assured me that 2,4-D at the rates used (on the Belleisle Marsh) has never persisted to the extent of causing problems the next year." January 13, 1971 letter to Palfrey from a regional Department representative.

BUT SOMETHING IS STILL AFFECTING CROPS on the Warren farm. What about the soil chemistry of the marsh? Dr. Lutwick found 2,4,5-T in soil samples taken in April, 1971, 21 months after the spraying. Initially The Department told Warren that the spray would break down and disappear from the soil in seven days. Here The Department was apparently just reading their container labels, 2,4-D is broken down by certain soil bacteria within three to seven days in specific types of topsoil and at high soil temperatures. If the soil temperature is cool -- as in the Belleisle Marsh -- and if salt prevents the bacteria from growing -- as in the Belleisle Marsh -- 2,4-D could remain indefinitely. The Department has been grudgingly raising its bid as the evidence grows; Warren was told that herbicides might last up to seven days, one month, then three months. He has recently heard that The Department is about to extend it to one year.

A number of minor environmental crises after the spraying should be mentioned in passing. Sparrows fed on grain from the marsh were observed to fly poorly and spend much of their time hopping about on the ground. The farm cat fed sumptuously on the grounded sparrows; shortly after, the cat died. For four years prior to 1969 an average of 300 muskrats were taken from the marsh by a local trapper. In 1969 less than 100 muskrats were taken. In 1970 the trapper decided not to set his traps because he did not notice enough muskrats in the area to make his efforts worthwhile. Warren has said that the muskrats on the marsh -- ordinarily very wary animals -- seem tame and confused; he can walk right up to the few he has seen.

From The Department's viewpoint, the various problems that have afflicted Warren's farm have been coincidence. Warren must prove that his problems have a high correlation with the spraying. Meanwhile, reports describing similar cases are quickly piling up in periodicals: rooms of libraries across the country. To mention a few: *The London Times*, June 11, 1971; *The Country Guide*, June 1971; *Environment*, August, 1970; *The Veterinary Record* (England), 1970; on June 17 this year *The 4th Estate* ran a long article on apparent herbicide damages to wildlife and livestock throughout Nova Scotia. After the CBC's *Sunday Magazine* network-wide programme on April 4th of this year carried a report on Warren's situation, a farmer in northern New Brunswick wrote to Warren, saying that virtually the same thing had happened to him. But the courts do not accept theories, significant correlations or masses of suggestive evidence; the courts demand proof, good old 1+1=2 type proof, and that is just the sort of proof Robyn Warren is not likely to come up with.

By late April 1971, Warren was beginning to wonder why Dr. Avery was conducting his federal investigation with something less than full-speed-ahead professional rigour. Ottawa sleuths unearthed the reason: when Avery came down from Ottawa, he was told by Parks that The Department "had more than enough herbicide experts". Parks also told Avery not to make a full investigation. Avery never intended to get evidence for a full investigation. This story has recently been confirmed by other sources near the federal government.

The Mysterious East found Mr. Parks in The Department's nerve-centre on the 4th floor of Halifax's tall gleaming



1971 - one half of each tree died, the half facing the direction from which the spray came in 1969.

Photograph - Charles Gallagher

THE ACCIDENTAL AIRPLANE STORY

The 1971 Guide to Chemical Weed Control, distributed by The Department, has this reference to spraying from aircraft on page 7.

"The application of herbicides by aircraft or mist sprayers in agricultural areas is NOT recommended. The danger of drift to nearby susceptible crops is too high to warrant the use of such methods."

It seems that The Department does not take its own advice.

M.E.: Why was an aircraft used in the spraying?

Parks: Well, it was the most economical means of doing the job. You see there were no roads down through the marsh so we couldn't move vehicles down there. And you couldn't drive a car over the marsh anyway.

M.E.: In *The 1971 Guide to Chemical Weed Control* distributed by your department there is a recommendation against aircraft spraying.

Parks: --- Well, we didn't know then that aircraft spraying was dangerous. But we know now. We don't spray from planes anymore.

M.E.: But I've seen the same warning in *The 1970 Guide to Chemical Weed Control*. Surely it must have been in the 1969 edition.

Parks: In 1969 --- I don't know, we'd have to check.

[We did check. *The 1969 Guide to Chemical Weed Control* says, on page 8, that "Hormone-type herbicides such as 2,4-D should NEVER be applied as dusts or by aircraft or mist sprayers in agricultural areas." -Ed.]

M.E.: Did The Department warn any of the farmers in the vicinity that the spraying was going to take place?

Parks: No.

M.E.: Are ground observers needed in such jobs?

Parks: No, there's usually no need to have anyone on the ground.

M.E.: Are Maritime Air Services in any way responsible for what happened?

Parks: Well, we didn't get the service we requested from them. I wouldn't like to say precisely just what we're going to do, but you can be sure that we're not through with them yet.

M.E.: Are you going to take legal action against them?

Parks: Well --- that's a possibility.

Hollis Building. The Department's offices shine with efficiency; apart from a large Andrew Woyeth print of two cows spooning lovingly over one of the typists' desks, you could be in the offices of Home Oil or IBM. No hayseeds here. Immediately you become aware of hissing sounds barely above the threshold of hearing; unclean air conditioners, business machines, compressed air tubes and security devices join in chorus within the walls. A chic secretary ushers you in to meet Mr. Parks. Parks is an agronomist with over twenty years' professional experience in agriculture. He does not wear sideburns. His gentle, soft-spoken manner hides a firm confidence in what he knows and stands for. When he tells you that he and his department are vitally concerned about preserving the province's environment and that they would not knowingly take any ecological risks, you believe him. He is obviously sincere, and he believes that agriculture would not be where it is today were it not for chemical assistance. But like most of us who believe we are right, he wants very much to protect that belief. Parks believes that herbicides are safe.

M.E.: When Dr. Avery came down to talk to Warren, what were his instructions from the Department?

Parks: Well, as you mentioned earlier, Dr. Gillis had promised Warren a full investigation, so -- his, Dr. Avery's instructions were to carry out a full investigation, right?

M.E.: Did you personally speak with Dr. Avery when he was here?

Parks: -- yes.

M.E.: Did you give him any instructions? Dr. Gillis put you in charge.

Parks: ---- yes.

M.E.: Did you tell him to conduct a full investigation?

Parks: ----- yes.

M.E.: You told him to collect evidence and do a complete job, a full investigation?

Parks: ----- yes ---- that's correct.

THE DEPARTMENT KNOWS WHAT GENERALS since Caesar have known: It is wise, if you have enough men, to engage your enemy on as many fronts as possible. And The Department has the odds over Warren.

In addition to Avery's fake investigation, The Department and the federal department refuse to release the results of tests they have conducted, and they are doing their best to discredit the test results Warren has received from non-government laboratories. Representatives of The Department have told Warren that mouldy hay fed during the winter caused the cattle abortions. But although all the cattle ate the allegedly mouldy hay throughout the winter only the ones that had been grazing on the marsh suffered abortions. The Department told Warren that his apple trees were dying due to wood worm habitation. But why were elms and maples bordering on the orchard also affected? These trees are naturally invulnerable to the type of worm specified by The Department. When the cauliflower crop failed, they suggested that Warren's ditching had been the cause. But Warren's ditching had been flawless.

The Department spread rumours in the neighbourhood that Warren's troubles were due to poor farm management. Aside from the morality of such a tactic, it is simply not true. Before coming to Canada, Warren built up a dairy herd from three to a hundred and fifty cattle; hardly the record of someone who doesn't know what he's doing. Lowest of all, The Department claimed -- although never to Warren's face -- that he was merely taking advantage of the unlucky coincidences by trying to claim further compensation.

The Department thinks in straight, rigid lines. "We have used herbicides for years, therefore they must be safe." "Herbicides are economical; how else can we control weeds?" "The chemical companies and the federal government approve these herbicides. Who are we to argue?" 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T are innocent until proven guilty, and the burden of proof falls on the consumer.

This Committee endorses in the strongest terms the need for a review of the use of these chemicals (2,4-D and 2,4,5-T) in the roadside spraying programmes in Nova Scotia. It is recommended that the Government of Nova Scotia be made aware of the serious nature of this issue.

Letter to the Nova Scotia government from the Medical Society of Nova Scotia, February 23, 1970.

When it was suggested in early March 1971, that in view of the Medical Society's recommendations to the provincial government in regard to the use of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, The Department should also consider a review of its spraying practices, The Department responded as if it were defending Moscow. The Medical Society recommendations referred to a series of experiments done for the National Cancer Institute by an American research corporation, Bionetics Research Laboratories.

The Bionetics Report, of which you, Sir, are no doubt aware, now crystallises earlier fears concerning the safety of these chemical compounds [2,4-D and 2,4,5-T]. In brief, this report presented data which demonstrates that oral administration of 2,4,5-T to pregnant mice and rats was followed by a significant incidence of congenital abnormalities in the offspring. It was this finding which caused the researchers to label 2,4,5-T as being "probably dangerous".

Letter to the Nova Scotia government from the Medical Society of Nova Scotia, February 23, 1970.

D. PALFREY, THE DEPARTMENT'S COUNSELLOR on all matters herbicidal, quickly fired off an appeal to Ottawa for emergency reinforcements. Palfrey received this reply from E.G. Anderson of the federal department:

Reports such as presented by Newton and Davis (at the Weed Science Society of America Convention, February 9 to 11, 1971, Dallas Texas) are very reassuring and should help us answer critics who extrapolate from laboratory trials where unrealistic massive dosages were used. Research by The Bionetics Research Laboratories in Maryland, and referred to by the Nova Scotia Medical Society in their brief to your government was considered suspect and work in other laboratories was authorized.

Not fully confident that Anderson's letter would be enough to stifle doubt within The Department, Palfrey quickly assembled what amounted to a mammoth herbicide-hype package. The package contained (1) the letter from Anderson, (2) abstracts from the Weed Science Society of America convention, (3) testing reports defending 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T from the Hercules Corporation, a large herbicide producer, (4) an article defending 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T from a Mr. C.S. Williams of the Agriculture Department of Dow Chemical, (5) an extract defending 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T from the Washington Newsletter of the National Aerial Applicators Association. On March 27, 1971, Palfrey sent this five-part package with his own covering letter to Parks.

Two days later, Palfrey mailed a trade memorandum of March 22, 1971 from the federal department of agriculture endorsing 2,4,5-T, along with a masterful letter -- see below --

to the following men:

D.D. MacAskill, Nova Scotia Department of Highways
R. Fiske, Nova Scotia Power Commission
L. Hasbholtt, Nova Scotia Department of Lands and Forests
D. MacDurdy, Nova Scotia Department of Health
The first three are major government herbicide users.

Palfrey is fighting very hard to defend 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T; after all, it's his job. Moreover, he believes he is right.

"Should any province in Canada decide to ban the use of 2,4,5-T during 1971," Palfrey wrote, "then that province is suggesting in effect they are not prepared to accept the federal recommended uses of this product. The Federal Food and Drug Directorate and the Plant Products Division of the C.D.A. (Canada Department of Agriculture - the federal department) are the expertise in Canada associated with registration and recommended uses of pesticides. I have been associated twenty years with responsible personnel in the federal pesticide field. As a result, it is difficult to comprehend that provinces are prepared to devote the time, expenditure, and in-depth study necessary in justifying recommended uses that are at variance with those presently in effect at the federal level."

IN EARLY MARCH PALFREY HELD A SEMINAR in Kentville for farmers who use 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T. Warren was there. After some initial ice-breakers - Palfrey is a very jovial fellow - he asked if any members of the press were present. None were. Whereupon Palfrey proceeded to ply the farmers with every manner of suggestive argument supporting the use of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T. Warren was speechless with anger. Among the more dubious tidbits of evidence read aloud by Palfrey was the extract from the newsletter of the National Aerial Applicators Association included in the five-part package to Parks.

