

SANGER
no. 14



HALF A LOAF

CANADA'S SEMI-ROLE AMONG DEVELOPING COUNTRIES

CLYDE SANGER



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1827

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*Canada's
Semi-Role Among
Developing Countries*

CLYDE SANGER

The Ryerson Press

TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

011616



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SBN 7700 0293 5 cloth edition

SBN 7700 0307 9 paper edition

PRINTED AND BOUND IN CANADA BY THE RYERSON PRESS

*Dedicated
to the memory of
Dunduzu Chisiza, Kerry Gill
and Liza*

On Setting Out

Precisely where and when does any journey, any book begin? Long before the first step and the first word, that much is clear. Perhaps this began on a bleak November night at the Lakehead where, under the influence of a "Town Talk" month and a strong-willed woman minister, a small audience mustered to hear two outsiders talk about foreign aid policies. And one of the group told me that her son, John Graveson, was with CUSO in Tanzania. It struck me at that moment how wide the gap was. She had a personal link with far away Mpwapwa; but what could Tanzania possibly mean to anyone else that evening in Port Arthur?

Or perhaps it began a year earlier, when the Hamilton Goodwill Africa Foundation gathered five hundred men and women in for their annual fund-raising dinner. Hearing how their "Group of Nineteen" had toured through Africa in 1960, threading their way between the Angolan rebellion and the Congo in its wretched first months of independence, quietly calculating how they could be of practical help and then returning to organize over the years a relay of doctors and nurses to mission hospitals in tropical Africa—being told their tale, I was moved to feel how many other groups in Canada (and the other rich countries) could play some part with the developing world, if only their skills were harnessed and their enthusiasm fired, as these doctors' skills and enthusiasm had been. Or perhaps this book began much later, down at the National Defence College, where some senior officers on the course warned me, in a most knowing way, that "there'll soon be a strong reaction in many parts of Canada against giving away all this aid. A year or two, you'll soon see it." I thought the warning came strangely from them, since the money allocated to foreign aid had never in any year risen above one-sixth of the figure which Ottawa annually puts to defence expenditures.

But they were probably right. After all, other countries have known such a backlash. President Nixon, foreseeing opposition, sent to Congress in 1969 the lowest total ever placed on an American foreign aid bill—2.2 billion dollars. The mood is infectious: "We must help our own people first." There are several replies that can be made to a protest of that sentiment in Canada, and one of them involves quoting the Ontario education budget. For in 1968 Ontario budgeted to spend 1,126 million dollars on operating its schools system—a figure that is only thirty million less than the total aid Ottawa had disbursed in the previous ten years to all the developing countries. Or again, Canada made one hundred million dollars more in 1968 by selling arms to the United States than it spent in grants and loans to all the poor countries. . . . But there is a risk which liberals run in quoting such comparisons. For they lead on too easily to the assumption that Canadians will continue to accept, without question, a slight increase every year in the amount of money allocated to international development. Why should they accept this, or any other, increase in expenditure without question? It would be unhealthy if they did. In a way, it is surprising there has been so little public questioning up to now.

What is important is that, when the full questioning begins, it should be on as informed a basis as possible. It should have a three-dimensional perspective. It should not seize on some particular mishappening—some split sacks of wheat flour on an Asian dockside, perhaps—and enlarge it to a global criticism that nearly all our assistance is running to waste. Above all, it should take full account of what the developing countries are doing for themselves, what they think of our aid, and what their greatest needs have become today.

To write a book that could be helpful on this subject required (it seemed to me) a good deal of intensive travel around a number of developing countries, first to note the outstanding changes taking place in them (for good or bad) and then to relate them to Canada's involvement with each country; to put our assistance in the full context of that country's development. That is, after all, the process of inquiry which the planning officials of the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA) go through. It seemed the only

valid way to write such a book—besides, it took me south to sunshine on a long journey that began on New Year's Day.

I faced, of course, large problems of travel costs. But the skies opened in the best possible way when the Manitoba Association for World Development offered to underwrite the costs of research: in the finest tradition of literary or theatrical "angels," they lent me wings for a few months. I owe a great deal of thanks to the board of MAWD, Duncan Edmonds its president and Walter McLean who was then its executive director for the trust they put in this venture. I only hope that the results of it will help further some of the aims of their Association, to bring home to the people of Manitoba the conditions and needs of the developing world.

This is not a comprehensive book. How could it be? I could not possibly write about a hundred developing countries, nor about the activities of a hundred Canadian voluntary agencies involved in some way in overseas work. Instead, I chose a dozen countries which might each illustrate a different issue in a discussion on development. Nor does this book attempt to give, in John Gunther style, a bird's eye view of each country visited; it tries to focus attention on a subject which I thought important in each particular country—important to that country and therefore to Canadian considerations. In nearly every case, these countries have links with Canada that are stronger than average; but I have inevitably omitted some with strong links (Pakistan, Malaysia, Barbados) and, for a special reason, added Colombia whose connections with Canada are so far less sturdy.

Equally, in choosing to write about the work of missionaries and voluntary agencies in the context of a chapter set in Korea, I am describing the activities there of the United Church, the Unitarian Service Committee and the Canadian Save the Children Fund. I could, alternatively, have gone to Lesotho and written about the educational work of the Catholic missionaries and about the Oxfam programs. There is an enormous variety of work being done by nongovernmental groups. As one example, Oxfam of Canada has quite rightly chosen to concentrate extra aid in Haiti, on the grounds that the needs there are great, while the Canadian government and near-governmental groups like CUSO could not countenance dealing

with Papa Doc's infamous régime. With such variety, the chapter set in Korea cannot claim to be a representative survey of agency work, but only a sample.

A lot of space has been devoted elsewhere than in this book to a discussion of what motives inspire Ottawa to give aid. Some old theories take a long time dying. Jay Walz, in the *New York Times*, suggested in May 1969 that Canada wanted to "make an impact on the politically dynamic Third World" and felt close bonds with the nonaligned countries; and he went on to quote some anonymous economists as saying that "Canada cannot hope to free herself of American economic domination until she develops many more markets overseas." If the poorer countries developed basically strong economies, he argued, then they could become good customers of Canada. But he is suggesting two motives whose basis was skilfully demolished years ago by Dr. Keith Spicer in the opening chapter ("The Questionable Credo") of his book *A Samaritan State?* and Spicer names in his support such authorities as Professors Myrdal and Liska. If "making an impact" means spreading the ideas of a liberal, pluralistic democracy, aid is more likely (argues Spicer) to encourage radical extremism, for it "awakens appetites it can probably never assuage; it is less a vehicle of tranquility than of unrest." As for winning new trading partners, Myrdal saw the successful developing countries naturally taking the path of attempting increased self-sufficiency through industrialization; and Spicer goes further in asking, "Can you create customers without building up rivals?"

Mitchell Sharp entered the discussion in June 1969 with a fine speech to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. After saying some authorities advanced a political rationale for aid programs in that they had a stabilizing effect by reducing hunger and misery, Mr. Sharp described this theory as "repugnant" and added: "The assumption that the developed nations' interests are served best by maintaining the status quo through the judicious supply of aid is both arrogant and unfounded." In fact, he hoped some aid offered by Canada would give some people "the sinews they need to rise and cast aside the cruel weight of unjust and unprincipled government." Bravo!

Mr. Sharp's public statement in June was intriguingly at variance with a confidential document CIDA had prepared only five weeks before as a background paper for a development assistance policy review conference in mid-May. In discussing motives in this document, the CIDA authors nod briefly to the "philanthropic motive" and suggest it could be "vastly over-rated"; they also conclude that, in terms of higher exports and employment for Canadians, "the economic arguments for aid are not very strong." They place more weight on the political motivation that "foreign aid . . . will help to reduce poverty, forestall political disorder and instability, thwart the expansion of unwanted political ideologies and systems, maintain international stability and thus serve to protect the welfare of Canadians. According to this thesis, foreign aid is an alternative way to purchase security."

A few pages further on, the CIDA authors put even more bluntly what Mitchell Sharp within the month described as a "repugnant" rationale. For they listed as the first objective of aid the political aim of giving aid

. . . to establish within the recipient countries those political attitudes or commitments, military alliances or military bases that would assist Canada or Canada's Western allies to maintain a reasonably stable and secure international political system. Through this objective, Canada's aid programs would serve not only to help increase Canada's influence within the developing world, but also within the western alliance.

The document does not make any qualifications or suggest any reservations about this objective, as it does about the economic and humanitarian aims it later lists. It would be an alarming thought if this document has to be taken as accurately reflecting Canada's motivations. Mitchell Sharp's speech suggests it does not do so. But which is the true doctrine—the public or the private paper?

Why, then, does Canada give aid? Mitchell Sharp suggested it may, to some extent, "contribute to a sense of national self-esteem and thus to a sense of national unity"; but he would rather explain it as "an investment in the world of twenty-five years in the future." The pleasant life which most Canadians

now enjoy becomes less and less possible in an increasingly troubled world. Keith Spicer pares motives down to the bone, and finally offers two spindly ones: negatively, we would be unpopular if we didn't organize some assistance; and, positively, the process of disbursing aid increases Canada's understanding of the world. And I think I would add the Himalayan answer: we give aid just because the developing countries are there, with all their mountainous needs so visible even from a distance.

But this book will be concerned less with Canada's motives than with its performance. Results, after all, are what is most important to the recipient. And the book's title is a judgment on that performance so far. There is no doubt whatever that Canada's half-loaf has been better than no bread at all. And there can equally be little argument over the proposition that it is not the best Canada can do. Some critics would equate "best" with "most," to suggest a great increase in volume of aid would alone be what is needed. Maurice Strong, since assuming charge of External Aid (now the Canadian International Development Agency), has taken an opposite approach. He has superintended a critical review of all programs, and been prepared to delay projects and see the volume of disbursements even decline (as it did between 1966 and 1968), while studies were made to analyze what was the most effective aid Canada could give. He claims these study years have laid the foundation for a great increase to be seen soon in effective aid; others have complained that some projects are being "studied to death." At the same time, there has been a muted invitation to the Canadian public to contribute views to Ottawa's survey of its aid policies. This invitation went out quietly during 1969 to various agencies. My book is a personal contribution to such a survey. I hope it may prompt wider discussion, and open debate up among thousands of Canadians.

I would like to thank Arthur Hopcraft, whose book *Born to Hunger* was not only inspiring in itself but suggested a pattern for this one. And I owe a special debt of gratitude to Keith Spicer and Cranford Pratt for their irrepressible encouragement; Cran Pratt was the best possible critic of the East

Africa chapter. I am grateful also to Dean Bentley and Dr. Ken Pretty, of the American Potash Institute, for reading the appropriate sections of the India chapter. One of the most exciting parts of writing this book was (does this seem strange?) going to Winnipeg and meeting a good number of the MAWD members: their alive-ness and outgoing concern was always a tonic. Among them I would particularly thank Dan Curtis, who as acting executive director worked so hard on the St. Lucia programs; Pat Mooney, who allowed me to quote a long excerpt from an article he wrote for *Multilogue*; and Howard Wood who made a special journey to meet me and talk Turkey.

No author should really be allowed to use the "Acknowledgments" space as a substitute for the bread-and-butter letters which he never got around to writing. But lots of us do. I met such hospitality, coupled with good advice, in so many places that it would be churlish not to express gratitude here. So, may I thank Norma Perchonock in northern Nigeria, Colin and Gudrun Leys in Kenya, Wayne Hubble and Fred Willows in India, George Seymour in Ceylon, Olive Bayliss and Mr. Kim and Mr. Cho in Korea, and Peggy Biagi in Colombia, for their kindness and their counsel. But of course none of them is responsible for any outrageous statements to be found in this book.

The CUSO representatives were unfailingly welcoming at every stopping-place, and I am especially grateful to Tim Brodhead, Ian Smillie, Rod Haney and Richard Carr. Many CIDA officials were also extremely helpful and informative: I hope they will consider their trouble is being repaid here with constructive comments. I owe the management of *The Globe and Mail* thanks for agreeing to my taking a lengthy leave of absence. And, finally, no one tackling such a venture could have had a more understanding wife than Penny, who not only accepted two long absences but later provided the best of criticism on detailed points.

October 1969

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Abbreviations

Before you plunge into the soup, here's a key to the alphabet you'll find there:

| | |
|---------|--|
| AID | .. Agency for International Development (Washington) |
| ASCOFAM | .. Asociación Colombiana de Facultades de Medicina (Bogota) |
| CanSave | .. Canadian Save the Children Fund |
| CESO | .. Canadian Executive Service Overseas |
| CDC | .. Commonwealth Development Corporation (London) |
| CIIA | .. Canadian Institute of International Affairs |
| CIDP | .. Centennial International Development Program (1966-67) |
| CMA | .. Canadian Medical Association |
| CMAI | .. Christian Medical Association of India |
| CRKM | .. Christian Reformed Korean Mission |
| CRS | .. Catholic Relief Service |
| CSOST | .. Canadian Service for Overseas Students and Trainees |
| CUSO | .. Canadian University Service Overseas |
| DAC | .. Development Assistance Committee (of OECD) |
| FAO | .. Food and Agriculture Organization (Rome) |
| GATT | .. General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade |
| IDA | .. International Development Association (affiliate of World Bank) |
| IPPF | .. International Planned Parenthood Federation |
| INCORA | .. Instituto Colombiano para la Reforma Agraria (Bogota) |
| KANU | .. Kenya African National Union |
| LAFTA | .. Latin American Free Trade Area |
| MAWD | .. Manitoba Association for World Development |
| NCNC | .. National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons |
| NEPU | .. Northern Elements Progressive Union (Nigeria) |
| NPC | .. Northern Peoples Congress (Nigeria) |
| ODM | .. Overseas Development Ministry (London) |
| OECD | .. Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (Paris) |
| RDA | .. Ruvuma Development Association (Tanzania) |
| SUCO | .. Service Universitaire Canadien Outre-mer |
| TANU | .. Tanganyika African National Union |
| UNCTAD | .. United Nations Conference on Trade and Development |
| UNDP | .. United Nations Development Program |
| USC | .. Unitarian Service Committee of Canada |
| WFP | .. World Food Program |
| | and |
| | — how could I forget them? — |
| CIDA | .. Canadian International Development Agency |

Nigeria

Remoteness of the North from the war—an Emir at the Races—no longer a monolith?—constitutional guy-ropes in place of the old tripod—how four colonial constitutions spread power—dismantling of the North—would the Ibos return?—Canada in a corner—Mitchell Sharp and the Hercules—to be effective, be unofficial—Canair relief—the “politics of involvement” back home

Nigeria

It is surprising—and perhaps even shocking—to find, on first arriving in Nigeria, how localized the war is. You expect that such a sickness in one limb will be felt all over the body; only that way does it seem that the body will be stirred enough to seek a proper cure. There is, it's true, a 7 P.M. curfew in Ibadan, imposed after riots against new taxes. But up north in Kano the war seems more remote than it has done in London or, sometimes, Ottawa. Anywhere between these Nigerian cities the soldiers checking cars are perfunctory and polite; the word is they are more concerned to check that troops coming back to their villages on leave are not carrying arms. The increase of the federal army, to about one hundred thousand men, has not drained towns or affected communities to the extent that there is a personal concern about the outcome. Even with those closely involved, there is often a casual air. I sat one afternoon in Kaduna drinking with an air force captain whose immediate preoccupation was to go abroad for a year's instructor training; on his table was a copy of *Life* magazine which contained some horrific pictures of the fighting and the starvation in Biafra, and they had roused no obvious emotion in him. Yet the captain was certainly neither a coward nor hardhearted: during the 1966 massacres he had risked his own life by flying out of Kano to safety in the south some Ibo fellow officers.

Are civil wars often like this, one wonders? The leaders in Lagos have compared their campaign with the fight Abraham

Lincoln led to save the American Union. Were people in Wisconsin and Massachusetts equally remote from the American Civil War? Perhaps many of them were, and the history books don't mention it. In Nigeria's case, at least, it helps explain how a tragic war can drag on without domestic pressures building up to end it.

The external pressures have been much heavier. It was world publicity that forced Lagos to invite the team of military observers from Britain, Canada, Sweden and Poland—although their effectiveness as objective observers was put in question by their failures to travel to the Biafran side. It was the quiet initiatives of the Commonwealth Secretariat and the Organization for African Unity which led to several (abortive) sessions of peace talks. And there has been the drain in Nigeria's foreign reserves to sober the more belligerent. About fifty million pounds was spent on arms purchases up to the end of 1968, when oil production had only recovered to half its prewar level. But in 1969 these pressures eased. By the year's end oil production is likely to have climbed to eight hundred thousand barrels a day. Until the vast job of reconstruction begins, the federal military government is not in financial straits. Although Nigeria will face that task during a period when foreign aid will almost certainly be hard to acquire, it can plead a special case; and Canada is among several countries which have already promised massive help at that stage.

One can regret the absence of domestic pressures, and the ineffectiveness of external pressures, to end with speed a war in which civilians—especially the old and the very young—suffered much more than the soldiers. But regrets lead to no worthwhile conclusions. This chapter is better restricted to an attempt to answer two questions:

Are Canada and other countries right in continuing to recognize Nigeria as a going concern, rather than an unwieldy structure whose disintegration is inevitable? Have changes in its structure, and changes particularly in the old Northern Region, been fundamental enough since 1967 to wipe away the main weaknesses that led to the war?

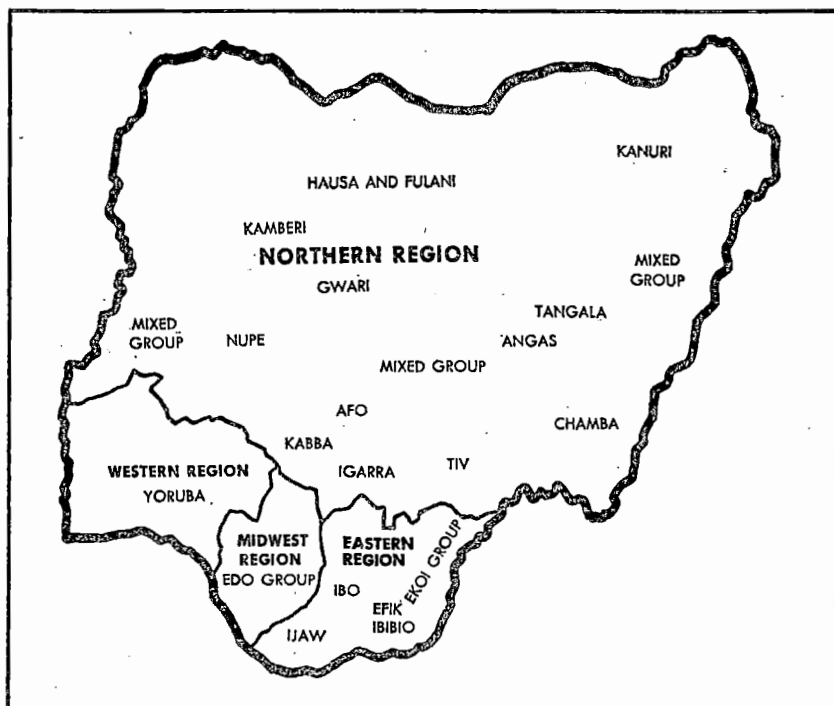
Why has Canada cut such a sorry figure in its various efforts to help?

Spending a Saturday afternoon at the Zaria Races could convince you that nothing has changed in the last ten years, that Moslem traditionalism in northern Nigeria has received no dents at all. The Emir of Katsina, crossing the course before each race to check on his horses, is like a Tudor monarch with his retinue of stately servants. With their robes, the puffed-out riga, outshining in splendor and color the bright-shirted jockeys, the Emir's group looks like a squadron of galleons, sails crowded on; the servants bob their turbanned heads to acknowledge the bowed supporters who are dipping like waves. The white men acting as stewards shout from their dais and their orders ("Stop that rider! He hasn't declared") have all the expatriate confidence of long years as District Officers. The police band, discreetly in the background, plays the old favorites of the Governor's teaparties, "Scotland the Brave" and "Where has my little doggie gone?" In the middle of the enclosure, in the middle of all the chatter and the strolling, Moslems kneel towards Mecca, their foreheads dust-covered as they touch the dry ground.

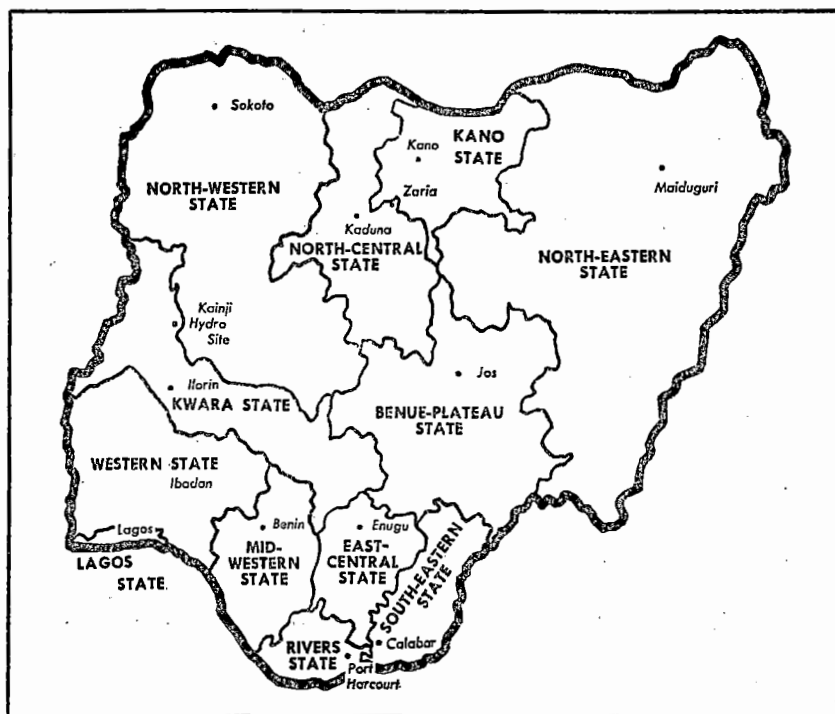
You could believe that nothing at all had changed; that Sir Ahmadu Bello, the proud Sardauna of Sokoto, was still ruling the politics of Northern Nigeria and, through the North's weight of thirty million people, dominating the federal parliament, pulling its reins. Indeed, outside the Zaria Turf Club on Queen Elizabeth Road, a boy is carrying a large framed portrait of the Sardauna. His influence, and the standards he stood for, seem to swathe the whole place.

Yet the scene in Zaria is something out of the past, a play continuing beyond its time. The Sardauna was murdered three years before, shot in the first coup of 1966 by the young officers. His Northern Region was broken up into six states by Major-General Gowon's Decree No. 14, in May 1967. And the young men at the Ahmadu Bello University, and at the Zaria Institute of Administration, assure you: "The North will never come together again. That is finished. The states are moving on their separate paths. And we are nationally oriented now."

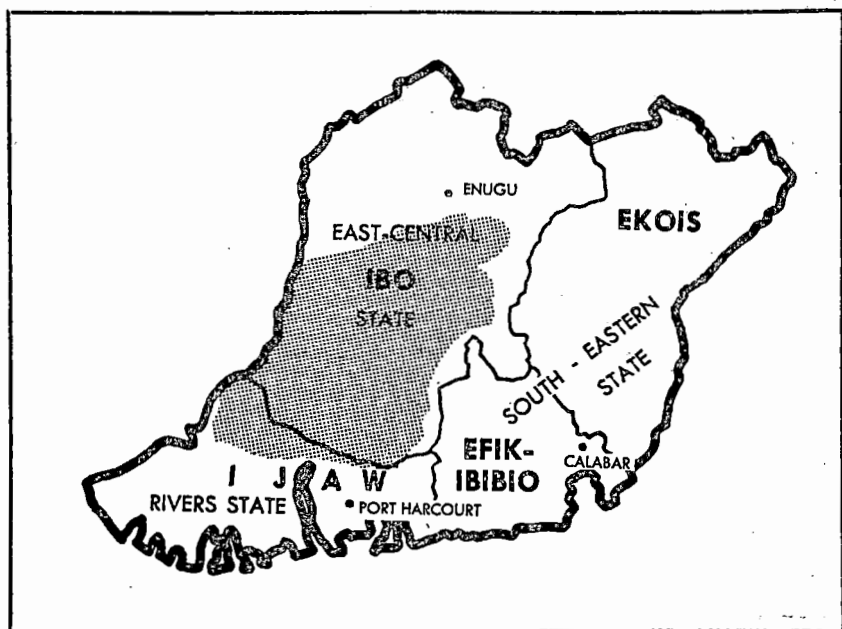
This is not what the Ibo people believe. To them, the division of the North into six states was a facade. They suspect that, whenever a crisis again comes, the six will combine once



Map of Nigeria until 1967. Midwest Region was excised from Western Region in 1962.



Map of Nigeria, divided into the 12 states as decreed by General Gowon on May 27, 1967.



Map of the former Eastern Region of Nigeria showing the new states' boundaries in the East and tribal groups. Shaded areas are still under rebel control.

Ibos—7,000,000. Other tribes—5,000,000.

more against them. Decree No. 14, by dividing their Eastern Region into three states, was seen by the Ibos as the ultimate threat to their security, the final *casus belli*. Indeed, Colonel Ojukwu declared secession four days after it was announced.

Yet if it is true that the North is no longer a solid block overshadowing Nigeria, this change is one of the most profound revolutions which the country has undergone. All the old calculations about the balance of power being set between the Hausa-Fulani of the North, the Yoruba of the West, the Ibo of the East—the imbalance, as it turned out, of the old tripod—have to be revised, and new account paid to the minority tribes now running their own states. The political structure will be more complex, but safer. True, the tripod essentially remains, but it can be cushioned from complete collapse again by the minorities. With their direct lines to the central power, the minorities can act like guy-ropes, resisting the squalls.

But is it true?

To come close to an answer, one has to sketch, very briefly, the history of relations between Nigeria's north and south from colonial times, and the growing claims by minority tribes for a fuller role in government.

The image of the North as a solid Moslem unit and predominantly Hausa-Fulani is a distorted picture. At least 30 per cent are non-Moslem and in General Gowon's home area (now the Benue-Plateau State) Christian missionaries have been mainly responsible for a comparatively advanced school system. And although Othman dan Fodio, a Fulani sheikh, forged an empire in the north one hundred and fifty years ago by consolidating what had been a gradual infiltration of the Hausa kingdoms, less than half the people of the north today speak Hausa as their mother tongue. The cracking of the semblance of Hausa-Fulani dominance is reflected at Radio Kaduna, which is now broadcasting in eleven different languages.

Although the north and south of what the British termed Nigeria (a name apparently first coined by *The Times* of London in 1897) were formally amalgamated in 1914, they were never administratively united. The British officials in the North saw themselves as set quite apart from their counterparts in the South. They managed the North with a system of

"indirect rule" which depended on—and bolstered—the power of the Emirs and traditionalist authorities. And the Southern Protectorate itself was split into two in 1939, for the convenience of the administrators who tired of moving constantly about from their Enugu headquarters. It was a typically haphazard imposition by the colonial power, ignoring the more valid distinctions and divisions.

The three postwar constitutions (in 1946, 1951 and 1954) gave progressively more powers to the separate units, at the expense of the centre. (So long as the British were in charge at all points, the effects of these changes were not all that apparent.) Some minority tribes were naturally alarmed, and nationalism among groups in the "Middle Belt" (now Kwara and Benue-Plateau states) began around 1950. The 1957 constitutional conference grappled with the question of regional minorities, but the plan for creating new regions that emerged after the Willink Commission and was incorporated into the independence constitution was a very restrictive one, aimed at making it as difficult as possible to break up the existing three regions. It was only because the Western Region was in a state of political upheaval in 1962 that the Mid-West Region was carved out of it with some appearance of constitutionality.

Yet the British and others maintained their faith in the "tripod theory," and pointed to Nigeria as a showpiece of democracy in Africa. In practice, each of the three main regions was a one-party state from the time of self-government; and the opposition parties, while allied to the ruling party in another region, had little chance.

Inside this rigid structure, each ruling power did what it could to advance its regional interests. The combined south never had a majority of seats in the Federal Assembly; and from independence the Ibos went into awkward alliance with the Sardauna's Northern Peoples Congress. For the federal elections in December 1964 their NCNC linked up with the Action Group of the Western Region, to form a southern alliance with a northern opposition party (NEPU) which they hoped might tip the scales and bring a progressive coalition into power. But, as a result of two controversial census-takings, the North was assured of a continuing majority of seats and, even without the many clear cases of vote-rigging and the AG

boycott that was made in protest against these malpractices, the Northern Peoples Congress would probably have kept power. The constitution had run its course to the point of dangerous absurdity; many people had argued the case for creating several more regions, while others thought the solution was a unitary state. But there was no peaceful way of changing it. The January 1966 coup provided an opportunity for radical change, but Major-General Ironsi chose to push the solution of a unitary state, and northerners interpreted his decree as the start of an Ibo takeover of the whole country. The Ibo massacres in the northern cities began.

The only alternatives then left were a confederation, in which the leaders of the existing regions held a veto power over all important actions, and a federation composed of many more units. The first idea was apparently agreed on during the Aburi talks between the military governors in January 1967: it was perhaps a suitable arrangement to tide over a time of crisis and great mutual suspicion, and it could be worked between five military governors ruling autocratically. It was obviously less suitable for settled times. But Colonel Ojukwu, angry that the Aburi agreement was not being implemented by General Gowon, was thereafter never in a mood to accept the alternative. The twelve-state decree was clumsily timed with the apparent tactics of wooing the Eastern Region minorities away from Ojukwu, rather than with the idea of letting the plan stand on its own merits as a solution to the whole country's problems. It drove him finally to secession.

The glare of publicity and concern that has shone on Biafra since the war began has thrown into shadow any changes happening elsewhere in the country. Very few journalists went north, to look for such changes. But one of the most knowledgeable British writers on Nigeria, Walter Schwarz, wrote in *The Guardian* from Kaduna in July 1967, only five weeks after the twelve-state decree:

"The dismantling of Northern Nigeria . . . has begun in earnest here. Until the small hours of Wednesday morning, the military governors of the six new Northern States—soldiers and policemen all in their thirties—discussed the division of the assets. Many daunting problems remain, but no one

here seriously doubts that, for good or ill, this revolution is irreversible."

The dismantling did not go smoothly. The military governors handed over to a committee of four British ex-colonial officials the job of making detailed plans. Three of them were oldtimers, with provincial rather than headquarters experience. They took longer than was necessary over the task, and to the end there was a "One North" group who thought the break-up wouldn't really happen, that it was a big exercise in political manoeuvre. The result was that there was no timetable for phasing the changes, no proper advance parties in the new state capitals. To an outsider, seeing the Interim Administrative Council of the six military governors still in control in Kaduna in 1968 and nothing obviously happening outside the old capital, there were grounds for scepticism.

But the decree had given the Council a one-year life, and ordered the six states to start operating on 1 April 1968. And the decree was carried out. There was a last-minute scramble, by raiding parties to grab the Kaduna office furniture, an overnight dash by civil servants in five directions, and the next day some rather ramshackle state governments opened their doors for business. In Kaduna was left behind a single state government, and an Interim Common Services Agency with a life-span of only two years. ICSA has been supervising the last days of some regional programs, such as the smallpox eradication campaign, as well as being the controlling body for some costly technical concerns, including the mechanical workshops and the Government Press. Also under it has come the Ahmadu Bello University (the only university in the north) and the Northern Marketing Board which handles the sale of groundnuts, cotton and several other crops. The Northern Development Corporation was made into a limited company with the six states as equal partners who could sell out their share to the others whenever they liked. This could be the pattern after 1970 for the Marketing Board, a body which has had influence on production but carries few assets. However, Benue-Plateau state in 1969 was planning to set up its own marketing board, to work more closely with producers in this state of four million people.

There is a remnant of authority left, then, at the old regional

level. But those people seem to have been proved right who said the North was only held together until 1966 by the sheer personality of the Sardauna, and that after his murder its break-up became inevitable. Part of the power being dispersed is flowing to the state capitals. It is significant, perhaps, that one former *federal* minister, Alhaji Maitama Sule, has thought that the best way to consolidate his position is to become Local Government Commissioner in Kano state. And a good part of the old regional power will almost certainly flow into the hands of the central government in Lagos, because most of the states are too small or poor to handle the functions of the old regions. The Zaria students were talking shrewdly when they said they were "nationally oriented now"; for the centre is where the power and the influential jobs are likely to be.