"What is the extent of 2,4,5-T contamination of food products reaching the ultimate consumer?... Calculations show that for a 130 pound woman to obtain the amount of 2,4,5-T equivalent to the 21.5 mg/kg which was administered to the mice in the Bionetics study would have to consume 175,000 quarts of milk per day for 9 consecutive days. This would be equivalent to a rate which produced 'no effect' in the study on mice."

From *Fruit Notes*, November/December, 1970.

In medical research circles, simple arithmetic comparisons of body weights from one species to another is hardly regarded as evidence for anything.

Palfrey is mere light horse cavalry in comparison to his heavy allies. When the April 10, 1971 edition of the *Toronto Globe and Mail* carried an article by Nick Fillmore of the 4th Estate entitled "A Long Nightmare Follows Defoliant" - the story of Warren's situation - the Canadian Agricultural Chemicals Association (CACA) which consists of Canada's agricultural chemical producers, accused the newspaper and the CBC of "premature and incomplete reporting". In his April 12 letter, CACA's A.D. St. Clair offered six alternative interpretations of Warren's troubles. St. Clair then went on to deliver his Sunday Punch - an appeal to Avery's "full investigation".

"None of these facts explain the problem Mr. Warren has had with his cattle or his family's health and, unlike your article, I am not trying to prejudge these causes of these troubles. The point that I and the CACA are trying to make is, that little purpose is served by pressing the panic button, or by clearly implying that all this damage has been caused by a pesticide; an implication quite unsubstantiated by the facts so far available. The fact is, that we do not know what caused this damage; most of the evidence points against it being caused by herbicidal spray. Furthermore, a full scale investigation involving

the Federal Department of Agriculture and the Nova Scotia Government is now underway and it surely behooves a responsible newspaper like yours, and an important institution like the CBC, to await the full facts before unnecessarily alarming the public."

If the media were to wait, hell might freeze over.

All the arguments advanced by The Department can, finally, be expressed in economic terms. 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T are cheap in comparison to manual labour, and what is best for the agriculture business must, by definition, be best for the land. The voice of science is a whisper next to the bullhorn of invested capital.

"Several hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended over the past several years to prove the safety of phenoxy herbicides [2,4-D and 2,4,5-T] to man and his environment. From a scientific base the phenoxy herbicides can contribute economically and safely in the future for the control of broadleaved weeds and brush on feed crops, pasture, and rangeland, and non-crop land areas as they have for over 20 years."

From *The Status of 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T, Silvex and MCPA Herbicides* by C.S. Williams, Agriculture Department, Dow Chemical Corporation.

So Warren must wait; but he will soon have company. There are more spray jobs coming.

In view of the great benefits derived from the use of 2,4,5-T in the control of brush it is important that its status under the Pest Control Products Act be restated to assure those who may be unnecessarily concerned."

Trade memorandum from the Canada Department of Agriculture (the federal department) issued March 22, 1971.

M.E.: Do you think the spraying had anything to do with Warren's troubles?

Parks: Well now, what do you think? [laughter]

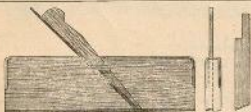
M.E.: In other words, you think 2,4-D is safe?

Parks: We have no reason to believe 2,4-D is harmful to the environment.

crafts

shallow soil in new brunswick

thomas dodd



cautionary note

I would like to begin by making it clear that this article is tinted by the fact that I am not a craftsman living in New Brunswick, depending on his craft for his livelihood. Men who insist that if I were I would not be so down on the tourist blight ("Tourism is our bread and butter"), nor on the growing commercialism of crafts — which, it seems to me, inevitably demands mass production while denying creativity. Sadly, craft production in New Brunswick seems to be limited to articles which are small enough to fit easily and unobtrusively into a car with New Jersey or Connecticut license plates. Apparently the tourist dollar is essential to the preservation of crafts. (If this is so, incidentally, how did craftsmen survive before the advent of tourism?)

Since my main concern is the concepts of traditional Anglo-European crafts and how they developed — or degenerated — in New Brunswick, I will try to refrain from saying anything about those repulsive varnished cross sections of butternuts that hang in gift shop windows, and similar summer camp projects. Such articles are usually referred to as handicrafts. Their purpose seems to be to indicate that the production methods and lack of ethics of the plastic throwaway society have found a place to grow in the shallow soil of New Brunswick crafts. Likewise, I will try to avoid dwelling on my dismay at contemporary craftsmen's dependence on power tools and equipment (excluding, of course, those crafts which did not come into being until after the invention of specific power tools). That power stands as a barrier between man and medium. Its use may be justified by its efficiency, but efficiency is the watchword of the mechanized society which stands in direct opposition to the concepts of craftsmanship. Traditionally, a craftsman is his own source of power.

The point seems to be that the more traditional, the more natural a craft is, the inherently better it is. I think that this is true to the extent that the more a craftsman utilizes devices of technology, the further he is removed from his expression. It becomes increasingly easy for him to assimilate the concepts of the technocracy and to justify the use of additional technology. He soon reaches a point where he is no longer a craftsman, an artist, a creator, but is instead a mere technician.

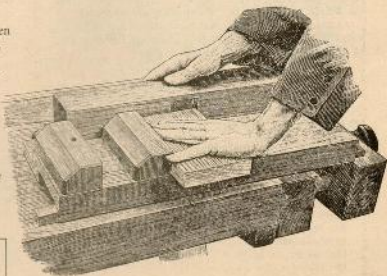
the acadians and the crafts of necessity

THE FIRST PERMANENT SETTLERS OF NEW Brunswick were Acadians. Not unlike most pioneers, they were a strong and quiet people, looking for new homes, anxious to transplant their religion, their customs and crafts in the soil of the New World. They dyked the sea out of low-lying marshlands. They cleared away river-bottom forests and made little farms for themselves. They settled on the coasts and took their livelihood from the sea. They hewed timber from the forests and built homes. They chopped a lot of wood.

The Acadians settled in a region of Canada that no one else wanted. The French were focusing their attention on Quebec and the St. Lawrence; the British on their colonies along the coast to the south. Even as control of Acadia swung irregularly between England and France until 1763, neither country actively supported or encouraged its settlement. For the most part, the Acadians were left alone until the middle of the eighteenth century.

I doubt that any Acadian actually called himself a craftsman, but they all were. There was a limit to what you could bring over in those little boats, when you left your life behind and came to the New World. A few clothes, a few tools, the family Bible. Their craft work in New Brunswick was born of necessity, designed to meet their needs. Among the Acadians, no woman married unless she could weave a piece of cloth; no man unless he could make a pair of wagon wheels.

The Acadians made virtually everything they used. They used everything they made. A pair of Acadian chairs on exhibit at the Fort Beauséjour Museum manifests the primary qualities of Acadian craft work. They are crudely



A student and a dulcimer-maker, Thomas Dodd is a member of the New Brunswick Journalism Co-operative.

constructed, yet strong, made to a design which is simple, yet practical, put together with wooden pegs. They were made by Jacques Leger around 1720. Jacques Leger was not a furniture maker. He was a settler, a farmer who made the chairs for his family to sit upon.

For the Acadians, the form of an object was determined by its function. The frills and excesses of the Victorian age to follow had not place in the purely utilitarian design of the Acadians. There was neither time enough, nor space enough for extravagance. Clothing was sewn by hand. Cloth was woven by hand. Thread was spun from wool and flax and hemp. Tables and chairs, spinning wheels and looms, distaffs, butter churns, cradles, bowls, spoons, flails and other farming utensils - all were made by hand from trees.

As virtually all Acadian craft work fulfilled a specific need, it exhibits a form which is both practical and simple. Chairs, for example, were often constructed with a seat which was lower than usual so that Acadian women could sit comfortably before a fire while doing their chores. There is an inherent virtue to craft work which produces an article that is both functional and creative. But the value of its creativity is destroyed when it ceases to serve its function. In America, Shaker craftsmen maintained a simplicity and practicality of design similar to that of the Acadians long enough to have their work recognized as an art form in its own right. The Acadians might very well have done that too, if they had had the time.

The Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 gave control of Acadia to Britain. They tried to make the Acadians take an oath of allegiance to the British crown. The Acadians refused. They refused because they knew that when war came again, they would be compelled to fight against the French. They refused for forty years. In 1755, following a series of military disputes between the French and the British, Acadians from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were rounded up and put into boats, sometimes with their families, sometimes not. Some were sent to the American colonies, some to England, some to France. The number of Acadians dropped from around eight thousand to two thousand, five hundred. Two years later the crops along the Miramichi failed and that winter about eight hundred died of disease and famine. On their way to capture Quebec in 1758, English ships destroyed Acadian fishing villages on the North Shore. There's a place up there called Burnt Church and that's when it got its name. That same year British ships were sent up the St. John within thirty miles of St. Anne's (Fredericton), burning all the settlements along the way. In 1759 a party of rangers from New England destroyed St. Anne's. The survivors fled into the woods where they died of exposure and starvation.

Consequently, the wind was taken out of any cultural sails the Acadians might have had. There are few examples of pre-Loyalist Acadian crafts around today.



the loyalists and the crafts of prosperity

AT THE CLOSE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, those colonists who had maintained loyalty to the British crown soon found life in America unbearable. Within a year, perhaps as many as five thousand Loyalists settled in the part of Nova Scotia that would soon become New Brunswick. Most of them had come straight from the comfort of established settlements. They brought chests filled with fine china and clothes and furnishings which reflected their educated and cultivated tastes. To be flung into log cabins on the edge of the wilderness was near disaster. Some quit, drifting back to the States or to England. But those who stayed wanted to re-establish a culture and a way of life from which they had been forced to flee. They brought more than damask tablecloths and fine china. They brought an Anglo-European tradition of craftsmanship to New Brunswick.

The earliest settlers, like the Acadians, were obliged to make many of their own articles. But as the towns which the Loyalists established flourished and commerce grew, so did the materialistic needs of the people. The economic and cultural prosperity of the Loyalists in New Brunswick is a parabolic curve, its zenith occurring at the height of the Victorian Age in the 1850's and 1860's. There was an abundance of stone carvers and masons, cabinet makers and woodcarvers, blacksmiths and silversmiths and whitesmiths, and potters. Some had been trained in England; others had served apprenticeships with craftsmen in the American colonies. They were talented and skillful men, born in an age of honour and living in an age of painful change. Their customers were largely of the wealthier class, people of education and culture who were conscious of style. And the Victorian style which they were conscious of dominated virtually all of the crafts.

As style was a determined constant, the craftsmen of the Victorian era were not well noted for design. They were masters of method, taking their time to make articles of fashion and durability that would last for generations. They forged weather vanes for barns and steeples for churches, elaborate stairway railings and fences and gates. They fashioned utensils and kitchen ware of copper and tin and ornate table ware of silver. They took logs of mahogany from the Saint John harbour which had been brought up from the West Indies as ballast and constructed some of the finest furniture ever made in the New World. From stone they carved archways and porticos, marble tabletops and mantelpieces, gargoles and designs to adorn public buildings; and from wood, magnificent figure-heads which rode the prows of trading ships built in the province and elsewhere.

In most cases, the work done by Loyalist craftsmen was more decorative than functional - you don't really need all those frills to eat some soup or build a building or sail a ship. While the Acadian design was one of simplicity, the Loyalist design came to be one of superfluity. But the fact remains

that for the most part, they did their work well, with pride in their work and respect for the ideals of craftsmanship.

But by the 1890's, the Christian World was mechanized. A large step had been made in the name of Progress. In 1850, there had been fourteen silversmiths and twenty-two cabinet-makers in Saint John; by 1890, their numbers had reduced to three and one, respectively. Local potteries closed down, some of them re-opening as importers of fine china. It became the vogue to own mass-produced, factory-made articles. Craftsmen dropped like flies all over the world, dying of economic starvation.



the new brunswickers and the crafts of tourism

IN NEW BRUNSWICK, CRAFTS AND CRAFTSMEN died as quickly as they did anywhere else. But they did leave New Brunswick with a craft heritage, however short-lived or latent.

The modern revival of New Brunswick crafts began during the Depression. A lot of people were out of work and they were hungry and didn't have anything to do. So, in a programme inaugurated and subsidized by the government, they did a lot of weaving. In 1946, the Handicrafts Branch of the provincial government came into existence as part of the Department of Industry and Development. It is now - significantly - a branch of the Department of Tourism. It operates the New Brunswick School of Arts and Crafts and stresses the association of handicrafts with industry.

When evaluating the quality of contemporary crafts, I think it is important to think about time. In ages past, an apprentice spent seven years working for a master craftsman before he was allowed to practice his trade. Seven years is a long time, but it guaranteed the continuation of traditional craft concepts. But we have taken crafts from the 18th and 19th centuries and abbreviated them. Ignoring the traditions which make them worthy of emulation, we have changed them to better suit our Instant TV Dinner and Minit Rice culture. People interested in the preservation of crafts may do well to associate them with their heritage rather than with industry. Industry is what killed craftsmanship in the first place. The two are incompatible. Factory managers can tell their cogs to take pride in their work, but it's just not the same. If the province, if the Department of Tourism is going to train craftsmen, let them do so well. A pewtersmith in six months or a silversmith in a year may seem laudable to some, but it makes a sham of craftsmanship.

From the government's point of view, the situation is a purely economic one. Tourism brings money into the province. Tourists buy handicraft articles to take back home as souvenirs. Apparently, there is no inherent virtue in the preservation of crafts unless it pays. But the price for such development is quality and tradition. Perhaps someday the government will realize that culture is every bit as important as money. Perhaps then they can attempt to re-establish crafts in the province in a more mature manner, training fewer craftsmen, but training them better and in traditional craft work; and developing the people of the province as a market for New Brunswick Crafts.



JON V. OLIVER



Figure is approximately six inches high.
Photograph - Bill Durocher

FACES IN THE WOODPILE

IF YOU VISITED SOME OF THE HANDCRAFTS shops in the Maritimes this past summer, you may have been confronted with a shelf of solemn or grinning faces staring fixedly back at you. A bit startling perhaps. If you picked up one of the carved faces and looked at it carefully, you would have noticed the fine detailing, the excellent proportions, the skillful altering of a simple piece of tree branch into a patriarch or a jester. A check of the felt covered base would yield, not a suggestion of foreign manufacture, but a label reading: Wm Donaldson, R.R.5 Chipman, New Brunswick!

Bill Donaldson lives with his wife in a comfortable house near Coal Creek outside of Chipman. A sign on the front awn, "Bonnie Brac", tells you about his background, and the neatly trimmed trees and lawns and the beds of flowers suggest an interest and concern for visual pleasure. Inside, the large friendly kitchen is overseen by a wood burning stove and attended by an ample kitchen table. You'll find very little of Bill's work about however; a half dozen faces, some experimental figure carvings and one or two paintings. Bill was hospitalized much of last winter and didn't get to his kitchen table and his pen knife. What he has at home and what you saw in shops are last year's work. But Bill is back at it - sketches done at the hospital, carvings of more new faces underway.

Bill came to Canada and New Brunswick as a youth in 1929 from Scotland (one of the scores of boys brought over by Dr. Cosser, but that's another story). He has lived and worked in settlements along the St. John River ever since. He has been around Grand Lake and the coal mines for 32 years. He runs one of the enormous draglines now,

the mammoth machines that are used to strip the overburden from the coal seam, but he can show you the pithead where he worked underground back a few years ago. He remembers the beauty of the countryside around Chipman, the fish filled streams, the game filled forests. He has watched the countryside slowly disappear in the endless spoil heaps and absolute desolation that have become the hallmark of the area.

He has lived and worked in an environment which would have ground out any creative energy and interest from most people. Yet, towards the end of his romance with the electric dragline, he began carving and painting. About three summers ago, a piece of carved driftwood caught his eye in a tourist commodity store near Magnetic Hill, Moncton. Bill thought the idea interesting and easy to repeat. What was lacking was an apparent interest in quality. So Bill began whittling a few pieces at home. Faces, they were. And then selling the completed carvings in places along the Trans Canada Highway near home.

If you ask about the first year or so, Bill doesn't reply. He may ask his wife if he should. Then he gets up and gathers a large shopping bag from the cupboard. The bag contains over three dozen of his early carvings, unmistakably Donaldson, but less sophisticated, less well proportioned. "I don't understand how I ever sold any of these," Bill offers modestly. "They're just junk now, I hate to throw them out and I'm embarrassed to keep them."

Bill's inspiration comes from a confidence in a mastered skill and a woodpile in the back yard. "I look at the woodpile and I see all those faces staring back," he remarks.

He begins with an idea of the composition of the face, a mind image, and carries the idea through without modification. The designs don't use the grain of the white maple Bill finds in his woodpile. They use instead the fine texture of the material to gain smooth flowing surfaces. They use the contrast of the white inner wood and the darker bark. A little varnish on the bark, leaving the wood the natural colour, heightens that contrast. All the carving is fairly shallow because a deep slice into the wood may expose the decaying heartwood, a rusty red colour.

Bill sees faces in the trees too. Some of the pieces he's proud to show you are double faces carved from the crotch of a tree. Two separate and different faces. Attempting such an effort indicates that Bill has reached a high level of confidence in his technical skills. One slip could leave him with only half a carving. He mentions he had done one carving using the trunk and two well balanced branches to produce both head and arms of a figure.

Ask Bill about our favourite topic, imitation Maritime Souvenirs. He agrees, "Mostly junk!" He's impressed with the wood carvers of St. Jean Port Joli. He came back from a very detailed visit of each of the woodcarvers there and tried a few figures. He had to use imported wood since the local pine is not clear enough to work properly. Bill shares with many artists an overwhelming need to do a perfect job, to get the thing right. And the figures exhibit that earnestness as strongly as the other carvings. But the faces still come back and Bill has continued to carve their dour gentlemen who inhabit his woodpile.

Why are so many of the faces grim and sober ancients, staring impassively through their beards? "I guess maybe I'm a pessimist," Bill smiles, "and it shows in my work." Hard to believe. Bill can see the future quite clearly. He hopes to do a few caricatures - Diefenbaker perhaps, before he leaves the political scene; Dalton Camp. Another ambition: to have a roadside workshop with lots of windows and glass shelves, somewhere along the Trans Canada Highway, where Bill can whittle away his retirement. A shop with a kitchen table and a woodpile full of ideas out back.

SLUM HOUSING

NO LEGAL TENANTS' RIGHTS: THE LANDLORD ALWAYS WINS

IAN WISEMAN



What exactly is a "slum house"? It has any combination of two or more of the following: lack of weatherproofing, lack of proper water facilities, lack of proper sewage facilities, insufficient light or ventilation, overcrowding, weak and insufficient structure, decay and damage, lack of proper heating, fire hazards, or lack of fire escapes, insects or rodents.

INTRODUCTION

...but what can you do for an encore?

A while ago, we had a letter from a group of students in Newfoundland. They had a grant from the Opportunities for Youth programme, and they wanted to put out an opposition paper. Could we give them some suggestions?

We get these requests from time to time -- not just from the Maritimes, incidentally -- and though all we know is how it worked for us, we try to encourage people to go ahead and do it. So we wrote back with the little hard information that we had, and thought no more about it; a lot of such ventures are talked about, but very few ever get off the ground.

This one did -- with a roar. *The Alternate Press* made its first appearance on Thursday, May 27. Within hours, its lead story on slum landlords in St. John's was being talked about in the Legislature, as William Marshall (PC, St. John's East) read into the record the list of slum landlords revealed by *The Alternate Press*. When he read out the name of Mrs. Joseph Smallwood ("rent payable at the Premier's office"), the Premier's son William, 42, Liberal member for Green Bay, got up and punched Marshall in the mouth.

Joey's boy was expelled for a week for that one. But the next day Joey himself went on his tame radio station, VOCM, to defend the lad. Bill did, he conceded, "go across the floor and punch Mr. Marshall in the face. But then how does a young man (sic) sit there and listen to his mother being slandered?" Later that day Joey opined that "My son, being a good son, decided that he wasn't going to take it. I

can't condemn my son for defending his mother as he did, and I hope he always will."

Too much, said John Crosbie, the rebel Liberal from St. John's West. Joey's comments constituted "an incitement to the use of violence by one member of the house on another member of the house during a session of the house." He asked the Speaker to censure Joey.

Well, of course, no Liberal speaker is going to censure Joey if he can possibly avoid it. No, said Speaker George Clarke, Joey's remarks weren't a breach of privilege. "A sham and a bluff," cried Crosbie. Health Minister Edward Roberts moved that Crosbie be expelled for three days for this outrageous slander. The Liberal flock duly booed, and out went Crosbie. William Marshall and H.R.V. Earle (PC, Fortune) protested: the Speaker was not being impartial. The Liberals chuckled them out too. Opposition Leader Ank Murphy, by now the only non-Liberal in the House, walked out in disgust. Other Tories, arriving later, also boycotted the House. The Liberals took advantage of their absence to whip several bills through.

Ladies and gentlemen of *The Alternate Press*, a great debut! But what will you do for an encore? Readers of *The Mysterious East* can find out by subscribing to *The Alternate Press* at Box 5711 St. John's, Newfoundland. A subscription costs \$10.00 per year. In the meantime, we're proud to reprint the article that caused the whole uproar.

MRS. CARRIE NEWHOOK, A WELFARE recipient, rents an upstairs apartment on John Street. She lives in abject squalor not because of her own efforts, but because she is the tenant of an unsympathetic landlord, and legally, Mrs. Newhook has no rights as a tenant.

Her apartment contains two bedrooms, a kitchen, a living-room, two porch-like rooms, and a bathroom. On paper it doesn't seem too bad for \$50 a month. There is no hot water, however, no bath or bathroom sink, and no fire escape. The lack of a fire escape is frightening because her kitchen oil-stove is kept in an oil barrel at the top of the stairs. The stove is the only means of heat in the apartment, which, until recently, had only one window with glass in it. Mrs. Newhook has ruined four mattresses and a considerable amount of bed-clothing this winter because of snow and rain seeping into the bedrooms. Mrs. Newhook, who lives there with her crippled son, complained to her landlord and finally to city council to get windows put in her home. This has been done now, but Mrs. Newhook has received an eviction notice from her landlord.

Who is the landlord at Number 9 John Street? Robert M. Ruelokke, a federal civil servant in charge of medical services here, who also owns and rent numerous other old houses in the older part of St. John's. For example, he owns one house on Bannerman Street that City Hall called "unfit for human habitation" in 1969. Mr. Ruelokke now rents the house at \$90 a month.

Ruelokke is not the only major "slum landlord" in the city. Others include Justice Minister L.R. Curtis; James J. Halley, Q.C.; James Gibbs, Q.C.; Senator W.J. Brown; Mr. J.L. Oakley of the Newfoundland Rental Agency; Morris Wilansky of Wilansky and Sons Limited; Samuel Cooper, contractor; Miss Millicent Percival; and the queen of all St. John's landlords, Mrs. "Hymie" Brown. Of the 200 houses surveyed by the *Alternate Press*, Mrs. Brown owned 24 units. The City of St. John's owned several houses, and even Mrs. J.R. Smallwood owns one "slum house". City councillor Al Andrews is also a landlord on New Gower Street, but his houses are more expensive and generally in better repair than the others studied.

What exactly is a "slum house"? It has any combination of two or more of the following: lack of weatherproofing, lack of proper water facilities, lack of proper sewage facilities, insufficient light or ventilation, overcrowding, weak and insufficient structure, decay and damage, lack of proper heating fire hazards or lack of fire escape, insects or rodents. Furthermore the monthly rent is often indicative of the condition of the house: slum houses generally rent for \$100 a month or less, slum apartments for \$60 a month or less. Most of the homes studied for this story had no hot water and were leaky.