The six states started their existence with a great imbalance in funds and trained officials. It was agreed to prune drastically the number of ministries each state government might sprout. Before 1966 there were no less than 270 Ministers and parliamentary secretaries in the federal and four regional governments; the Northern Region had eighteen Ministries. The new states are supposed not to exceed seven. Even so, all the northern states except Kano found it hard to pay their civil servants and plan any development. Kano State, flush with the wealth of groundnuts, is starved of good local officials and has had to go recruiting around other states. Kwara, a state dominated by Yorubas, has many more educated people than it can employ and has been exporting some to other states.

The imbalance between the northern states will not be eliminated for many years. Kano State has about one-third the primary school classes which either Kwara or Benue-Plateau State has, although its population is larger than the other two together. The number of its boys enrolled in secondary schools is one-quarter the figure in either of these "Middle Belt" states. The enrolment figures for 1968-69 at Ahmadu Bello University are even more striking. Kano State has 89 students enrolled; Benue-Plateau has 213; Kwara has 631. As well as the Kwara students, another 251 Yorubas were enrolled from Western State, nearly all fee-paying. The spreading northwards of the Yoruba people, not simply to the university but into businesses and government posts, has gone at an almost

reckless pace since the driving out of the Ibos left a vacuum. Many visitors have expressed fears of a northern reaction against the Yorubas. I glimpsed this reaction in the form of northerners saying, with hindsight, that they would rather have the Ibos back. "We got on better," they explained. "Both of us would lose our tempers with the other; but we understood each other. . . ."

Top officials hope for a return of the Ibos, for a more strategic reason. J. D. Gomwalk, the military governor of Benue-Plateau state which borders the north of the Ibo heartland around Enugu and Nsukka, was emphatic to me that they must come back if there is to be any lasting peace. "If they lose their properties outside and retreat inside their own boundaries," he said, "there can only be continuing suspicion, and outbreaks of war, down the years." (It would be an Arab-Israeli situation in reverse, with the surrounded country harboring also a grievance about lost lands and property.) Certainly Mr. Gomwalk was proving his sincerity by the care he was taking of Ibo property. About one thousand Ibo homes had been abandoned in Jos during the massacres. The houses were first requisitioned in 1967 by federal troops who threw their weight around the state, but later strict control was imposed and a caretaker appointed for each building to collect rents and see to repairs. A number of Ibos had returned to Jos by early 1969. They were at first under police protection, but soon were moving freely. Mr. Gomwalk, a young zoology graduate who turned into a police officer, keeps a personal check on this.

It would be naive to think the twelve-state system, as it is at present developing, can form the basis for a new Nigeria without some further bold changes. The conditions regularly advanced by Lagos for a peace settlement with the Biafrans have been renunciation of secession, and acceptance of the twelve-state formula; the borders, several federal commissioners have added, can be adjusted to settle some disputes (which may be a hint they would concede the important harbor town of Port Harcourt to the Ibos). But problems of future negotiations—not just between Biafra and Lagos, but also between Lagos and the states operating under it—are more concerned with the division of functions than the delimitation of borders. On the one hand, Biafrans are bound to demand enough power

over security forces to guarantee their own security. On the other hand, the northern states are now so diminished in strength that they cannot carry out the same functions as can be performed by Western State, which is still essentially a pre-1966 regional government (it lost a small area to Lagos). There are alternative solutions to this imbalance: either Lagos will need to subsidize heavily and perhaps permanently the northern states so that they may carry out functions as large as Western State does—and Canada offers a precedent with the transfer payments to the Maritimes. Or else a constitutional review will need to divide up Western State, which many Yorubas will bitterly resist.

Those troubles are ahead. But three changes in the north have already been consolidated. First, the solidity of the north—and the fears raised by such a monolith—have been shattered. Secondly, under military rule the powers of the Emirs have been drastically cut. Police and prisons and tax-collecting have been taken under state control. The new local councils may be no more democratic, for the councillors are all appointed by the military governors, but they are not the nominees and pensioners of the traditionalist Emirs. Lastly, the semi-blockade the North suffered in 1966-67, when Ojukwu cut off links through to Port Harcourt after the killings, convinced them how vulnerable they were without assured outlets to the sea. So the threats of northern secession, which were tossed out with little thought during the Sardauna's days, are heard no more. Mr. Gomwalk and other modern-minded northerners really mean every word when they hang on their sitting-room walls a map of the new states, captioned with the slogan "Forward with One Nigeria."

Canadian government attempts at cooperation since 1967 make up a sad tale of frustrations and misunderstandings. It is especially disappointing, since the Canadian aid program in Nigeria has over the years been its largest in Africa. In the eight years since 1960, the year of Nigerian independence, Canada allocated twenty-five million dollars (and more than half of that in grants) to Nigeria, out of a total of sixty-nine million to all the Commonwealth African states. A good deal

of this has been spent on aerial surveys and telecommunications, and a lesser amount on aid to education and agriculture.

The frustrations over attempts to deliver food and drugs to victims in the war zones have been well publicized. But difficulties seem to abound in nearly every effort at cooperation. Ottawa, as a federal government, is punctilious about dealing only with its opposite number in Nigeria, the Lagos government. And Lagos, preoccupied by the war, is in no position to tackle effectively various aid matters around the country. For example, its Bureau for External Aid for Education is a tiny outfit which finds it impossible to keep on top of requests and correspondence with the different states in Nigeria and with foreign governments. Canadian officials are frankly envious of the ease of movement enjoyed by the CUSO field staff, who are based at Ibadan and Kaduna: being formally nongovernmental, they can go straight to education ministries in state governments (and even to school principals). CUSO had sixty-six people working in Nigeria at the start of 1969, and had nearly doubled the number before its close. Its methods of on-the-spot placement made as sure as possible that every volunteer went to a worthwhile post (although one group in CUSO continued arguing that the organization should not be in Nigeria at all). CIDA has to work on faith—faith that each of their experts can sort out his position once he has landed. For their experts it is rather like parachuting into unknown country.

Some CIDA groups get along by themselves, like the sixteen-man team from Ontario Hydro who began in 1969 to train Nigerian technicians to operate the vast Kainji hydroelectric power scheme. Others, like the Canadian doctors setting up a medical faculty at Ahmadu Bello University, have run into many difficulties. While Lagos delayed settling the legal details of federal pension rights under its new twelve-state system, nurses in the five training hospitals linked with ABU started heading back to their "states of origin" to seek some security in their career. And Professor Nicholson and Dr. Laird spent much of their energies in Zaria holding onto what existed, instead of being able to build up a network of health services around the six northern states through the planned Institute of Health. They have argued that, since in 1973 there will be no more than fourteen hundred licensed Nigerian

doctors to serve a population of sixty-six million, the huge gap is best covered by training auxiliaries to run health centres and clinics under the supervision of the medical school. It is both a sensible and an urgent scheme, but delays jeopardize its implementation: and there are few Canadian doctors prepared to spend years in Nigeria setting it up, for most of them are worried about reestablishing themselves in Canada afterwards. Ottawa could help ease this kind of shortage by bringing ahead by a few years its support of expansion in medical departments at Canadian universities; this would mean universities could offer more doctors a place in their structure—on condition they took turns in serving some years abroad. It would help not only in Nigeria, but in all countries where Canada is assisting medical faculties.

Poor communications have stalled other Canadian attempts at aid. In 1968 Canada offered one hundred and eleven places on trainee programs for Nigerians; in the end less than half the offers were taken up. The state governments don't seem to be told, either by Ottawa or Lagos, what is available in Canada.

The High Commissioner, Paul Malone, told me in February 1969 that in his eighteen months in the country he had not had time to visit any part of northern Nigeria. "Any time I get away from Lagos, I go to the Niger Republic or Sierra Leone where I'm also accredited." Canadian government connections with the Niger Republic, however, do not seem extensive enough to require much supervision: in 1968-69 there were five CIDA teachers there, while the "Chevrier Mission" had approved plans to help print schoolbooks, train veterinary specialists and provide some transport for film units. In contrast, Britain maintains a lively office in northern Nigeria, with a senior diplomat as deputy high commissioner in Kaduna: Mr. Laird who held that post in 1969 told me he arranged that one member of his staff was "on circuit" around the six northern states at any particular time. Canada would need to match this vigorous approach, if its knowledge of this vast country's needs is to be more than superficial and its aid to be really effective. Keeping to a corner in Lagos cuts you off from most of the realities of Nigeria.

But where Ottawa has failed most noticeably is in its efforts



Canadian International Development Agency

*Miss Bai Thi Vau, a Vietnamese student in Canada on government bursary,
visits Parliament*



Canadian International Development Agency

Dr. W. F. Hanna, plant pathologist from Winnipeg, looks at wheat seedlings grown at Njoro breeding station in the Kenya Highlands

to deliver aid to the war victims, and to take some initiative that could lead to peace talks and a ceasefire. The three Hercules aircraft, sent in October, were withdrawn eight weeks later, after having ferried a total of 220 tons; and Mr. Sharp's avowal that he would seek ways to raise the subject of the war at the United Nations was retracted in an equally dismal manner. There was a naïveté shown in the way government approached both questions: a quick eagerness to appear as an angel of light in both spheres, then a hasty retreat when difficulties were met.

The Nigerian foreign minister, Okoi Arikpo, met Mr. Sharp in New York in October 1968 after the idea of Canada's taking the subject to the United Nations had been scouted by External Affairs. Dr. Arikpo was unexpectedly forthcoming about Canadian aircraft flying in emergency aid. This in itself was relief to Mr. Sharp, because it gave him one sphere in which Canada could appear in a positive and leading role; he didn't mind the fact that Ottawa was being diverted wholly from political to humanitarian action. Dr. Arikpo repeated his wide-open remarks when I saw him the following day. The aircraft could fly, he said, from Lagos or Fernando Po (then Spanish) or São Tomé (Portuguese); the only limitation on flights into Biafra would be the practical measure of filing flight plans a few hours early to Lagos, to make sure no interceptor aircraft shot them down. Dr. Arikpo is a charming and sincere person, but it was possible to doubt whether his assurance would be sufficient and to wonder whether the field commanders (notably Colonel Adekunle) might not have other ideas. Mr. Sharp didn't seem to share these doubts; he told me he had checked also "at the other end."

But the doubts were only too justified. The Hercules that went to Fernando Po managed eleven flights into Biafra before it was ensnared in the problem raised by Lagos' demand that all relief flights should be by day, to separate them from any nighttime arms flights. The Hercules based at Lagos, with the aim of delivering food only to federally held areas, could not be snared on that hook. So the Nigerians said the airfields were not sturdy enough to take the weight of the Hercules without eventual damage—and the aircraft was withdrawn without making a single delivery flight.

Nigerian officials took to buttressing their flimsy reason for turning back the aircraft with some sarcasm about Ottawa: "If they hadn't been in such a hurry to rush in, we could have told them about the airfields," was how Edward Enaharo of the Foreign Ministry put it to me. Canadian servicemen were sore that Ottawa accepted a rebuff which amounted to a reflection on their professionalism, for they knew very well the Hercules could have flown into Port Harcourt if Colonel Adekunle had been willing. By February 1969 the official Canadian version in Lagos was that the Nigerians were right, and Ottawa was misled by Red Cross reports of the state of the airfields; it still left the armed forces looking unprofessional.

When I discussed relief aid with the High Commissioner there that month, he said: "Every planeload of food that goes into the rebel area prolongs the war." I asked him the only possible next question: "Would you prefer, then, to see none going in?" Mr. Malone answered: "If I were Nigerian, yes. Being an outsider with a sense of humanity, I'm glad it's going." His was a franker appraisal of Nigerian attitudes than people in Ottawa usually give. But later Mr. Malone put somewhat in doubt his "sense of humanity" by remarking that, in his experience, "the worst effect of the war is the deterioration of the roads."

The story of relief aid to Biafra points up one certain conclusion: the less "official" you are, the more effective you will be. The Hercules aircraft were the least effective. The International Red Cross Committee, having to operate at a semi-diplomatic level, suffered frequent stoppages including a halt of nineteen days when newly independent Equatorial Guinea forbade any more flights out of Fernando Po; in five months from September 1968 ICRC aircraft delivered 7,500 tons of supplies. By then the Joint Church Aid organization, the combined Catholic and Protestant body working out of São Tomé without any regard to conditions laid down in Lagos, had been able to deliver more than eleven thousand tons. On January 20 the Super Constellation, which had been bought by private Canadians after it was clear Ottawa's efforts were ineffective, began flying with the JCA planes; and in its first two months of operation this Canairerelief plane delivered more than two thousand tons, or nearly ten times as much as the three Her-

cules aircraft managed during their eight weeks' mission. To launch Canairelief and keep it running for three months involved raising five hundred thousand dollars, and the brave decision would not have been made except by remarkable men. One of them was Ted Johnson, the unquenchable Overseas Secretary—and from June 1969 the Moderator—of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, whose links with Eastern Nigeria go back decades and have their roots in the mission schools. Another was Jack Grant, an impishly unconventional businessman who has mixed such enterprises as selling off Spanish furniture which the Cubans no longer want with support for many causes on which few Canadians spend much time, like majority rule in southern Africa. And Henry Fletcher, as the tireless director of Oxfam of Canada, was able to find the rest of the funds needed to buy the plane.

By mid-1969 Ottawa had not succeeded in brightening its image in the miserable affair. Its official figure, of three million dollars contributed to relief measures, embraced a good deal of aid that was less directly helpful than the subventions to the Red Cross. Mr. Sharp failed to respond to requests from Canairelief on plans to build a second airstrip in Biafra which would be solely for daylight relief flights. The construction would have involved taking into Biafra some useful strategic equipment in the shape of heavy machines, no doubt; but it would have broken the long deadlock between the Nigerian insistence on scheduling all relief flights by day and the Biafran stand that there should be combined day and night flights into Ulli airstrip.

In June 1969 Mr. Sharp and External Affairs did stir publicly again. By then, at Red Cross estimates, one and a half million Biafrans had died of starvation; the Nigerian air force had received new Russian planes and better (apparently East German) pilots, and had shot down a Swedish Red Cross plane; and Lagos finally told the Red Cross it would in future itself control all relief flights into the war zones. With Chief Awolowo, the senior civilian commissioner, asserting that starvation was a weapon of war and adding "I don't see why we should feed our enemies fat, only to fight us harder," there was every reason for doubting that Lagos would be conscientious in allowing relief to continue. With flights dwindling from a

nightly delivery of three hundred tons to a trickle of a few planes, the danger of starvation for millions more loomed. Mr. Sharp talked again of possibly raising the Nigerian question at the United Nations. Ivan Head, the Prime Minister's special envoy, was sent to talk to federal leaders in Lagos and carry word on to President Nyerere in Tanzania. But belief that the Canadian Government would achieve—or even resolve on—anything had by then sunk so low that the *Toronto Globe and Mail* reported Sharp's words and Head's journey on page 31.

The Nigeria-Biafra war was the first test of the sincerity behind the invitation Pierre Trudeau and Mitchell Sharp regularly offered during the 1968 election campaign, for Canadians to "become involved." Not only did the Presbyterians and Oxfam take up the invitation to the extent of buying four Super Constellations, but at least three other Toronto groups entered "the politics of involvement." And when the public meetings these organizations arranged failed to make an impact on Ottawa from that distance, a group of priests, nuns, graduates and CUSO Returned Volunteers went in October to the capital, first for a short sit-in in Mr. Sharp's office and then a three-day fast around the Centennial Flame. Their one appeal was for the government to do something effective in Nigeria. Although Mr. Sharp came and sat talking with the fasters for a short while on the second day, the chat changed nobody's mind.

A few days later, as an advertisement in the *Globe and Mail*, eighty businessmen, intellectuals, newspapermen and union leaders signed "An Open Letter to the Prime Minister," making the same plea. The signatories ranged from the President of the University of Toronto to Pierre Berton to the Chairman of the Metro Planning Board; but a courtesy copy of the advertisement sent privately to Mr. Trudeau produced in reply only an irrelevant form letter signed by someone in his office. Granted that the government was finding the topic by then an embarrassing one, its nonresponse to those who had in moderate manner tried to express misgivings about an aspect of Canadian foreign policy did not encourage hopes that the new Liberal Government would shine as it moved out of the ancient darknesses of Quiet Diplomacy.

Tunisia

Broader rights than Canadian women—the Code of Personal Status—how (and why) Bourguiba did it—UNFT leaders and seductive tactics—minijupes and water-carriers—setbacks for women in Black Africa—keeping Tunisian boys down on the farm—“defence in depth” by education—flinging away jewelry—les canadiennes à l’Hôpital d’Enfants—the Chevrier mission—bilingualism taken casually in Cameroun—SUCO and separatism

Tunisia

If your sister goes to school, you won't have anything to eat but your fountain pen.

Professor René Dumont to a would-be
Brazzaville bureaucrat

It's time men stopped treating women as if we were some strange breed of cattle because we were born with our mothers' fixtures, not our fathers'.

Miss Judy LaMarsh, former Health
Minister in Canada and Secretary of
State (at Hamilton, March 1969)

A Tunisian woman has greater rights, in several respects, than her sister in Canada. She can vote in, and contest, elections from the age of twenty. She is assured by law twelve weeks' maternity leave at halfpay. She has more likelihood, in a divorce, of winning custody of her children. She has been able, since 1965, to buy contraceptives openly. She has the right to a free "social abortion," even though her husband may object, if she becomes pregnant again after bearing five children.

Contrasting her rights with those of an Italian woman, just across the Mediterranean, would lengthen the list much further. For she has property rights unknown to an Italian woman. And, though marriage is still based on the Islamic pattern of a contract with dowry, the dowry now reverts to the wife if there is a divorce. Legal penalties for adultery are

heavy—they can run to a five-year prison term—but there has never been a discriminatory law (such as existed in Italy until December 1968) under which a husband could have his wife jailed for a year if she were caught in a single act of adultery.

The proper comparison, of course, is with the position of a Tunisian woman before 1956, when the country won independence from France and within three months President Habib Bourguiba had passed into law the Code of Personal Status. The Code is the basic charter of women's rights, to which several clauses have been added since. In these dozen years he has presided over a social revolution that has transformed the status of half his people. It is a revolution unequalled in intensity by any country in the Arab world—or maybe anywhere else.

Until 1956 a Tunisian girl could be, and often was, married off in disregard of her own wishes—and at the age of fifteen. If her husband grew bored with her, he could either take another wife or go through a simple act of repudiation. For her part, she had no right to seek a divorce. She was almost certain to be illiterate, and there were few job opportunities outside agriculture—and even there she could not expect equal pay. If she went out into the street, she would be expected to hide behind a veil, holding a fold of it between her teeth. The abolition, under the Code, of polygamy and repudiation, and Bourguiba's long campaign against the veil have been peaks in this revolution.

The altered status could, in another country, be perhaps only a paper change, and women could in practice remain just as oppressed. No one would claim that all is perfect equality in Tunisia today; but the country's particular achievement is that its leaders can now wave a sheaf of figures—girls in university, women in decent jobs, countrywomen as well as townswomen who have passed adult literacy courses, a lowered rate of population increase—to show the translation of their Code into some real advances.

Why is it that Tunisia has succeeded in a substantial way, while its Mahgreb neighbors have not? One obvious explanation lies in the strength of the women's movement, l'Union Nationale des Femmes de Tunisie, under the sensible guidance of Madame Radhia Haddad ever since its creation in 1956.

Some feminist leaders tend to give another explanation as well, which reflects more on the attributes of their menfolk. One of them said: "Unlike the Algerians and Moroccans, Tunisian men are meek." And a third explanation is the personal crusade for women's rights waged by the President himself, through speeches in small towns and television appearances and—perhaps most important—tours through *le bled*, the desert or bushcountry where the bedouin women have the furthest to go towards equality. One British diplomat summed it up for me with some awe: "The men have it coming to them from all ways."

But a large amount of credit needs to be given to the sophisticated approach of the UNFT leaders. Despite the diplomat's comment, they are not bombarding Tunisian men with complaints and demands; there would long ago have been a reaction by men, if they had. As Mme. Fatma Haddad, the UNFT's principal secretary when she is not busy as a university professor, explains it: "We are a National Union. We are not fighting against men. We know we need to seduce them, and make them our collaborators." And, in words that might appeal to Miss LaMarsh as author of some Cabinet reminiscences in *Memoirs of a Bird in a Gilded Cage*, a government booklet defines the changes this way:

The emancipation of the Tunisian woman is not an end in itself. It is not just the flight of the bird from her cage. It is not a simple act of justice towards an oppressed being. The emancipation of the Tunisian woman is the reintegration of half the population in the active life of the nation, the creation of a free Tunisia by the harmonious reunion of all its members.

Behind this rapturous prose is a record of solid work by the UNFT, through thirteen different commissions working on all subjects from day nurseries through educational broadcasting to foreign affairs and trade. It has not been a narrow frontal attack on male privilege; put somewhat negatively, it has been a process of infiltration into many spheres where men were in sole charge or (in the positive language of Bourguiba) a process of "reintegration." It's in the broadest sense that "men have it coming at them from all ways."

Understandably, Bourguiba does not enjoy having his campaigns compared with the actions of Kemal Ataturk in Turkey thirty years earlier. No reformist President would like to be thought a copyist. And Bourguiba has not been one. While Ataturk flatly abolished the veil, Bourguiba has relied on persuasion and has enlisted women to do the major job of discouraging it — a job spiritedly undertaken, for one booklet describes the veil as “symbol of condemnation . . . this odious chiffon. . . .” Ataturk had his peremptory manner of organizing social change. At one Ankara celebration for the founding of the republic, he decided to break the pattern of men and women clustered separately, so he barked at his officers: “I now give you an order. Disperse throughout the ballroom. Quick march! Dance!” He also seems to have had his moments of hypocrisy: a few months before his Civil Code made illegal both polygamy and the practice of repudiation, he repudiated his own wife, Latife.

Bourguiba's commitment to emancipation has been longer founded and more thought out. In a remarkable speech at his birthplace of Monastir in 1965, he explained how his convictions went back more than thirty-five years to the time when he was a young adolescent:

The Benjamin of a large family, I spent the best part of my time at home, that is to say in the company of women. I was advised, by the way, not to do so lest I should be marked by feminine manners. What that means, I must admit, I have never understood. . . . I had in my own family an insight into women's unjust and lamentable lot, despite their real gifts. . . . All I have done for women since I have been in power, I have done in fidelity to the memory of my mother whom I lost too early in life. . . .

As a lawyer who knew his magistrates, Bourguiba went warily about the implementation of his 1956 reforms.

I knew the task was a delicate one. . . . Our policy was going to meet with opposition from women themselves. We were going to find ourselves faced with a situation analogous to that arising when slaves long accustomed to servitude are freed and, in their newly acquired freedom, feel lost. Apart from the

resistance of women, we had to anticipate that of the magistrates charged with applying the new legislation and the provisions of which they accepted with difficulty. We left them six months to familiarize themselves with the new legislation. . . .

Looking back, in his speech at Monastir, at the results of nine years he tempered his congratulations about progress made with some frank comments about barbarous customs still prevailing in the smaller towns and villages. He told the story of a primary schoolteacher in Jerba who had been due to marry a civil servant in three months' time.

In accordance with local custom, the bride-to-be was shut up underground, smeared with clay to give her a fairer complexion and stuffed with spaghetti and the like. This sequestration was no laughing matter. The young teacher was freed only by police intervention. She was in a pitiful state. The fiancé had protested in vain. The father did not see the matter in the same light. I instructed the Public Prosecutor to examine the case and prosecute this inhumane father, who was content simply to say in self-defence that such was the custom.

He also referred to the custom still existing in Monastir and several villages of "requiring the blood token of the bride's virginity. Her parents wait for it with anguish on the nuptial night. If it is presented, the festivities continue with joy; if not, they end in confusion or even in a brawl and always in shame for the bride and her whole family." And he told of such a brawl that year in Le Kef. "Dr. Hannablia was called in. He took it upon himself to assert that the doubt was groundless. Everyone then kissed and the feast was resumed with joy. It is incredible that this happened in our republic this very year, nine years after independence."

Over the years his crusading has kept, and even increased, its personal flavor. Much of it is done by television talks that herald some new stage of emancipation, such as mixed school classes. And he often intervenes in individual cases: in one case at the end of 1968, a maid who had thrown her illegitimate baby into the sea was jailed for two months. When Bourguiba heard that the father, who had been her employer, wanted to marry the girl, he quashed the sentence and presented the pair with two hundred dinars (four hundred dollars).

His paternalism has begun to irritate some Tunisians, who feel that life in the cities at least has reached the point of modernity where people hardly need to look to him as their personal, and rather feudal, guardian. In two recent speeches, he lectured a seminar about rural women on the theme, *Avec des droits, la femme a aussi des obligations*; while he summoned a group of magistrates to his Carthage palace to examine the ways the social revolution risked provoking a relaxation of morals. He ended by instructing them to interpret the law more broadly in a campaign of puritanism, and (as he entitled his speech) "*Combattre le Libertinage*."

Certainly he sounds oldfashioned to the self-assured young girls in high boots and *minijupes* who gather around the Café de Paris on Tunis's Avenue Habib Bourguiba. But Tunisia is still a country of glaring contrasts. A Sunday's ambling drive out of the capital can give you a glimpse of the uneven development, the bumpiness of change. A sprightly Fiat zips over the hilltop, a Tunisian woman driving her husband in a fez; it rushes past a farm woman with a pitcher strapped on her back, its pointed-end shape unchanged since Roman times. Climbing over the ridge from ThébourSouk to Thibar, you can see round huts with thatched roofs perched as precariously as birds' nests, and over the top of them stalk the pylon legs of a transmission line. In the evening, descending into Oued Zarga are peasant women stumbling as they crouch under great loads of firewood, a world apart from the girls in *minijupes*. And on the Avenue Habib Bourguiba itself, pneumatic drills are still enough of a novelty to draw a crowd.

As well as making allowance for the range in attitudes that lie behind these contrasts, Bourguiba seems to have anticipated the wave of male reaction that has swelled elsewhere in Africa against full emancipation of women; and, by making these puritanical speeches, he has cut away from men some of the grounds for portraying reactionary attitudes as respectable. In eastern Africa women played as important a role in the pre-independence nationalist movements as Tunisian women did: Dr. Banda has lavished praise on his "Amazons" in Malawi, while the Kikuyu women who kept the forest fighters supplied in Kenya are part of modern legend. But in that region since independence women have not been given the range of oppor-

tunities now open in Tunisia; the wave of puritanism—strict control on Ugandan nightclubs, Green Guards measuring hemlines in Tanzania, outbursts against straightened hair and miniskirts and skinlighteners in Malawi—has some origins in the men wanting to guard jealously their dominant social position. There are other reasons, no doubt; attempts to claim moral superiority over the West, and an extension of “Black is Beautiful” *négritude*. But Professor Ali Mazrui, writing of his native Kenya, accepts there is this other reason:

The rebellion against the miniskirt is in part a rebellion against revolutionary feminism. It is a fear of fashion as a symptom of instability, as a harbinger of rapid change.

In Tunisia some rapid changes are there to see in figures of school and university enrolment. At the time of independence, there were only ninety thousand girls in primary or secondary school, and 386 at the university. By 1967-68 the figures had swollen to 328,000 and 1,717. Hundreds more are at foreign universities. In the meantime, two of Bourguiba's reforms had been aimed indirectly at encouraging girls to stay longer at school—or at their parents to let them stay. The minimum age at which a girl could obtain fulltime work was set at fourteen; and the minimum age she could marry was raised from fifteen to seventeen, while the marriage age for a boy was raised to twenty. Another motive behind this second law was to cut the population increase.

The jobs they hold have also increased dramatically. Outside agriculture and domestic service, the largest areas for women to find work are in the textile and clothing industries, in electro-mechanical plants and the food industry. The number of professional women, outside the spheres of teaching, commerce and administration, has not been increasing at the same speed. In 1969 there was a single woman magistrate, doing juvenile court work, and a single obstetrician. The Canadian medical mission working at a children's hospital in Tunis has run into a familiar problem in the Arab world, the fact that nursing has been considered an improper job for women. Attitudes are certainly moving away from the idea that only prostitutes would touch a male body; but there is still a shortage of nurses,

while in 1967 Tunisia with a population approaching five million people could only boast 168 midwives.

There are plans well under way to change much of this. In 1964 a National School of Social Service was launched with the aim of giving three-year courses for a yearly intake of thirty girls, mixing medical instruction with social work training. Years before that, many women had been employed as *animatrices*, visiting homes in the countryside or the poorer suburbs to demonstrate basic lessons of hygiene or cultivation. In the government statistics carefully collected, they are shown as taking on all sorts of jobs: removing stagnant water, opening blocked windows, encouraging poultry keeping, teaching needle-work.

Perhaps the greatest drive is behind the adult literacy campaign. The halfhour program every evening on television had 10,600 women enrolled in 1968, and four-fifths of them passed the course. Within fifteen years the Institute of Adult Education believes 620,000 women over the age of thirty can be made literate; one problem will then be how to keep people literate, but there are cheap Arab-language newspapers that sell at the equivalent of two cents.

Curbing the drift from countryside to towns is a major pre-occupation of the Tunisian Government these days. With a heavy bill for food imports, the country needs as many bright young farmers as it can persuade to stay. So thirty centres for training cadres of *jeunes ruraux* have been set up around Tunisia; at them, boys of sixteen to eighteen are given year-long courses that range from French and mathematics and civics through modern agriculture, horticulture and animal husbandry. One centre I visited at Testour did not seem too alluring. It had been the farm of a French *colon* until he was packed off from his bougainvillea and his orange grove after the battle of Bizerta in 1964; but his courtyard of sheds had been meagrely refitted for the seventy students and, while the director talked optimistically about young men staying on the land, one of his instructors murmured of his hopes to return to Texas where he had just spent a year. Why would he leave a country, and a countryside, that needed so badly his knowledge and skills?

"Life is difficult here," he said. "Everyone wants a good house, and money."

No doubt, other young men feel the same way. To counter such attitudes positively, the government is doing at least two things. It is consolidating smallholdings and organizing the new groupings into cooperatives equipped with modern machinery. As the Governor of Cap Bon, Amor Chachia, explained the policy in January 1969: "Youth is repelled by the ancient methods of agriculture, and tends more and more to move away from agriculture. Give an ancestral plough to a young man, with oxen or a camel, and you will see him flee. But give him a tractor to drive, and a decent meal, and you will see him accept the system."

The second approach is the more gallic one of educating the country girls, so that there will be an extra attraction to hold the men down on the farms. A centre in each of the dozen governorates gives a half-year course for sixty girls, teaching them literacy and child care and light farming. In Tunisia it isn't the case, as Professor Dumont warned in his *False Start in Africa*, that "if your sister goes to school, you won't have anything to eat." For they agree with the fuller advice of his book, and have made most of the curricula appropriate rather than academic. As well, spread around Tunisia are another dozen *Maisons des Jeunes* which embody efforts to do something more than youth hostels achieve. Some have handsome swimming pools, or an auditorium, or provide tools and equipment for a host of hobbies and trades. These *Maisons* are used to shelter young persons travelling to broaden their horizons by visiting other parts of the country.

The expenses of all these ventures and social services have soared. About 40 per cent of the budget is going to education; and even a UNFT leader, referring to the 56 per cent of the budget that went on all forms of social services including schools, added: "This can't go on." The best argument in favor of this expenditure is that Tunisia is spending about eight times as much on education as it is on its armed forces: in 1967 the Defense Ministry received a vote of less than nine million dollars. The ratio is justified by the thesis of "defence in depth"—the thesis that Tunisians will learn by education

what is worth standing up for, and how (in a world of super-powers) to find moral rather than military means to defend such standards.

But the heavy expenditure on social services has brought one setback to Tunisia's overall planning. Involuntarily, President Bourguiba and his government have encouraged parents to continue to have large families, by providing much more for families than ever before. More than half the people are under twenty years old, and a population increase of thirty-two per thousand has cut heavily into the country's economic growth. Since he launched a campaign in 1964 to limit births, the figure has been cut to twenty-eight per thousand. But UNFT leaders, who have tried to mobilize their organization at the forefront of the campaign, admit results are so far disappointing. The old attitudes prevail widely: for men, virility has to be incarnated in the form of children every year or two; while, for a woman, to be pregnant is proof that she is still young and her husband is faithful after a fashion. In 1969 a large-scale educational drive for family planning was under way, using every means from full-page newspaper displays to mobile clinics in *le bled*.