Many tenants object to the phrase "slum housing". The families, many of them welfare families, in general each have a total yearly income of \$4,000 or less. (The latest figures on Newfoundland family incomes compiled in 1967, showed that 41,360 families in this province — 38 percent of all families — earned less than \$4,000.) People in this income bracket cannot afford to spend very much money on housing, particularly when they have large families. Yet most tenants, while having complaints about their homes and their landlords, don't expect more than their money's worth. "We can't expect very much for the rent we pay", is an oft used rationalization. Other tenants are proud, fixing up their own houses often at their own expense.



There are people in St. John's living in terrible conditions with little or no heat and sharing a washroom with 14 other people.

ST. JOHN'S, UNLIKE MOST OTHER MAJOR CITIES in Canada, does not have a tenants' union to defend the rights of those who cannot afford to own their own homes. Nor, for that matter, do tenants in this province have many rights. The only legislation ever enacted to protect tenants in Newfoundland was passed in 1941 and deals with unfurnished apartments only. This act — the Rent Restriction Act — was initially passed to protect Newfoundland tenants from being thrown out of their homes in favour of Americans and Canadians stationed here during the war who could afford to pay more than most local people. The only protection contained in the act was the clause which stipulates that no tenant can be evicted by his landlord unless the tenant has found other accommodations. On the other hand, landlords have no protection either against vandalism or objectionable tenants. So far there seems to be little interest in political or legal circles to bring in legislation to guard against the abuse of slum housing in St. John's. The tenants themselves are pessimistic. When city councillors, senators, cabinet ministers prominent lawyers, and civil servants have vested interest in slum housing, it is hard to imagine them enacting laws that would hurt themselves financially.

If a tenant has a complaint against his landlord about his house, the legal channels open to him are ill-defined and slow. He can file a complaint with the Rental Board, or the St. John's Housing Authority, or the City Building Inspector Andy Cahill, or the Human Rights Association, or Legal Aid, or City Councillor Dorothy Wyatt. If the complaint is specific, such as fire hazards or health hazards, he can contact the fire department or the City Health Inspector Dr. C.A. Morris. His case will eventually be heard at these places, but any legal decision is ultimately made by City Council itself. After the council has heard all reports and submissions, it can then force the landlord to make the proper renovations. The landlord then, however, has to get a permit to renovate, and then has to find a contractor to do the work. Meanwhile, the tenant has suffered through another six to eight months in the same living conditions. Or he has been evicted. Or the landlord has sold the house. If firm laws are enacted, then all this ambiguous red-tape could be avoided.

The Housing Authority is a crown corporation set up to administer and manage public housing. Essentially all they can do to help a troubled tenant is to consider him as a prospect for subsidized housing. There is a waiting list for subsidized housing; the demand is far greater than the supply. There are already over 1,200 government subsidized units

Ian Wiseman, until recently co-editor of the *Alternate Press* in St. John's, Nfld., this fall moved to Ottawa to become gainfully employed with the Canadian University Press.

PROMINENT LANDLORDS IN THE OLDER SECTION OF ST. JOHN'S

The following list is compiled on the basis of municipal tax-payers as of summer 1970. Some of these houses may since have changed owners.

St. John's City councillor Al Andrews owns numbers 236, 240, 244, 246, 248, and 258 New Gower Street.

Mrs. Haimon Brown owns 15 Balsam Street; 68 Brazil Square; 65 and 131 Cabot Street; 30, 32, 34, 56, 58, 60, 90, 92 and 57 Carter's Hill; 8 Clifford Street; 55 Flower Hill; 122 and 135 Gower Street; and 4, 7, and 13 Tessier Place.

Senator W.J. Brown owns 98, 104, and 106 Casey Street; 60 Gilbert Street; and 63 Lime Street.

Samuel Cooper owns 2 Brogan Street; 93 Bond Street; 24 and 73 Cabot Street; 33 Flower Hill; 33 Gower Street; 81 Lime Street; 2 and 5 Masonic Terrace; 38 McKay Street; and 309 and 311 Southside Road.

Justice Minister L.R. Curtis and his wife Marion own 47 Gower Street; 201 New Gower Street; 5 and 129 Pleasant Street; 25 and 32 Prescott Street; and 3 Tessier Place.

James Gibbs, Q.C., owns 56 Franklin Avenue; 48 Gower Street; and 42 and 44 Prescott Street.

James J. Halley, Q.C., owns 3, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10 Bell Street; 106 Cabot Street; 151 Gower Street; 7, 9 and 21 Henry Street; and 114 Queen's Road.

Mr. J.L. Oakley of the Newfoundland Rental Agency owns 4, 105 and 118 Bond Street; 33 Chapel Street; 16 and 18 Gill Place; 40 Gilbert Street; 135 Patrick Street; 33 and 68 Prescott Street; 69 and 110 Queen's Road; 26 Victoria Street; and 6 and 37 Young Street.

Miss Millicent Percival owns 109 Carter's Hill; 24 and 26 John Street.

Robert Ruelokke and his wife Violet own 62 Bannerman Street; 35 Flower Hill; 9 and 11 John Street; and 46 Prescott Road.

Mrs. J.R. Smallwood (rent paid monthly at the Premier's office) owns 8 Bulley Street.

Mr. M. and H. Wilansky own 14 Brazil Square; 10 Clifford Street; 62 Flower Hill; 95 Pleasant Street; and 16 Prospect Street.

in this city, more per capita than any other Canadian city. So all the Housing Authority can do is consider tenants for a waiting list for subsidized housing.

The Rental Board is also limited in its powers. The board was set up in accordance with the Rent Restrictions Act of 1941, and hears only two types of cases. The first case is that of a tenant who, via a written application, complains that his rent is too high. The second case is that of a landlord who wants to evict his tenant if the tenant is not living up to his obligations or is breaking the law. The Rental Board only deals with unfurnished apartments.

Unless the downtrodden tenant gets action from these two organizations or from individuals such as Mr. Cahill or Mrs. Wyatt, he has to turn to more general organizations like Legal Aid or the Human Rights Association. Legal Aid, a group which every practising lawyer must join, provides free legal help to people who cannot afford legal counsel. A person is qualified for free legal aid if the payment of legal fees would deprive he or his family from living necessities such as food, clothes, or rent. The Human Rights Association is a group set up to ensure that the provincial legislature on the Bill of Rights is being enforced. They are particularly concerned at the moment with slum housing and are doing their own study to see if tenants living conditions in any way are contrary to the Human Rights Act. Their study is not yet completed although they have surveyed several homes in the older part of St. John's. Both of these organizations are receptive to complaints from tenants who feel they are being mistreated by their landlords.

Until some definite laws are legislated, however, all of these groups are limited by vague terms of reference, and the landlord still holds the upper hand because he can legally avoid fixing his property and holds the ever present threat of eviction. Some tenants do not even know who their landlord is. Sound incredible? Law firms, private companies, and the Newfoundland Rental Agency are three groups who collect from tenants who don't know whom they are renting from. In some cases law firms and companies actually own houses. For example, the latest information at City Hall (information from summer 1970) shows houses owned by Halley, Hickman and Hunt; Curtis and Dawe; the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation; Ayre and Sons; Parsons and Morgan; Marty's Ltd.; and Cadam Construction. In other cases the company will act as rent collector, protecting the identity of the actual landlord.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND RENTAL AGENCY is a professional agency which primarily does two things: it finds tenants for landlords, and it manages the rental unit for the landlords. They claim to be "careful" over what tenants they choose. Acting as agents for private landlords only, they perform all the duties of the landlord such as collecting rent, handling mortgages, etc. According to tenants who live in houses managed by the Rental Agency however, the agency often will not accept responsibility for repairs to the houses, saying that it is the landlord's duty to repair. Although the ownership and directorship of the agency is not listed at the Registry of Deeds, Manager J.L. Oakley says that it is owned by another company, Oakford Rental and Realty Company Limited, of which Mr. Oakley owns controlling interest (997 out of 1,000 shares). The agency's two biggest clients, at least in the area of slum housing, are Samuel Cooper, a local contractor, and Mr. Oakley himself. Of the 200 houses studied for this article, 12 were owned by Mr. Cooper and 16 belonged to Mr. Oakley. The agency is essentially a buffer zone between tenants and landlords, but some tenants are becoming upset, especially when they need repairs done and they can't find out who their landlord is.

When tenants enlist outside help such as Dorothy Wyatt or the Human Rights Group to help them force landlords into action, it is not uncommon for the owners to immediately sell the house or else find some pretense for serving an eviction notice. Occasionally outside help or coverage in local media prompts the landlord into making the necessary renovations, but generally the major landlords are oblivious to social pressures. Mrs. Wyatt, self-styled crusader for housing rights, gives the example of 14 Henry Street as typical of the prevailing attitude among slum house owners. Mrs. Paluski lived there in what was called a "furnished apartment". She had signed a lease without carefully reading it and thus had to do her own repairing. The house was leaky; it had a defective oil stove; and was so cold that Mrs. Paluski had to sleep in an overcoat to keep warm. So she teamed up with Dorothy Wyatt in an attempt to upgrade her living conditions. While Mrs. Wyatt was checking into the situation and bringing pressure to bear on the owner, Brendon Murphy, he decided to evict Mrs. Paluski. There is no legal recourse for her because furnished apartments are not covered by the Rent Restrictions Act. When Mrs. Wyatt has checked into other landlords and their slum holdings, the landlords have occasionally sold their houses.

"When I get after negligent landlords, they sell their houses. But even though the building changes hands, the conditions often remain the same," says Mrs. Wyatt. "The other option open to the landlord is to evict his tenant, whereupon another family moves into the same living conditions. I would like to see a committee set up consisting of one person from the City Hall staff, one person from the provincial department of Social Services and Rehabilitation, and one person from the St. John's Housing Authority. This committee could then examine homes and have the authority to make landlords upgrade their houses. Not all landlords are troublesome, though. Some are trying very hard to improve their homes. Some landlords even need legal protection against tenants who vandalize and destroy their own homes."

CITY COUNCIL CONDEMNNS AND DEMOLISHES a number of houses every year. After council receives a complaint about a house, the building inspector and the city medical officer examine the house and report back to council. The city engineer then takes their reports and checks the house himself. In order to condemn a house it must be more than 50 percent depreciated, which means the cost of repairing it is more than 50 percent of its original value.

Several of the houses studied by The Alternate Press should be condemned and destroyed if the 50 percent depreciation rule were enforced. The building inspector, Mr. Cahill, says that council hesitates very much to condemn a house which is being used as a residence because often there is no alternate accommodation. He is aware that there are people in St. John's living in terrible conditions with little or no heat and sharing a washroom with fourteen other people, but, as he says, there is nowhere else for these people to go. And he's right. There is already a waiting list for the subsidized housing units and where can a man go with his family and an income of less than \$4,000 a year? What's the answer? Some observers think there should be more inexpensive housing units constructed. Others plead for more subsidized housing. Dorothy Wyatt says that a 40 year mortgage plan with no down payment could be an answer. The existing mortgage plan for homes in the city is a 25 year plan with an

initial \$1,000 down payment. She points out that no family making less than \$4,000 annually can afford to pay a \$1,000 down payment.

These are all alternatives to the existing housing problem but none of them solves the problem of what to do with the existing houses. That problem can only be solved by the introduction of laws to protect both tenants and landlords. Until then there are still going to be cases like the following:

— 5 Pleasant Street, owned by Justice Minister Curtis, where the rent for the whole house is \$50 a month. It has no bath or hot water. The sitting room, which was once used as a storage place and was "cold enough to hang a piece of meat in", is leaky. The bathroom floor is weak and caved in once when a child walked across it. The husband fixes the house as best he can; Mr. Curtis pays for the material. "When you're not paying that much rent, you hate to squawk," says the wife.

— 11 John Street, owned by Robert Ruelokke, where the rent for the ground floor apartment is \$55 a month. The kitchen leaks; there is no hot water; the bottom two steps of the staircase are missing. Besides the kitchen and bathroom there are only three rooms, all bedrooms. Nine people occupy this apartment, including five children who sleep in one bed. Hot water was lost when the pipes froze during the winter. It was so cold that children ate and slept with their clothes on.

— 122 Gower Street, owned by Haimon Brown, which rents for \$60 a month. Tenants were six weeks without water this winter after the pipes froze. Snow comes in through the door and the windows (tenant has asked for storm door every winter for past three years). There is no hot water and the place is extremely drafty. The tenant here also wears a coat to bed in the winter. "Mrs. Brown could kick me out for what I'm saying, I suppose."

These examples are some of the worst houses in St. John's. But the major problems in slum houses are found in these houses and are found to a lesser degree in all the ones surveyed. Most tenants are afraid to talk to the press because, with no laws to protect them, they have to fear the all-powerful landlord who can evict them if they demand too many rights.

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THE DUCK GOES WEST

In this sun-filled office high in a tower of the Toronto Dominion Centre, Michael Sifton is surrounded by teak and carpet and electronic office equipment. Sifton himself is a husky, handsome man moving gracefully into early middle age. In his blue and white striped shirt, brusquely swivelling his office chair to face the view over Lake Ontario or Erie or whichever one it is, he is utterly at home in this setting, the very image of the young corporate go-getter.

Feeling shabby and down-at-heel, *Mysterious East* contributing editor Donald Cameron is trying to explain a plan to convert *The Mysterious East* into the basis of a new school of journalism. Aspiring journalists will undergo an apprenticeship with crack editors like Peter Gzowski and accomplished writers like Harry Bruce, Alexander Ross, Martin O'Malley. The scheme has the support of Pierre Burton, Keith Davey, Eddie Goodman, Peter Newman, Harry Boyle, Laurie LaPierre. All kinds of people have agreed to make their special knowledge available to the students: Indian leaders, trade unionists, Senators, MPs, sociologists, psychologists, artists, people in human rights groups and tenants' unions, economists, ecologists. Rumours about the college have led six students to apply for admission. All that's needed now is money: about \$40,000 to carry the college through its first year. We have asked twenty or more of the largest media companies in Canada -- whose profits, the Davey Committee points out, are Something Else -- to contribute about half the salary of a janitor each.

The mysterious editors have been talking, explaining, wheedling and snapping in board rooms and presidential offices, drowning in deep pile and disappearing in soft chairs. Hammering on doors in Montreal and Toronto and Ottawa, they have spent no small sums of their own money. Once or twice they have had some success. St. Clair Balfour, President of Southern Press, has scrutinized these hairy outlanders from behind his elegantly tufted eyebrows, and decided to risk \$5,000 on their brain-child, provided they can raise the rest of the money. Others have been interested, but asked time to think it over. On the whole, however, the men who own Canada's newspapers and radio and television have served them excellent coffee, given them fine Havana cigars, praised their initiative, and told them -- discreetly, indirectly, and in the well-modulated tones which cash confers -- to fuck off.

Now Cameron sits in the Toronto Dominion Centre and tries to outline the scheme briskly to Michael Sifton. Sifton is president of the Armadale Company, which owns the Saskatchewan *Star-Phoenix* and the Regina *Leader-Post*; Armadale is a key company in the FP publications empire, which controls, among other morsels, the Vancouver *Sun*, Standard Broadcasting, the Ottawa *Journal* and the *Globe and Mail*. The Sifton story goes back to two good Liberals from Sarnia, John Wright Sifton and his brother Henry, close friends of Liberal MP Alexander Mackenzie, who represented their

riding. When Mackenzie became Prime Minister in 1873 and supervised the building of the CPR, the Siftons won a number of construction contracts by methods which astonished a later Royal Commission investigation. J.W. Sifton followed the railway to Manitoba, where he became Speaker of the Legislature.

J.W. Sifton had two sons. Arthur became Premier of Alberta and later a federal Cabinet Minister. Clifford stayed in Winnipeg, founded the Winnipeg Free Press, trumpet voice of Western Liberalism; became Minister of the Interior in Laurier's cabinet, where he pushed for Western expansion, which would, of course, strengthen his own power base -- and picked up a knighthood for doing it.

If Michael Sifton seems to the manner born, that's just because he is. This sunny morning he wastes no time with Cameron's talk of the public interest, the need for sophisticated journalism in a highly complex society, the supply of trained manpower to the Canadian media. None of that. Cameron needs money: Michael Sifton is willing to tell him how to get it.

"We're losing a bundle every month on our own magazine, *Toronto Calendar*. I think that's all we can be expected to do for the magazine industry in Canada," says Sifton.

Right, thinks Cameron, at least this will be mercifully short.

"But you shouldn't have any trouble raising money," says Sifton. "What about your local people?"

"Well," says Cameron, "We've been pretty rough on the Irving press. It would be pretty silly to expect them to pour in money."

"What about your Maritime businessmen? Your Chambers Commerce?"

"I don't think they regard us as exactly their type of person," says Cameron.

Sifton points out that if a businessman sees a dollar, he doesn't care what you call him. Cameron says *The Mysterious East* was never intended to be a money-making proposition, and tries to rise. Sifton points out that you have to make money to live. What's wrong with making money? Nothing.

Perhaps not, says Cameron.

Certainly not, Sifton declares. What about your governments, your provincial governments, have you gone to them?

Cameron issues what he hopes is a wry smile. "Our editorial policy --" he begins.

"Look," says Sifton, "There's a selling job to be done for the Maritimes. Now I'm sure it's a much more go-ahead kind of place than it's painted. If you offer to get and sell the Maritimes, really sell it, I'm sure you'll have no difficulty getting money from the government."

"My God," says Cameron, "our editorial policy right from the beginning has meant we've had to lambaste those guys in almost every issue."

"So?" demands Sifton. "Just change your editorial policy, that's all."

Cameron is, for once, lost for words.
"Just go to them," Sifton continues relentlessly. "and say, Look fellows, we're through causing needless trouble. We're going to work with you for the good of the Maritimes. I'm sure you'll get a very sympathetic hearing."

When he recovers his voice, Cameron thanks Sifton for his time ("You must have a very busy schedule") and flees the office.

Later that day in Ottawa, CRTC Vice-Chairman Harry Boyle tells him that Canada needs more initiatives like *The Mysterious East*. "What we need," Boyle growls, "is a corps of intellectual terrorists." We've got some, thinks Cameron, but they're on the other side.

A couple of months later, Senator Keith Davey comes up to the mysterious editors at a meeting in Ottawa. "Did you see what Michael Sifton said at the Canadian Daily Newspaper Publishers' Association?" he inquires, licking his lips. The Senator produces a *Toronto Star* report.

Michael C. Sifton, president of Armadale Co. Ltd., which publishes the Sifton group of newspapers in western Canada, said a press council could prevent direct discussions between disgruntled readers and publishers.

"I would hate to see a council get between us and our public, the citizens in the community and the person who is responsible for what is published," he said.

"On behalf of the Canadian public," Sifton said, "I'm against any formation of a press council."

"On behalf of the Canadian public!" says Senator Davey incredulously. "Now look, doesn't that deserve a Rubber Duck Award? Coming from Michael Sifton?"

Indeed it does, Senator. And thank you for the nomination.



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halifax harbour

Here in Nova Scotia we often pride ourselves in being the province with the unsoiled environment. Our government spends millions in persuading tourists from central Canada and the US to come down east and enjoy our crystal clean coastal waters. But when these tourists arrive in Halifax they are bound to be disappointed, for sooner or later they will get a look -- and a whiff -- of our own harbour.

Not so long ago the water in the Halifax harbour was clean enough to swim in. In fact, as late as fifteen years ago there was an annual swimming race from the narrows to the tip of Point Pleasant Park. Today the harbour waters are so befouled that most contestants would only enter the race on the condition that they could wear rubber suits and aqualing air-tanks. During the fifties, Halagonians could catch very edible fish off many of the piers. You can still catch fish in the harbour today, but you'll have a great deal of trouble even giving them away.

Why the sudden deterioration of the harbour waters? The city government can rightfully be made to shoulder a good deal of the blame. All along the waterfront, Halifax dumps its untreated sewage directly into the harbour. Dockworkers report that in between piers 24 and 25 for example, there is a large sewage outlet which frequently dispenses fragrant chunks of raw human waste the size of bath tubs. This sewage problem is largely responsible for what ecologists refer to as the death of Bedford Basin. The communities surrounding the Basin have been indiscriminately dumping sewage for years: the entrance to the Basin is shallow and the Basin itself is deep, consequently, all the sewage goes to the bottom and does not get out.

But urban sewage is by no means the only culprit. The Fisheries Research Board recently released the results of its summer-long oil monitoring project in the harbour. The Board set up fifteen float stations along both sides of the harbour from McNab's Island to the Bedford Basin. These stations were sampled every week for three months and the results were averaged to give an over-all assessment of the amount of oil in the harbour. Down by the Bedford Institute in the narrows, the Board found 2 parts per million of oil. This concentration is about the same as that found in the off-shore waters of Chedabucto Bay, site of the recent oil tanker spill. Off the navy's dockyards the concentration of oil went up to 45 parts per million. But the oil refineries near Dartmouth proved to be the greatest polluters. Here the oil concentration was up to 76 parts per million.

Practically all of the oil in the harbour comes from ships. But some of this spillage could be prevented. Visiting ships could be heavily penalized for permitting oil to leak or pumping their bilge tanks in harbour. In fact, a recent visiting vessel in port was fined fifteen hundred dollars for an oil spill.

But tighter controls and enforcement, yet, are required to restrict the pollution of the harbour by shipping and by sewage. Maybe it is impractical to demand that the harbour water should be clean enough for swimming; but is our only alternative to let the harbour become an oil-slicked open sewer?

BILL TEMPLEMAN

MONITOR

A WAR AGAINST THE LAND

SUFFIELD, ALBERTA (Guerrilla) - British tanks will soon be turning the largest stretch of unspoiled prairie land on the continent into a dust-bowl. Canada has just signed a new military agreement with Britain allowing that nation to conduct military training here.

The area stretching northward from Medicine Hat in southwestern Alberta and covering 1,000 square miles, has been used for research into chemical and biological warfare since World War II.

Two-thirds of the 1,000 square mile range will be used in tank battle training. Between May and November, for the next ten years, up to 1,000 British troops will be air-lifted to Suffield every three weeks. They will engage in "battle runs" across the prairies, firing live shells from 50

Chieftain tanks, seven self-propelled guns, and 50 armoured personnel carriers.

Ecologists and biologists predict the 60-ton tanks (which can top 25 mph) will destroy the sparse grass and churn up the shallow soil cover. They say that the sand dunes below much of the range will blow and erode once the grass and topsoil are removed.

The thin layer of topsoil could not be replaced in less than 1,000 years. Less than one inch of humus has been deposited in each 1,000 year period since the last ice age left the area, and now five to eight inches cover the sand.

Ecologists are lamenting the imminent destruction of the last significant area of natural prairie and asking why the troops cannot train at

New Brunswick's Base Gagetown. Surely, the largest army base in the Commonwealth would have room for a few more tanks. But then perhaps the venerable Liberal cabinet minister from Medicine Hat, H.A. "Bud" Olson would be in a better position to answer that.



HARD QUESTIONS FOR MARITIMERS

The other day, on the local CBC morning show, *Information Morning*, Fredericton residents were treated to the sound of the voice of one of New Brunswick's best journalists, Frank Withers of the *Woodstock Bugle*, doing what journalists ought to do - asking hard questions.

The hard questions followed on the heels of another round of self-congratulation on the part of New Brunswick's politicians and businessmen at the opening of a new mill - this time the Fundy Forest Products mill at Saint George.

But Frank's questions are important ones not only for this particular mill and not only for New Brunswickers, but for all Maritimers concerned about the selling - or giving away - of our natural resources for all sorts of industries. Because few people outside of Fredericton or Woodstock will have heard Frank sounding off on one of his favourite topics we reprint the questions here.