Tunisia impresses all kinds of visitors. Like a country that might have been invented by air hostesses, its charm is mixed with a sense of direction. One American diplomat, comparing Tunisians favorably with the Moroccans, said: "They'll go places. They know what they want. . . ." A British Labour MP, while thinking their brand of socialism rather bourgeois, ended a week's tour wide-eyed at their achievements. But the country that has in its history both Dido as queen and the Lotus Eaters as some of the early islanders is still inclined towards endearing lapses into trusting romanticism. *Femme*, the UNFT magazine, can lapse with the rest of them. It prints economic articles as a staple diet and has quoted a woman artist called Dalila Biri as saying, "The painting is a field of battle where there are many deaths!" But in its beauty pages it can fall to recounting the Irish legend that "if a girl brushes her hair a long time in front of a mirror, she'll see her beloved's face. Yes, brush like an Irish girl!" And the women of Touza in the dry Sahel, who may never have known any beloved outside a mirror, gave Bourguiba an unforgettable

welcome: they flung bangles, bracelets, pearl necklaces, sequins and pieces of gold into a coffer in front of him, explaining they no longer needed this form of female insurance now that he had ended the practice of husbands repudiating their wives.

The men of Touza, however, had the last prosaic or socialistic word. As *Femme* tells the story, local officials decided to sell the coffer-full of ornaments and build with the proceeds a brick factory.

Canadian aid to the twenty francophone African states was late in starting. Before 1966, in fact, only one and a half million dollars in grants had been made to them—most of it to Cameroun and Rwanda. In contrast, more than seventeen million dollars had gone from Ottawa to the fewer (though more populous) Commonwealth states in Africa. There were obvious grounds for any French-speaking Canadian to complain of discrimination in the allocation of aid. The usual answer was that Canada had long-established links with the Commonwealth states, and knew better how it could help in them than elsewhere in Africa; but this explanation only reinforced the arguments of those who said the External Affairs Department was dominated by Anglo-Saxons, and warned that Canada had better start learning about the francophone world if relations between Quebec and Ottawa were not to be aggravated further. In 1965 this argument was officially accepted, and it was significant that one of the trips Pierre Trudeau took when he was Lester Pearson's parliamentary secretary was around parts of francophone Africa.

Tunisia was an obvious country where a vastly increased Canadian aid program might start; and by 1969 it was receiving the largest share of the twenty-three million dollars which the francophone African states were then getting. For Tunisia had shown it possessed political stability, and had built up an efficient administration. A government with a practical sense of purpose, and an administration capable of implementing policies, combined with a population that was being offered good schooling; and, no doubt, another attraction for Ottawa lay in the fact that relations between Tunis and Paris remained cool after the dispute over the Bizerta base, and there was

no covey of French officials lurking behind the scenes in Tunis as there still was in states like the Ivory Coast and Gabon. Long before the Chevrier Mission completed its two-month tour round francophone Africa early in 1968, and approved no less than forty-nine new development projects, Tunisia and Canada had made several important links.

The largest of these has been the medical mission of about fifty Canadian doctors, nurses and instructors at l'Hôpital d'Enfants in the Tunis suburb of Bab Saadoun. Standing on the bluff of hillside where this new hospital is built and looking back towards the city's centre, a visitor gets an overwhelming impression of the *blueness* of Tunis. The buses, the house-shutters, the window frames are all painted in the robin's-egg blue that has its natural home in the wide sky and broad bay beyond the harbor. (Everything else in Tunis seems blue, too: children's clothes, postage stamps, the President's eyes. It is as though the United Nations had inherited the country overnight, and adorned it in fresh peacekeeping colors.)

But the clean, gentle atmosphere of light-blue Tunis is an ironic background for most of the hospital's patients and their mothers. For they are brought from the *gourbis*, the slums around Tunis where little fresh air or sunlight penetrate the small rooms. The morning's procession of veiled women carrying their children through the palm trees to the hospital, a greyish towel hanging down over the children's heads, is a dismal sight. The children are often undernourished, for the mothers bring them late. Besides malnutrition, the scourges of the Tunis slums are tuberculosis and polio. The hospital staff, with annual funds from Ottawa of more than half a million dollars, are coping their best. The trouble is that, when a child is discharged, it returns to the same home conditions, and the chances of a home visitor following up the hospital work and improving the conditions are not good. It is a job the Canadian staff themselves cannot directly do. Jeanine Castonguay, a *monitrice* at the hospital, took me to a *centre-pilote* where a doctor with midwives and medical assistants ran a clinic for people of the *gourbis*. Each day the staff saw about 150 cases, giving vaccinations and consultations and help with family planning. The centre was able to reach one step closer to the roots of trouble than the hospital could; but

a network of such clinics, and of home visitors, is needed if such a hospital is to serve a full purpose.

The medical mission conforms to the CIDA approach, which was underlined at the time of the Chevrier mission, that Canada should concentrate its aid in these states on integrated projects where a team might work, rather than on individual placements. This was not a change of direction in Tunisia, for in 1967 there were thirteen Canadian university staff groups in Tunis, while the University of Butare in Rwanda had twenty-nine. But it was the beginnings of a new approach to other francophone countries where Canadian aid hitherto had been scanty and dispersed. The Chevrier Mission approved of projects in seven francophone states (the three Mahgreb states, plus Senegal, Ivory Coast, Niger and Cameroun) which will add forty million dollars to the aid bill over five years. The official calculation in Ottawa is that this means the full amount of aid to francophone Africa will therefore rise to one hundred million during the five years from 1968 to 1973, since the regular annual amount had reached the level of twelve million. But there is probably some double counting in this calculation; for a certain amount of the forty million dollars is apparently coming from unused funds that were offered in previous years.

The Chevrier Mission has been criticized for making hasty decisions to approve some projects that were inadequately explored. Certainly it was acting under domestic pressures to commit funds that would add up to a spectacular total, and would begin to balance the aid being offered to Commonwealth Africa. Only results will show whether help in bringing electricity to fifty villages outside Abidjan and in building a national library is the most effective aid Canada can offer the Ivory Coast; or whether assistance in developing tourist facilities in the Bay of Tangier is more useful than the two-year land survey of 2.8 million acres in Morocco by a Canadian team. In Cameroun and Tunisia, where Canadians have now had a few years of solid experience, the schemes seem sensibly founded: they include the building of a bridge that will open up a rich agricultural district of Cameroun and, in Tunisia, the providing of asbestos for water conduits and of fertilizer

to help the country become self-sufficient with the new strains of Mexican wheat.

It was also a politically cautious mission. Algeria is the only radical francophone state with which Canada has been developing links. Mali (those were the days of Modibo Keita) and Sekou Touré's Guinea were not visited. Nor was Congo-Kinshasa, where Canadian aid is still trifling although there has been an embassy there since soon after independence in 1960 and although it is potentially one of the richest countries in Africa. The reputation the Congo gained for chaos in the years before President Mobutu took power seems still to be inhibiting Canada from becoming more deeply involved there now.

Of the states with which Canada is forging links, Cameroun holds a special interest. For it is a country with French and English as official languages; but, in contrast with Canada, the anglophone group is the minority—in a ratio of about 1:4. The English-speaking section of the federation hived off from Nigeria after a referendum and few of them, surveying the civil war they have thereby escaped, can regret the move. The anglophone part seems at first glance quaintly English: it has its century-old town of Victoria, and its political leader John Foncha lists his pastimes in the country's yearbook as gardening and cricket. But biculturalism, if it exists to any extent, is not the deep problem which it is in Canada. There are problems in how to merge university education; there are extra costs in printing official texts in both languages; there are necessary political accommodations, such as appointing the Vice-President from the Western Region. But for the five million people of Cameroun who have so many other gaps to bridge—between tribes of very different origins, between religions, between the educated and the peasants—the languages of two colonial powers provide just one more problem. Perhaps for the Canadians working in that country—and there were sixty-two teachers in 1969—the cool attitude of the people towards the language issue can provide a new perspective.

There are other perspectives being gained by Canadians working in francophone Africa. Among the seven hundred teachers and experts that had been sent under External Aid/

CIDA auspices up to 1969, it is unlikely there were any Quebec separatists. But several have gone there with Service Universitaire Canadien Outre-mer (SUCO), the other (perhaps better, though certainly smaller) half of CUSO. SUCO personnel have often been the only Canadians serving in the more remote and landlocked African states, for which CIDA has found it hard to recruit. More than one SUCO separatist has returned to Quebec with a changed attitude towards France, having seen it operate in a setting where it was an imperial power.

But these are, at most, useful by-products of carrying out the main task, helping the development of the francophone states. For this purpose Canada has a particular place among the developed states, because it can provide hundreds of French-speaking experts and yet not be linked with past or present colonial policies. The aid program to these states is still too young and too small to have large judgments made upon it, even though Maurice Strong proudly calls it Canada's fastest growing program. Each of these twenty francophone states has its own combination of political strains and economic problems, its own set of obstacles to smooth development. But the experience Canada has had with Tunisia, as a first venture, is encouraging.

Turkey

Canadians on the world scene—George Hutton reports back to Brandon—Turkey's bright future—the vicious circle in forestry—World Food Program bargain succeeds—WFP around the world—is the Mediterranean too favored?—school feeding dispute—Brandon's seed drills and Howard Wood's trip—Tom Mboya and wheat surpluses—Canada and the Food Aid Convention

Turkey

Canada has provided curiously few people as top international administrators. As a country which has been a sturdy supporter of the United Nations in all sorts of weather, and whose diplomats have spent many dogged hours in New York and Geneva discussing the knottier policy questions of disarmament and peacekeeping and development, it seems content to leave the implementation to people of other countries. Perhaps this is an example of true internationalism—or else of something less praiseworthy. General Burns, the first commander of the UN Emergency Force in the Sinai; Adelaide Sinclair of UNICEF; Arnold Smith, the Commonwealth Secretary-General; Escott Reid, when he was a regional director for the World Bank; are there many other names to add to this short list? There is at least one: George Hutton, Manitoba's Minister of Agriculture for seven years, who since 1966 has run the UN's World Food Program—and later also its Food and Agricultural Organization operations—in Turkey.

There must have been many Manitobans who wondered how this burly and energetic farmer-legislator would cope with the frustrations and the delays and the protocol that too often surround UN operations. Nobody doubted that his heart would be in the job, or that he would apply to major problems in Turkey the same vigor with which in Manitoba he had built up programs of crop insurance and flood control engineering and ARDA attacks on rural poverty. But might he

not turn out to be a little bit too direct? Hadn't he, in 1960 during his first year as Minister, offered to lead wheat farmers in a march on Ottawa? Mightn't the man who had been widely tipped as the next premier, if Duff Roblin moved on, start to show impatience with foreign governments if they hesitated or fumbled?

As it turned out, no one need have worried. He has concentrated entirely on the positive side of his job. (Which is well in character; for, when discussing that 1960 march, he had said he'd only lead it if the farmers pressed constructively for Ottawa to help start a world food program, then only a planner's dream.) When after a year in Turkey he flew back to be a main speaker at Brandon's Centennial World Weekend, he admitted the job had its frustrations, but swiftly added that it was "stimulating [because] the Turks are really having a good try at solving their problems."

To Frances Russell, then reporting for the *Winnipeg Tribune*, George Hutton was "a man fulfilled." He had, she wrote, never looked back since leaving politics. And she quoted what he told her during an interview at Brandon: "Don't admire me. I'm just selfish. I'm not giving up anything. I'm just doing what I've always wanted to do."

This wasn't quite the whole truth. He had given up the pleasures of his eight hundred acre farm outside Winnipeg. And, even if there was particular satisfaction in organizing so promptly the emergency food aid that saved many of the earthquake victims in eastern Turkey in 1966, learning the difficult Turkish language at the age of forty-five is hardly what he had "always wanted to do." Nevertheless, of all the developmental jobs offered by the UN, running its agricultural and WFP projects in Turkey may be among the most exciting and satisfying. For Turkey, in the view of many experts, is on the verge of large strides forward. And the World Food Program there, besides being probably the most varied as well as the biggest in the world, is playing a key part in many of Turkey's developments.

George Hutton, at any rate, was able to convey his enthusiasm so well to Manitoban audiences during his Centennial trip home that Brandon decided to put the proceeds of its Miles for Millions march that year towards helping the expansion

of wheat-growing in Turkey. The "Wheat City" organized its "wheat walk," which some insisted on calling a "Turkey trot," and raised twenty-three thousand dollars. And, in time for the spring seeding in 1969, eleven deep-furrow hoe drills, supplied by Massey-Ferguson, were in action on the state farms of the Antalya plateau. Several months before, two young Manitobans—Howard Wood and Pat McManus—had flown out to Ankara for the formal handing over of these special drills, and had been given a two-week trip around Turkey. It was an eye-opening experience for Howard Wood, who was by then working for CKX Radio. The trip, he told me later, brought home to him for the first time the real problems of poverty and development. But how do you get across to people at home what you have seen and felt? Howard said: "It's so difficult to get people from twenty-five upwards interested. You can tell them of ten thousand people dying every day from starvation around the world. In five minutes they forget about it. Very few lose any sleep on it. I didn't lose any either, until I went to Turkey."

It is harder to find, he seemed to be saying, a deep drill that can cut through the mental crust of the rich nations and implant some of the realities of today's world than it is to provide a bit of mechanical help to Turkey's wheat farming. Yet there must be seeding in both places if the deepening problems are going to be tackled.

All the same, Turkey is a country to be relatively cheerful about.

Howard Wood remembered Turkish poverty in terms of the fruit and vegetable sellers who were out before dawn; but he also thought that within twenty-five years Turkey will have moved to a standard of living comparable with Canada's today. Others put their hopes in specific spheres. Chuck Lankester, a forester from British Columbia who is WFP liaison officer in Rome with the Food and Agricultural Organization, believes that by the end of the century Turkey will be more important than Scandinavia in the export of forest products. It is a statement of some faith, for in 1967 Turkey was spending twenty-one million dollars of foreign exchange

on such products since its imports far outvalued its exports. But Turkey, he pointed out, is perfectly placed between the forest-deficient countries of southern Europe and the Middle East. And a WFP mission on which he had joined George Hutton in September 1968 was impressed enough with a year's progress in building up a permanent forestry force in eight regions of Turkey that it recommended an expansion of the program, to cost fifteen million dollars and involve sixty thousand workers.

Project No. 346 is a good example to show how the World Food Program works. Canada, which in the 1966-68 period pledged 27.5 million dollars (the second largest contribution, after the U.S.) to the WFP, can take satisfaction from the result.

It is only recently, after a UNDP survey, that the size of Turkey's forest resources has been realized; there are probably twenty million acres of productive forest—which is a considerable asset for a people numbering thirty-five million. Along the Black Sea coast are fine forests of spruce and fir, while around the fringes of western and southern Turkey fronting the Mediterranean red pine is the major species. And Turkey has a long-established forestry service—in 1968 it had 1775 professional foresters (compared with five in Algeria, another Mediterranean country where the WFP is busy in forestry). The trouble is that (in the words of George Hutton's mission report) the resources had been “conservatively managed with prime attention being given to protective operations.” Another forester in Rome put it more vividly: “The old foresters were trained in the conservative German school. They sat behind great books as big as this desk, recording how many branches had grown on which tree. They looked on forests as places where the trees drew the rain down and provided cover, where the lichen grew and the deer browsed. But meanwhile the goats ravaged the forests. . . .”

The goats were certainly the problem. For the nine million Turkish people who lived in the (government-owned) forest areas, forestry could not provide a livelihood. In 1966 about 240,000 people had part-time employment averaging one hundred days' work; at a wage of a dollar-fifty a day, that did not bring much cash to the forest families. Only about 7250

men had permanent work in the forests that year. And living conditions were hard for villagers surviving, the year round, at an altitude of five thousand feet. Firewood is plentiful, but proper supplies of drinking water are scarce. Roads are inadequate, and villages can be cut off for weeks in wintertime. Cattle are stalled in the downstairs room of the houses, but they provide pitifully little milk. A goat costs practically nothing to keep, as they graze in the forest, and each goat can provide about seven dollars net income for a family each year. Yet the families' diet is badly deficient in protein: the people are short in height—and short-lived. The government's main "presence" in these areas is the forestry staff, but the relationship has been ambiguous: part of the time the staff act like colonial District Officers, providing work and some welfare; at other times there is a running battle between the two sides, with the government men using every means to keep the ubiquitous goats out of their forests.

Project No. 346 was planned to break this pattern of hostility and poverty. The Turkish Government, impressed by the success of other WFP-aided schemes, asked for food assistance worth eight million dollars to build up a labor force of twenty thousand forest workers. The WFP's Intergovernmental Committee of twenty-four nations approved instead a smaller scheme with only six thousand workers, because it wasn't sure the villagers would come forward on the government's conditions. For, if a villager wanted to become a permanent forest worker, he had to sign a contract saying he would work 200 days a year for three years; but, more demanding, he had to promise to give up his stock of goats and cows, and stop farming, and also not sell the food he would receive on top of his wages.

As it turned out, the villagers flooded the forestry staff with applications. The chance of earning a steady three hundred dollars or more a year, and of receiving in addition WFP rations (wheat, skim milk, butter oil and cheese) worth one hundred and fifty dollars a year, was too good to miss. So, by getting WFP permission to use up its food allocation in two rather than three years, the work force was increased to 9700 a few months after the experiment began. Then, when George Hutton's evaluation mission had seen a year's results, the

recommendation went to the IGC to expand the scheme to sixty thousand workers.

But are the new workers keeping their side of the bargain, and giving up their goats and farming? I remembered a similar situation ten years ago in the Kenya Highlands, where after a day-long baraza the happy-go-lucky Wanderobo tribesmen agreed with the white District Officer not only to keep their cattle out of the forests but to act as forest guards. The DO went away satisfied, and everyone left had a rollicking laugh: for half the Wanderobo had now become forest guards, handing their cattle over to the other half with freedom to graze their newly enlarged herds where they (and the "guards") wanted.

No doubt there is some of this handing-on process in Turkey's forests. But the herds of goats are being visibly reduced, and all the new forest operations are being fenced. It is enough of a success to be most encouraging. And it is clear that the offer of regular and good-quality rations, supplied by the WFP, tipped the scales for the villagers and persuaded them to accept these terms.

In several other parts of the world I have seen schemes in which the WFP rations have provided what the experts tend to call "subsistence capital" or a wages fund. Some have been sad failures, as in Tanzania where five village settlements on unoccupied land were started with unemployed men brought out from the towns: both the new Tanzanian leaders, the United Nations people and Oxfam were mistakenly optimistic, for the turnover of settlers was high and production was low, and by 1966 all but one of these assisted schemes were closed down. But in Ceylon the WFP is playing an important part in the government's drive to cut into the appallingly high unemployment rate among high school leavers and head towards agricultural self-reliance. The unemployment problem there is vast, starting with ten thousand university graduates out of work and spreading to a total of half a million unemployed.

One solution for Ceylon is in the settlement of some school-leavers on new land, and so far three thousand boys have been enlisted on forty-one such schemes, to clear the land for rice and other crops. Up in the hills of Kalutara district, I climbed along slopes cleared of jungle by one hundred young men who

had formed the Delmella settlement. They were slopes so steep that no machines could be brought in for clearing; yet three hundred acres were ready for planting tea and cinnamon. The boys can expect to earn four hundred rupees a month (73 dollars) from their two and a half acre small holdings, which is a big advance on lounging jobless around their parents' villages or being, say, a bus conductor at half that income.

To someone from Canada, these settlements accept strange ways of regimentation. The lands officer in charge of the Kalutara schemes, an utterly dedicated man called Newton Pereira, pointed out that women would soon be needed for plucking the tea—and he added with no hint of humor: "That's why I am insisting on the boys getting married shortly!" He was not a man of many doubts, and he certainly had none about the usefulness of the WFP supplies of sugar, rice and fish that came monthly. Without these rations, which cost one rupee per boy each day, several of the forty-one schemes would have had to close down in their early days, he said. This seemed justification enough for the three million dollars the WFP is spending in a four-year period on these schemes in Ceylon.

Several controversies have rumbled around the World Food Program since it was launched in 1963 under heavy pressure from Washington. For other rich countries were reluctant to share the costs of food aid shipments which the United States had mainly borne since 1954. Public Law 480 had been passed that year, and during the next decade American surplus crops were shipped overseas as PL 480 aid at an average rate of thirteen million tons a year. The food was sold at local rates, and the revenue became loans which the recipient might use for development. One of the many criticisms of the PL 480 programs has been that the loans were not used to stimulate agricultural development in the poor country, so much as to encourage industry and mining (which was no threat to American farmers seeking export markets). Only when American surpluses began declining did Washington begin to use PL 480 shipments as a lever to get agricultural self-help programs moving in the developing countries. The Canadian

record during those years was much cleaner: its food aid shipments (although worth only two hundred million dollars, compared with the fifteen billion dollars of the PL 480 programs) were grants which the recipient could use without strings.

The World Food Program has never quite reached the targets set every three years for pledges of food or cash or shipping services: one hundred million dollars for the first three years, two hundred and seventy-five million dollars for the second. Western Europe has been particularly unresponsive—in the 1966-68 period the Common Market "Six" contributed less than the Scandinavians and less than two-thirds of the Canadian pledge of 27.5 million dollars. Then again, contributions have often been based more on what a rich country wanted to get rid of, than on what a poor country needed. India was irked by another rule, that no single country could receive more than 10 per cent of the total WFP resources in any triennium.

But, after the criticisms have been voiced, the results of the first six years have been praiseworthy. More than three hundred projects in sixty-seven countries were helped with WFP aid. The WFP contribution, in cash terms worth nearly three hundred and fifty million dollars, has drawn the recipient governments to add funds for these projects which were often many times the WFP figure. And another sixty million dollars has gone as food aid in emergency operations—floods in Indonesia, drought in Botswana, earthquakes in Turkey.

There has been criticism that the Mediterranean region has received 40 percent of the WFP development aid, while Asia, Latin America and sub-Sahara Africa have only received about 20 percent each. The top men in Rome are sensitive to this criticism, but they point out that WFP aid's effectiveness depends on a country having a basic infrastructure, and the Mediterranean countries can mostly make that claim. Turkey, for example, has excellent port facilities which were built up under someone who is now a WFP official, F. M. Usten. And, as George Hutton points out, Turkey also has some four hundred cereal storage silos, which are well dispersed around the country, so that food aid can come from the closest silos and cut transportation costs. By contrast, silos hardly exist in

India; and there are less than a dozen ports in the developing countries of black Africa and Asia which can handle ships above twenty thousand tons. Again, there needs to be a reasonable administrative network: this can explain why the Tanzanian land scheme failed, and why the WFP's inter-governmental committee is prepared to put twenty-four million dollars into Tunisia's campaign to build up comprehensive co-operatives during the next five years.

In Turkey, the range of WFP-aided schemes is wide. One of the successful early schemes involved planting twelve thousand acres of northwestern Turkey with fastgrowing trees to meet home demands for wood and paper. (The spread of literacy and schooling has vastly increased the paper needs.) For that scheme seven hundred thousand dollars worth of WFP food was supplied to the planters. But workers constructing village roads and water supplies, employees in the steel and nitrogen industries, miners developing a coal basin stretching under the Black Sea, farmers in training camps, men working on erosion control and mineral exploration and malaria eradication, have all been partially fed through WFP funds. And in nearly every case, the Turkish Government's contribution to the project is many times the amount provided by the WFP.

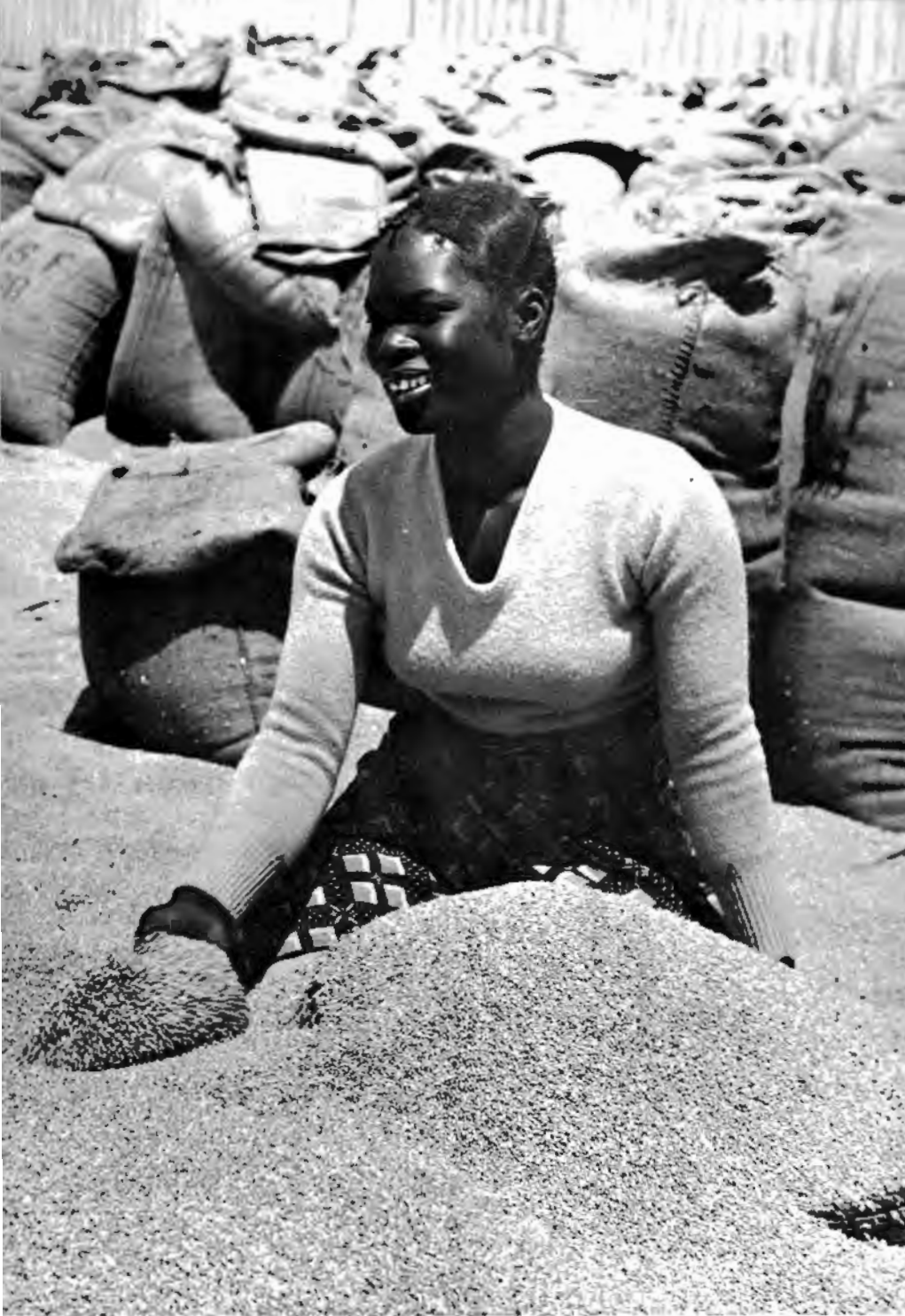
About the one area of WFP assistance which Turkey has not tapped is in school feeding programs. Opinion seems sharply divided in Rome about this form of WFP aid which takes up more than one-fifth of the total. One group strongly favors increasing this proportion, arguing that this is the best means of building a healthy young nation, and in the process improving school enrolment. Statistics are quoted from Brazil and Morocco and Botswana, claims made that eating habits are changed for the better as children get used to meat and fish and eggs instead of starchy foods. The other group argues that school feeding commitments become open-ended—individual children graduate, but the school and its needs remain—although WFP projects are supposed only to last for a maximum of five years. The economic effect of school feeding, they add, takes many years to show itself. And they suggest this trend towards more school feeding schemes has some roots in laziness—it is usually much easier to plan and administer them

than the agricultural or industrial projects. No doubt a balance will be struck, for both groups are right in their own way. In Botswana, where most of its seven hundred thousand people live precariously by cattle-raising in land prone to drought, decent food for the young is a prime investment (and WFP aid has been feeding 90 per cent of the schoolchildren). But in countries like Turkey the investment is more sophisticated, and should yield quicker results.

George Hutton's responsibilities in Turkey have been broader than administering the annual fifteen million dollars worth of WFP aid there. His FAO links have led him into trying to help improve agriculture in the dry farming areas, which cover 60 per cent of Turkey's arable land. And this was where Brandon's help came in.

The deep-furrow seed drills they bought from Massey-Ferguson with the "wheat walk" money are of a kind used normally only in Montana and Australia. But there is so little rain on the Antalyan Plateau that the seed has to be drilled about nine inches down to be sure of staying near moist soil. Hutton estimates that two-thirds of the seed planted by the normal shallow methods is wasted. The success of the high-yield Mexican wheat, which was planted on about 10 per cent of the acreage in 1967, had (he says) an important psychological effect. It jerked Turkish farmers into a receptiveness of new ideas about technology in general. It opened the way to new planting methods.

When Howard Wood and Pat McManus flew out to present the eleven seed drills formally to the director of the Turkish wheat program, Gozlu Atalay, they found one of those hitches that still occur in communication over the odd few thousand miles, even in the age of Apollo and Telstar. Clearance papers which should have gone to Turkey had instead been sent to Brandon, and the customs men in Istanbul firmly refused to release the machines. So all Howard was able to hand over was a piece of paper; the bronze plaque "from the youth of Brandon, Canada" was left for fitting onto one drill later; and, when the machines were let out of quarantine a few weeks later, it was just too late to use them for the winter seeding.



Tanzania Government Information Services

A vision of plenty: the wheat harvest at Milundikwa state farm, Tanzania



Canadian International Development Agency

Passing skills on: Rory Anthony Chang, a student from Jamaica, learning mechanical engineering at Carleton University, Ottawa

It was a gentle object-lesson in the logistical problems of aid-giving.

But the trip was still obviously worthwhile. The large state farms were, to Howard, "really well organized." The variety and size of the crops were impressive: wheat on the plateau, cotton farms on the land dropping down towards the Mediterranean, the great orchards of oranges and peaches and apples. The Turkish guides pulled out all the stops, and showed him huge cabbages and corn growing ten feet high.

The Turkish wheat program is the key to other developments in the country's future. George Hutton put it concisely to me, when we talked at FAO headquarters. The changes brought about by new seeds (in 1969 they were sowing one-third of the wheat land with the new varieties) would be basic, he said. Turkey's food import bill was soaring and must be cut; and, secondly, animal feed had to be readily available if the country's livestock was to be improved. A successful wheat program was, he said, "the prerequisite of all other agricultural advance."

His words recalled for me the remarkable speech which Tom Mboya, then Kenya's Minister for Economic Planning, made in Toronto to the Young World Food and Development conference, sponsored by FAO and Massey-Ferguson in September 1967. He estimated that by 1975 the developing countries might easily need to be importing food worth eleven billion dollars, maybe even fifteen billion. (To Mboya, this projected deficit was "only the more shocking" since, only thirty years ago, Africa, Asia and Latin America had together been exporting eleven million tons of grains to other countries, mostly to western Europe.) To close this gap, said Mboya, every effort had to be made to increase food aid programs and, at the same time food production in developing countries. Then he added:

But we have something of an enigma here. How can we satisfy the social need for food without at the same time *discouraging* the rapid expansion of agricultural production and rural incomes in the developing countries? . . . If people cannot afford to buy food and, for humanitarian reasons, food is given to them at prices below the cost of production, is it really such a simple matter to stimulate the production of the food that is

so urgently required? Moreover, if the richer countries are more efficient in producing food, or can afford to subsidize its production at home, is it a simple matter to expand food output in the poorer countries? Finally, without storage and transport facilities, organized domestic markets and access to foreign markets, is it even a sensible proposition to encourage surplus production in the developing countries?

Tom Mboya went on to plead for a purchase program run under UN auspices, by which as many developing countries as possible could be encouraged to grow surplus crops for the other poor countries. The UN agency would have to make advance commitments to buy these surpluses at guaranteed incentive prices. And he called for much more international aid to agriculture (which, he estimated, had received in recent years only six per cent of the financial aid and fifteen per cent of the technical assistance), and much more emphasis on storage and transport and marketing problems.

His words went close to home; for Kenya is becoming a wheat exporter. Turkey can also before long be facing the problem of surplus crops. And countries like Jamaica are finding the superior technology of South Africa a deciding factor in sugar exports even to the Canadian market, on which Caribbean sugar has traditional claims.

Since he spoke, there have been some moves in the direction he pointed. The Food Aid Convention, a three-year experiment that began in mid-1968, has the aim of providing 4.5 million metric tons of food grains for the needy countries either as gifts or on soft loans. The Convention was linked with the Kennedy Round of tariff negotiations, and the major grain exporters were more successful in drawing the other rich countries into this form of food aid than they have been over the WFP. The total wasn't as large as Canada and the U.S. would have liked, but Britain and western Europe and Japan have accepted a large share of the commitment. Canada's own quota is 11 per cent, or 495,000 metric tons, which may cost the country about 35 million dollars a year to provide. It is a substantial sum, on top of the 21.6 million dollars which Canada has pledged the WFP for 1969 and 1970. In turn, Canadian farmers had hoped for some direct

benefits, with European countries buying extra wheat from here in order to fulfill their Convention quotas. The system seems to be working out another way, and Argentina as the only developing country with a considerable surplus is getting the first benefit of extra sales. This is the way Tom Mboya hoped changes would come. But indirectly the Food Aid Convention helps Canada, by clearing some surplus from less rich countries and thus steadying the general market.

As for a greater concentration of international aid on agriculture, Robert McNamara, in his first speech to the Governors of the World Bank Group in September 1968, promised that this would be "the sector of greatest expansion." Over the next five years he planned, he said, to quadruple the volume of loans to agriculture. The Bank and IDA loans to agriculture have already quadrupled during the ten years up to 1967-68, but the total in that year only amounted to 136 million dollars.

Canadians, with a glut of wheat for several years now on their hands, can find it difficult to accept the Mboya thesis and encourage more countries to go into surplus. But, until they do, the developing countries will as a group never come close to meeting their social needs of food for health. George Hutton, as one outstanding Western farmer, has accepted this argument fully.

East Africa

A problem of favorites—Tanzania's first Plan—Arusha Declaration—John Millinga as folk-hero—how many ujamaa villages?—Kenyatta's taunt—revolution by "the scruff of the neck"—land consolidation tops resettlement—the different outcome of two mutinies—Chou En-lai's visits—the Chinese textile mill—Canada and the railway—Chinese and Americans at large—campus crises—the importance of parliament—Canada avoids a major policy decision—a little aid, well done—CUSO's radical corner—Canada's military mission—Starehe and a forest leader—"Last hunt at Molo"

East Africa

Kaggia, you are advocating free things, but we were together with Paul Ngei in jail. If you go to Ngei's home, he has planted a lot of coffee and other crops. What have you done for yourself? If you go to Kuba's home, he has a big house and has a nice shamba. Kaggia, what have you done for yourself? We were together with Kungu Karumba in jail, now he is running his own buses. What have you done for yourself?

President Jomo Kenyatta, at a political rally in Kikuyuland, April 1965

All citizens together possess all the natural resources of the country in trust for their descendants.

from the Arusha Declaration of President Julius Nyerere, February 1967

Kenya and Tanzania are like estranged brothers. They have grown up together and, as a consequence, believe they know nearly everything about each other; yet misunderstandings are frequent. They have chosen different paths in life, and they find it important for their self-esteem to demean the other's choice (usually in asides, rather than publicly). One has always been the more favored, and in the centre of things; sometimes this makes him defensive, sometimes pushy. They come together occasionally, for they have adapted rather than broken the links they inherited. Perhaps underneath everything they are

not very different. Certainly it is far from clear yet which will be the more successful.

Canada has a problem, as a result. Which one should it favor? Or should it, at all costs, treat both of them evenly?

How, anyway, should "success" be measured? For years after 1961 when Tanganyika became independent, for years after 1964 when it joined with Zanzibar to form Tanzania, its leaders accepted a materialist index of success. They faced enormous discouragements. Only ten per cent of the land is well-watered, and two-thirds of Tanzania's twelve million people live in that part. The vast centre of the country is almost empty (less than twenty people to the square mile), and communications have been bad between the populous areas—the south, the coast around Dar-es-Salaam and Tanga, the coffee lands beneath Kilimanjaro and the cotton districts near Lake Victoria. In 1962 there were only fourteen thousand children enrolled in secondary schools.

The blessings it enjoyed were negative ones: only the most minor tribal animosities, only a few white settlers (because, after the Germans had been thrown out, its position as a ward of the League of Nations and United Nations discouraged a flood of outsiders), and an equality in poverty.

Nevertheless, Tanzania's planners talked boldly about the "transformation" approach to its agriculture. This implied a lot of capital investment, mechanization and (facing the fact that eleven million of the population still live in scattered homesteads) a good deal of drawing people into closer communities. And the first objective of the Five-Year Plan, launched in July 1964, was "by 1980 to raise our per capita income from the present 19.6 to 45 pounds." But within two years the Plan was all but abandoned. There were many reasons for its failure; some predictable, for it relied on raising overseas in foreign aid no less than 80 per cent of the capital development funds; some less predictable, like the 1965 drought and the sharp drop in the price of sisal, the fibre plant which in the best years had provided more than one-third of the country's foreign exchange earnings. And there was a lengthy series of experiments in transforming agriculture, mostly in the form of supervised settlements, on which in some cases more money than thought was spent. Few of them have

survived, let alone prospered. Yet domestic agriculture, in its traditional mould and making use of cooperatives (some efficient, others less so), did show some worthwhile advances.

It was against this fairly daunting background (so briefly sketched here) that Julius Nyerere made his Arusha Declaration in 1967. Its arguments have been exhaustively analyzed as far afield as Jamaica, in the *New World* quarterly. The reason for its wide fame and reception lies, I think, in Nyerere's timing: with his emphasis on self-reliance and on the development of people, he has suited the mood of leaders and intellectuals in three continents who by similar stages have concluded that the solution to the problems of poverty can only lie in their own hands. At the same time, the Arusha Declaration has strong appeal for the poorest people in those countries, for it lays down stern rules against the self-aggrandizement of leaders and argues that often the country folk are being exploited by the cities, that the money raised by agricultural exports is spent on roads and schools and hospitals and water-supplies for townspeople.

. . . From now on we shall know what is the foundation and what is the fruit of development. Between *money* and *people* it is obvious that the people and their *hard work* are the foundation of development, and money is one of the fruits of that hard work. From now on we shall stand upright and walk forward on our feet rather than look at this problem upside down. Industries will come and money will come, but their foundation is *the people* and their *hard work*, especially in agriculture. This is the meaning of self-reliance.

What filled the headlines, soon after the Arusha Declaration, was the nationalization of the commercial banks, a few large companies and some import-export firms. But Nyerere's main concern was with agriculture, and his hope was to set an equitable pattern of rural development. Years before, he had prevented the concept of freehold farmland spreading. And, by encouraging an Israeli-organized network of consumer cooperatives from the time of independence, he had hoped to avoid the growth of a shopkeeper class through the countryside. But this network was no more successful than many of the supervised settlement schemes. And the most spectacular

of those schemes, the Village Settlement Agency, could be criticized for favoring a minority by providing these new villages with many social services while most of the peasants received no benefit. It had been planned to set up seventy such villages, at the high cost for Tanzania of twelve million pounds, and they would have given a better life for only half a million of the eleven million rural population. In any event, very few of these villages took strong root—so much had been imposed from above.

After Arusha, therefore, President Nyerere looked rather to local initiatives and grass-root schemes. The new pattern that offered some hope was a spreading of the ideas evolved in a few *ujamaa* villages. Such communally-minded villages will, it is hoped, make possible the process of agricultural innovation—but without stimulating and reinforcing acquisitive individualism, which would mean creating a rural class system.

There needed to be a successful example, even in a gentle manner a folk-hero, to personalize the ideas set out at Arusha. John Millinga fitted that part. For he and fourteen other Youth League members had, as long ago as 1960, responded to a radio broadcast on development by Nyerere and trekked out twenty-six miles from Songea (itself a remote town in the far south) to clear the bush and found a settlement at Litowa. It was inhospitable, lion country. The settlement was abandoned once, but reestablished the next year. Millinga went off to trade union work at the coast, came back to reorganize the settlement, left later for a year at Kivukoni adult education college and finally became an MP. But he kept his links with Litowa, and turned over much of his parliamentary salary to the village. The village will never become a boom-town; that is not the point. In mid-1968 it had nineteen households and one hundred and twenty-one inhabitants. But Griff Cunningham, a Canadian from St. Catharines who was principal of Kivukoni, wrote after a visit in 1966 about the "atmosphere of bustle and pride in success visible at Litowa . . . the tractors, piped water, an automobile, a dispensary, a self-help school and children with their own home-made uniforms, large fields of tobacco and tobacco barns." Litowa spread its influence, after the Ruvuma Development Association was formed, and there are now fifteen settlements grouped in the RDA. In a

later critique on the country's whole experience with settlements, Cunningham and a university lecturer Lionel Cliffe praise the RDA:

After some hard times in the first years there are now some economic returns, but the benefits of the schemes are not to be measured in terms of high cash incomes, but in an overall improvement in the style of life.

Ruvuma has, at any rate, become the Mecca of the new faith expressed in *ujamaa* villages. It is based on cooperative ideas, which later merged into communalism (they cultivate seventy acres jointly, while only another twelve acres are individually owned; the single shotgun is village property, as are two radios; but bicycles are private property). And this is a modern translation of *ujamaa*, or the "extended family," which Nyerere has said should be the basis in Tanzania of African socialism. But how to spread out the faith from Ruvuma? The political leaders exhort the people throughout Tanzania to set up *ujamaa* villages and the people, anxious to oblige, call themselves such. In February 1969 I was told by an information official no less than 172 such villages had been successfully established. I drove to a group of three of them, at Kerege near Bagamoyo, but found very little was shared among the 260 families: the profit from some hens and the cows was allocated on a piecework basis. Some twelve people had been ostracized, after warnings, for being lazy. But the group was a survival from an earlier "supervised settlement" scheme, and the primary school and dispensary had been provided and was maintained by government; the four hundred acres of coconuts, the three hundred acres of cashew nuts had been planted with the help of National Servicemen, and each local resident kept a sharp eye on his individual trees. The manager came from far away in Chaggaland: he had ideas of fermenting the cashew apples to make whiskey, and in his office there was a village map that marked the "future industrial site." I asked two members of the cooperative if they thought of it as an *ujamaa* village: they both said they did, but one of them immediately added that he didn't think the people would like to have a common farm. The other, who was the cooperative's secretary, said there were big changes

ahead. Perhaps Kerege, and hundreds of other places, will indeed change and the Arusha Declaration be implemented fully in this respect.

Millinga, when we talked early in 1969 at TANU (Tanganyika African National Union) party headquarters, was not ready to leave these changes to chance conversions. He was making plans to run three-month courses at Ruvuma for thirty people at a time drawn from all over Tanzania, "to reorientate their minds and for practical work." He opposed the idea of drawing people out of the towns (some earlier schemes tried this, and foundered); and he hoped to recruit the middle-aged—which to him meant from twenty-five to forty—because younger people were attracted by the city lights and older ones were beyond the point of change. He spoke a good deal about ideology, but his account of Litowa's first months suggested that, if he was doctrinaire, it was on the basis of his personal experience. They had, that first year, cleared only three acres near the Luhira river before the rains came. They were short of food, and one man was sent back to Songea to collect some; he would be away a week, and his *shamba* (farm holding) would be neglected. When they agreed they would till any subsequent messenger's land for him, the food collector tended to stay away two weeks! Only after these simple tests of human nature did they arrive at the idea of a common farm. And the other villages who later joined the RDA resisted for some time the communalist ideas by then being preached by Litowa. By stages, as they saw the advantages, they began conforming to the Litowa pattern.

Cran Pratt, who was the first Principal of the University College in Dar-es-Salaam and is Chairman of the International Studies Program at Toronto, offered a finely reasoned basis for supporting the Arusha Declaration, writing in the *Round Table* in October 1968. The leadership rules (no directorships, shareholdings, second salaries or landlordism for TANU or government leaders) and the assurance of democratic participation in a one-party state had struck a deep chord with the mass of Tanzanians. And to preach self-reliance at a time of shortage in foreign aid was "to make a virtue of necessity, [and] neither unrealistic nor naively ideological." Professor Pratt summed up:

If . . . Tanzania is destined to be poor for a very long time, Nyerere's development strategy may contain within it the solution to a problem even more profound than the problem of development. It may help to teach a society how, though poor, it can live with dignity and in social harmony.

In Kenya, the prevailing attitude is a very different one. "Kaggia, what have you done for yourself?" Jomo Kenyatta's taunt struck its own chord with the individualistic, ingeniously acquisitive Kikuyu who were his audience. The fellow-prisoners he mentioned, who had stood trial with him at Kapenguria at the start of the Mau Mau Emergency, had certainly done well for themselves. I remember visiting Paul Ngei, the Kamba leader, when he had been released in 1961 but was still restricted to his home at Kangundo. We talked in his house, and then walked out to watch a score or more of Kamba women swinging their hoes in unison and terracing a hillside to plant coffee-trees for him. It was a homecoming gift for the tribal hero; he watched them with the eyes of a benevolent baron. Much later, in 1969, at Njoro—one of the loveliest parts of Kenya's former "White Highlands"—I walked round the farm where Fred Kubai has a quarter-share and a country cottage; it is run by a most efficient Asian farmer, and Fred Kubai is seen mainly at harvest-time. Karumba has his buses; Jomo Kenyatta, a yeoman farmer at heart even before his wartime years among the tomatoes and greenhouses of Sussex, has his own prospering farm in the green valleys of Gatundu.

The odd men out among the former "Kapenguria Six" are Achieng Oneko, a tense and youngish Luo, and Bildad Kaggia. I remember standing with Oneko, when he was still Information Minister, and looking down from a Ministry window on men sprawled out on the neat lawns towards Government Road. "Many of those men," Oneko said with a burst of bitter compassion, "have only grass to eat." And Bildad Kaggia, the tiny bearded rebel among the Kikuyu, had spent no time amassing buses or acres. He had fought (and beaten) Kenyatta's man to gain a political power base in Kikuyuland; he had organized the backbenchers of the Kenya African National Union to sign in May 1964 with their Tanzanian counterparts

a resolution declaring that an East African Federation "can no longer be delayed"; a resolution Kenyatta called "premature and illtimed." He had launched the Lumumba Institute with three-month courses for party workers. He had lectured on African Socialism to the university students, citing Nkrumah and the Algerians and arguing that the people should define socialist objectives, and not leave it to the "capitalist experts" in Tom Mboya's Ministry of Economic Planning. And he had, when he for a time went into formal opposition to KANU (Kenya African National Union) been jailed for a year in April 1968 on a charge of holding an illegal meeting, among the Luo of South Nyanza. That was about all he could say in reply to Mzee Kenyatta's question: "Kaggia, what have you done for yourself?"

Kaggia has been talking the language of Tanzania in a neighboring country where there are today some significant differences. Because both of its geographical position and the half-century of white settlement and investment, Kenya has been the centre of modern development in East Africa. When he was prime minister of Southern Rhodesia, Garfield Todd used to produce an inelegant phrase: "We are taking the African people by the scruff of the neck and saying 'Come with us into the twentieth century'. But they they will be glad they came!" Kenyans are the most modernizing people in the whole of independent Black Africa, and this is partly because they were at certain times "taken by the scruff of the neck." For many thousands of Kikuyu the disruption and removal of families during the Emergency brought a complete break with the past. And some good came of it. A prime example is the consolidation of fragmented land holdings in the three Kikuyu districts. The waste that occurred because of fragmentation was tremendous: owners walked miles to cultivate small segments; little planning was possible. Yet to disturb this inherited pattern in normal times was politically difficult, even dangerous—as Todd discovered in the Rhodesian context when he tried to push through implementation of his Land Husbandry Act. In Kenya, under the Emergency Powers which the British governors assumed to defeat the fifteen thousand forest fighters and the rebellion in Kikuyuland, the provincial authorities were able to speed a vast program of registering claims

to a certain acreage and redrawing boundaries to give each farmer a single consolidated unit together with a legal title (helpful for loans) and a custom-made farm plan. Other tribes came to see the benefits of this reform, and asked for it voluntarily—particularly the Baluhya group in the west and later the Luo.

This land consolidation has had a far greater effect on Kenya's agriculture than the much more publicized resettlement of African farmers in the former "White Highlands." The statistics of gross farm revenue show this clearly. The revenue from what are now called the "small farm areas" has risen from 9.4 million pounds in 1960 (when consolidation was starting to take effect) to 34 million in 1968. Coffee, pyrethrum, dairy products and cattle for slaughter are the big new money-spinners. On the big farms the revenue has dipped very slightly, from 37.7 million to 36 million pounds: a main reason for this has been that the pyrethrum lands on the Kinangop Plateau have passed from white farmers into the hands of Kikuyu smallholders.

The net result, so far, of the five years spent resettling African farmers on about one million acres of the Highlands is—in money terms—not impressive. The operation has cost what is in an African country the enormous sum of 23 million pounds of which Britain provided in grants and loans more than 19 million. About half the money has gone straight out of Kenya again in the pockets of departing white farmers who received it as payment for their acres (they got very little for their handsome, but not often useful, houses). What the expenditure assured, besides the orderly departure of hundreds of white farmers, was an absence of agrarian unrest, since nearly thirty-two thousand African families have been given land on 135 different schemes. The possibility of unrest around 1963 was very real. The Land Freedom Army had been revived. On the December day when Kenyatta went to Nyeri to entice out of the forests the last remnants of that ragged army, the widow of Dedan Kimathi who had led the fighters in the Aberdares shouted through the microphones to the crowd, "Uhuru na Mau Mau" and demanded free farms for all the Kikuyu landless. And, if anyone had further doubts about the situation being balanced on a knife-edge, they would

have been resolved in December 1963 by the sight of lorry-loads of landless Kikuyu coming over the hills in a wave to claim the Kinangop, from Njabini to Kipipiri. The situation was contained (and Mrs. Kimathi was offered a large house). Moreover, the value of crops grown on these million acres has not fallen.

But where does African Socialism fit into Kenya's development? In his book *Freedom and After*, Tom Mboya devoted a full chapter to this question but did not produce any profound answers. He hoped that the resettlement of the Highlands (he was writing a few months before it started) would provide the "unique opportunity [to introduce] the thorough-going cooperative in which the farm is owned and worked communally." Something like the *ujamaa* villages of Tanzania, in fact. But this never happened. The flood of new settlers was so swift that the cooperatives which were organized—to run transport and processing units, supervise cattle dips and milk collection, arrange bulk buying of fertilizers and so on—have suffered from inadequate training of their members. Mboya himself had doubts about communalist farming. He had visited Israel, and came away admiring the achievements there but doubting whether Africans would ever accept the kibbutz system. "More Africans are increasingly coming to want individual possessions, which they can dispose of at will, and of which they can say 'These are mine'." Mboya, in fact, stopped far short of Litowa. And Sessional Paper No. 10, which was drafted in his Economic Affairs Ministry as the basis for applying African Socialism to Kenya, was generally interpreted as a document rationalizing and justifying the established situation of a mixed economy, with a great deal of scope left for entrepreneurs.

There are many other contrasts, and points of difference, between the two countries. A few that are worth considering here lie in the training of the armed forces; the relations with China; attitudes towards the university students; the direction of industry; and the importance of parliament.

Both governments suffered from the rash of army "mutinies" that swept East Africa just after the Zanzibar revolution

in January 1964. But the Kenya incident was a minor one, and confined to a barracks more than sixty miles from Nairobi; British troops which were still stationed in Kenya (it was one month after independence) cleared the trouble in a morning. But the incident deepened Kenyatta's suspicions about the intentions of Oginga Odinga, then his Vice-President.

In Tanganyika the experience was a much more traumatic one. For a week Dar-es-Salaam had a ghostly atmosphere. The mutinous soldiers, having sallied once into town where twenty people died during the looting that day, sat threateningly in their barracks on the outskirts. Nyerere and his Vice-President Rashidi Kawawa had been whisked into hiding. When Nyerere emerged in the middle of the week and toured the city to reassure the people, a group of Africans fled from his motorcade at Kinondoni and he followed them on foot calling: "Why are you running away? There is nothing to be afraid of." But there was—until the Saturday, when sixty British Marines flew down in helicopters off the aircraft carrier *Centaur*, and another five hundred landed from the sea, to secure the barracks. They were guided by Brigadier Douglas who had commanded the two battalions of the Tanganyika Rifles before the soldiers mutinied. The main grievance that led to the mutiny, besides pay demands, was the presence of so many British officers and NCOs in the two battalions more than two years after independence.

Several events should be seen against this background. Kenyatta has kept his British connections: until mid-1969 General Bernard Penfold was his Chief of Staff, and there were British officers running his navy and air force. A British brigadier was prominent in a predawn operation in 1965 when some mysterious arms were removed from a storeroom near to Odinga's office.

In contrast, Nyerere had to turn abruptly away from the British, or appear as their puppet. He was helped for some months by a Nigerian battalion. By December, after drawing a blank with the Swedes, he made an agreement with Canada to train his new armed forces over a five-year period. In the meantime, he had agreed to take a small military mission from China. It is widely accepted that Canada reluctantly offered this help after Britain and the United States urged Ottawa

to step forward and level the political balance. For there was great concern that Communist influence—Russian, East German and Chinese—was spreading out from Zanzibar.

Nyerere's breaking of diplomatic relations with Britain, after Harold Wilson had failed to back an oil embargo or show any serious intent to put down the white Rhodesian rebels, was a typical stand on principle. So also was his cancellation in June 1968 of the one-million-pound annual payment of pensions to British officials who had retired before or at independence time. He gave Britain a year's notice of this cancellation, and even suggested Whitehall could square its books by reducing its residual aid to Tanzania (then only running at about 1.2 million pounds a year) by the same amount. He simply saw no reason why he should pay the pensions of expatriates who had never worked for an independent Tanzania. (In this dispute he had the Belgians, the Dutch and the French on his side, for they never imposed such obligations on their ex-colonies). But he found the impoverished Wilson government unwilling to compromise and, when he cancelled the payments, Britain at once hit back by cutting all technical assistance and, on top of that, by expunging a 7.5-million-pound loan which it had shelved when diplomatic relations were broken.

Within a month of these mutual cancellations, Tanzania resumed diplomatic links with Britain. Any outsider, starting with the Canadian diplomats who had been looking after British interests, might have explained this curious twist as a sort of "lovers' quarrel." It was hardly that. Much of it was the acquitting of principles over pursestrings. But another part was the wiping out of the humiliation of that week of mutiny in 1964: he had finally proclaimed his full independence of Britain. Ten years before, after some minor dispute, the colonial governor Sir Edward Twining had whimsically lectured him in the words of Hilaire Belloc's cautionary tale about the child who ran away at the zoo and was eaten by a lion:

His father, who was more controlled
Bade everybody round attend
To James's miserable end,
And always keep a-hold of nurse
For fear of finding something worse.

By 1968, at the latest, Nyerere was no longer in reach of the hand of the old British nurse. The political zoo was his, even at the risk of being eaten by some Communist lion.

Chou En-lai certainly didn't talk like a lion. In June 1965 when he went for the day to Zanzibar where the Chinese were already active in the hospitals and ricefields, he said in front of Nyerere: "In our contacts we have truly respected and treated each other as equals, without either party showing self-importance. . . . In our mutual assistance we have been truly helping each other like poor friends in the same boat." A night or two later Nyerere responded with a dinner speech praising the Chinese for their frugality, and saying that Tanzania faced its own Long March towards economic victories and a better way of life for all. Two years later, Nyerere drew on the parallel with China's history again when after the Arusha Declaration he made his symbolic (as well as energetic) 138-mile walk to the party conference at Mwanza.

By 1965, however, Kenyatta had quarrelled with China. The offer of a three-million-dollar grant the year before to relieve "immediate economic stress," and of a 13-million-dollar loan to help textiles and ivory carving and agriculture, had been linked with an Odinga visit to Peking. Wang Te-ming, the *Hsinhua* correspondent, was noticeably busy among Kenya politicians; the Chinese Embassy seemed to have links with the more disaffected, Luo-led trade unions. There were said to be eighteen Kenyans studying guerilla warfare at Wuhan military academy. Kenyatta grew more suspicious, and even personally cancelled the six-week trip of a troupe of forty Shenyang acrobats. In 1964 Chou En-lai had flustered the ruling Kenyans by murmuring, during a visit to neighboring Somalia: "Revolutionary prospects are excellent throughout the African continent." The next year he popped up on the other side of Kenya, and told a mass rally in Dar-es-Salaam how Chairman Mao had "vividly described the revolutionary storms in these areas:

"The four seas are seething, clouds louring and waters raging,
The five continents are rocked by storm and thunder'."

It was too much for the Kenya government. Relations with China have never been amicable since. The Mombasa ivory-carvers have foregone their Chinese loan.

Kenya may have provided a lesson to the Chinese. They were repulsed also in Malawi by Dr. Banda, who learnt from his then Foreign Minister Kanyama Chiume of a Chinese offer of 18 million pounds and replied with oldfashioned magnificence: "The language of dangling bribes before my face and eyes is not easily understandable by an Elder of the Church of Scotland!" The Chinese called off their breathless courtship of all the independent African states along or near the Indian Ocean, and steadied down to a slower ripening of friendship with a few of them.

And friendship has certainly ripened, for good reasons. Neither the Somalis, the Zambians nor the Tanzanians have any complaints about the behavior of the Chinese who have been working in their countries. The Freedom Textile Mill, in the suburbs of Dar-es-Salaam is a monument to Chinese good sense. The Chinese provided a seven-million-dollar interest-free loan to build and equip the plant and can turn out twenty million square yards of cloth each year on its 970 looms. As an example of praiseworthy frugality, the Chinese who helped set it up made their temporary houses out of the packing-cases in which the equipment arrived. Instead of using the mill as a foothold of influence, the Chinese withdrew nearly all their 150 people swiftly, even though Tanzanian officials asked them to extend their stay. In 1969 only a handful of textile design men remained. And it is a labor-intensive plant, employing up to three thousand Tanzanians. (The manager, John Nzunda, told me the operatives were paid 190 shillings a month, or 20 per cent above the minimum wage, after their six months' in-service training). In contrast, the French-financed textile mill at Mwanza in northwestern Tanzania has cost nearly half as much again to build, and with the same capacity will employ only thirteen hundred workers. In a country where urban unemployment is a massive problem, a labor-intensive plant on the scale of the Freedom Mill is a great boon.

This good experience helped open the way for the Chinese offer to do the final survey and to build a thousand-mile railway to link Dar-es-Salaam with the Zambian copperbelt. The

link has for years been seen by Zambian leaders as crucial, if their country was to be able to face northwards and away from a dependence on transport routes to the coast through white-dominated countries, Angola and Rhodesia. The route to Dar-es-Salaam has been surveyed several times, most intensively of all by an Anglo-Canadian team in 1966 who were much more positive about its prospects than an earlier World Bank report. Their feasibility survey was also far more useful than the first Chinese effort, which was produced about the same time and ran to a mere eleven pages. But Canada took no initiative in offering to carry the plans further: the cost—about three hundred million dollars, or the equivalent of Canada's global aid for one year—was obviously high for Ottawa to assume; the alternative, of gathering a Western consortium to share the burden, was not attempted, apparently on the grounds that no formal approach had come from Lusaka or Dar-es-Salaam. So the Chinese moved in, with 350 men, to do a two-year engineering survey.

The thought of so many Chinese spread around the countryside of Tanzania and Zambia, together with an indefinite number of Chinese military instructors training guerilla soldiers in southern Tanzania for the liberation of Mozambique and Rhodesia, is a deep worry to the Americans. What are the Chinese up to? Reports filtered back of the Mikumi game park wardens sporting Mao buttons (until a general directive from Dar-es-Salaam put an end to such displays). Is China bent merely on making friends along the western side of the Indian Ocean, as a means of breaking out of the American containment, just as the Russians broke out of their containment by thrusting into the Mediterranean? Or are there further designs, over perhaps a twenty-year period, to win their way hand-in-hand with the freedom fighters all the distance down to Cape Town? The American Embassy in Dar-es-Salaam has on its staff specialists in "China-watching" and intelligence men pondering these questions. The countryside has made the revolutionary scene in China, Vietnam, Algeria—why not also in southern Africa?

In classical counterploy, the Americans were thick through the countryside of Tanzania: they had 411 Peace Corps volunteers in the Republic in 1965, and 394 the next year, running

their own schemes to a large extent, and deep in community development. But in November 1968 the Tanzanian Government announced the Peace Corps program would end a year later. Were the Americans being removed because the countryside was becoming a battleground of ideologies? It is more likely that Nyerere was asserting his government's right to control the development and education of its people. But the Americans are endlessly resourceful. Through AID, together with a seventeen-million-dollar IDA loan, the road from the Zambian border all the way to Morogoro near to Dar-es-Salaam is being bitumenized at one-fifth the reputed cost of the "Chinese" railway. Inveterate CIA-watchers have claimed that some familiar American faces have been seen along the road from Tunduma. It has turned out to be a rather constructive contest of ideologies.

Another area of difference between the attitudes of Kenyatta and Nyerere—towards university students—became clear by 1969. In 1966 Nyerere had his confrontation with 394 students who marched to State House to demand that they be exempted from national service, on the grounds that their talents would be wasted and that men who were already senior government officials had not been required to do it. Nyerere heard them out, lectured them in return about the wrongness of élite attitudes and ended by telling his aide, "Send them home." Nearly all were readmitted to the college after an extended period of rustication that caused them to lose a year, and they now do five months' camp before entering the university. National service is required of anyone completing secondary school in Tanzania—even nuns (or novices) do it. It seems clear Nyerere's stand has bred new attitudes at the college: a group, for instance, spends vacations on research into rural development. The gap between the privileged and the poor has closed noticeably. Others have shown their political awareness in less attractive forms; for example, vigilante committees have been formed of students who seek to report on the political reliability of some professors. Curiously, a year before this clash, Chou En-lai stood with Nyerere on the university hillside among its beautiful buildings and suggested

the students should contribute manual labor—"at least half a day a week." And Nyerere protested laughingly: "The students might revolt. If you hear of a students' revolt in Dar-es-Salaam, you will know you have been partly responsible!"

The closing of the University College in Nairobi during February 1969 was quite another matter. The students saw it as an issue concerning freedom of speech and assembly, Kenyatta saw it as a challenge to presidential authority. They had boycotted lectures as a protest against a speaking engagement by Odinga being twice cancelled, even though at the second attempt they had observed all college formalities. They continued their boycott despite a directive to return to classes signed by an Education Ministry official who invoked the President's name. It was a wretched episode of misunderstandings (the students weren't clear whether Kenyatta, who was away at the Coast, had authorized the directive) and governmental overreaction. Riot police came to clear the students out of their residence halls. They even had orders to shoot, if necessary, but contented themselves with some baton work. The faculty and students were fragmented in the month of crisis that followed, and students were only readmitted after each had signed an apology and pledge of obedience. It was a sad case of the sledgehammer approach. Government apologists argued that political realities in Kenya—with Odinga as a lively Opposition leader—required this firm handling. But the incident must have won Odinga new supporters.

There is also a striking contrast between the two governments' participation in industry. In 1968 Kenya's Industrial and Commercial Development Corporation had an investment of about 2.5 million dollars, only about one-tenth of Tanzania's National Development Corporation. The NDC, in a sequel to the Arusha Declaration, had acquired a controlling interest in seven companies including the Bata Shoe Company. Its Canadian owners had objected to the purchase terms of the government's 60 per cent shareholding and removed its management. George Kahama, the NDC's general manager, told me in 1969 negotiations had lapsed but he was sending to Bata its share of the profits. The NDC's broad portfolio, which ranges from a share in a prosperous diamond mine (discovered by the Canadian prospector, Dr. John Williamson)

through hotels and a drive-in cinema to ownership of a safari firm which employs Ernest Hemingway's son, turned in a net operating surplus of five million dollars in 1967.

In Kenya the argument often heard is that there is much less need of government stimulation and direction of industry. For there has been, over the years, far more private investment. But the well-researched book *Who Controls Industry in Kenya* points out that there were (in August 1968) only six African directors among the "Top Fifty," and warned that manufacturing was being left in the hands of foreigners while a new property-owning group was emerging with an African élite taking possession and charge of medium-sized farms and smaller businesses. The book, written by a working party set up through the National Christian Council of Kenya, ends by endorsing the prediction of a former university research fellow, Peter Marris: "The national economy will be making encouraging progress; but the nation will be falling apart."

Much that I have written so far in this chapter may type me as a victim of that wellknown disease, "Tanzaphilia." Any sympathetic outsider risks being infected with enthusiasm for Tanzania's declared course, after a full dose of Julius Nyerere's idealistic and magnificent prose. But it should not blind him to the fearsome obstacles on that course, nor to the advantages and virtues clearly visible in Kenya.