* How come corrugating medium, just abandoned after a year of below capacity production by Saint Anne-Nackawic Pulp and Paper Ltd., is going

to make a fortune for the new Fundy Forest Products Pulp mill at Saint George?

* In another year are we going to see another multi-million dollar conversion to other processes and a firing of a hundred or more men because "There's no market for corrugating medium"?

* Are the people of Saint George and their mill that much more wise and sophisticated than Carl Landegger and the Parson and Whitmore people who built - with millions of dollars in guarantees of land grants from New Brunswickers - what they said was one of the most advanced pulp mills in the world?

* Who are these financial geniuses at Saint George? and how much control of New Brunswick pulp industry lies with New Brunswickers and how much with people in other cities like New York, Rotterdam and Bristol? In their generosity with the people's forest land and money, how much guarantee have our former Liberals and present Conservative governments received that there will be a return in fair wages and fair pulp wood prices?

* At Saint George will we see

another Saint Anne-Nackawic pouring into our waterways a greater BOD loading than that imposed by all the domestic sewage in the river above it, before the mill started work? Are we going to see more hillside and forests clipped with no sign of reforestation while foresters make "extensive studies"?

* If things go badly will we see another Fraser Company forever pouring millions of tons of pollutants and begging plant conversion, labour costs and hard times as an excuse for doing nothing; or another Rothesay or Irving mill seeking to lower woodland recreation lakes by six feet without research or knowledge as to the effects?

* And who are all these pulp people? Is it only courtesy and common interest that brings them all together to celebrate each others' celebrations?

* A final question: Why isn't New Brunswick's daily press asking these questions? Is there any possible reason for K.C. Irving's newspapers not to ask embarrassing questions of the pulp industry and its great and dear friend - the New Brunswick government?

FACTS ON MERCURY

ALAMOGORDO, N.M. -- Almost daily we are warned against dangerously high levels of mercury in various meats, but it seems that few people are aware of the effects of mercury poisoning. Tragically, Mrs. Lois Huckleby, the mother of three mercury-poisoned children, one of them blind and all crippled, is not. The following story was carried a few months ago by the Associated Press wire service:

Dorothy Jean, 22, Amos, 15, and Ernestine, 10, were stricken a year ago after eating pork from a home-battered hog that had been fed seed grain treated with a methyl-mercury fungicide.

Amos is blind and afflicted with involuntary movements. He is taking his balance, crawls and takes slow steps with help.

Dorothy is walking and talking, hesitantly and with cheerful but strained effort.

Ernestine spends most of her time in a hospital bed, but smiles at visitors and plays with toys.

Mrs. Huckleby was pregnant when the three became ill in December, 1969, and last January. She was moved to an Albuquerque hospital for special attention as doctors feared what her consumption of the same pork might have done to the unborn child.

She said a specialist has confirmed that the baby, Michael, born last March, is blind.

The grain fed to the hogs by the children's father, Ernest Huckleby, had been meant for crop planting, not for feed.

The poisonings stymied doctors for some time, before urine samples disclosed the mercury and tests traced it to the pork and then to the grain.

Ernestine became ill first Dec. 4, 1969. She came home from school, saying she had fallen and that her back hurt.

Two weeks later Amos complained of an earache and then a few days later told his mother: "Mom, I can't see you much".

Last January, Dorothy complained of stomach pains and then became weak and lost her balance.

Ernestine and Amos went into coma. Dorothy was conscious but was blind, dumb and paralysed.

Doctors, apparently unsure of how to treat the rare poisoning cases, started with a First World War mustard gas remedy and offered little hope for recovery.

But there was improvement.

A BETTER CORPORATE IMAGE

MONCTON -- No company wants to be a polluter these days, it's bad for business. A few years ago black smoke belching from tall industrial chimneys was a sure sign of production and prosperity. Today it's likely to result in angry letters, demonstrations and may be even boycotts. Almost overnight

public relations departments were directed to erase the old polluting corporate image and replace it with a new clean image. The results are often startling. Take for example the J.A. Humphrey and Son plant in Moncton which almost overnight lost a smoke stack.



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UNZIPPING POCKETS

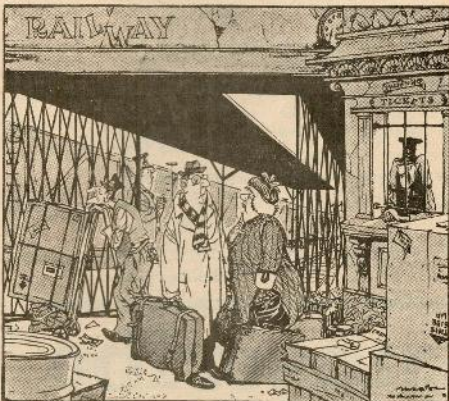
FREDERICTON -- The Bill Lynch Shows, a company that supplies and operates the midway attractions at fairs throughout the Maritimes, included a new children's ride this year called the "Zipper", perhaps the most exciting and certainly the most expensive of all the rides.

It seems that in running its course the machine has a tendency to empty its young riders' pockets of change and other odds and ends. Obviously this is an eventuality that the Bill

Lynch Shows seems to have thought of since a company employee wanders around under the ride retrieving the lost change.

But when the kids ask for the return of their lost money, the company employee simply refers them to the small print on the back of their ticket: "Warning, not responsible for lost or stolen articles".

It's a tough way for a kid to learn about the corporate rip-off.



"He says he'll sell us tickets if we'll sign an affidavit that we wouldn't sooner go by bus plane or stagecoach, or stay home and save our money."

FACTUAL CURRENT THOROUGH

- * "a lively, provocative magazine" -- The Davey Report
- * "lively and iconoclastic" -- Toronto Star
- * "What you are doing to our young people is dreadful. They will have no respect for anybody." -- Senator Josie Quart
- * "I loathe that magazine. I detest it. But I read it every month." -- a Maritime mayor
- * "an ambitious venture. Enroll me as a contributing subscriber." -- federal Health Minister John Munro
- * "an undercurrent of pornography" -- an anonymous letter
- * "balanced . . . comprehensive . . . and leavened by a sense of humour." -- Time magazine
- * "nothing will destroy our society faster than people like you ridiculing the leaders of our country." -- Senator Edgar Fournier

subscribe the mysterious **east**

A FILLIP OF SOUL FOR THE PREMIER

YOU PAY YOUR TWO BUCKS, and the girl gives you a warm smile with the change. You walk through a short black hall lined with pictures, and the music assaults you: hard, hard rock, belted out by a six piece band. You make your way to a table, the pretty black barmaid brings a beer, and you drift into the sound, the mood, the loud and darkened room.

On the left is a cool young man who could be — aside from his electric guitar — a rising black businessman. Next to him a trumpeter in overalls and a railroader's cap is blowing notes that sound capable of splitting his horn. The tenor sax in the middle is surrounded by a short, stocky man whose casual gestures direct the band. Behind him a drummer flails, beside him is the baritone saxophonist who doubles at MC of the programme, running off his patter ("Now let shavabigrounda-applause for the come dian your sho") so fast that it is hardly comprehensible through the loudspeakers.

But the room is dominated by a little ball of energy down on the hardwood floor. Whirling, spinning, rocking, Little Royal screams, roars, jokes. "I WANNA TAKE yuh HIGH-UH!" he cries, throwing off his microphone stand about as though he were a wrestler or an orologist. "EV'ry body!"

"High-yuh!" mutters the crowd sheepishly.

"HIGH-UH!" chants Little Royal.

"High-yuh!" chants the crowd.

"I wanna hear you sing it," chants Little Royal to a front-row listener. "HIGH-UH!"

"High-uh!" breathes the girl.

Little Royal grins, apparently delighted. Every inch the showman, he dances over to another party.

"High-uh!" sings the middleweight boxing champion of Canada.

"High-uh!" sings the staffer from the Montreal Gazette.

"High-uh!" breathes the CBC-TV producer.

"High-uh!" roars the chief of Southam News Services.

"High-yuh!" grins the Premier of New Brunswick.

The Premier of New Brunswick? What kind of place is this, anyhow?

THE ARROWS CLUB IS, according to its sign, The Soul Centre of the Maritimes — and a sharp contrast to the British colonial Town Clock across Brunswick Street in Halifax. In much less than a year, it has become the leading night spot in Halifax, probably in the Maritimes. It has become a place where, says operator Bill Downey, 38, "blacks and whites can get together and have a good time". More or less incidentally, it has also underscored the point that Halifax is partly a black city. Like most of the poor and dispossessed in the Maritimes, Halifax's black community has tended to be inconspicuous, keeping a low profile, as they say, in areas like now-vanished Africville and the crowded back streets of the North End. When black Haligonians move downtown and start a spectacularly successful club, that's news.

Bill Downey is a quiet-spoken former railway porter who has always been interested in athletics and played for the North End Arrows Athletic Club as a boy. Athletics run in the family, perhaps because sports have always been a prob-

lem for the racism of our society: it's not all that easy to call for fair play on the field while denying black players the right to use the locker-room shower. By a not surprising coincidence, black people have pushed for equality first in sports and show business, two of the few routes out of the corner into which they have been thrust. Thus Bill Downey's younger brother Dave, 29, became Canada's middleweight boxing champion — and as a ballplayer Bill himself met, on terms unusually like equality, people like Allan Stockall.

At home he listened to his father talk about the glittering possibilities of a tavern at Gottingen and Gerrish — where a tavern now stands — and, early in life, he began mulling over the possibilities of a club of his own. As a young man, he tried to interest others — at one point he even tried to get financial backing from the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway and Transport Workers — but without much success. Finally he went largely alone, though with help from some of his six brothers and three sisters, into a discotheque on Creighton Street. Three months later, the club moved to new quarters on Agricola Street, where it stayed for eight years.

At Agricola Street, the Arrows began experimenting with live music — and losing money as a result. "We used to take a band once a month," Downey explains, "but it wasn't regular, people couldn't count on it, and we didn't get the audiences." A year or two ago, the Arrows faced a choice: it could remain a modest discotheque, or it could take a big leap, use live music all the time, and move downtown. Bill took his brother Graham, a CBC technician, in as a partner, and the two began planning the assault.

By now they had some powerful friends — a member of the Liquor Board, to whom they would have to apply for a licence, for instance, and an old ballplayer named Allan Stockall who had become a Dartmouth alumnus. Tory Mines Minister Donald Smith knew them, and the Liberal opposition leader, Gerald Regan, had often visited the club. Bill Downey went to see the most aggressive real estate developer in the province, Ralph Medjuck, about a new location for the club. Medjuck said he had a property on Brunswick Street that might do. Downey went to see it — and his heart sank.

"It was a garage, you know?" he recalls. "I thought, it's going to take thousands to put this place in shape." On the other hand the location was a good one, and Medjuck was offering a break on the rent and various other assistances. Downey reckoned the club would need \$20,000, and set out to raise it.

"When Graham Downey told me he was looking for twenty thousand to put into a nightclub," recalls CBC producer John MacKay, "I thought he was out of his head. I've been kicking myself ever since." The Downeys put in a couple of thousand of their own, borrowed seven thousand from undertaker Gordon Cruikshanks, and persuaded the Industrial Development Bank to put up the rest. They began the renovations September 1, doing much of the work themselves. They applied for a liquor licence, and got it. "Gerry Regan went with us when we went up before the Liquor

Board," Downey says. "Those people I mentioned, they told me where to borrow money, how other firms did it. Now Gerry helped us a lot. I got nothing but praise for the Premier." Regan still comes around every week or two, and once brought the Ambassador of Nigeria as a guest. Richard Hatfield drops by when he's in town. Halifax Mayor Allan O'Brien occasionally stops in.

THE CLUB OFFICIALLY OPENED on October 19, 1970, and it was a huge success right from the start. The cover charge is \$2.00, the drinks are the cheapest in town, and the rock is hard and good. "I get most of my talent from the States," Downey says, and he gets groups just a record away from the top — like Brenda and the Tabulation, which cut a hit record just after its appearance at the Arrows. Any of the others could make it at any time, says Downey. Their fees cost the club around \$2000, a week.