There is in Kenya today a deplorable amount of corruption in top circles. Wealth is jarringly flaunted, and into that flexible language of Swahili has gone a new word—*wabenzi*, the people who drive around in Mercedes Benzes. The majority of the six thousand Mercedes Benz cars that had been sold in East Africa by 1969 appear to be garaged around Nairobi. But this criticism needs to be balanced by a recognition that there is a remarkable resilience in Kenya, among people lower down the income scale. There are more elements of a built-in stability than in Tanzania. During the tense week after the assassination of Tom Mboya, it was widely remarked upon how the "general service unit" of the police contained an outburst of tribal hatred by the Luo (Mboya's tribe) for the Kikuyu. That is not the stability I mean, so much as a well-educated provincial administration (the District Commissioners today are all graduates), a civil service of sophistication,

and a comparatively broad layer of ordinary Kenyans with both schooling and enterprise.

Kenya has also possessed an important safety-valve in a lively parliament, which has demanded (and obtained) redress of citizens' grievances: the inquiry into police behavior in Kisii is one example. In Tanzania the party executive has outweighed parliament in importance; this point was underlined, and the ideal of a democratic one-party state (which shone so well in the 1966 elections) badly tarnished in 1968 when the executive suspended seven MPs from the party. Two of them, from West Lake, had repeated allegations that force was used on some people in the setting up of an *ujamaa* village; other MPs had been criticizing the plan for ministerial pensions and developing a pressure-group in other spheres. As some compensation for the weakness of parliament, Tanzania's experiment with a Permanent Commission of Inquiry—a form of Ombudsman—is an acknowledged success.

The list of Kenya's advantages may dissolve in the heat of coming problems. Among such problems are the frightening numbers of urban unemployed; the "statistical underworld" of at least twenty thousand illegal squatters in Nairobi who don't appear in any government documents or planner's reckonings; the fragility of the elective system if it is bruised as it was in 1968, when Tom Mboya found a way to justify disqualifying nearly every opposition candidate in the municipal elections. But Kenya has shown in the past it has the resources, and the people have the good sense and the spirit, to avoid catastrophe. There are precedents for decent hope.

In its aid policies, Canada has done its utmost to tread an even path between these sometimes quarrelling neighbors. In 1969-70 Ottawa allocated 3.5 million dollars in grants and loans to Tanzania, and 3.2 million to Kenya. It has also sent a few experts—in forestry research and air traffic control—to work with the East African Community, which runs the common services that remain from colonial days. It has ignored as back-yard squabbles (and they happen among Canadian provinces and Ottawa, too) the neighborly disputes that persist despite

the signing of a treaty in 1968 consolidating the common services and almost common market into an Economic Community. An air traffic controller can apparently still do his work of training local counterparts, even when the partner states are arguing about air fares or which should get a larger cut from the tourist revenues.

It is probably too late to ask whether Canada should be so even-handed. The pattern has been set, and it might be thought offensive to let aid to one country lag behind. (Any Canadian diplomat can justify the present difference by pointing out Tanzania has two million more people). There is also a structure in each High Commission for the processing of aid requests, and no doubt some inter-Canadian rivalry exists there. Nevertheless, the evenhandedness is very much a compromise position. Not a few Canadians believe Ottawa should tip the balance heavily in favor of Tanzania. Kenya, in one man's words, "has aid coming out of its ears." Its development estimates for 1968-69 listed fifteen million pounds it expected from a dozen overseas sources. That is more than Tanzania received over the first three years of its Development Plan. Again, Tanzania has much further to go along the road to development: as one index of this, its gross national product is 40 per cent lower than Kenya's, despite a larger population. And finally its President has enunciated a philosophy of development that has been admired around the world, and may indeed lay the basis for steady improvement in his countrymen's lives.

Against them, the advocates for Kenya will argue that help there will probably produce swifter and more visible results, that the administrative structure is more experienced, that its prevailing mood of acquisitiveness and energy (among farmers and entrepreneurs alike) is stimulating.

But most of the considerations cited above are material ones, looking to the criteria of the effectiveness of aid, or of a country's greater need for it. Kenya and Tanzania offer an excellent example for the discussion of a more fundamental question, which has clear political implications. This is the question of whether Canada's aid policy should be influenced by a consideration of the domestic policies (political, economic and social) of a government, and by its foreign policy, and whether Canada should make judgments about the prospects

of a particular regime's stability. Should it help a government that is gaining a reputation for corruption, ignoring this stain and concentrating on that government's affinity to North American ideas on private enterprise? Or should it gulp down its Liberalism, and help a socialist government? Should it show a preference for a government that leans noticeably towards the West, or shrug off this matter and accept another government's nonalignment as a genuine assertion of independence? Finally, can Canada really make a judgment on the longterm stability of two regimes—those in Kenya and Tanzania, or any other? It is easy to construct a case either way; to say, for example, that although Tanzania is making great efforts to build a society on foundations of human equality and social justice, it is nevertheless a fragile structure: skilled manpower is short, and so much depends on Julius Nyerere remaining in charge to inspire the process. As for backing governments that are reputedly corrupt, Mitchell Sharp had some vivid words in his Toronto speech of June 1969 when he dismissed the idea of a political rationale for aid programs, that they are designed to support the status quo. (His uncharacteristically strong language made one think of Haiti rather than of Kenya, but the point he made was a general one):

There are countries where one can only hope that in due time the development assistance they receive from us and from others will give to the people the sinews they need to rise and cast aside the cruel weight of unjust and unprincipled government. . . . Successful revolt, like successful government, calls for effective infrastructure, the kind of thing aid programs are designed to provide.

If you believe such an argument, it enables you to aid any government without any moral questioning, merely setting your sights—as Mr. Sharp suggests we should—on changes that will be evident twenty-five years ahead. So to the questions posed by the case of Kenya and Tanzania, Ottawa's answer has been characteristic: to avoid what would undoubtedly be a major policy decision with worldwide implications for Canada, to agree with both sides pleasantly, and to help both—a little.

But that little has been well organized in East Africa. In Kenya, under the lively and knowledgeable High Commissioner Margaret Meagher, Canadian aid by 1969 was concentrated on team projects. Eight doctors, over five years, are helping set up a medical school at the university college, in a CIDA agreement with the McGill University medical faculty. An economic survey team of six Canadians is studying the potential of the neglected Coast Province. Other groups of foresters are advising on a multitude of matters surrounding the use of Kenya's indigenous as well as exotic forests: sawmill techniques, road engineering, marketing, and so on. The original inventory of all these forests was done by a CIDA-sponsored firm. And up at Njoro Plant Breeding Station, a team of researchers from the University of Manitoba is battling with all the stem-rust problems which wheat faces in a tropical country where there is no sharp winter to wipe out plant disease. With four hundred thousand acres under wheat, Kenya has moved into the role of a local exporter around eastern Africa. Keeping pace with the farmers and their needs can be exciting. Dr. Laurie Evans, the cytologist at the station, told me they had just run two field days—one in English, one in Swahili—to show new strains and give advice. "We had a fantastic gathering of 1,000 farmers. One lot flew up from the Kilimanjaro area in Tanzania. In Manitoba you'd do well to get twenty."

The problems Dr. Evans and his colleagues faced were amply illustrated for me that night. For I stayed overnight with an experienced farmer who had sown 180 acres of wheat, and was using ten different varieties—to spread the risk from rust. Romany, he explained, had "done well here for years, and then was virtually wiped out last year."

Until recently CIDA aid has been less "integrated" in Tanzania: there has been a higher proportion of single-line posts, rather than teamwork. CIDA there is providing as many as 67 teachers in 1969-70—which is more than twice the number it is financing in Kenya, either in secondary schools and teacher training colleges or as education advisers. The exceptions to this pattern are the teams which have done aerial surveys of southern Tanzania, the economists who produced a master-plan for Dar-es-Salaam and a new economic planning team who, over a five-year period, will be doing key work in analyz-

ing and evaluating development projects, and helping sort out priorities.

Tanzania has scored by the quality of Canadians who have been attracted there: men like Griff Cunningham who has moved on from running Kivukoni College to an adviser's post in the President's Office dealing with *ujamaa* villages; Cran Pratt who was first principal of the University College and has returned several times to carry out special advisory assignments for Nyerere; and Gerry Helleiner, a development economist from the University of Toronto. In his modesty Helleiner has criticized his own kind, and deplored the way Canadian firms are unwilling to let their bright young executives spend some years abroad without losing their job at home: He was particularly upset about not being able to secure a Canadian adviser for Tanzania's national bank: "The advisers we send now are academics and civil servants, not entrepreneurs. These countries need the help of imaginative risk-takers. We send them precisely the opposite sort of man." (Quoted in the *Globe and Mail*, 22 March 1969.)

And Tanzania has attracted some of the liveliest and most sensitive of CUSO volunteers. There was a natural magnet for young Canadians of radical leanings in the powerful idealism of Nyerere's writings. And the CUSO program in Tanzania, following the removal of the Peace Corps and the phasing out of the British volunteers, is now the largest in the country. It is also, with about 115 personnel, the second largest program CUSO has in place anywhere; federal Nigeria has the largest. In Kenya there are now only forty-two.

There are obvious dangers in this. The diplomats tend to suggest Canada should beware of doing too much. "We do worry about our visibility profile," one said to me. But some CUSO workers put it differently. They see the dangers more in wrong attitudes than in large numbers, and point out the importance of subduing (as far as it is possible) the Western, middle-class notions each volunteer carries into Africa and of allowing Tanzanians always to lead in the vanguard of their development. For CUSO, and foreign volunteers generally, to be concentrated in teaching jobs makes the achievement of these aims even more difficult.

The Canadian military mission of some ninety personnel is due to be withdrawn at the end of 1969. That it lasted five

years without any major incident is perhaps a remarkable record in a country where there are few friends of NATO. (The inhibition which Canada's continued membership of NATO places against her taking a decent and worthwhile role in the freeing of southern Africa is a subject I will discuss in the concluding chapter.) These military advisers avoided the role of giving commands to Tanzanian troops, and to this degree differentiated themselves from the British officers who were expelled in 1964. That Nyerere chose not to renew the agreement in 1969 was not a reflection on the mission personnel, but rather the result of differences with Ottawa on broader subjects: Canada had not provided the military academy agreed on at the start, and was patently reluctant to offer Tanzania any fighter aircraft to defend its border with Portuguese-held Mozambique. (A sour note here is that Britain has supplied fighters to Kenya, while Uganda has MIGs.) Nor is it a reflection on the military men to say that their departure makes the position of Canadian civilian workers in Tanzania a little less complicated.

There is in Kenya one institution in which Canadians have played a generous part. Oxfam has provided money for school buildings, and through the Canadian Save the Children Fund more than one hundred of the 850 students at the Starehe Boys' Centre are sponsored by Canadians. Starehe began ten years ago, during the human disruption which the Emergency brought to Nairobi, as a home for a few wretched waifs. The original two tin huts are still there, but are dwarfed on what is now a handsome school campus. It still enrols some runaway boys who have turned up at a Nairobi soup-kitchen or met the caseworkers at the Place of Safety; but these students are balanced by fee-paying boys—some young relatives of Kenyatta are there, as well as the sons of some forty policemen. They have apparently been sent there because their fathers like its reputation for discipline as well as scholarship. Radicals of Tanzanian leanings may well scoff at aspects of Starehe—its blazers, its daily flag-lowering parade, its school song ("Starehe boys, let's stand together, always doing our best. . .")—but the director Geoff Griffin convincingly argues that the building of *esprit d'école* by such means is needed since so many have no basis of a family home.

It was Griffin who made one of the remarks I treasure most

from this journey. He is a brisk and fairly orthodox Briton who went through the Mau Mau Emergency, when Waruhiu Itote under the name of "General China" led the forest fighters on Mount Kenya. Itote was eventually captured by the British, who spared his life in return for his making an attempt to arrange a general surrender; he is now assistant director of the National Youth Service, in which Geoff Griffin is also busy. So I asked his opinion of the legendary figure and he answered with what sounded like a Cockney phrase: "Good chap, old China."

Perhaps that is Kenya in a nutshell. Apparent opposites come together, and appreciate each other. It made me remember the meeting in mid-1963, a few months short of independence, when Kenyatta came to Nakuru to address for the first time a largish group of white farmers. The most intransigent whites had already rumbled south to Rhodesia and beyond; this group was more moderate, but they still had not disabused themselves of the ogre's image which Kenyatta had been given in a decade of colonial propaganda. Kenyatta talked to them about bread-and-butter things, the problem of stock thefts and markets. He warmed them a little but, when he ended his speech by swinging his fly-whisk and shouting "*Harambee!*", there was an astonished silence. Had he forgotten himself, to shout the KANU party slogan at white farmers? Did he think he was addressing a mass rally in Nairobi or Kikuyuland? Undeterred, he shouted it a second and third time. And at his last shout half the hall were on their feet, arms in the air and answering. They had, it seemed, suddenly realized that they had fought each other, and suffered through that long Emergency, because they loved the same thing—the beautiful land of Kenya. And at that moment came the first experience of sharing, of *Harambee*, of pulling together.

Can that mood last? No doubt many of those white farmers have now been bought out, and have gone. There are others who remain, and spend hours dropping in on their new African neighbors to give advice on local conditions (for, besides the million acres of Highlands now subdivided among thirty-two thousand African smallholders, one-quarter of the remaining acreage has been bought in private purchase by Africans who plan to farm on a larger scale).

And there are a few people in special circumstances. Ten

years ago John Nottingham was a District Officer in a Kikuyu location, and drawing some official displeasure because he refused to work in one of the rehabilitation camps which afterwards became notorious with the "Hola Massacre." Muthoni Waciuma was the only African girl secretary in the office of a settler Minister, Wilfred Havelock, and bearing the hostility of the other secretaries who even refused to let her use the Ministry toilet. That is a decade of bad dreams ago. Muthoni, with numerous cousins acting as shop assistants, is running a prospering supermarket and recently got the Vice-President Arap Moi to open her latest venture, a carnation centre. John is the publishing director of the East African Publishing House, which has in a few years won worldwide respect for its books and the new African authors it has brought to print. And Muthoni and John now have a farm in the Molo hills, which was once the tightest stronghold of white farmers. But Colonel Bucknal has long since gone, and "Pip" Ryan the one-time Master of the Molo Hunt is back in ancestral Ireland. The Highlands Hotel hasn't changed much: the lavender, the rose-beds and the croquet lawn are still well tended—ironically by the Havelocks now. But to drive through Muthoni's farm, to test the barley seed with a bite (and laugh at the old settler saying, "When you think it's ready, go off to the Coast for three weeks and cut it when you come back!"), and to catch her Corriedale lambs and lie in the soft meadow on a warm afternoon—was to feel a peculiar excitement. There are problems aplenty in Kenya, but it has (so it seemed on that Sunday in Molo) experienced a rebirth. We could lie there and laugh gently at the nostalgic period piece in the *Kenya Weekly News*, published only the month before, "Last hunt at Molo":

Kariuki put hounds into covert beside a stream and before long . . . we were away down the far side of Marindas and running fast towards Summerhills and all that magnificent, galloping Molo country was at our feet. The sweet African wind whistled past our ears. . . .

You could almost hear Pip Ryan and Charlie Cullen and the Alexanders thundering past. Gone Away. Yes, they had—and left this most beautiful country to a new generation who may use it better.

India

*Sulphur and sex-appeal—Mr. Desai's compliment
—engineers at Idikki—all sorts of delays—pouring
the concrete—speculations after the Mexican wheat
—Dean Bentley's task force—dry farming and
water surveys—Mysore and Canada Plus-One—
Mr. Seth cleans up the port—around a fertilizer
plant—the problem for Saskatchewan potash—
Newfoundland's phosphorus—well-timed and re-
sponsive help—propaganda skirmishes*

India

"It's hard to give commodity aid any sex-appeal back in Canada. It's much easier to stir interest in a big dam project than in shipments of scrap metal or zinc concentrate. But that's what the Indians want these days. . . ."

The officer at the High Commission in New Delhi was not exaggerating (except about the scrap metal). The Canadian aid program to India, which has been easily the largest this country has undertaken anywhere, with 807 million dollars in grants and loans and export credits over eighteen years, has reached an unglamorous stage. What are almost certainly the last of the spectacular projects needing Canadian help are well under way: the Idikki hydroelectric scheme in Kerala State, and the two atomic power reactors in Rajasthan. Gone, too, with the spread of new strains of Mexican wheat and Philippines rice is the likelihood of devastating famine that threatened India after the droughts of 1965 and 1966; and (there's little point in denying it) there *was* a stimulation in responding directly to emergency appeals to save starving peoples with food aid worth seventy-seven million dollars in 1966-67 and fifty million the following year. Food aid to India in 1968-69 from Canada still amounted to forty million dollars; but the obvious emergency was past, and much of the wheat was destined for buffer stocks as a second line of supply.

The new needs, as the High Commission man said, are for fertilizers to consolidate the "green revolution" in agriculture

and for raw materials—copper, zinc, asbestos, newsprint, sulphur, aluminum, lead, synthetic rubber and woodpulp was the shopping-list India showed to Canada in 1968—which will help take the industries already installed there up towards full capacity. Development loans (interest-free, with fifty years to repay) allowed India to buy ten million dollars each of fertilizers and industrial commodities in 1968 from Canada, and fifteen million dollars each during the next year. And similar “soft loans” from the International Development Association, among whose eighteen contributors Canada is one of the most enthusiastic, allowed India to import up to 125 million dollars more of these materials for nonproject aid.

Such aid is less exciting, but it is a reflection of maturity. If hydroelectric dams are the diamonds of springtime, this other stuff is the housekeeping of later summers. And the appreciation is there. When in November 1968 Mr. Morarji Desai, then India's finance minister and deputy prime minister, commissioned the first-metre-gauge diesel made at Varanasi, he recalled that Canada had given eighteen million dollars, both to buy complete locomotives from Montreal and component parts to be used at Varanasi, and went on to say:

The relationship between Canada and India is the best we have with any country and, in saying that, I hope I am not making other countries envious. We want to work for the establishment of such relations with all countries. If it is possible between Canada and India, it is possible with all.

But there is obviously no room for complacency in this relationship. It can sour easily enough, for several reasons. Canadians on a project such as Idikki can become the target of workers in a labor dispute. When new fields of cooperation are explored, as Dean Bentley's ten-man agricultural task force began to do in 1967, the possibilities for misunderstanding increase. And there are some political differences which could come to a head. One, for instance, exists over the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty which Canada has signed and India has not; if India decided to “go nuclear,” it would need to use plutonium from the Trombay reactor which Canadians built and in doing so it would be breaking a solemn promise to Canada (although not a full international undertaking such as

inspectors of the International Atomic Energy Authority have helped enforce elsewhere since 1957).

A basic difference in motive between many donor and recipient governments is highlighted in the case of Canada and India: while Canada's main concern is to help raise living standards for the poorer Indians (and as a by-product help Canadian exporters), an understandably basic motive with Indian leaders is to increase India's power in the world. Happily no clash of attitudes has occurred on any scale in eighteen years, an achievement worth every word of Mr. Desai's praise; but it would be foolish not to concede that the elements for a clash exist.

Whether driving among the palm trees of the Tanzania coast to *ujamaa* villages or, across the Indian Ocean, climbing up through the paddyfields and rubber plantations to the Idikki dam site, it helps to remember a section from Nirad Chaudhuri's book, *A Passage to England*:¹

Man's success in refrigeration has made him sadly arrogant. The old British official in his solar topee could not escape the heat, and by bringing about a psychological adaptation it endowed him with a sense of the possible, which was almost the same as wisdom. But in the artificial cool of the airconditioned room, the Indian and his Occidental friends alike acquire the habit of reckoning without the host. They overlook the relentless control of temperature on human endeavor. For the Indian minister or official the mere discussion of his plans in an air-conditioned room is equivalent to execution. In India the mirages of the mind are produced by coolness.

The first Canadian engineers arrived in Kerala in 1964 to do a feasibility study at Idikki. Fred Willows came in 1966, to head the small team of consulting engineers who would have the last word on the trickiest parts of the project—the 560-foot-high arch dam, the tallest in Asia; and the vast underground powerhouse which will have an eventual capacity of 70 megawatts. For the rest of the construction—the other two (gravity) dams and the tunnelling—they are simply advisers. By the original timetable, the first power was to be flowing in

¹Nirad Chaudhuri, *A Passage to England* (London: Macmillan, 1959).

1970; now 1973 is set as the earliest date. One learns patience very quickly as a consulting engineer.

The heat, twenty-five hundred feet up at Kulumavu where the half-dozen Canadian families live, is not oppressive. The scenery of the Western Ghats, which rise to eight thousand feet, is gorgeous. The Syrian Christian churches on little hill-tops, the bullocks chinkling with bells as they pull their carts up the slopes, hint at the long endeavor of centuries. The banana trees and the elephant droppings along the road between the dams suggest a lushness of Ugandan style. The steep hillsides and threateningly large boulders (the reason for putting the powerhouse underground) make it properly awesome. From the lookout point at Nedugani, Fred Willows said quietly: "You won't get any better views in British Columbia."

The engineers are, nevertheless, far away from the cool mirage-world and well-adapted now to what is possible. The string of reasons for delay has grown lengthy. It took a year longer than expected to get the loan agreement signed between Ottawa and Delhi. The Canadian aid amounts to about forty-seven million dollars, of which nearly half is a "counterpart" fund which Delhi has accumulated by selling Canadian wheat. All this money is in the form of either an interest-free loan or a grant, as far as the Indian Government is concerned. But Delhi hands the money on to Kerala State as a commercial loan, exacting interest up to 6 per cent. (Relations between Delhi and the part-Communist coalition government that runs Kerala have, in any case, never been easy.) The Kerala authorities understandably have taken their time about ordering equipment and materials which are, to them, expensive. There have been delays in getting some of the heavy equipment from Canada, and they are not sent with adequate spares because a maker who provided enough spare parts would have priced himself out of the tendering.

There are as well several more localized reasons. Some of the Indian contractors on the site are excellent, and three of the turbines and the generators are being made in India; but one or two contractors are tackling much larger jobs than they have tried before. Giving advice to them is difficult. Then, ironically, the success the Kerala State Electricity Board had in completing on schedule the Sabarigiri dam (an American-

supported scheme with half Idikki's capacity) has slowed down work in Idikki. For there was an inquiry into how the Board managed it, ending with some criticism of the chief engineer's relations with contractors; his successor, who has the ultimate decisions to make over Idikki, leans as a result to the side of caution.

As with most dams, there is a problem of resettling people whose land will be inundated. At the Idikki site this problem is an acute one, although the land is government-owned forest reserve. Until it was announced they would be resettled on a family basis, there were about three thousand families of squatters affected. The first result of this decision was that the squatters subdivided themselves down into four thousand families. Finding other homes for so many is difficult in Kerala State, which has a population as large as Canada's in an area the size of Vancouver Island. Some who were offered new land two hundred miles away have fought the move, and all those who were determined to stay until the last minute could call on some support in the Kerala cabinet, for one Minister was an official of their High Range Cultivators' Union. So the schedule for cutting a wide gap through some hills, to let the impounded waters of the Cheruthoni and Periyar rivers flow into the Muvattupuzha system, was put back a year or more.

Finally, there are the outright politics in a very political state. On my first day at the site, we were turned back by a police patrol near Kulamavu dam: two workers had been killed, and thirty people ended up in hospital, including eleven policemen. The trouble had begun with a dispute between a contractor and his twenty-five hundred workers, of whom one-tenth were Naxalites, a Communist group so far-out that they rather suspect Chairman Mao of revisionism. Fighting began when the police came to rescue the contractor from a three-day siege of his house. Overnight, many more police arrived, drove round with fixed bayonets, unearthed a rifle that had been snatched from a constable, and restored a form of order.

That day hundreds of strikers started leaving the site, carrying bundles and suitcases, and the Canadian engineers in their hut glanced up at the procession and added extra months of delay to the Kulamavu part of the project. A local newspaper quoted the suspicions of a top Board official that some strikers

were trying to use "subversive activities to scuttle the project, . . . believing in a particular ideology against taking aid from a capitalist country. (The project is Canadian-aided.)" If his suspicions were right, there had been no overt move against the Canadians. During a previous dispute with the contractor, strikers had deflated the tires of the Canadians' cars. But one of the engineers, Ed Burger, told me they interpreted it less as a manifestation of ideology, than as a way of publicizing and pressing their claims. The only precaution he took against "subversion" was to keep handy two extra sets of valve stems.

These were only slightly extraordinary hazards for an engineer working abroad. Fred Willows, who in his sixty years has spent five rugged years surveying northern Canada, held senior posts with Hydro Quebec and worked in Pakistan, takes it in his stride: he has merely formed an affection for Ganesh, the most dogged of Hindu gods. Normand Houde, the concrete engineer, and Rock Poulin, the geology engineer, had hardened themselves to troubles while working on Manic 5 in Quebec. The bigger inconveniences of Idikki—having to send children far away to school, having to wait hours for outside phone calls, having to organize a weekly expedition to shops eighty-five miles away at Cochin-Ernakulam—throw up some compensations. There isn't a self-contained Canadian colony, as tended to form in the larger groups at Kundah near Madras and Warsak in Pakistan. And the relations with Indian engineers and administrators seemed, as a result, closer and cordial. A few of them had been over to Canada—to the Montreal offices of the contracting firm, Surveyer, Nenniger and Chenevert Incorporated, and to workshops and sites elsewhere—and this exchange was obviously a stimulating experience.

When I was there, they were within a few weeks of beginning to pour the concrete at the two main dams. "The fever is rising," said Houde, and it was easy to catch the excitement. The spectacularly steep gorge, where the arch dam will sit, was dotted with drillers scaling it proudly without ropes, barefoot. The tailrace tunnel cut was filled with men chipping at the rock and women carrying baskets of stones, even whole boulders, away on their heads with all the grace of Caryatids. The cavern where the powerhouse would go was hollowed out; and you could imagine the dangers ahead when the three-thousand-foot-

long penstocks would be cut through the rock at a fifty-degree slope and a slip of a foot going up or down could mean sure death for a worker. Finally, when it is all finished, the benefits are great which it will bring to all southern India as a peaking station on the grid, with power to spare for new developments in Kerala—a fertilizer factory, perhaps, and a titanium mine. It will be a worthy monument to many people's patience.

There is some irony in the fact that the real opportunities for outsiders to help India's agriculture came only after the breakthrough to higher production with the new strains of wheat and rice during the last few years. Until then, the Indian farmer was as efficient as anyone could be, given his limited resources. One Canadian agriculturalist who went to Gujarat State in 1964 told me he nearly packed his job in after the first year: "There was nothing I could teach them," he said.

Nor did Indian farmers have much reason to respect successive governments and their extension workers. The British had neglected agriculture: during the first fifty years of this century, food production crept upwards by about 0.5 per cent a year, well below the rise in population. After independence they did much better: the amount of irrigated land went up by sixty-five per cent, the consumption of nitrogen fertilizer multiplied twenty times over, and the yields per hectare consequently rose, so that food output growing at 2.4 per cent since 1950 had begun to overtake population growth. But when, from 1956, the Indian Government put its main attention to rapid industrialization, the farmers had virtually no encouragement to try new ideas: extension plots were often producing worse results than farmers who had had no help, and with food prices being kept low for the sake of the one-third of India's population that are townsfolk, there was a lack of any incentive for farmers.

This neglect is treated as ancient history now. A stamp was issued to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the new seeds. A host of experts have written minute examinations of the changes that were set in train from 1964: the new commitment, through the Prices Commission and the Food Corporation, to setting fair prices and holding them by means of a buffer stock system; the good that came out of the drought

years, by shocking the government into giving agriculture top priority; the excitement that spread among farmers after the Agriculture Minister C. Subramaniam took the plunge in 1966 in importing eighteen thousand tons of Mexican wheat seed while others were arguing that it wasn't yet proved suitable for India.

A whole set of new speculations began to be studied. Would India really reach its target of self-sufficiency in foodgrains, which meant another thirty million tons a year, by 1972? Would the "green revolution" work for the most part only to the advantage of the bigger farmer who could make best use of technology? Would the smaller farmers learn a new set of disciplines, including the effective use of fertilizer? Would the Indian fertilizer plants, working badly below capacity, become more efficient and relieve the heavy strain on foreign exchange that fertilizer imports were imposing? (As much as one-quarter of India's foreign exchange was being spent on buying fertilizer abroad.) Would there be enough foreign exchange available for raw materials and spare parts that were needed to fuel a major industrial expansion? For if industry didn't pick up its slack, there would be serious consequences: there would be downward pressure on food prices again, and the farmers might lose spirit; and there would be a shortage of government revenue from its main source, the nonagricultural sector, at just the time it was getting less from the windfall of foreign food aid (which Delhi sells—and uses the proceeds for development). Would India, anyway, be able to cope with larger harvests? Having lived hand-to-mouth for so long, did it have the transportation and storage facilities for handling and distributing these larger stocks? Stories and figures about the lack of silos, the financial mess of the railways, the congestion at the main ports, made many people wonder.

There were, in fact, plenty of subjects for Dean Bentley of Alberta and his team of specialists to explore when they went to India at the end of 1967. The idea of a Canadian task force had grown out of a visit by Maurice Strong, who thought a broad look at the whole range of new problems India faced could help sort out areas where Canadian technology—in everything from water development to food processing—might help. The team of ten men, reinforced by David Hopper and

Glenn Anderson, who had been working at the Rockefeller Foundation in Delhi for years, was as highpowered a group as Canada could put into the field.

Results have not been speedy. There were some early misunderstandings. Some Indian officials thought the task force, in its first report, was interpreting its role too widely. The Johnson administration had tied American aid to broad changes, had used (and for periods withheld) shipments of PL480 wheat as a lever to extract performances from Indian agriculture in a manner that was resented in Delhi. Some officials thought Canada was trying to copy this approach, on a very minor scale. One of them said to me: "With the Americans it was tragic; with Canada it is merely comic." Meanwhile, the task force was sometimes mystified, sometimes baulked, by obstacles they found. The problems of storage had been dramatized when Punjabi schoolhouses were filled up with wheat. But advising on grain handling is a tricky job; for several corporations and agencies are involved, and each is jealous of its power. Again, the Americans had decided to support at least eight of the agricultural universities, which have been reorganized since the days when they were very much the poor cousins of the academic institutions nearby. But the task force learned to tread warily in this area, after hearing of the feuding rivalries between some of these colleges.

By 1969, however, there were two areas at least where Canadian expertise was seen to be particularly useful: dry farming and water surveys. Only one-fifth of India's arable land is irrigated, and this is the part where the great drive with improved seeds has taken place. The gap that is opening up between the newly prosperous farmers in irrigated areas and the millions still scratching for a livelihood in dry farming areas is a subject worrying politicians and officials in Delhi. To meet criticism about this gap, Mr. Desai put into his 1969-70 budget a ten per cent tax on fertilizers and pumpsets and explained: "Those who benefit by our substantial investments in agriculture, including research, irrigation facilities, fertilizer plants, rural electrification, credit facilities and support prices should contribute a part of their prosperity towards the cost of development in general. This is all the more so when the benefit of improved technology cannot yet be shared by the

majority of our farmers, particularly in dry regions where fertilizers and new seeds are not easy to apply”.

Very much in line with Mr. Desai's argument, the Canadian task force began to concentrate its help on dry farming techniques and hydro-geology. Even these subjects present difficulties: dry farming conditions in India are broadly different from those experienced around Swift Current; and Canada is short of its own home-trained hydro-geologists. But at least there were, after eighteen months, some agreed areas of work where top Canadian specialists were deep in specific research. A survey which can bring some system to regions where the drilling of tubewells has gone at a tremendous, but disorganized, pace can be a big contribution to the extension of irrigated farming.

Other Canadian initiatives, taken in collaboration with FAO in Rome, have had similar aims. The food technology training centre set up at Mysore has been properly praised for the work done there under Dr. William Gall to teach the techniques of food processing and preservation, a crucial task as so many more people in developing countries move away from what has too literally been a hand-to-mouth existence. And out of the success at Mysore grew the plans for the Canada Plus-One Project, named for the fact that it was launched just after Centennial year with the idea of offering something of Canada's fortunate experience to the developing world. The hope is to raise 1.2 million dollars for a five-year program, and by mid-1969 more than half this amount was pledged—not, as in the case of Mysore, by scores of individual Canadian sponsors, but mainly through the large firms of Canada's food industry. Their target is to reduce the *waste* of food, which many authorities have pointed to as the largest and most tragic cause of hunger. Besides supporting the Mysore project, Canada Plus-One is fitting out half-a-dozen mobile teaching units for Latin America as well as Asia, to take instructors into small towns and villages and teach food handling and marketing techniques, and also give advice to the little factories in these centres on quality control. They have also sponsored courses—one on the handling of fruit and vegetables at Caminas in Brazil, another on rat disinfestation in Ghana—at which Canadian experts have talked alongside FAO men. If the lines for planning these projects, which have to lead through FAO

headquarters in Rome, seem awkwardly long sometimes, the results when they come are obviously worthwhile.