On Wednesday nights, there's a special admission rate for students — a dollar. Sunday night is bargain night, with the dollar charge being extended to all comers. For a dollar, and a half you can nurse a beer through three shows, if you want to, soaking yourself in excellent, mindbending, blaring rock. But the club makes its talent fees on the door charges alone, turning over five hundred people on a big night. The audiences are about eighty-five percent white except on the weekends, when the mixture is more even. The bands change every two weeks.

After nine months, the debt is almost paid. There is money in the bank, quite a bit of it. "It's wonderful," Downey grins. "It's changed our life around. It's the greatest thing that ever could have happened." For Downey — an obviously happy man — the Arrows Club is a dream come true.

It would be silly to regard Downey and the Arrows Club as the cultural voice of the black revolution in Halifax. Downey is no radical, no prophet, no organizer. He is simply a shrewd and imaginative businessman who has overcome the handicaps of being black. He had a good idea, worked diligently and intelligently to see it realized — and he struck the public fancy exactly. If the Arrows Club heralded a serious change in the relations of black people and white in the Maritimes, it wouldn't be clasped to the bosom of the powerful.

But though it would be a mistake to consider the Arrows more than it is, it shouldn't be taken for less than it is: a thoroughly enjoyable place which is probably the best entertainment value in the Maritimes. A place where the white Maritimer can at least sample some of the riches of black culture. A place where he can think again, perhaps, about the fact that half the black people in Canada live along the back roads and in the poorer urban quarters of Nova Scotia.

A place, indeed, where he may even meet his Premier, and discover that they have a few unimportant things in common.

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PIE IN YOUR FACE

WHERE TO EAT IN CANADA edited by ANNE HARDY Oberon Press

Well, gourmets, here we are. Canadian tastebuds have long been considered inferior to their American counterparts and Canadian restaurants must co-exist in the North American consciousness (if they co-exist at all) with the rustic but loathsome concept of the backwoods hunting lodge. The specialty of the house is pemmican, and venison the order of the day. Oberon Press finally releases us from our culinary primitivism with our very own compendium of respectable Canadian eating places. Little analysis is attempted of characteristic Canadian foods or eating habits as the volume is basically designed as a kind of travelling manual of where to eat. The book would be more at home in the glove compartment of one's car rather than in the library. No self-respecting library would probably tolerate it anyway as Oberon Press' design is rather unappetizing compared to the appealingly designed paperbacks most Canadian publishers are capable of producing. The whole volume is strongly reminiscent of a 1954 Dominion Bureau of Statistics *Canadian Yearbook*. On the front cover we are entertained by an out of focus photograph of billiard balls making love. Nothing else, not even a title, just billiard balls doing it. But to return to the book's place in the world, don't try putting it in your knapsack. Ninety percent of the establishments mentioned are far above the average hitchhiker's budget.

Editor Anne Hardy and associate editor Sondra Gotlieb open the book with a short introduction where they explain their basic approach:

This book is the work of a lot of people who care about good eating. It's not a commercial guide. No business or other enterprise has financed it. No advertisements have been accepted. No person can buy his way into the book and no one can buy his way out. None of our inspectors made themselves known to the establishment they visited. None received free meals.

These disassociations from bribery, graft and corruption are repeated throughout the book, usually at the bottom of the page as a space filler (just like the yellow pages). Their combined effect, however, finally swings the reader to their side. The book is straightforward and guileless, the presentation honest and down to earth.

The remainder of the book is devoted to descriptions of 226 restaurants across Canada. The descriptions vary in length but generally include exact location, telephone number, atmosphere and decor, meals worth sampling (with price guides), meals worth avoiding, house specialties, comments on service, hours and liquor facilities. The restaurant reports are contributed and collected by a large editorial board consisting of (besides the editor and associate editor) three regional editors and ten contributing editors. Strangely enough, all these people are women.

The listed restaurants are drawn from all over Canada, but with the exception of Nova Scotia, the Atlantic provinces fail to make much of a contribution. New Brunswick earns eight mentions. At York's Restaurant in Andover, you are plainly warned to be pretty hungry before you walk in the door because of the size of the meals. The Drury Lane Steak House in Aulac and Sackville's Marshlands Inn are principally recommended for their decor and location. Saint John

is granted only one worthy eatery, the Admiral Beatty Motor Hotel, while Moncton is saved from disgrace by having its one entry, Cy's Seafood Restaurant, complimented as "the best-known and perhaps the best seafood restaurant in the Atlantic Provinces". Fredericton wins a pie in the face with its entry, the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel. The Bear's description is brief to say the least and immediately qualified with the following enthusiastic comment:

... we're mentioning the Lord Beaverbrook to save you experimenting with other restaurants in Fredericton. There's good home-cooking in New Brunswick but very few good restaurants. You're safe enough at the Lord Beaverbrook. You might try one of the desserts; they can be rather good.

Danny's Limited in Bathurst and the Maples in Sussex are the last remaining New Brunswick restaurants mentioned in the guide. Perhaps New Brunswick shouldn't feel guilty, however, as Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland can only qualify as disaster areas for the gourmet. Each province is able to contribute only one entry - Lobster Shanty North in Montague and the Woodstock Colonial Inn in St. John's.

Halifax predictably ends up as the good food centre for the Atlantic provinces with six restaurants listed. As a city, Halifax is only outdone by Toronto's thirty-six contributions, by Montreal with twenty-nine, Vancouver with twenty-five, Calgary with fourteen, Edmonton and Ottawa with eight and Quebec City with seven. While many cities in Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan are deemed unworthy of mention, the entire province of Nova Scotia is well represented with two restaurants listed from Cheticamp, Digby, Ingonish Beach, and Lunenburg and single mentions from Annapolis Royal, Baddeck, Chester, Petite Riviere, Port Hastings, Smith's Cove, Sydney, Truro and Yarmouth.

Although *Where to Eat in Canada* is a competent enough little manual in the areas it encompasses, its basic fault is that it only reaches a limited segment of the population - the food tourist. The editors try to restrain themselves to describing reasonably priced restaurants, but the average meal for two at the average restaurant listed is still going to run around twenty dollars and many of the restaurants will cost far more than that. As far as food slumming is concerned, the book is irrelevant. The only culinary dive I'm familiar with that made it into *Where to Eat in Canada* is Vancouver's Orange Door, deep in the heart of Chinatown. One could eat fine Chinese food there for less than a dollar until, inevitably, the Orange Door was "discovered" by a local newspaper. After that, you could hardly make it through the door. The proprietor had to invent an English menu, forks and knives replaced chopsticks and the Chinese diners all mysteriously disappeared. But sadly, *A Checklist of Canadian Greasy Spoons* would probably defeat its own purpose in the long run.

Where to Eat in Canada definitely serves a purpose, however, and seeing that the Canadian publishing industry is engaged in exploring new areas with publishing potential, I can hardly wait for *Where to Drink in Canada*. (Presumably New Brunswick will also fall under the axe in this department.) As for my expectations concerning *Where to Smoke in Canada*, why, I can hardly bring myself to mention that.

FOLLOW-UP FOLLOW-UP FOLLOW-UP

HOW WE KIND OF SUED THE GLEANER

Senator McElman isn't the only one to have troubles with the press. We do, too.

Last December 10, the *Gleaner* editorialized fiercely against the Davey Report. Senator McElman gave some idea of the general hysteria of that editorial in our May/June issue -- it ran the full height of the page, and two wide columns across. Even for *Gleaner* connoisseurs, the editorial is a delight.

Among other things, the editorial burped this up:

Apparently some members of the committee enjoy "muckraking" as this is how the report describes The Mysterious East, a monthly published in Fredericton. The committee commends one story in the July issue which claimed a conflict of interest in anti-pollution law enforcement, and says "there are newspapers in this country which would have joyously trumpeted a fact like that. No other daily in New Brunswick did, however."

Some of the biographical material in the article was available in the files of the Daily Gleaner as far back as October, 1958.

This may not be "a muckraking" newspaper but we do have a responsibility to try to get our facts straight. We do not want to damage a man's reputation with half-truths and innuendoes.

And when it comes to covering any subject, including pollution, we will not take a back seat to any other publication, whether it be in New Brunswick or elsewhere.

The clear implication is that *The Mysterious East* does not try to get its facts straight, and does not mind scandal-mongering in such a way as to unfairly damage a man's reputation. It is true that being attacked by the *Gleaner* is, as one of our Contributing Editors once put it, "rather like being attacked by a toothless fourteen year-old cocker spaniel. It's an indignity to have to defend yourself. On the other hand here's this bad-smelling mat of hair gumming your ankles."

For anyone who takes the *Gleaner* seriously, however, these would be damaging charges: after all, *The Mysterious East* has built its national reputation precisely on careful, detailed and punchy reporting, and on a serious attempt to be fair. Indeed, we had printed a much longer and more detailed (and much more literate) response to our article on L.S. Fellows already.

Man, we said to our lawyers, isn't that libel?

Our lawyers thought long. We have very thoughtful lawyers. Yes, they said at last, it certainly seems to be.

Groovy. On December 14, we wrote a long letter to the Editor of the *Gleaner*, one H.P. Woods. Here it is:

Dear Sir:

Your long editorial on the Davey Report is something of a classic -- as amusing as usual and even less concerned with truth. Like us, you testified before the Committee. Evidently they found our views convincing, but not yours. Your chagrin is understandable, but you might have been better advised not to display it so publicly.

You suggest that the Committee is simply an instru-

ment in a personal vendetta. Perhaps Senator McElman is manipulating Senator Davey and thirteen other Senators; perhaps he has falsified the research studies on which the Report is largely based. Perhaps he did create, all by himself, the widespread disaffection with the press noted by the Report. But if so he is an even more gifted and energetic man than any of us had suspected.

Again, you claim the only letters you refuse to print are libellous. That is a flat, open lie. We can produce half a dozen instances, on a moment's notice, of letters clearly not libellous which you have received and failed to print, including in two cases letters by our own editors. You say you publish the news objectively: nonsense again. Groups in Fredericton have been told by your staff that their activities, however newsworthy, will never be covered by the *Gleaner*. You claim Laurier LaPierre's only claim to fame is that he once had a CBC show. Nonsense: he is a distinguished academic and a probable candidate for the national leadership of a political party, and on the occasion cited in the Davey Report he was addressing a conference of university students from all over the Atlantic Region. No one argues that the *Gleaner* should have sent a reporter to Menramcook -- we are "groping back", as you put it, to last year -- but we do argue that if the Irving papers are going to run each others' local stories (which certainly makes sense) they should at least ensure that local events are adequately covered by the local paper -- in this case, the Moncton Times and Transcript.

Probably your funniest comment is that "When it comes to covering any subject, including pollution, we will not take a back seat to any publication whether it be in New Brunswick or elsewhere." If you really mean this, you are claiming that your coverage of, say, medicine is equal to that of *The Lancet* or *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. The Mysterious East, cocky though it sometimes is, would be less arrogant; even for so brilliant a newspaper as the *Gleaner* this is a tall claim. Do you really mean it? Or do you simply not understand the meaning of words?

That remarkable claim occurs in your brief discussion of *The Mysterious East*, in which you defend your failure to follow up on our story on the conflict of interest in the position of Mr. E.S. Fellows, Chairman of the New Brunswick Water Authority, who was for some time simultaneously Secretary-Manager of a pulp and paper industrial association. We continue to feel Mr. Fellows should be replaced by someone without such extensive ties to the province's major polluters. You tell us that some of our information was in your files as long ago as 1958. So what? Are we to judge a newspaper by what is in its files, or what is in its pages?

You charge us with damaging Mr. Fellows' reputation with "half-truths and innuendoes", and indicate that we do not try to get our facts straight. Our lawyers advise us that these comments are actionable, but unlike Brigadier Wardell, whose immediate response to a slight from Laurier LaPierre was a suit, we do not wish to charge into court over what is probably only a result of your appalling inability to write comprehensible English prose. Since you do not seem to be able to say what you mean, we cannot, in fairness to you, assume that you mean what you say.