During a few days in Bombay I was able to see some impressive improvements in two operations that will affect Indian agriculture in this era of expansion: port handling and fertilizer production. Both in the past have been under heavy criticism for inefficiency, and suggestions for Canadian help have been put forward. But already, and on their own, the Indian managers have done much.

The port of Bombay is the busiest in India, for it handles one-third of the country's foreign trade. In 1966 it bore the brunt of the friendliest of invasion fleets, and handled 3.5 million tons of food that came from the U.S. and Canada to check the famine. But congestion was notorious: ships would wait days for a berth, while the unions that looked after the interests of thirty thousand port workers were sharply opposed to many forms of mechanical unloading. By 1969 the picture was largely transformed. When three months had passed without a clutter of cargo vessels, veteran shipping reporters worked out this was a 20-year record. The warehouses that had been full of uncleared packages (among them were 2000 of Russian origin, and no one at the time could decipher the markings) were largely emptied. Four new deepwater berths in Alexandra Dock were being completed, and all twenty-one berths were gaining an extra four-feet draught from the new impounding pumps, in a major expansion scheme.

An evening's tour with the Port Trust's general manager helped answer most of the questions about this transformation. Mr. Govind Seth is the neatest of new brooms. Having begun as a political scientist and lawyer, he has cheerfully tackled a series of difficult jobs, including the recovery of Indians' property in Pakistan. And he's known about ports from the opposite viewpoint, for he has been a shipowner as well.

He has a passion for neatness and order. Since he took over recently, the crates are piled with precision, and he beams: "You see, everything stacked very nicely." He has plans for painting white lines all over the warehouse floors, and zebra stripes where the forklifts may go. He misses nothing: a few bricks are spotted at the foot of a high wall, some

glass chipped off its top, and he gestures to a policeman—evidence of some (now rare) pilferers. But he hasn't a niggling mind. You pause in Victoria Dock where an ammunition ship blew up in 1944 and killed seven hundred people, and he tells you a slice of history with compassion. And in the wheat-bagging shed, where the grain gushes out of a conveyor pipe from a ship into two-hundred-pound bags which four men with hooks swing deftly onto a fifth man's head, a worker flings himself to the ground to embrace the feet of Mr. Seth. He takes it calmly and modestly, merely saying "Very nice atmosphere. Everyone very friendly." Behind his remark lies concern about the effects of mechanization: in 1968 nearly one million tons of grain were discharged at the port by pneumatic machine, and the government paid the dockworkers almost one hundred thousand dollars compensation for loss of earnings.

The fertilizer industry has its own set of difficulties. Although since 1965 there has been an impressive rise in India's own production, in 1968 nearly three-quarters of the country's requirement were imported—at a cost of 260 million dollars. American loans helped India pay for more than half this amount in that year, but the drain on foreign exchange is enormous. The problem has been that the existing plants in India have been running at less than half their capacity, because of either power shortages or delays in importing raw materials through the government procurement channels or because of government controls over marketing. And there have been delays also in completing another 10 fertilizer factories, partly because of a myriad of government regulations on import licences and duties which in turn create uncertainties over foreign collaboration and credit, and partly because of management problems. The result is that India will fall considerably short of the 1970-71 target, which set its nitrogen capacity at 2.4 million tons and phosphate capacity at one million tons.

There is plenty of frank discussion about these shortcomings, not least in the influential Fertilizer Association of India. The government is relaxing controls in some areas, or decentralizing powers to the state-owned plants that dominate production. But to meet a reasonable demand in 1973-4 of

4.8 million tons of nitrogen and 2.4 million tons of P_2O_5 would, the FAI estimates, involve a total investment in new factories of nearly two billion dollars—including foreign exchange of six hundred million dollars. The Ministry of Petroleum and Chemicals has been talking of production targets 25 per cent lower. Even so, the undertaking is an immense one.

But the Trombay plant, after four years of operation, offers some cheering signs. It had the usual start-up problems, which its managers blame partly on the Americans who helped set the plant up and flew away as soon as the five-day guarantee period was over. (At Gorakhpur the lesson of Trombay was learnt, and the Japanese technicians stayed on at least two months.) Now, however, it has settled down to producing urea and methanol and its own brands of nitrophosphate.

Perhaps the most impressive aspect of Trombay, as a government plant, was its staff's lively approach to marketing. The factory offers a free soil analysis service to any farmer, and dotted around Maharashtra State it has set up one thousand one-acre demonstration plots to show farmers the difference between ordinary yields and those gained through its fertilizers. At full production, Trombay's fertilizers could help farmers to increase food output by as much as one million tons a year. The dozen booklets the factory provides for farmers are brightly produced, and from 1969 Trombay began marketing its own line of fertilizer in colored pellets called "Suphala," a Sanskrit word meaning "bumper yield." One of their men with an eye to promotion picked the word partly because it also figured in the Congress Party's pre-independence anthem. These touches fit alongside the sights and smells of the great plant—the ammonia stinging the nostrils, the naphtha-gas flames flickering from chimneys, the huge drums rotating on vast dog-teeth. They, and the no-nonsense briskness of management (symbolized by the brigadier who was No. 2 man at Trombay), made you feel the industry had the wit and the initiative to work its way through its early problems.

Canada's part in these developments is neither remote, nor confined simply to a government loan to India to buy fertilizer imports. The agricultural task force has been considering schemes to help in the bulk handling of fertilizers through the

ports: at Bombay two deepwater berths are kept for fertilizer ships, and the cargo has to be bagged for a simple ten-mile journey; so that a bulk system there could clearly save a great deal. The Indian government may in the end choose some other port for bulk handling reforms. There is also the vexing question of potash, and of whether Canada with its enormous deposits in Saskatchewan could do more to supply India (and other developing countries) with its K_2O . The question was highlighted in mid-1968 when the Saskatchewan premier Ross Thatcher called on the mining companies to make a voluntary cutback of 20 per cent.

It is easy to quote some startling figures about potash. In 1965, when the province's potash industry was beginning to move forward rapidly, Saskatchewan's deputy minister of mineral resources, J. T. Cawley, wrote that "the vast undeveloped nations of the world would appear to be the key to tomorrow's expanded market." And he had good reason to say so; for African farmers in that year were using one-twentieth of the potash consumed in North America per arable acre. Latin America was using one-sixteenth. The amount of potash spread on North American *lawns and gardens alone* was equivalent to 25 per cent of the total used by the entire continents of Africa, Latin America and Asia combined.

Yet the market has not expanded in pace with production. Consumption is doubling each decade, but Saskatchewan which had a production target of eight million tons of K_2O in 1976 (which is more than the present total for Russia and the United States combined) discovered it might face a large production surplus in the meantime—a 32 per cent surplus in 1971. By then the capacity is likely to be twelve million tons of muriate of potash (KCl), or 7.2 million tons of K_2O . Hence Mr. Thatcher's call for a cutback.

It all seems a large pity, both for the developing world and for Saskatchewan, that the maximum amount of potash cannot be made available to these countries now. Some of the old (and valid) arguments—for instance, that there is far less need for K_2O than for nitrogen and P_2O_5 in these countries at the outset, and a timelag of several years before a demand for it builds up—are losing some of their force. India, for example, had reached the stage of importing 276,465 tons of

it in 1967-8, and the Trombay plant is turning out an NPK fertilizer in its Suphala series with the ratio 15:15:15. But another argument has all of its old force: that potash is a steady drain on a developing country's foreign exchange, because it has all to be imported, whereas a country can build a factory to produce nitrophosphates and for that process has to import, at the most, as happens in India, rockphosphate from Morocco. Faced with this currency problem, India has been acquiring most of its potash from East Germany under a barter agreement, but in 1967-8 bought seventy-eight thousand tons from Canada. It does not seem impossible that Canada, which is now moving into the place of the world's largest producer of potash, could think up a way to provide more of it to the developing countries. A vigorous campaign, by both the Saskatchewan and the federal governments, to educate agriculture officials in many tropical countries is a first step; only through them are the farmers to learn its value. It is ironic that the American Potash Institute, which groups together nine of the largest mining companies and which represents the companies now busy in Saskatchewan, has had to reduce its overseas market development schemes (because of lower prices) at just the time when promotion is more necessary than ever. Another step, recommended by the task force which was worried that the problem of fertilizer distribution in India would soon be more acute than the problem of actual production, is to help with the bulk blending of the products. Not only would this help to ensure each region of India received a balance of nitrophosphates; it would also mean that blends that included potash could be widely sold.

Somehow a vicious circle has to be broken. Every year the developing countries have to import about four billion dollars worth of food from the high-income countries; yet, because they haven't the foreign exchange to buy from a high-income country (Canada) a basic means of increasing their own food production, they remain trapped.

India's fertilizer men are also actively interested in prospects of importing quantities of elemental phosphorus to be produced in Newfoundland. It has several advantages for them: it is highly concentrated, equal to seven times its weight of

phosphate rock; it would also save a country in sulphur imports, since it is processed by electric furnace; discharging at port is much speedier, since it is molten; and a plant to process it in India could be built at half the cost needed for processing sulphur rock.

In one great area of Indian endeavor Canadians are doing very little to help. A few CUSO nurses are working in family planning teams through the Christian Medical Association of India. These CMAI teams do not work directly with child welfare clinics, but tour around instructing hospital staff. Out of CUSO's total of forty-five personnel in India in 1969, more than half were concerned with health services. The proportion of CUSO teachers is declining, and the agency's other new emphasis is on agricultural assistance. But whether CIDA will follow CUSO into some help with family planning programs is still unclear.

Industry, at least, is receiving help from Ottawa. Canadian aid with power supplies means in the end a lowering of factory costs. This in the case of aluminum, which became a significant export in 1968, is a crucial matter, for the largest aluminum producer in India has been paying twice as much for his power as his average foreign competitor. And the fifteen-million-dollar-a-year loan to buy raw materials is allowing India a bigger chance of pulling its industries out of the recession of 1965-67. The steel industry is still floundering badly, but the 1968 figures for manufacturing generally suggests a slow climb has begun again, although so far at half the growth rate of the 1960-65 period.

By quiet degrees, Canada has gained a reputation in India for apt and well-timed help. Successive High Commissioners, from Escott Reid to Roland Michener, have been content for this reputation to grow of its own accord. The present High Commissioner, Jim George, is a somewhat different man. To him there is something wasteful in doing good only by stealth. Bright deeds, in his eyes, should shine beyond a circle of undersecretaries in a Foreign or a Finance Ministry. He has put importance behind promoting the Commission's occasional magazine, "Canadian Bulletin," as an advertisement of this country's work in India; and its pages mirror his brisk alertness with details of loan agreements and pictures of him

inspecting plans for the Idikki powerhouse, or tackling the medium-sized Himalayas.

The magazine is, for all that, a modest effort with copies for only three thousand readers, and many of them Canadians living in India. Yet it raises the question: how far should Canada enter the publicity game overseas? Is part of India's appreciation of Canadians due to the fact that they are just there, without a fanfare; that they don't busy themselves publishing something similar to the glossy *Span* (with drawings of Nixon and Agnew on its endcovers) or *German-International* (with ill-advised boasts of helping the Portuguese entrench themselves in Mozambique behind the vast Cabora Bassa dam); that CBC International Service doesn't come booming into India, thumping down propaganda as light as cannonballs, like Radio Tashkent?

At the end of a visit, and a chapter, a writer has regretfully to acknowledge that India is really a photographer's country. The story is told, with greatest impact, in a few pictures. Some of my (mental) pictures light up familiar themes. The old man making a pathetic cardboard home in the gnarled trunk of a peepul tree on a Bombay street. A young woman outside Madras squatting before a line of pitchers and a standpipe set out in front of a low wall, as though worshipping at a creator's shrine—which, indeed, she was doing. And hundreds of children at Trivandrum airport, brought many miles in Saturday buses to walk reverently round our aircraft pausing there: it was only a wheezy Avro with a lurching takeoff, but for these village children in southern India it was a first close sight of space travel.

Two newer, and clashing, images push through. One is of the film hoardings in Bombay and Delhi, garish paintings in a war setting, girls frowning over northern snows, while men tote robust submachineguns. And you remember that defence services are taking up thirty per cent of the central government's expenditure. The other image is of Akbar's Tomb, in Agra, where in the old emperor's compound part of the lawn is now sown to Mexican wheat, as an example to the nation of the new ways to life. The choice today is a stark one.

Ceylon

The Colombo conference memories—shades of Kipling—Ceylon's attractions and disadvantages for aid donors—rice-rubber pact with China—suspension of U.S. aid—Canada picks up the pieces—airport a “white elephant”?—Russian high spirits—nightmare of sliding tea prices—obstacles to tourist industry—Aid Committee at work—may the “Club” of donors turn nasty?

Ceylon

Colombo holds a special place for Canada in its involvement with foreign aid. It was the gathering place, in January 1950, for what turned out to be a particularly important meeting of the Commonwealth Foreign Ministers. They talked mainly then—as they still talk today—of China, Vietnam and economic aid. And out of it was conceived the Colombo Plan, through which Canada for the first time was drawn into giving economic aid to the poorer countries—twenty-five million dollars to Asia in that first year. It is partly, I think, in memory of those beginnings that Canada still embraces with the phrase “Colombo Plan” the aid it now gives to eighteen countries in Asia: it uses the phrase on almost all possible occasions, it paints the words on trucks, and headlines them in official reports; other nations have let the phrase slide towards oblivion.

And partly the name has stuck with Canadians because the link with Ceylon itself over aid matters has been one to remember pleasantly. As much as any small country, Ceylon has been periodically plunged towards calamity through falls in the price of those main exports on which it expected to live—and live, in the most literal sense, for it has had to buy much of its food abroad. As well, Ceylon has existed on the edge of the cold war chessboard, but never been placed centrally enough upon it to benefit from huge reinforcements of aid, as South Korea and Taiwan have done. Through these vicissitudes Canada has been a generous friend, for its fifty million

dollars worth of aid up to 1969 was one of the largest contributions, ranking with the United States and China. More important, perhaps, Canada has been a constant, not just a fair weather, friend.

Twenty-one years after gaining independence, Ceylon is still astonishingly deeply set in an English tradition. It isn't just a sharing of constitutional forms, like retaining the monarchy and appeals to the Privy Council. Nor is it just a few superficial trappings, which can be there for pure convenience, like secondhand London doubledeckers. Englishness seems to pervade life at all points in Colombo.

There's a great devotion to the gentlemanly sports. For ambassadors to get ahead, they must get a set of golf clubs. The prime minister, Dudley Senanayake, is out on the first tee soon after 6 A.M. most mornings—and without a prearranged partner; the best way to have an audience with him, as Canadian High Commissioner John Timmerman and everyone else knows, is to arrive at precisely the right moment and share that prebreakfast round. And for those of all social ranks cricket is a religion. Work stops as Radio Ceylon beams the commentaries from Australia of the West Indians' tour. In March the great excitement is the annual "Battle of the Blues," fought out at (of course) the Oval, between the two long-established boys' schools.

Again, Ceylon is still very much a democracy with heavy emphasis on parliament. Democracy on the Island has survived many stiff tests: the assassination of Mr. Bandaranaike, rice riots, states of emergency, and as many as five Marxist parties. Parliamentary debates are reported at vast length in the Colombo papers—and Colombo must be the world's only city, outside London, to support six daily English-language papers. Hansard is often a best-seller, with queues outside its four sales points in the capital. It is all in character that you find a little suburban house called "Runnymede" . . .

The Englishness is sometimes more than a little old-fashioned. Handing round cigarettes, a Burgher (or Eurasian) traffic controller at the airport said to me: "May I offer you a gasper?" Again, by March 1959 the hippies in their oriental migrations had drifted southwards to Ceylon from Goa and other long Indian beaches, and newspaper columnists with

an audible rustle of Victorian skirts began referring to "this phenomenon." And when in an agony column a teenage boy spilt out his worries about a quarrel he had had with his father, "Nadine" of the *Ceylon Daily News* had some Kiplingesque advice for him: "Mod suits are not the sort of thing sober parents would approve of. First grow up to be a man, my son, and then perhaps you could do what you like."

After seeing some of these manifestations of national character, a visitor isn't entirely surprised to find Ceylon still looking to the West. The Englishness has been roundly deplored by some writers, notably Tarzie Vittachi in his book *Brown Sahib*. And there have been plenty of discouragements from the West, which might have made Ceylon turn away. There has been a century's experience of the British-controlled tea industry, in which the merchants at Mincing Lane have profited far more than the plantation workers. There was the abrupt suspension of American aid—in 1957 and 1963—which lasted for years. There have been heavy setbacks with Western customers, when the prices of Ceylon's main exports slumped and all the benefits from aid were virtually wiped out in this loss of foreign exchange. In contrast, Ceylon has enjoyed steady years of Chinese generosity in the rice-rubber deal. It is curious how the affection for the West has lasted.

For their part, the aid donors can find in Ceylon some particular attractions. It has a broad spread of natural resources. Its officials are sophisticated and friendly. Its industry, badly neglected until 1957, is developing. And the country, just larger than Nova Scotia and with eleven million people, is small enough for the impact of aid to be gratifyingly visible.

It has had some particular disadvantages, also. There have been years of political ping-pong, with power bouncing to and fro between the Senanayakes and the Bandaranaiques. The ethnic situation has been equally volatile, because of the Sinhalese-Tamil splits that are only papered over by coalition governments. With tea and rubber exports expected to provide 80 per cent of Ceylon's foreign exchange, the fluctuations of price they have suffered have often jeopardized economic development at home. And with free education available since 1944 from kindergarten to university—for those, at least, who can

get a school place—the governments' social services have carried an unusually heavy burden of expenditure.

But it is clear Ceylon could have been saved from having to stumble through some of the deeper economic troughs if a few rich countries, especially the United States, had shown more understanding of Ceylon's own difficulties and less concern for their own gain.

The difficult years for Ceylon began after the Korean War cooled down and the boom demand for rubber subsided. The island, caught in a double squeeze of getting less for its rubber and having to pay more for its rice imports, turned first to the United States for relief; but the American reply was that Ceylon would have to work through world markets. China came to the rescue in 1952 with an offer to buy, each year for five years, fifty thousand tons of Ceylon's rubber at a premium level above the Singapore price, and to supply two hundred and seventy thousand tons of rice on the basis of an interest-free loan. The agreement was extended in 1957. Of course, there have been advantages to China in the rice-rubber pact; it gave them an assured source of rubber in the years when other markets were closed to them; and it gave them the hope of political influence in Ceylon. Many armchair strategists have argued that China has planned a two-pronged siege of India, and see Ceylon and Kerala State under a communist government as forming the southern prong. Whatever the Chinese motives, they have consistently honored the pact. In 1968 they bought seventy-five thousand tons out of Ceylon's total sheet rubber output of eighty-eight thousand tons.

There had been voices raised in Ottawa in 1953, suggesting Canada should suspend its help to Ceylon's fisheries. One Liberal MP in the External Affairs Standing committee remarked on a cargo of three thousand tons of rubber that went from Ceylon to China and said he failed to see why Canada "should be assisting any country that is entering into trade relations with communist China." He was told Canada would be harming Commonwealth relations to question the right of Ceylon—or India or Pakistan—to trade with whomever it liked. This more liberal view prevailed. The Americans, however, were in no mood to take the agreement with China at

its commercial face-value—and Ceylon suffered the first suspension of U.S. aid.

The second American suspension, in February 1963, was more serious and longer lasting. For although commodity aid was resumed three years later with a 7.5-million-dollar loan, technical aid had not been resumed in mid-1969 and the only Americans helping on the island (outside the international agencies) are some Peace Corps workers.

In 1963 the quarrel was over Ceylon's nationalization of petroleum distribution. The Ceylon Petroleum Bill was taken through parliament during the first months of Mrs. Bandaranaike's administration in 1960-61. The Hickenlooper amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act, directing the President to cut off aid if "appropriate steps" had not been taken within six months to provide "effective, adequate and prompt compensation" of nationalized firms, was not passed until the summer of 1962. The Ceylon Government agreed to the principle of compensation, but demurred about certain criteria such as paying for "goodwill." Behind the three oil firms affected—Esso, Caltex and Standard Eastern—were critics who argued in cold-war terms that the nationalization was aimed at easing the distribution of Russian petroleum. So the Hickenlooper Amendment was put into effect and eventually cut off, among other things, flour and dried milk shipments. The patriotic cry was raised in Ceylon, "We don't want milk and buns"; and nurses offered a day's pay to help offset losses. The opposition had its own phrase: "U.S. buns or Chinese rice the greater disgrace?" However simplified the situation was by such slogans, the break with Washington did give many Ceylonese a useful psychological jerk, convincing them they must rely more on themselves—and work harder. The Senanayake government since 1965 has been able to capitalize on this mood.

In Britain there were angry questions from Labor MPs: one of them, William Warbey, asked "Is the British Government prepared to see a Commonwealth country treated like Cuba?" Officially Britain took a mild line over the sequestration of Shell's assets, perhaps because it had two hundred and sixty million pounds worth of tea and rubber estates also at risk. Canada, for its part, saw the situation neither in terms

of ideology nor of commercial hostages, but of what it could usefully do in Ceylon. In July 1963, when a power scheme in the vast Gal Oya settlement project was finished, the High Commissioner Jim George referred to the work of forty Canadian technicians and the installation of Canadian turbines and said: "Canadian aid is not only without strings, but without [political] color. The project was begun under one government, and finished under another."

A few months later, Canada stepped in to pick up plans to help build an international airport for Colombo which the Americans had dropped when their aid was suspended. To this day Americans interpret this act differently: a senior American in Colombo said to me in 1969, "You got caught with it."

There is among some officials in Ottawa a defensive air when talking about Katunayake Airport. They worry about criticism that it was an extravagance, involving nearly six million dollars in Canadian grants and loans. They remember newspaper descriptions of the airport as a "white elephant." Certainly it was being greatly underused in early 1969 during its first year of operation. Only five international airlines were using it regularly, with an average of two flights a day. It doesn't seem worth building an 11,050-foot runway and employing about one hundred airport staff for that amount of traffic; so say the critics.

But this is a passing complaint. The traffic is bound to increase as tourism grows. Mr. Timmerman likes to make two other points. Canada, he says, only needed to provide ten technicians since the Ceylonese showed they could do a complicated construction job excellently. And the airport has set a new standard, "a target to shoot at," raising the sights of Ceylonese to what they can achieve. He has some sound backing for his claim from the daily crowd of four thousand or so people who, during the first months after it was opened, used to travel the eighteen miles from Colombo to gaze at, and tour round, the handsome white structure.

In the inconclusive game of cold war chess played in Ceylon, Russia has had its occasional hour of high spirits. One came with the nationalization of the American oil firms. A more substantial one arrived in March 1967 when a metallurgical works and a tire factory, both financed by Russia, were opened

—and so was a Polish hardware plant. At the opening of the Kelaniya tire factory, the Navy band charmingly played the theme song from the James Bond film, "From Russia with Love." But *Pravda* made more solemn propaganda by contrasting the way this processing plant would let Ceylon keep maximum gain from its rubber, against the history of capitalist exploitation of rubber trees (which the paper cryptically traced back to Columbus). The *Ceylon Observer* reflected the same attitude that month with an editorial comment: "Certain Western countries have a calculated interest in keeping Asia permanently as a source of raw materials and the purchaser of their finished goods."

Americans in Ceylon tend to retort that the Russians only do "key jobs"—that they hand over a brand-new plant and leave without training any personnel. Scholarship figures tend to refute this: by mid-1968 Russia had offered almost as many training places to Ceylonese as Canada had (174 to 181).

A recurring complaint among aid-givers of every camp has been about delays in their offers being taken up. The lowest point came in 1963, when about one-third of all the aid offered during the previous seven years had not been drawn. Many reasons for this were advanced, but the basic ones were lack of trained management and poor coordination in government. The Yugoslavs were especially impatient about delays stalling their aid to fisheries. Political upsets also produced delays and sometimes cancellations. The change in government in 1965, when Dudley Senanayake took over from Mrs. Bandaranaike, brought an inevitable review of a major Chinese offer: a five-million-dollar Bandaranaike Memorial Conference Hall, to seat 540 delegates. The Senanayake government suggested reducing the conference hall to a sixty-seat seminar room, giving the main building over to theatre and music, and adding a hotel as annex. It took more than three years for China to make clear it would not finance such revisionism.

Ceylonese management and coordination have improved recently. But, throughout the period, Canada's performance in getting its aid implemented without long delays was one of the best. Perhaps the time of greatest frustration came in early 1965, when the cargo of a ship—the 9307-ton *Evangelistria*—specially chartered by Ottawa to carry building materials

and earthmoving trucks for the airport construction was so mishandled that Colombo papers reported: "Practically nothing was received from the ship that wasn't damaged." The dockworkers took ten and a half weeks to unload the ship, and since they belonged to Leftist unions the speculation seemed well-founded that this was a form of political sabotage. It is the only major incident where Canada has stumbled in the pitfalls of Ceylon politics.

A large question which the airport's completion brought into the open was: is Ceylon soon going to be able to exploit its obvious potential as a demi-paradise for tourists? Will it be able partially to solve its grim foreign exchange problems this way?

Before doing so it has to clear several obstacles. The tightness of exchange controls and import licences has over the years sharpened the skill of many Ceylonese in evading all such regulations. The black market thrives, and businessmen have many ways of accumulating funds abroad, including the practice of arranging prepaid tours for which the European holidaymakers deposit all the necessary money in, say, West Germany. As a result, Ceylon gets little benefit from tourism at present. Indeed, the Tourist Board complained in 1969 that for the last six years three-quarters of the legitimate earnings from tourism had found its way into the black market. Again, until more hotels are built in Colombo and the level of resthouse management is improved in the countryside, tourists will not come in any numbers even to see the magnificent ruined cities of Polonnaruwa and Sigiriya, or enjoy the glorious mountain scenery. In Colombo the choice sites bought by the Hilton and International chains remain undeveloped. As Russell Raymond wrote in the London *Times* in January 1969, "her tourist champagne is served in paper cups."

It is a pity there is this hiatus—a fine airport and glorious tourist sights and scenery, but little to bridge the gap. Ottawa, in a modest manner, has been wondering how to help. A Canadian has been running a hotel management school, and CIDA may become involved in some resthouse or small hotel scheme outside Colombo.

But even a lively tourist industry will be only a little help if the island cannot get a good and steady price for its tea exports.

The price has dipped badly because, although consumption is going up by about 1 per cent a year in the importing countries, production is rising faster both because of technological developments and of expanded plantations in some countries like Kenya. A solution would involve agreement among the producers to keep in step with the demand, and probably also a floor price guaranteed by the importers. The long haggle over an international cocoa agreement—a testcase pressed in UNCTAD because it was thought the simplest commodity to deal with—shows how difficult such solutions are to achieve.

The Senanayake government has been vigorous in trying to tackle its foreign exchange crisis from the other end—through import substitution. When Senanayake returned to power in 1965, nearly two-thirds of Ceylon's rice needs had to be imported, yet there was only enough foreign exchange left for a single month's supply. He made what was probably the bravest (if most necessary) political action in his life, for similar moves in 1953 had brought riots and his disappearance from the leadership: he halved the subsidized rice ration. Then he raised the guaranteed price for Ceylonese rice farmers by 25 per cent, and began personally to lead a campaign to get them to produce three-quarters of the country's needs by 1970. The example of the stocky prime minister stalking encouragingly around the paddyfields has brought results.

But a steady flow of foreign aid was also essential, both in commodities and in project assistance. Ceylon pinned its hopes on pledges from the World Bank group—the "Club"—that has met five times since a first session in Washington in July 1965. Ten countries are now associated in this consultative committee: Australia, Britain, Canada, West Germany, France, Italy, India, Japan, Netherlands and the United States. And in 1966 Ceylon was making its plans on the assumption that they would provide one hundred million dollars a year. But the pattern has now settled down to a promise of no more than fifty million dollars a year. Canada gave a five-year commitment to provide 4.5 million dollars each year; at present two million is being taken up in asbestos and newsprint shipments, another two million in capital aid (power and forestry schemes) and the rest in technical assistance.

If the "Club" is not coming up to Ceylon's expectations in

producing aid, is it really worthwhile for the government to deal with this group as a body? After all, it lays the Ceylon Government open to opposition charges that it acts under international direction, whether in devaluing the rupee, or raising interest rates or even in halving the rice subsidy.

Just before the fifth meeting, in Paris in March 1969, of the Aid Ceylon Committee, a top official in Ceylon's department of Foreign Aid was emphatic to me about the usefulness of the arrangement. The group, he said, was accumulating a good deal of expert knowledge through these sessions of swapping information, and the group's broad views on Ceylon's problems were helpful. The amount of money raised might not have been increased by this kind of group appeal, and the details of aid had always to be worked out later in bilateral talks with each donor. But the sessions had helped improve the terms of aid from some countries—and he cited the example of Japan offering a longer period of repayment of loans.

The figures for 1966 show how necessary it is for the terms of aid to be improved. In that year, Ceylon found that, while it received eighty million dollars worth of foreign aid, no less than thirty-eight million had to go out in interest charges, debt repayments and repatriation of profits. And thirty-five million dollars of the inflow was, anyway, in the form of loans, much of which came at 6 per cent interest and with only a five-to ten-year repayment period. To be accumulating debts of this sort, at a time when its income of foreign exchange was dropping disastrously because of falling export prices, is obviously ruinous. For in 1966 the value of its exports was 13 per cent below the 1965 level, and tea prices had their sharpest drop in a decade.

Although Dudley Senanayake attacked his many problems with vigor, and there were achievements to trumpet from the paddyfields, he was running into new troubles by 1969. The clashes between university students and the army, during the independence anniversary celebrations, were ominous. The figure of unemployment by then had reached 14 per cent of the country's labor force—or nearly half a million, and mostly men. A university degree is no guarantee of a job in Ceylon, and about one-quarter of the unemployed have had ten to

twelve years of schooling. Many, if not most, of the university students come these days from rural families; if they are disaffected, their discontent can be widely spread. They may well stir up the quiet life of the villages, where there is still a measured pace—plenty of time to prepare the king coconut for drinking, plenty of time for even the passing motorist to linger at a Buddhist shrine—and where families are still content with subsisting on the equivalent of twenty-five dollars a month. Somehow on such a sum the women dress neatly, and the schoolgirls are arrayed in white gym tunics and knee socks. To a visitor the life of a village seems untrampled by the Furies.

Some men besides Senanayake have moved to anticipate the storm. In an earlier chapter (on the World Food Program and Turkey) I wrote a little about the plan for village settlements of school-leavers. As well, a National Youth Organization is being set up, not only to give vocational training but even to design programs of development work for the young men.

With a general election due by 1970, a major test of sincerity faces the donor countries. If the government changes hands, back to a leftist Bandaranaike administration, will the "Club" be less eager to help Ceylon? Dudley Senanayake may himself decide that he needs to change the economic strategy which has commended itself so far to the Aid Committee. If, in either case, the group scales down its support, Ceylon will no doubt suffer once again. But so will the worldwide pattern of these consultative bodies, for they will be clearly suspect—as political-economic weapons of conservative Western countries. If such a test comes, Canada may need to lecture some of the other donors on concerning themselves with Ceylon's real needs. It would be a full test of whether Canada is indeed the island's constant friend.

Korea

Bulldozer Kim—"sword-sleeping" at the orphanage—special importance of voluntary agencies—still on wartime footing—military planners and the superhighway—soaring growth in industry—supremacy of wall charts—exodus of nurses—CIDA's cattle for the rich only—noodles for the destitute—adoptions and "slave labor"—CanSave sponsorships—the Unitarians in Mokpo—touring with Mr. Cho—the United Church missionaries at Severance Hospital—Dr. Murray and the lepers—CIDA's funds for voluntary agencies—need to expand this network

Korea

*I'm fixing a hole where the rain gets in
And stops my mind from wandering
Where it will go. . . .*

John Lennon and Paul McCartney.