We do insist, however, that our story was based on the facts we were able to discover, and that it drew from those facts a set of inferences which seemed -- and still seem to us -- to be reasonable. If you can demonstrate that what we said was not true, or that what we concluded is not reasonable, we will be happy to change our position

and apologize [to Mr. Fellows]. If you are not prepared to substantiate your charges against our integrity, however, we insist that you publish a retraction and apology with this letter.

On December 18, Mr. Woods wrote back:

We have your letter of December 14th. Our lawyers tell us that it is clearly libelous and that it cannot be defended on the ground that it is fair comment. They advise us not to publish it.

Libellous? (See, we can spell those big words). Our letter? Contributing Editor Donald Cameron phoned Mr. Woods. Here is a transcript of that conversation.

Cameron: Could I speak to Mr. J.P. Woods, please?

Woods: Hello.

Cameron: Hi, it's Donald Cameron from The Mysterious East. We got your letter and we were curious -- and in fact astonished -- to find that it could be considered libellous. What portions? and who would you consider it libellous?

Woods: Uh... Fellows.

Cameron: In what regard? As far as I can see we simply point out what our story said and that we continue to feel that he should be replaced. Um, I think this is certainly reasonable comment on a public man, is it not?

Woods: No, our... uh... lawyers... uh... say no. Cameron: I find it rather remarkable then, that we've said much harsher things than that in the past and they've gone, you know, without any problem, and our lawyers certainly indicate that --

Woods: Our lawyers --

Cameron: Well, our lawyers certainly indicate that that's not libellous, and that it's simply a front by which the Daily Gleaner is attempting to duck out of publishing a letter critical of them. And that would be of course how we feel about it too.

Woods: Hmm. [silence] Well [silence] There you are, sir, that's all I have to, ah --

Cameron: I see, how do you feel about it --

Woods: -- say about it at this time.

Cameron: As far as I can see, though, since there doesn't seem to be any ground for that, position, it seems to me the position is a very reasonable one, that this is simply another instance in which the Gleaner is suppressing that which it doesn't wish published.

Woods: Oh no, no, NO!

Cameron: All right, let me put it to you this way. If that comment about Mr. Fellows were deleted, would you then consider the letter publishable?

Woods: [more silence] Probably, yes.

Cameron: So that we would simply say something along this line: that our story on what we saw as a conflict of interest in the position of Mr. Fellows, ah, is the occasion on which your discussion arises. Ah, we go on to talk about your treatment of the story thereafter and, and we would not say "we continue to feel Mr. Fellows should be replaced by someone without such extensive ties to the province's major polluters." That would then, I mean obviously we would have to refer to that article in passing, because that's the article to which you were referring in your editorial. Right? But we needn't make any further comment on the substance of the item.

Woods: I would have to... uh... ah, try it on our... uh... lawyers again to

Cameron: Yeah, that would be, yeah, obviously that would be fair enough. Fine then, we'll consider whether or not that would be an appropriate way of proceeding then.

Woods: Thank you.

Cameron: Thank you. Bye.

Well, okay. We cut from our letter the phrases which are set off, changed "on the conflict of interest" to "questions the possible conflict of interest", and re-submitted it on December 21. On December 22 Mr. Woods replied:

Regarding your letters of December 14 and 21, the answer is irrevocably no.

We have a written opinion from our lawyers, confidential to us, which prevents us from publishing either of them.

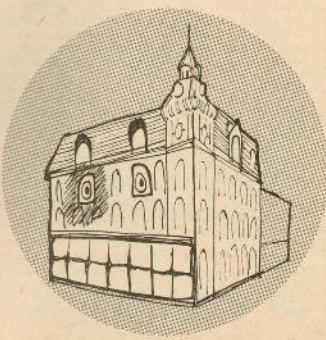
Now what's a Rubber Duck to do? The Gleaner can pour crud all over us about a particular story, but apparently we can't even mention the story in a letter to the editor in reply. (Later we heard from Gleaner staffers that Woods and his fellow-editors spent hours charging about trying to find a plausible reason not to publish the letters: the imagination finds the picture rich and satisfying.)

All that we could do was launch a suit. We spent hours with our lawyers working out the details. The lawyers concluded that we had a reasonable chance of winning, but that if we lost it would probably cost us two thousand dollars in costs. A bill like that would bankrupt us.

Aw, the hell with it. Who cares? In April we decided to drop the suit and publish the whole thing instead.

But there are a couple of morals. First, if you don't have money the courts are closed to you. Second, there is no legal means to force a newspaper to publish anything: if we could have cited a statute and obtained a court order forcing the Gleaner to publish our letter, we would have cheerfully settled for that. But the public's right to full information, and the agreed citizen's right to equal time in reply to the local paper have no standing in law. As that terrible group of pinkos, the Davey Committee, wrote, "if a reader feels his newspaper isn't performing adequately, or if he feels he's been harassed or mistreated by his newspaper, there is practically nothing he can do about it." Which is why the Committee recommended a Press Council.

Let's hear it for the Senators. May those goddamn pinkos prosper.



reaction



LOCKER ROOM COHORTS

June 14th was election day across the province of New Brunswick. Among other things, the people of Saint John elected nine members to the District 20 School Board. Two people who ran for the school board and lost were Ronald A. Titus and John D. King, with approximately 7,800 and 7,000 votes respectively.

If the other candidates were uncertain of the outcome of the election, Mr. King was not. "I have no worries," he confided, "I'm vice president of the young PC's in Saint John and I play basketball with Lorne all the time. If I don't get elected I'll get an appointment anyway."

"Lorne", of course, refers to the Hon. J. Lorne McGuigan, New Brunswick's Minister of Education, who is rumoured to shoot 37 percent from the court and 63 percent from the foul line. And sure enough, he did appoint his locker room cohort Mr. King to the District 20 board, referring to him as a "bright young and Progressive Conservative lawyer." Naturally enough Mr. Titus was piqued, after all some 800 voters considered him to be better qualified for the job than Mr. King.

So Mr. Titus dropped Lorne a line, saying in part: "I condemn your use of the school board appointments as a form of political patronage . . . to promote your party's interests. In my opinion you have not made the appointments in the best interests of the students, teachers, parents or the people in general."

Never one to take such charges lightly, Lorne replied with the keenness of wit for which he is well known. "The law does not stipulate that board appointees should or should not be taken from the list of unsuccessful candidates. Rather we endeavour to make appointments in such a manner that the board becomes better balanced. To arrive at this, recommendations are invited from any person or group that might have an inclination to do so." Evoking rich images of anguish-fraught and sleepless nights, he concluded, "The final decision, and the most difficult one, is mine."

Suspecting that the Minister may have missed the point and certainly less than satisfied with his reply, Mr. Titus wrote Lorne another letter. "I was not aware of the fact that individuals or groups could recommend an appointment to the school board. Moreover, I am quite certain that the vast majority of the people of this province don't know that either, for you made no attempt to inform the public that recommendations are welcomed. My criticism stems from the blatantness of your appointments of your personal acquaintances and 'friends' of your political party . . ."

Needless to say Lorne didn't reply.

Nevertheless, Mr. Titus, we are afraid that you are guilty of naivete, a crime of our times. Political patronage is as old as God. And shame on you for assuming or believing that the minister of education would care more about education than politics.

The following letter was mailed to the Hon. J.C. Van Horne, Minister of Tourism. A copy was mailed to The Mysterious East.

Dear Mr. Van Horne:

On a recent trip through New Brunswick, my wife and I were quite impressed with the quality of the Trans Canada highway and, more particularly, with the quality of the scenery of the St. John River Valley. Here, surely, lies an attraction for all city dwellers of the North Eastern portion of North America. Scenery of this type and magnitude should attract both tourists and their dollars.

However, travelling Southeast towards Fredericton soon revealed a possible reason for the scarcity of out-of-province licence plates. About fifteen miles above St. Anne-Nackawic, we became acutely aware of a smell encountered more often in the bathroom than on the road. It was Hydrogen Sulphide which apparently originated at the pulp mill at St. Anne-Nackawic. This was rather obvious since the smell coincided with a white haze hanging in the otherwise clear air of the valley. This haze extended straight back to the smoke stacks of the pulp mill.

Further along, towards Moncton, we encountered a plume of thick black smoke emanating from plant number 1 of the Acadia Crushed Stone Company. The smoke stack was about 100 feet from the road and the smoke was dirty, smelling and severely reduced visibility on the road.

How can the Government of New Brunswick tolerate such insolence on the part of its industries? Surely you must realize that the loss in tourist revenue, the damage to vegetation, and the cost of cleaning homes and public buildings of New Brunswick will be borne not by the industries but by the people of the province. Was this cost considered when the industries were encouraged by the government to develop?

I can assure that I do not intend to spend further time or money on vacations in the Province of New Brunswick, when the attractions that we would like to see are ruined. I will also warn others that vacations in this province are ruined by the greed of a few industries.

Yours sincerely,
Peter V. Hodson

Back of the Book

WHERE TO MINE IN NEW BRUNSWICK

If you look on page 97 of the Saint John Telephone book, you'll find that there are six mining companies listed in the financial capital of mineral-rich New Brunswick. Well, here's at least one area where business competes a little bit, you say, with visions of intrepid engineers surveying the countryside in secret, looking for the lode that will give their company a leg up.

Well, not quite. You can reach all six companies by calling 652-6657. Or you can go right down to 284 Union Street in Saint John.

Address sound familiar? It should. It's the Golden Ball Building, K.C. Irving's headquarters.

AN IMPARTIAL EAR

In early August, the New Brunswick Legislature's Select Committee on Agriculture held public hearings on pesticides in Woodstock, New Brunswick.

Early on, Eric Teed, the secretary of the committee, asked one of the scientific advisors attending to explain the difference insecticides and herbicides. "I'm only a layman," he explained.

No wonder New Brunswick's agricultural policy is so amusing.

YOU'D BETTER START PLANNING

The required text for Education 5121, a summer school course offered at the University of New Brunswick on general teaching methods, is *Maturity in High School Teaching* by Gail M. Inlow. Included in the text is a section on lesson planning for high school students. On page 86 the author justifies the need for such planning:

Irrespective of differences among formal philosophical

orientations, the universe, on most counts, is an orderly, purposeful arrangement of elements and forces -- unquestionably the result of some kind of planning. Man demonstrably is a purposive entity, manifestly the result of some kind of planning. Educational enterprises throughout the world similarly are the end results of planning. Thus any suggestion that a teacher engage in planning is merely a way of asking him to fall into the rhythm of life itself.

A PEOPLE'S HISTORY

Certainly in its early stages, the Opportunities for Youth Programme was often criticized as nothing more than a make-work project for lazy university students. In their defence the students could do little more than cite their ideas and plans for the summer. The true test, they said, would come at the end of the summer when the projects were completed.

It would be fair to say that often the results surpassed even the student's expectations. The most recent case in point is *The People's History of Cape Breton*, a 48-page booklet describing, say the authors, "the untold story of the working people" in the first industrialized area in the Maritimes.

"It is not your usual kind of history," says the introduction, "it is not about kings and queens, explorers, adventurers, politicians and prime ministers. It is a history of the common people of Cape Breton, of their day-to-day fight to improve their working conditions and their struggle to build a better way of life."

Written in the tradition of *Le petit manuel d'histoire du Quebec*, *The People's History of Cape Breton* is unique in its perspective, startling in its clarity and essential reading for all Maritimers and anyone interested in the Maritimes.

You can order a copy for ten cents if you live in Nova Scotia, or for twenty-five cents if you don't, from Box 1282, Halifax North Postal Station, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

35

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Dr. Omand Solandt, as chairman of the Science Council of Canada: "Thoughtful students of the future disagree as to when and how the crisis due to the population explosion will occur, but few who have looked at the problem disagree with the idea that disaster is inevitable unless we begin at once to reduce the growth of world population."



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