Bulldozer Kim has often been pointed to as a symbol of the strength which South Korea has recently found, after thirty-five stunted years of Japanese occupation and the devastation of the 1950s. But he is a more important symbol than that. For his work exposes the weaknesses, as well as the strength, in Korea.

Kim Hyung-ok was an army general, and a specialist in transportation. He was first appointed mayor of Pusan, but the city on which he is leaving his mark is the capital, Seoul. He has earned his nickname in his few years as mayor there. There are still plenty of old twisting streets in a city that has a history of five hundred years, that still has palaces whose historical markers refer to "the Japanese invasion"—and mean the one that happened in 1592. But Bulldozer Kim has thrust wide avenues through the city's centre, flung up coils of overpasses, reclaimed large acres of the sandy shallows along the Han River. Seoul, for all its history, has the atmosphere of a young man beginning to feel his muscles: the piles for long new bridges are like teeth cutting upwards through a jaw to full adult strength. The Tower Hotel, on a skyline besides Namsan Mountain, is an exclamation mark of

growth. Thousands of medium-cost homes have been built, particularly along the reclaimed riverline where the developers were quick to move in. And on Yue Island, where the longest bridge will run, Bulldozer Kim has dazzling plans that would make Mayor Drapeau's headiest schemes for Montreal seem modest: he has designs ready to give the land over to a new national assembly, a new city hall, a covey of embassies.

And yet . . . doubts soon creep into a visitor's mind. Is this really what Korea, and Seoul, most needs these days? In March 1969 Bulldozer Kim touched off the explosive that began the excavation of two tunnels through Namsan Hill. The east-west tunnel will be 1530 metres long, and officials explain it will cut fifteen minutes off the travel time of suburban traffic. Another explanation offered is that the mayor intends to use the tunnels as a vast air-raid shelter (capacity: six hundred thousand or so) if war comes again to Korea. The two tunnels are costing eight million dollars to build.

The figure of so many millions for such a project jangles in the brain if you walk back through the streets in the evening, and see some of the shivering poverty. On the steps of a pedestrian subway (and there are plenty of these, to keep walkers out of the way of the fast flowing traffic) you may see a bundle of clothes that, as you come close, turns into a mother huddled over her child; too cast down, it seems, even to beg; any thoughts she has are centred only on keeping warm through the night ahead.

Or out at the City Children's Orphanage you can spend a distressing hour climbing a muddy hillside to tour the huts which were built for four hundred children and now house more than two thousand. In rooms that are no more than twelve foot square, as many as twenty-two children are expected to lead a human life. A veteran social worker told me he had learnt a new phrase at this institution: "sword-sleeping," to describe the taut position into which the children had to wedge themselves at night. There was an air of misery all about: worst in the barrack where the mentally deficient children lived in stench, but present also at many corners where young boys, hands stuck in thin denims against the March cold, lined up automatically through habit of discipline,

although there was nothing for them to wait for at that hour. There was a bathhouse, but no running water, for the city government had provided no pump. The conditions had evidently got beyond the capacity of the director to improve, or maybe control. He stayed in his office, where you can admire the football trophies won by his livelier boys. And he offered his visitors a fifty-page booklet full of neat graphs and statistics about his charges (397 chewing-gum pedlars and 209 shoeshine boys taken in during 1967). But he didn't show people round.

Bulldozer Kim, by neglecting such an institution and by putting disciplinarians rather than social workers in charge of it, is doing no differently from most mayors in Korea. For welfare has always until now been a very low priority for a government preoccupied by military defence and economic development. In the 1969 budget the Ministry of Health and Social Affairs received for this purpose only 2.9 per cent of the total government expenditure.

This means that the work of the voluntary agencies—both the church missions and the secular organizations—is all the more important. There are about eighty organizations grouped into the Korea Association of Voluntary Agencies, that was first formed in Pusan at the end of the war. KAVA not only provides a vehicle for coordinating the work of the many agencies, but also launched in 1968 a joint scheme of drought relief for the people of Cholla Nam-Do province, after two terrible years of crop failure. As well, KAVA as a united front has been able to speak authoritatively with government ministers and officials, pressing ideas and offering advice. Outstanding among the KAVA organizations have been three Canadian groups: the missionary workers of the United Church of Canada, and the teams of social workers supported by the Canadian Save the Children Fund and the Unitarian Service Committee (USC) of Canada. These last two have an all-Korean staff: they are alone among the KAVA bodies in having Korean directors. A few days spent travelling in the company of Mr. Cho Ki Dong of the USC, and then of Mr. Kim Un Cho of CanSave, is enough to convince anyone that they are both unusual men doing a remarkable job.

During the twenty-one years of South Korea's independence, military defence has had first call on its government's purse and preoccupations. Virtually no one has disputed this historical need: certainly not Mr. Cho, who first studied to be an electrical engineer and then through the war turned to being a medical assistant with a Norwegian field hospital that was attached to the UN forces. This connection led him into social work with international agencies. The horrors of 1950-51 are still vivid enough. They recur for him and others with such emergencies as the 1967-68 drought. Mr. Cho led a joint committee of KAVA groups to rehabilitate the drought victims. Life for Mr. Cho is a long campaign of fighting disasters that beset his poorer countrymen.

South Korea still operates on a wartime footing. With six hundred thousand men under arms, it has the sixth largest army in the world. And the Americans still keep at least fifty thousand troops there. Facing them, the North Koreans maintain a regular force of three hundred and forty-five thousand men. Violations of the 1953 Armistice, which established the 248-kilometer truce line near the 38th Parallel, are the subject of almost daily accusations. The North Koreans have laid fifty-six thousand such accusations, while the South's figure is passing sixty-five hundred. Steadily during 1967 tension rose. During the UN Security Council debate on the capture of the spy-ship *Pueblo* in January 1968, Mr. Morozov the Soviet delegate claimed that American troops had been shelling North Korean soil during the previous year "five times as heavily as in the previous thirteen years." That same month, the South Korean government had its greatest alarm when thirty-one commandos sent from the North with the object of assassinating President Park walked to within a few hundred yards of his home in Seoul before being challenged and shot. The repercussions were heavy. A "home reserve force," to number two million men, began to receive eighty hours each of annual training—in everything from arms drill and firefighting to the escorting of prisoners. In 1968, 321 North Korean "infiltrators" were killed south of the line, compared with four in 1965. A midnight curfew was still in effect for Seoul and all but two provinces in 1969. Strategic roads, such as the Skyway Drive to the north of the capital with lookout

posts towards Triangle Mountain and the border, were hurried to completion.

Sometimes it is difficult to know whether the military men or the economists are dictating the pattern of development. Plans for a four-lane highway, to strike 433 kilometres across the country diagonally from Seoul to Pusan, have been presented as a project to speed Korea's economic development. The superhighway will, it is explained, run through an area where nearly two-thirds of the manufacturing industry is sited, and nearly half the country's thirty million people live. But the original cost of 132 million dollars was increased by 42 million because the government decided to finish it in 1969, a year and a half ahead of schedule, and had to spend most of the extra amount in wages for nightwork. The economy has been booming, and the second Five-Year Plan is itself being completed a year ahead of time. But the decision to push through the superhighway at top speed was clearly one dictated by military planning.

There are even moments when the newspapers become totally confused between what are military, and what are welfare, uses for funds. The *Korea Times* in March 1969 reported plans by the Finance Ministry to launch a national lottery with fourteen and a half million dollars worth of tickets each year, and added that interest from the funds not spent in prize-money "will be used in financing social welfare programs such as construction of schools and purchase of helicopters for anti-guerilla operations."

Nevertheless, the government has much to boast about in pure economic development since 1960. With vast subventions from the United States (in 1967, for instance, AID alone committed 114 million dollars), South Korea has been one of the few countries in the Third World able to turn in spectacular figures for the "Development Decade." The sober men of GATT went to the point of describing Korea's growth as "phenomenal" when the 1968 exports topped the five hundred million dollar mark; they had been only thirty-three million dollars in 1960. The growth rate target during the period of the Second Five-Year plan was set, a little hopefully, at 7 per cent. It now seems likely that the national income will have grown at 10 per cent a year instead.

There are problems behind this soaring growth. Imports have risen even more swiftly than exports, although in recent years the heavy flow of investment has kept the foreign reserves looking healthy. There is disparity of incomes, and inflation is a worry. The officials in Economic Affairs, while claiming the per capita income in 1969 will rise to 240 dollars a year (an almost princely sum in many parts of Africa), admit that an urban wage-earning family can afford to save only about three dollars a year. These have been great days for the industrialist, with handsome incentives for exports and every consideration shown by government officials for the businessman's needs; but there are still slim pickings for the factory workers. A man can work a fourteen-hour day for a monthly wage of only thirty dollars; and sometimes even that isn't forthcoming, for large companies making glittering profits have fallen several months behind in paying wages, and workers have had to be supplied with emergency food from international relief agencies. At the army clothing factory in Pusan, which is something of a national showplace, the hard facts of wage scales (when you finally get to them past all the other statistics) are scarcely reassuring: the best hope for the two thousand girls, marshalled in long blue-uniformed lines behind their sewing machines, is to earn a dollar a day.

Korea is a country where statistics hold a supreme place, and where anyone with claims to modernity seems devoted to the decimal point. Perhaps it is the effect of years of an American military presence, but everywhere a visitor is presented with columns of figures, is set down in front of wall graphs and organization charts, is subjected to a proud recital of numerals that are so often disembodied facts. Quaint examples are everywhere: the Seoul city government, in its "Summary of Guidance Service for the Fallen Women," lists a dozen reasons why the six hundred prostitutes in its charge are "unable to liquidate the fall," including

Self-abandonment 10.7 per cent.

To provide with wedding expenses 3.6 per cent.

The clothing factory carries this form of decimalized briefing to the ultimate stage. While Colonel Chang sits watchfully, a young lieutenant underlines with his lecturer's cane the

message of a sheaf of wall charts, and a private stands ready to lift each sheet in turn off the high wooden frame. The charts show nearly everything: the chain of command; the productivity of each sewing machine (26 minutes, 37 seconds to make a combat jacket); the standard work-flow that speeds it all up with assembly-line methods; some of those cake-slice diagrams to illustrate that "although it is a military establishment, 94 per cent of the force is civilian; the output of six million garments a year (which helps remind you of the size of that army). The single statistic which the charts don't give is the figure of a dollar a day that the girls earn. Yet the job is much sought after, with only one girl in ten leaving each year. The working conditions seem reasonable, and the factory has a unique attraction for Korean mothers: a day nursery for a hundred children, financed by the Canadian Save the Children Fund.

Seoul is the magnet for most of the new investment and industrial growth. Its population has streaked up to more than four million, and what were paddy-fields a few years ago are now settled suburbs, while new slums of hutments clutch the sides of little hills until the mayor's bulldozers make their rounds. Elsewhere, the growth isn't so evident, with the exception of Ulsan, a modest-sized city in 1962 when the first Development Plan designated it a special industrial area and gave it one-sixth of all the development funds. Now, with an oil refinery and a fertilizer factory and several other plants, it is heading for its target of a petro-chemical complex and half a million population. There is, in Ulsan at least, plenty of money available for services for the newcomers; and the vice-mayor was quick to point out to me that his men are surviving in the cramped old city hall so that all the concentration can be on housing for the industrial workers, rather than on public buildings.

Driving back along the southwest coast in March from Ulsan to Pusan, the gap between living standards in town and countryside becomes more striking than ever. Women are crouching beside a stream-bed, snow on the bank behind them, washing clothes in the icy water. Men are sifting the river stones for gravel, to sell to the builders of the large highways: it is the only immediate benefit most of the local

people can expect from this massive program of construction. And the farm-dealers bicycle along with heavy, black sows strapped behind their seat, across the mudguard. Everyone is apparently industrious and ingenious, but the rewards for them until now seem so meagre.

And then in Pusan—the United Nations war cemetery (“the only one in the world,” as every guide will mention) sloping down through cypresses to a bay of the eastern sea. Some sixty Canadians lie there, left behind of the thirty thousand who went to the Korean War, and their headstones are close to those hundreds that are marked with the Crescent of the Moslem soldiers who came from Turkey. But today that bay is dominated, not so much by this international monument of ultimate investment, as by a steel rolling mill belching smoke to the horizon.

Where does a government like Canada's start, in offering help these days to South Korea? It is not a nation on which External Affairs or CIDA officials have concentrated much attention. Diplomatically it is handled from Tokyo. Occasionally an immigration officer arrives to check the applications of Koreans wanting to move to Canada. Many skilled Koreans want to move abroad, and the exodus causes anxiety. There are 8100 registered nurses in Korea, but most of the best ones tend to head overseas. Miss Beulah Bourns, a United Church missionary who has been training nurses for more than thirty years at Seoul's Severance Hospital, speaks of the discouragement this produces: “The aim of many to go abroad as soon as possible keeps their minds off their work.” And the Seoul government showed itself equally concerned in 1969 about the number of professors and students lingering abroad: there were then 9400 students overseas (135 in Canada) and the government warned them their passports wouldn't be renewed—while the professors might lose their posts—if they overstayed their time away.

Obviously no barrier should be lowered on South Koreans wanting to make a new life in Canada. But preference might be given to those wanting to emigrate from among the six hundred thousand Koreans living in Japan, a group that has its origins in the “cheap labor” force transported after the

1910 annexation and a group that now belongs to neither Asian country, linked not in spirit with Korea nor by citizenship with Japan.

As well, Canada could do something more constructive for South Korea than cream off a number of its more talented people. The Ontario Government has offered a worthwhile scheme to about thirty Korean agriculturalists to learn modern farming methods in Canada. But another, Ottawa-backed, idea is not so well-conceived. The theory is sensible enough: to help establish a dairy industry by shipping over about fourteen hundred Holstein cattle. But in practice the scheme is simply giving more money to the well-to-do. In Yangsan county, for instance, the Holsteins are being sold to the wealthiest farmers—1100 dollars a head, was the price quoted to me—and ordinary people just do not drink milk, for it costs at present about twelve cents a glass. I visited the fifty-hectare farm of Mrs. Min Soo Ye, which will now be carrying fifty dairy cattle, bought from Japan and Canada. Perched on a plateau, hers was the largest farm in sight; she had other fields strung with vines. It was sad to see Canadian aid going to enrich an élite: her cows' milk will go to dealers, and almost certainly on to luxury places like tea-houses.

In contrast, several agencies have been providing milk for poor children. The USC sends, in powder or condensed form, enough milk for five million cups to Korea and India. Many bodies in Canada combine to help; the *Lethbridge Herald*, *Ottawa Journal* and *Victoria Times* all run Christmastime appeals to raise thousands of dollars for milk shipments. And Miss Bourns, with help from UNICEF and Church World Service, has run a milk station which regularly helps feed five thousand babies in Seoul. But for most Koreans the best food they can substitute for milk is beancake, and the government's hope to make milk widely available within five years (the original estimate was twenty years) is thought far too optimistic.

The work of the eighty-odd voluntary agencies active in Korea is like a huge mosaic, with the different groups doing their own thing for most of the time. There is little risk of overlapping, for the area of need to be filled in is so big. For

years to come, in fact, there are bound to be vast gaps in a country where nearly one and a half million people suffer from active tuberculosis, where the seventy thousand children in orphanage-type institutions give only the first hint of the problems of family disruption through sickness and poverty, and where the heavy weight of poverty both in rural districts and in the new areas of cities is made crueler by a climate more rigorous than in nearly all other underdeveloped nations.

The variety of work done is a tribute to the agencies' ingenuity. One can give, in this space, only a few examples. The Catholic Relief Service, with American gift flour, has been employing deaf-and-dumb Koreans to make noodles for the feeding of as many as forty thousand people around Seoul each day: many of those fed were the self-employed burden-carriers, who may earn only about fifty cents a day by lugging on their backs heavy loads secured on a sort of upended wheelbarrow frame. The CRS priests have also brought the first stages of development to islands in the Inchon diocese, scrounging from surplus stores equipment for electricity and telephone services; while on Cheju island, far to the south, which used to be known for only three attributes—"many stones, many women and much wind"—sheep have been introduced and nuns have carried the project to its logical and profitable outcome; for they now advertise in Seoul newspapers "Hand Woven Tweeds made by Hallin hand weavers under Irish supervision."

Its Protestant counterpart, the Korea Church World Service, has many areas of work for the four hundred and fifty thousand dollars it disburses in a year. It has helped support an amputee rehabilitation centre, leprosaria and orphanages; it has provided some family planning teams and helped publicize the dangers of TB infection. And, a new scheme, about which the KCWS director Al Oliver is particularly enthusiastic, is the sending of community development workers into ten mountain villages. The results in the first three years were encouraging, though on a modest scale: a rice mill was successful enough for a loan to be promptly repaid, villagers took to roofing their homes with tiles instead of ricestalks which have to be annually repaired at a high cumulative cost,

a communal bathhouse was built; more lastingly, local leadership was uncovered and a cooperative spirit began to blossom. Meanwhile, another Protestant group, the Christian Reformed Korea Mission, has ranged from supervised farm credit to adoption placement. Peter Feddema, a Dutch-Canadian immigrant from Bowmanville, with a staff of six and funds also from Oxfam, ran for four years the supervised credit scheme in Go Yang Goon district, where thirteen hundred farmers were able to draw from an eighty-thousand-dollar revolving loan fund for fertilizer and oxen and swine.

The adoption service run by the CRKM spotlights a change of attitude towards orphans and institutions in Korea. By 1969 the CRKM had made more than eight hundred in-country adoptions, after careful checking of families. But in previous years a good deal of scandal has surrounded the treatment of orphans: a ten-year-old girl could be snapped up by a family, as a Catholic priest put it, "for slave labor—they were literally 'taken in.' " And the official attitude of the government, as well as of agencies, has swung round towards the aim of eliminating as many as possible of the institutions in which seventy thousand "orphans" now exist. The reason is, many children in them are not orphans so much as children whose parents believe they can have a better life in a government-supported institution than in a large and poor family. In this belief the parents are often mistaken, for not a few of these institutions have a name for making their managers a neat profit at the children's expense. While the government appears to agree with such agencies as CanSave and USC that it is far better to help the children in the context of a family, their ideas about how to reduce the numbers in institutions differ. For the government has taken the line of cutting its support across the board, irrespective of whether a particular orphanage is well-run or notorious, rather than weeding out the poor ones.

The Canadian Save the Children Fund has for years concentrated on helping the sponsored children in the setting of a family, rather than in an institution. One can go further, and say the CanSave funds help a family become viable by aiding one or more of its children. Families which are utterly

destitute and have no hope of escape the agencies decide regretfully they cannot help, but must leave to the care of government. It is a hard choice to make; but Mr. Kim, the CanSave administrator, put it to me: "We cannot help the impotent, and produce any results, with sponsorship funds of one hundred and twenty dollars a year and a bit of our extra cash. We must help those who can benefit." With eleven social workers spread between Seoul, Pusan and Ulsan, CanSave is helping nearly eleven hundred families through sponsored children. As we drove one day through Yangsan county, I had a glimpse of how much a regular, brief visit from a social worker could achieve. Mr. Kim stopped at a mud-and-thatch cottage which faced ironically across a valley to where the Pusan-Seoul superhighway was being built at high expense. The husband was away working on a roadgang; the only obvious possession they had was a sow which in their poverty they had been about to sell some weeks before. One of Mr. Kim's staff had dissuaded them; and now the sow was patently pregnant, and the wife with one of her three children on her back was full of smiles. A few piglets would make quite a difference to their income.

"It is difficult to find cases to pick up," Mr. Kim said at one point. This was his gentle way of saying there were so many in need that it was difficult to choose between them. In practice, several factors dictate the choice: the chances of making a family viable, for one, and the grouping of cases within radius of a social worker's travel limits. One worker in Ulsan is helping cases of hardship as this industrial town tries to control its mushroom growth. And another young social worker in the mountainous Yangsan county north of Pusan was building up a list of two hundred families in 1969 which CanSave would help both with sponsorship funds and the gift of a calf. This ambitious venture into rural development seemed more relevant to the country's needs than CIDA's shipment of Canadian Holstein cattle. For these Korean calves would cost a hundred dollars rather than eleven hundred dollars, will be beef rather than dairy cattle and thus be work-animals around a small farm; and they will go to some of the neediest families, rather than to an élite.

The work of the Unitarian Service Committee of Canada has evolved along a different path. It began in Korea with emergency relief for orphans and war refugees, and with the provision of milk and barley for schoolchildren. After the war the USC moved into supporting orphanages and giving scholarships. By 1958 it was helping to establish TB clinics, and as a result its staff began to do medical casework. This in time led the USC to establish social service centres in four towns. Today Mr. Cho is convinced these centres should form the core of the USC work: for they can have a flexible program that responds to changing needs, and they can be a magnet to draw in help from the community as a whole. The variety of the centres' work is already impressive: night schools for youths, day care centres for working mothers, free dental clinics, savings clubs for the normally prodigal shoe-shine boys, milk centres for mothers and their babies, and much else. On top of this, each social worker attached to these centres is looking after about forty welfare cases.

A day's tour around Mokpo in the charge of Mr. Cho can leave you astonished at the impact which the USC has had on this city of a hundred and sixty thousand people. Mokpo, in the southwestern corner of Korea, was the end of the line for wartime refugees, and since then has become the haven of poor people fleeing from the offshore islands and the drought areas just to the north. It is a somewhat dubious haven, because it boasts no more lucrative industry than a ceramics factory, a firebrick plant, a winery—and shrimps that are good enough to export to Japan. Mr. Cho, who is as addicted as any Korean to wall charts and percentages, can reel off the statistics of hardship in Mokpo: 1123 runaway women given guidance through the Hope Club in 1968; 75 abandoned children cared for; 325 families with TB patients given a monthly amount of Canadian barley; 20,470 people in the Mokpo area who need some form of care, and can't get it from government.

At most street corners there is someone to greet him who has been helped by USC; an old man who carves wooden seals, a woman with four children who sells sweet potatoes, three for four cents. Beside the railway line, in a cardboard shack

which hardly kept out the cutting wind, was a woman and two children who had fled from the islands after the husband ran away in the drought. The USC workers had set her up with cooking tools and china pots to sell corn soup, which gave her a comparatively decent living until she slipped on some ice, broke her jars and damaged her back. But there was a reasonably happy ending: the husband separately turned up at the social service centre for counselling, the social worker caught the connection and was able to reunite them. When I saw her, the husband had a watchman's job and she was recovered enough to be picking cabbages for fifty cents a day.

But the largest USC project in Mokpo (and indeed in all Korea) is the Children's TB Hospital, for whose construction it put up sixty thousand dollars in 1961 and has contributed fifteen thousand dollars a year towards operating costs ever since. The Health Ministry, with its tiny budget, has given priority to TB control and since 1962 has set up 189 health centres around Korea. They have good reason: about twenty thousand Koreans die from tuberculosis every year. There is no possibility of giving hospital treatment to any but a few of the three hundred thousand infectious TB cases: there are only two thousand TB beds in Korea, and anyway a bedcase costs as much as fifteen to twenty outpatients do. So the Mokpo children's hospital admits only advanced cases, and they stay for an average of ten weeks. The seventy-bed hospital takes in about 350 cases a year for totally free treatment. Not only is it a sunny, clean and cheerful place for these distressingly sick children; but Dr. Park Chong Dal, the very alert but gentle doctor who ran the hospital for seven years until 1969, was able to show that the concentrated control measures in the Mokpo area had produced results twice as satisfactory as the national figures: the BCG (*Bacillus Calmette-Guérin*) vaccine coverage of children under fourteen was twice as high, the prevalence of active TB was less than half. In 1970 the Korean Government is taking over the hospital's administration, and the USC contribution will be cut. It will be the end of a successful chapter.

Mr. Cho believes in dramatic contrasts to make his point to visitors; soon afterwards we were walking beside a canal

bed, empty except for refuse, and knocking on a corrugated iron door. It was a privately run vagrants' home for 105 children. No worse in some respects than plenty of orphanages: fifteen boys to a small room, two quilts between them, some boys wearing Canadian sweaters provided through the USC and no shirt beneath them. What added an extra layer of depression was the obvious emptiness of their lives. About twenty-five of them got out each day as shoeshine boys, and showed a spark of liveliness. The others were huddled in lethargic silence: the snow-blown world outside had nothing to give them, neither schooling nor jobs. In the director's office hung a painting of the Last Supper and a single offering from the Health Ministry. This was a set of propaganda wall charts depicting the horrors of life in North Korea, with Chinese soldiers whipping and gunning down civilians, bodily carrying off factories and sacks of grain, while south of the 38th Parallel sweet-faced nurses waited to welcome escapees to a better life. . . . This was the only food for the children's minds.

The USC has sponsored six children's homes in Korea. But, compared with such agencies as Compassion and World Vision which recruit sponsors and then limit their supervision to an occasional inspection of orphanages, the USC has employed professional social workers in these homes. Even so, Mr. Cho hopes to eliminate these institutions over the next few years, and spread the children among families. The one exception will be the Sam Yook Rehabilitation Centre in Seoul. There is no other such children's centre in Korea, although there are eighty thousand physically handicapped children in the country. It had 220 children in 1969, and about eighty children can expect to be discharged each year. Half the children are post-polio cases, and a quarter are cerebral palsy patients. The USC sponsors 150 of the children and gives another forty-two hundred dollars a year towards the running costs. It could easily have been a grey corner of grim determination, but it is in fact a place alive with cheerfulness. It was a little difficult to pin down the reason. Perhaps the new and neat primary school rooms, offering some future to the children; perhaps the smiling young housemothers, and the

possessions around the rooms that held no more than eight girls; perhaps the gay wall decorations, including a huge maple leaf that enclosed the names of "first parents" against the children they sponsored, and a map of the Pacific from Canada to Korea showing the route Dr. Lotta Hitschmanova had just taken.

Some Canadians tend to find Dr. Hitschmanova, with her beribboned uniform and unquenchable energy, a daunting person. I suppose she is, if you try to keep up with her, rather than simply admire her. She spends four months of her year travelling through Korea, Hong Kong, India and the Middle East, devoting hours of a day to interviewing young children whom her USC has sponsored. She was once a journalist in her native Czechoslovakia, and the circulars she writes after her trips have a vividness any newspaperman would envy. No sooner home each year than she sets off on a three-month speaking tour to raise 1,300,000 dollars. In 1968 she made some 150 speeches on her tour, and said it was the hardest year to raise money since she began as executive director in 1945: a reaction after the generosity of Centennial year, public preoccupation with Biafra, a poor season for her faithful friends the farmers, were some of the reasons she had identified. Though her dedication can seem formidable to more easygoing Canadians, for those at the receiving end she is the embodiment of humanity. And this shines back in her Ottawa office room: a wall full of photographs of children, a bowl of chrysanthemums on her desk about which she says, "I love yellow. It's warm, like hope." And she also is humble, and stresses:

"Our greatest achievement is to have a completely Korean staff. I'm very humble about what we've done. And should be, because it is their doing."

But clearly part of the success of USC and CanSave in Korea lies in the fact that Dr. Lotta and Ken Marshall, whose genial understanding for Korea goes back to the Fifties when he was KAVA's executive secretary, direct the Canadian end of operations.

Other bits of the mosaic of welfare are being filled in by missionaries of the United Church of Canada. Until 1945,

by agreement with the other churches, they concentrated their work in the north; nowadays much of it is centred on Seoul's Severance Hospital which was first set up by two Toronto doctors. The new hospital building, beside Yonsei University, has four hundred beds and some excellent equipment. As Dr. Ian Robb, an anaesthetist there, points out, "At Severance Hospital we have open heart surgery, while in downtown Seoul and country villages alike witch doctors are still doing a thriving business."

The hospital was the first to graduate nurses from a four-year degree course, and under Miss Bourns nearly four hundred have graduated in the last ten years. But there are frustrations, because of so many leaving for jobs in North America, Scandinavia and West Germany. There are frustrations too, because of lack of funds, in the Crippled Children's Centre. Marion Current, who is head of the hospital's physiotherapy department, gave me the figures: each summer the hospital has to treat more than three hundred polio cases—"the average age is 15 months, it is still truly infantile paralysis here." But nearly all have to be treated on an out-patient basis, and there are funds for only a few free beds at the Crippled Children's Centre. We walked across to it, found half a dozen kids in a reading class; then, in a room where the parallel bars and other equipment stood, there was a single paralyzed girl fiddling with diamond shapes on a tray. "As you can see, we're hardly doing a roaring trade," said Marion Current.

The government gives no financial support to Severance Hospital, even though it is the training hospital for the university. The children who, if funds were available, could be getting treatment from the good staff of physiotherapists she is training, are likely these days to be found begging on the steps of one of the pedestrian bridges or subways on which the mayor has spent his money.

Dr. Florence Murray, who went to Korea in 1921 and retired finally in 1969, deserves a whole chapter of her own for her work with leprosy patients. She estimates there are probably more than eighty thousand leprosy cases in South Korea, but hardly anyone had started systematic treatment

before she set up a clinic in Kyung Chon Won village more than ten years ago. As she tells the story, the patients at first scoffed at her: "What does this old grandmother know about leprosy? She's never had it." But she won the confidence of some of them by taking up the request of an old man to amputate his second foot and saying, "I will consider it in ten days, if the treatment I give you in the meantime doesn't work." The treatment did work, and she had the trust of many patients after that: she was able to regulate properly the drugs which government men had merely dropped off at which was to them a tainted village. When a few were quite cured, she faced the problem of how to integrate them back into society; a problem she solved by buying land for a new village, settling them there and then inviting outsiders to join them. After some years the area lost its fear of leprosy, to the point where some patients were allowed to hold a party in a town restaurant for the clinic's staff. Dr. Murray retired once from the United Church mission, then spent two more years working in Taegu at The Mission to Lepers Hospital, where doctors from the nearby government hospital came over for training in leprosy treatment. Dr. Murray must have done as much as anyone in Korea to promote a more rational and humane attitude towards sufferers from this least infectious of diseases.

There are emergencies as well for the missionaries to help meet, as in Cholla Namdo province which was struck in 1967-68 with the worst drought of a century. The familiar signs of despair were seen in an extreme form: farmers were selling their cattle, women were running away, in Kwanju city alone three hundred children were found abandoned in 1968. As prompt aid, the United Church gave fifty thousand dollars towards relief.

The Cholla Namdo emergency was, however, only a dramatic example of what are chronic problems. Country girls arrive in a steady stream at the railway stations in Seoul and other cities, looking for an escape from poverty. They are easily spotted, in their lost bewilderment; and procurers often are the first to approach them, and lead them off to prostitution. Several agencies now try to beat the procurers with a more

positive welcome at the railway stations for the girls. In Mokpo a six-month course in knitting and dressmaking is run for fifty girls, and the USC provides barley and quilts. In Seoul a remarkable woman called Miss Chang Eui Ok, a Yonsei University graduate, braved the scorn of her well-to-do friends ten years ago to do a study of the plight of prostitutes. Among wealthy Korean girls, prostitutes were usually ignored as non-persons, just as lepers and the mentally sick have been. Miss Chang had other ideas, and formed the Girls' Welfare Association. It now runs three homes, fifteen girls in each, in modest suburban houses. One is for "G.I. girls," who are mostly sent there by American chaplains. The one the United Church supports is the House of Hope, for the younger girls who have come straight off the slow country trains. The government has accepted this general approach, but is trying to do it on a larger and more impersonal scale, and with an element of compulsion. The GWA housemothers are convinced success depends on the training courses being entirely voluntary, and are proud that only one in every six girls has run away from them. Interestingly, the housemothers all come from well-to-do families, and two are graduates of Ewha University.

Ewha is one of the largest women's universities in the world. Starting as a primary school in 1886, it has been a fully-fledged university since 1945 and now has eight thousand students. For thirty years it has been one of the main missionary projects of the United Church, which contributes ten thousand dollars a year towards running costs, as well as providing scholarships for graduate study in Canada and a regular exchange teacher to join the Ewha staff.

Nevertheless, money is short. The 27,100 dollars which the United Church in 1969 put towards medical relief through charity programs at three main missionary hospitals does not spread far. Dr. Hugh Rose, one of Canada's best eye doctors, faces this frustration at Wonju where the hospital's eye department is magnificently equipped (and most of the wealthy Koreans go there for their operations); but it is not being used to anything approaching full capacity, because there isn't

money to provide free or low-cost treatment for those who need it.

South Korea is not an isolated case. Although this chapter has dealt with the work in a single country of one Canadian missionary group and two Canadian agencies, a similar picture might have been drawn in many countries. One might have written about Rwanda and the White Fathers, or Nigeria and the Presbyterians. And these same agencies are as active elsewhere: CanSave is hoping soon to have as many sponsorships in India as in Korea, for in two years Dr. Zulie Nakhooda has from her base in Bombay built up a network of worthwhile projects stretching from Kerala up to Darjeeling. In 1967 the External Aid Office calculated there were 82 Canadian non-governmental agencies raising funds and recruiting workers for aid and development abroad, and in that year they contributed thirty-four million dollars and have at least sixty-five hundred workers serving overseas.

No doubt some of these agencies could raise more funds on their own. The United Church made such a move in September 1968, in a most dramatic fashion. Several speakers at the General Council had pointed to the ten million dollar stabilization fund which the United Church years ago invested to provide security for the work of the church in the event of another Depression. The Reverend W. R. Fritz of Toronto presented a motion to turn over one million dollars of this fund to missions in the developing countries, and said: "We must put our money where our mouth is. . . . The church of Jesus Christ is not the Imperial Bank of Jesus Christ." The motion was referred to a special committee, which came back with the proposal to guarantee one and three-quarters million dollars in the next 28 months for overseas development and relief. The new Moderator, Robert McClure, launched the fundraising campaign with a typical phrase, "Let's up and at it. Begin with me, Lord!" And within six months an extra million dollars had been raised, to be shared out among 24 countries.

But there are also government funds. CIDA has a new division, with funds earmarked to help the projects of the voluntary organizations. In June 1968 Mr. Sharp announced

the first five grants, including one to the USC. One condition placed against these grants was that the CIDA contribution would not normally exceed one-third of the cost of any project. An agency which qualified on these terms was the Malwa Economic Development Society (MEDS), connected with the United Church, which for three years has been drilling water wells in Madhya Pradesh state and providing drinking water for two hundred thousand Indian villagers. CIDA provided one hundred thousand dollars for more portable drill rigs. But the program got away to a slow start, with most of the 4.12 million dollars disbursed in 1968-69 being allotted on quite different terms to CUSO. The program is presumably not meant as a means of financing CUSO (for CUSO isn't expected to raise two-thirds of its money elsewhere). One would hope that many of the smaller agencies can be given the benefit of this growing fund (six and a half million dollars in the 1969-70 budget), and be given it quickly. For the needs should be met now if the equipment installed and the skilled workers on the spot—not just Hugh Rose and his eye department, Marion Current and her Crippled Children's Centre, but a hundred other such people—are to be used to the full.

And this network of sixty-five hundred Canadians abroad with voluntary organizations—and even more their counterparts in those countries working with Canadian bodies, from Mr. Kim and Mr. Cho to Dr. Nakhooda—is in many places a more solidly established structure, and closer to the countries' needs, than anything CIDA can hope to set down. There are strong grounds for greatly increasing the flow of aid down these well-laid channels.

Jamaica

Away from the tourist dream-isle—Canada's deep involvement—attacks from Abeng—would Ottawa send troops?—impressive changes and desperate poverty—Father Curran and the "wall-to-wall children"—a "Reform Budget"—the nationalization debate on bauxite—Alcan "pays the earth"—why not a smelter?—CUSO's dismal record—sourness over sugar—estates close down—can mechanization save West Indies sugar?—Trudeau and Sharp on preferential tariffs

Jamaica

The news that at Santa Cruz a Black Brother has been victimized at the hands of the mercenary racist administration of St. Elizabeth Technical School confirms once again the vital lesson about slavery and colonialism. . . .

We are going to finish with this white business. Black people have had enough!

Abeng editorial, May 10, 1969

This is hardly the Jamaica of the famous Tourist Board advertisements. Hardly the Jamaica where there's "a breeziness of spirit that provides more uplift for the kite-flyer than for the kite; an unselfconsciousness that sets you to playing kids' games again." Hardly the Jamaica where you can "Dawdle over your pawpaw and lime. Toy with your ugly fruit. Nibble a pineapple slice as you count the sixteen shades of blue between the beach and the reef." Hardly the Jamaica where you can "Sit back and watch . . . a native dancer bobbing through the ska. Where? at beach parties. Native clubs, any evening about 10"; where you can "Discover a native artist. Like Leon Maxwell, a house painter. . . ." Hardly the Jamaica where, to get visitors' children out of their hair, "We . . . have miraculously preserved The Great Nanny Tradition, complete in its old-time mixture of love and firmness."

Most Canadians have accepted the Tourist Board's version as the real Jamaica. And certainly it is real (the prices, too!), if you stick to what the radicals publishing *Abeng* call "the tourist pastures" and make sure, if you are briefly in Kingston, not to wander south of Washington Boulevard or turn off Spanish Town Road. But in mid-1969 it was clear the *Abeng* attitudes were representative of a large number of Jamaica's two million people. The complaints they voiced were simplified, but that didn't make them any the less real. The other Jamaica—the Jamaica which was the birthplace in 1887 of Marcus Aurelius Garvey (the "Negro Moses," in George Padmore's phrase), and which has been the home as well of the Rastafarians whose later "Back to Africa" movement looked to the Emperor of Ethiopia for leadership—that other Jamaica had by 1969 become the centre in the Caribbean of a Black Power surge.

There is a temptation for Canadians to shrug and dismiss a Black Power movement in the Caribbean as remote and, to that extent, unimportant. Jamaica is after all much further away than New Jersey, and the 1967 riot in Newark had no repercussions in Canada, nor did Canada have any influence on that riot. Why then worry about Jamaica?

The short answer is that, in every way except literal mileage, Canada is much closer to Jamaica than to New Jersey. The century-old trade links of schooners carrying saltfish south and bringing sugar and rum back remain, even if the fabled directions to Nova Scotian navigators ("Sail south until the butter melts, then turn west") is only a joke today. That link spawned the Bank of Nova Scotia on the island, and the bank's operations have grown to the point of having thirty-eight branches and doing about half the country's business. Then from 1942 Alcan was first in the field to mine bauxite, and from 1952 to process the "red earth" into alumina; by 1960 this alumina had become Jamaica's largest single earner of foreign exchange. Recently Air Canada has gone into partnership with Air Jamaica, taking a 45 per cent interest in the new company.

Add to these commercial connections the human ones. Tens of thousands of Canadian tourists heading south each year,

"renting the Life You wish You Led." Thousands of Jamaicans escaping northwards, looking for a new life: in 1967 and 1968 about three thousand immigrants arrived in Canada. And there are the aid programs. On a per capita basis the Commonwealth Caribbean receives more Canadian aid than any other area of the world; this year some 24 million dollars has been allocated to help its four million people. And CUSO, which has been sending about thirty people to Jamaica each year for several years, owes part of its origins to a volunteer scheme a Canadian group pioneered on the island. Canada is, without a doubt, deeply involved in Jamaica.

There is no doubt, either, that if the Black Power movement develops as strongly as most people now predict, Canadians and their property will be in the front line of targets. The first shots have, in fact, already been fired. In the row at the Santa Cruz school, in which *Abeng* writers complained (quite correctly) that their "Black Brother," Jacob Degia, had been dismissed without inquiry or reason offered, the paper with equal lack of evidence accused a CUSO couple of being spies. Within a week the atmosphere was so ugly that the couple were flown off the island.

And, two months earlier, angered at the arrests of Caribbean students after the sit-in and computer-smashing at Sir George Williams University in Montreal, *Abeng* ran an editorial with the title "Canada's White Lies." Canada, it argued, posed as the decent friend of the poorer nations—but it was as much an exploiter as the United States. With a touch of exaggeration the paper commented: "What they make from our bauxite in one week could buy several computers." The writer seemed even more perturbed by the fact that 850 Canadian troops had recently been flown down for manoeuvres in the mountainous Cockpit country of Jamaica, while the support ship Provider had put into Kingston. The troops had come to "get accustomed to tropical conditions." Why should Canadians be concerned with tropical warfare? the paper asked. Why didn't they go to Rhodesia, instead? Was there a military agreement between Ottawa and the government of Prime Minister Hugh Shearer?

Almost certainly there isn't. Almost certainly Canada would

hold back if a revolution took place in Jamaica. But the *Abeng* editors are clever to raise the possibility that Shearer may appeal to Ottawa to send troops "to save Canadian lives and property," and that Washington may be putting quiet pressure on Ottawa to consider it has a special responsibility in the Commonwealth Caribbean. For the radicals can surmise that Washington never intends to expose itself again to the sort of furore which followed its despatch of 22,000 troops to the Dominican Republic; and that, if Ottawa is confronted beforehand with the stigma of being "front man for Uncle Sam," Canadians will make sure its troops stay clear of any Jamaican crisis. The way would then be clear for the revolutionaries (they refer to themselves more discreetly as "the forces of change") to take on the Shearer government without outside hindrances.

Some readers may object at this point: "What is all this scare-talk about revolution in Jamaica? And why pay so much regard to a group of radical intellectuals running a weekly four-page paper? Why not acknowledge the enormous advances since independence in 1962?" Obviously, some words of explanation are due.

Certainly there have been impressive changes. Shearer's own favorite statistic is that, while only forty-six secondary schools were built in the three centuries from 1655 to 1966, in the three years since then fifty more had been built. (What he doesn't speak so loudly about are the shortage of teachers and the lack of jobs for school-leavers.) The per capita income in six years had risen from 140 to 170 pounds—less than one-tenth of the Canadian figure, but at least five times higher than that of, say, Malawi. Nearly a million tons of alumina were produced in 1968, Jamaica is dominating the Caribbean Free Trade Area with new manufacturing industries, and the island's gross earnings from the tourist trade soared from 15.6 million pounds to 36.6 million four years later. In 1968 a record 50 million pounds of private foreign investment flowed into Jamaica.

There are plenty of other statistics an optimist, or a propagandist, can quote. But none of them hides very effectively the fact that the new wealth is not widely distributed. Ten

years ago the present Finance Minister, Edward Seaga, whose constituency includes slum areas of West Kingston, made a survey of Jamaican workers which showed that less than 15 per cent were earning more than ten dollars a week. Nobody appears to have done a similar survey recently, but one would certainly show that the gap between the small group of well-to-do and the mass of poor people has widened since. Unemployment is a massive problem: the labor force is increasing by nearly thirty thousand each year and yet the four largest or most lucrative sources of jobs—the bauxite mines, the manufacturing industries, the tourist trade and the sugar estates—together offer employment for only 130,000 workers.

Shearer may grant he faces these difficulties, but he insists the Black Power movement is—he used this adjective to me—“irrelevant.” Some of its followers, he said, were “chasing good causes in the wrong country,” using the slogans of American Negroes in a country where there already was adult suffrage, school integration and where blacks were at the head of government. Others were using the slogans, he added, “for Red Power”; but an important move to stop Communism gaining ground in Jamaica had come with foreign firms starting to unload shares on the local market.

Other opponents have tried to sneer at them. A columnist in the establishment paper, the *Daily Gleaner*, noting that many of the group's radicals were comparatively lightskinned, referred to them as “the Potty calling themselves black.” But more astute Jamaicans in high positions take them seriously. Arthur Brown, the Governor of the Bank of Jamaica, dismissed *Abeng* as “a student paper” when we were in his office; but a few minutes later, when we sat waiting at some traffic lights and a newsboy offered an evening paper through the car window, he pushed it aside to buy the radical weekly instead. One of its editorial committee, indeed, is an ex-government economist; another is a lawyer, and a third spent several years at Toronto University. Through their connections with the *New World* quarterly and the University of the West Indies, the radical network spans the Caribbean.

Father Tom Curran, a Jesuit priest who works in West Kingston, sees nothing “irrelevant” in what the *New World*

group are saying. "What they are trying to say is that conditions here are sinful, evil and must be corrected." To back his words, he took me to White Lane where four hundred families depend for water on a single standpipe, and to North Street where conditions were worse and life more violent and people slept in cots in roofless yards. Appallingly crowded schools—"wall-to-wall children" was his description. A parish where nine-tenths of the adults were "without jobs or hope of one," and where eight hundred families were being fed each month by St. Vincent de Paul funds. An area where there is a great deal of government-owned "shilling land"—but no government housing; houses pathetically barricaded with high corrugated-iron fences and signs "Beware of Bad Dog" against nightly violence. Bay Farm Road, for all its idyllic name, is understandably not on the tourist map.

In 1969 Father Curran had just returned from working for some years in Harlem. To him it was

... a different island from ten years ago. There's a lot more wealth, but it stays at the top. The major problem is not just poverty, but the contrast between poverty and wealth. In the Red Hills, across Washington Boulevard, a baby cries because its belly is too full, this side of the gully because it is empty. That type of contrast just cannot exist. People just can't see their children starving—and others not only not starving, but being profligate with their wealth—without becoming dissatisfied. If they all become dissatisfied at once, you have the seeds of revolution. I think revolution is inevitable. . . .

Yet neither he, nor other outsiders, could point to an effective organization likely to plan a revolution. Unlike Harlem, no one seems yet to have learnt the skills of organization. When the Shearer government refused reentry in October 1968 to the university lecturer, Walter Rodney, who had been away at the Black Writers' Conference in Montréal, the week of student protest that followed was—despite the march on government offices, the teargassing, and Shearer's televised statement to Parliament—little more than a flop. Both sides learnt lessons, however. The radicals learnt the importance, for organization, of publishing a regular paper—*Abeng* was

launched in January 1969 and claimed a twenty thousand circulation by May—and of developing links broadly with the mass of the people. And the government in 1969 put more money into internal security.

The government has done more than that to meet a critical situation. Seaga, introducing his "Reform Budget" in May 1969, coined the slogan "We must create change without despair." He lightened life a little for the poorer by removing income tax completely from twenty thousand backs, one-quarter of all those who paid tax; he raised the taxes on companies, put a withholding tax of 12 per cent on the foreign transfers of companies trading in Jamaica, and a non-development stamp duty of 20 per cent on the sale of land to foreigners who did not live on the island. These last can only get partial refunding even if they develop the land quickly. With this blow against speculators, and a hotel room tax, Seaga was clearly aiming at draining antiwhite feeling among his constituents of West Kingston. And he turned his Budget Speech into what was virtually a "state of the union" message lasting four hours, a remarkable performance. If any Minister succeeds in averting revolution—or, in his words, "desperate change"—it looks like being Seaga.

On my first evening in Kingston, the "Springboard" group at the YMCA was debating whether the bauxite industry should be nationalized. (Politics comes next to godliness in Jamaica.) They quoted from a *New World* investigator, Norman Girvan (as do Levitt and McIntyre in their book *Canada-West Indies Economic Relations*) that in 1964 a dollar of finished aluminum contributed only seventeen cents to the Gross Domestic Product of Jamaica or Guyana, and eighty-three cents to the GDP of the United States or Canada—because the main processing was done outside the Caribbean. The nationalizers wanted government control, so that Jamaicans could make sure as much processing as possible was carried out in the region: they followed the Girvan idea that Guyana could develop enough hydroelectric power for a smelter to accommodate both its own and the Jamaican output. They also wanted control because they thought aluminum might be in less

demand in, say, twenty years' time and the Jamaica Government could get highest return by being able to decide itself on expansion plans. And they thought a nationalized industry would offer more top technical as well as administrative jobs for Jamaicans. The debaters on the other side argued that Jamaica couldn't produce enough skilled people yet, and that nationalization would cost a great deal of money in compensation, which would be better used in other ways. Discussion went on long after the formal debate ended, and the views put were genuinely strong. The future of the bauxite industry has become familiar subject for debate around Jamaica.

Up in the cool rolling hills around Mandeville, once a favorite retirement place for colonial civil servants, the ripples of this nationalization issue lick at the edges of the Alcan operation. The company officials are concerned about its public image, and they can claim a better record in Jamaica than the American-based companies. For it built its Kirkvine plant to process its bauxite into alumina by 1952, and its second alumina plant at Ewarton was finished in 1959. It was only in 1966 that Kaiser, Reynolds and Anaconda formed the Alpart consortium to build an alumina plant. This will have a capacity of 1,275,000 tons—or more than the two Alcan plants together. Until now, Reynolds and Kaiser have exported raw bauxite: taking the process through to the alumina stage, as Alcan has been doing, almost trebles the yield per ton of bauxite in local disbursements inside Jamaica.

Another large question is land reclamation. Alcan has 48,000 acres of land that is not particularly good for agriculture, but is fine cattle country. The bauxite is close to the surface, and goes down as deep as 120 feet, which the great machines cut out in twenty-foot benches. It is a simple open-pit operation, and one Alcan man up from Guyana (where they have to dig deeply) commented enviously: "Why, you're just gardening!" The problems come later, in covering the exposed limestone with topsoil and in refilling steep gullies. Six inches of soil may be enough to bring it back to pasture-land; but one hillside, where Alcan had relocated thirty-five tenant farmers after dispossessing them in an area going under excavation, had been covered with three feet of soil.

One Alcan official summed up on land reclamation with a wry pun: "It's costing the earth!" The company's official figure is that it costs three hundred pounds an acre, but some more is apparently written off in mining costs. There is one area outside Mandeville that will never be reclaimed: a great red mud pond, three hundred acres in area, full of the iron oxide sludge they cannot use. The company line is that the mud pond is "a small price to pay for it all." By "all" they mean the sixty-five million pounds capital which Alcan has invested in Jamaica, and the thirteen million pounds a year of local expenditure which their mines generate. They may also mean the profits the company makes.

Alcan has also had a good report from the Utilization Commission which investigated what all the mining companies were doing with the land not being currently mined. Some twenty thousand of Alcan's acres are leased out at low rent to about four thousand local farmers, and the company gives them help with extension services. However, the farmers receive at most a seven-year lease, too short to plant citrus or coffee, as they face the prospect of losing the land after that to mining. This leasehold is a sensitive area, as is the matter of expatriates in technical jobs: about half the eighty most senior posts are held by non-Jamaicans, and Alcan officials claim convincingly that they would fill them all with Jamaicans if they could recruit men with the necessary skill and experience. The company itself farms ten thousand acres, in cattle or forestry or citrus (they are proud of their orchards of ortanique, a seedless cross between an orange and a tangerine). These acres offer a less political problem.

But a good record by one company may be no defence against political moves aimed at the whole bauxite industry. The industry faces increasing fire if it doesn't produce plans for a Caribbean smelter. There is patently not enough rain-water around Jamaica to provide enough hydro for a smelter: the catchment area around Alcan's smelters near Arvida in Quebec is three times the area of Jamaica, and can rely on a long winter's snows. At Kitimat (British Columbia) and in Norway it has abundant power. But it would still surely be farsighted of the different bauxite mining companies in

Jamaica to combine in planning nuclear power for a local smelter. To speak, as Alcan officials do, of a Jamaican smelter being fifteen years away is tempting political fates. And there is the awkward contrast with Alcan's recent move in Britain. Since Britain is an important market for finished aluminum, it was able to put pressure on Alcan to extend its operations backwards—from a mere fabricating plant to an integrated production, including a 120,000-ton coal-fired smelter being built at Lynemouth in Northumberland. Alcan has until now supplied Britain with aluminum produced either in Norway or Canada, costing Britain dearly in foreign exchange; now Alcan is spending eighty-seven million pounds in expanding its British operation. Jamaicans can only reflect that, since they are only the source rather than the market of aluminum, their arguments for extending the processing operation forwards—from extracting to smelting—get less consideration. Possessing a wasting asset—for reserves may be exhausted within forty years—they are all the more concerned to get the fullest advantage.

Another issue in which the bauxite companies may soon be ensnared is the question of local shareholdings. Shearer is one who believes strongly that a prime way to build good relations between foreign firms and the Jamaican people is for companies to form Jamaican subsidiaries and offload shares locally. The Bank of Nova Scotia did this in 1967, and one-quarter of the subsidiary's shares are held locally by five thousand people. But the aluminum companies explain their operations are so integrated vertically between the Caribbean and North America that any figure of profits and dividends assigned to the Caribbean portion would be purely arbitrary. Their response is to invite Jamaicans to buy shares in Alcan itself. To many of the *New World* radicals this is an honest answer on the issue: for they tend to scoff at local offloading as a token gesture.

Very swiftly all discussions about Jamaica's development return to the question of schooling and jobs. The school system is expanding at high speed, with considerable help from Canada. In 1968 two Montreal firms won a fourteen-million-dollar contract to build fifty secondary schools which are

partially financed by the World Bank, and their construction will lift the number of secondary school places from 24,000 to 58,000 in a single leap. Earlier CIDA had provided a 1.5-million-dollar loan for 108 prefabricated primary schools for country areas. But where can good teachers be found for these schools? A bank trainee starts on a salary of eight hundred pounds a year; someone with similar qualifications who has also done two years at Mico teacher training college is expected to start teaching happily on six hundred pounds a year. Understandably there's a shortage of good recruits for teaching, especially among Kingston folk. Teachers form a high proportion, too, of Caribbean emigrants to Canada. One outcome of these trends is that the Jamaican Government accepts virtually any offer of volunteer teachers from developed countries, without being particular about their qualifications or where they go. The proportion of poor placements is high. Volunteers come expecting good facilities, and are soon disillusioned. For these and other reasons, thirteen of CUSO's thirty personnel in the 1968-69 placement returned to Canada before their first year was out; a dismal record.

And there is a bad imbalance in jobs. The knowledge that there are high wages paid in a few industries, like bauxite mining, have made many Jamaicans dissatisfied with an agricultural life—without giving them a job, for Alcan offers steady employment to about two thousand Jamaicans and the whole bauxite industry employs no more than seventy-five hundred. There is heavy unemployment among the less skilled groups. The Labor Ministry does its best in upgrading courses, and the Operation Friendship apprentices workshop (which is strongly supported by the Canadian Save the Children Fund) is an imaginative scheme to give young Jamaicans a real chance of a good livelihood. Perhaps the school expansion, the flow of investment, the growth of manufacturing plants to supply the Caribbean Free Trade Area and countries beyond it, may combine to lessen the unemployment problem. But it looks like a race against time.

How has emigration affected unemployment in Jamaica? There are some who say it hasn't eased the problem because the ones who leave have the skills and initiative to get jobs.

anywhere. If that is right in most cases, then the converse may be correct also: which is that, if a number of them had stayed, they might have generated jobs for other Jamaicans as well. Since 1966, when migration to Britain (except for dependents) was cut severely, Canada and the United States have been the principal magnets for the restless. Particularly the United States, where 16,700 Jamaicans were given permanent resident visas last year. The highest number entering Canada came in 1967, when 3459 Jamaicans emigrated; the next year it dropped to 2885. Certainly job opportunities had shrunk in the post-Centennial year, but I could not help wondering whether there was not another, more local reason. Prominently displayed in the Kingston Immigration Office is a negatively worded notice which begins:

Canada welcomes visitors from all countries, but they are expected to return home at the end of their visit and not to take employment while in Canada. Thus, anyone who plans to stay in Canada permanently or to seek employment should not come as a visitor.

The notice goes on to quote a statement made to Parliament in July 1966, that "people who enter Canada as visitors normally will not be allowed to change their status to that of landed immigrant." Yet the regulations were changed in September 1967, when the 100-point system was introduced. The advantage of a prospective immigrant reconnoitring here as a visitor first, and applying for landed immigrant status without going home if he has found a job, was acknowledged. But this sensible attitude was not reflected in the material available to anyone in Kingston.

The commonest complaint you hear against Canada among Jamaican leaders concerns the price it pays for West Indian sugar. In recent years the price dropped far below production costs, which are high in the Caribbean compared with the mechanized operations of Australia and South Africa. Canada has paid the world market price, plus Commonwealth preference (which South Africa still receives also); since the Canada-Caribbean conference in Ottawa in July 1966, Canada has also paid a 29 cents a cwt rebate on the tariff for raw

sugar. Governments, rather than the sugar manufacturers, have had the benefit of this rebate; nevertheless this concession means that Canada is now paying about £6. 10s a ton above the world price for West Indian sugar. This was something, but not enough, when the world price lay as low as twenty pounds a ton: the West Indian sugar industry was only surviving by selling a quota of seven hundred thousand tons to Britain at about forty-seven pounds a ton, which is considered "reasonable remuneration for the efficient producer" under its Commonwealth Sugar Agreement.

Lester Pearson recognized Canada wasn't doing enough. The tariff rebate, he said in a speech in Jamaica in February 1968, "is only a stop-gap measure. We hope that a comprehensive and continuing international agreement can be reached at the international conference opening in April. If no such agreement results, then Canada will have to work out new arrangements with our West Indian friends on a regional basis."

Pierre Trudeau spoke less specifically about sugar three months later when he talked on foreign aid at the University of Alberta in front of U Thant, but his words followed the half-promise of Mr. Pearson enough for the Sugar Manufacturers Association of Jamaica to circulate his speech to its members and describe as "most encouraging" the passage where he said:

As Canadians we must realize that international cooperation, in order to remain effective, must take on a new form. From the present pattern of commodity and food assistance, gifts of manufactured goods and financial loans, this country must turn progressively to preferential trade agreements in response to the economic needs of the developing countries. This kind of aid has no glamor attached to it. . . .

With a world sugar agreement achieved in Geneva in October 1968, Canada has apparently thought itself absolved from making any new arrangements by itself with the Commonwealth Caribbean producers. The world sugar agreement is far less universal than it sounds: neither the United States nor the European "Six" signed it, and it allots export quotas for

only 9.3 million metric tons (including Russian re-exports of Cuban sugar). But it should help stabilize prices and control supplies, and the American bilateral arrangements give the best price of all for sugar from the friendly countries which Washington favors with a quota.

A breakdown of Jamaican sugar sales looks approximately like this: 85,000 tons goes to the domestic market; 225,000 tons to Britain at the "remunerative" Negotiated Price; 80,000 tons to the United States; and the last 70,000 or so tons onto the Free Quota, the world market. Since the Geneva agreement, prices for the Free Quota have risen encouragingly for the producing countries and (with the Commonwealth preference and the tariff rebate added on top) the price Canada is prepared to pay for West Indian sugar cannot be complained about at present. But Shearer and others see this as only temporary relief. In mid-1969 he said to me that the experience Jamaica had had with Canada over sugar sales the previous year, when Canada bought heavily from South Africa, was "very, very disappointing." Instead of tying Canadian prices to the world market, he said, his government "would prefer an entirely different arrangement where we could secure a longterm agreement at fixed prices which can produce stability."

The picture looks different from the Canadian end. Ottawa officials argue that offering a special guaranteed price won't really help for long: 85 per cent of Canada's imports become industrial sugar—for candies and so on—and a good deal of sweetening substitutes would be put into them if prices were lifted. Another, and certainly valid, complaint which Canada has is that Jamaica hasn't anyway been able to provide the sugar required these last three years, after satisfying its first three markets (home, British and American). And indeed in 1969, far from reaching the 460,000 tons needed if it was going to put 70,000 onto the Free Quota, Jamaica slipped below 390,000 tons. Productivity and greater efficiency is the only answer, Ottawa men say sternly to the Jamaicans.

It is, of course, more easily said than done. Should the estates mechanize their harvesting, at the cost of displacing hundreds of workers? Shearer, with a career as a trade union

leader, is reluctant to allow mechanization; he followed the Mordecai Commission's recommendations to the point of accepting a few experimental harvesters. The sugar companies say hopefully, "This is the thin end of the wedge" but then look across at Trinidad where harvesters were first admitted seven years earlier and only about one-sixth of the land is yet properly mechanized. "Can mechanization come soon enough to save the industry?" they ask.

A good deal of rationalization has already taken place. In the 1930s, when the Sugar Manufacturers Association was formed to face an earlier crisis, there were thirty-five sugar factories dotted round the island. Through centralization the number of factories was halved, even while the estate and cane farmers' production increased fourfold. The same fairly painless process cannot go further. A top sugar grower led me round a map of Jamaica, crossing out some of the seventeen surviving factories he predicted would soon close: "Serge Island—too remote from a port. Holland and Gray's Inn—doubtful. Caymanas—that's gone already." The larger result, he believed, would be that total production would drop by as much as a hundred thousand tons as the cane farmers regrouped themselves around the remaining factories and many of them would conclude distances were now too great for profit or convenience. There were 26,000 cane farmers registered in 1968, but nearly all of them work smallholdings: almost two-thirds of the cane delivered to the company factories from individual holdings (and cane farmers provide nearly half Jamaica's total) come from 410 farmers dealing in amounts above five hundred tons. The 22,000 cane farmers, dealing in amounts of less than fifty tons, may in many cases decide to try some other crop.

What can Canada do to help, given these circumstances? Answers are not easy. Driving through Monymusk Estate, with its 18,500 acres of cane, which Tate and Lyle threatened to close unless the government allows bulk loading at Rocky Point—a move that would throw a hundred men out of work. . . . Seeing acres of charred cane which workers have burnt because it is easier to cut afterwards, even though the quality is spoilt. . . . Edging past high lorries with cane spiking out

in all directions like Strewelpeter hair . . . is a cautionary journey, warning against slick solutions.

The companies, agreeing with Shearer on this single point, would like Canada to offer a special and guaranteed price. It would, in their eyes, help longer-range planning and maybe speed up mechanization. On the other hand, William Demas, Trinidad's chief planner, implied in evidence to the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee in February 1969 that mechanization should be resisted. For he said: "One thing to be said in favor of sugar . . . is that it [is] fairly labor intensive. This state of affairs will soon disappear. . . . To the extent that the sugar companies are allowed to mechanize, one of the main economic arguments in favor of the sugar industry will tend to be seriously weakened." A familiar reaction by Canada to a confusing situation will be to do nothing but wait in hopes that the picture will clear a bit. Perhaps that is all Canada can do at present about West Indian sugar, comforting its conscience that (by chance) it is at present paying a reasonable price. But it does not bode very well for making useful contributions in the sphere Trudeau pointed to during his Edmonton speech, the sphere of preferential trade agreements.

Professor George Doxey, speaking to the same Senate Committee, at least had a clearcut bit of advice. Canada, he said, should not offer to subsidize "a sick industry like sugar." It would do much better to provide the Caribbean with guaranteed markets for "the new agriculture" of the region—and he cited tomatoes and fresh vegetables. This is probably the best way forward, but there are many problems Jamaica has to clear up in its agriculture first. It has had plenty of experts—from Thomas Balogh to René Dumont—to advise on agriculture; both those outspoken professors thought the Land Settlement program a disaster. As well, an experiment in turning over some canefields to cucumber for exporting to the United States was a large fiasco last year: the cucumbers rotted unsold, and space for eighteen thousand tons of cane had been sacrificed. Still it taught a lesson. The reorganized Jamaican Development Bank intends to concentrate on agriculture; its general manager, Jack Clarke, told me the Bank would try to build "backward integration" by working out solid arrange-

ments with North American markets before stimulating agricultural production of particular new crops in Jamaica.

In a speech to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in June 1969, Mitchell Sharp seemed to be taking up Professor Doxey's general point in a way that was both positive and brave, considering his audience. For he said:

There may be a few cases where preferences for natural products produced in the developing countries over substitutes produced in the more advanced countries would be of some help. The developing countries will be helped most effectively by facilitating their exports of manufactured goods. . . . We are going to have to accustom ourselves to an increased flow of products from the developing world. But we should welcome this. While it means stiffer competition, it also means reduced aid expenditures. Aid and trade can be viewed as alternatives, but only in a very long perspective, and it is certain that for many years to come Canada will be increasing rather than reducing its allocation of funds to development assistance.

Professor Doxey also urged the setting up of a Canadian Overseas Development Corporation along the lines of Britain's Commonwealth Development Corporation. He saw it using public funds, but "freed of political accusations," in helping private business in the Caribbean in development projects. The CDC's work in the Caribbean is certainly an example to quote. Its operations there are now valued at about forty-five million dollars, and in 1968 alone it invested more than fifteen million dollars with special stress on housing development and mortgage finance. The need for decent housing to be built in West Kingston, where 150,000 people exist within a four-square mile area, is only too evident. CIDA's main help in Kingston has been a one-million dollar loan for sewerage at Harbour View, a more middle-class area. If Canada set up a development Corporation which, among other things, offered lower interest rates than the CDC's 8 per cent for housing, it could reach towards the people of greatest need. Canada's support for the Caribbean Development Bank will certainly be useful, especially for the smaller islands; but its own Development Corporation concentrating on the Caribbean could

prove, as the CDC has sometimes done in its twenty-one years, a flexible instrument for development.

Flexibility requires intimate knowledge and swift reaction to identified needs. Canadians have often assumed that they had this knowledge of the Commonwealth Caribbean, that the relationship of the region to Canada resembled that of cousins living on opposite sides of a town. Things slightly unfamiliar—a quaint phrase like “The college is two chains down the road, beyond the sleeping policeman”—might be treasured like some charming oddity from the Maritimes. Offering a ride down a sugar estate road to a girl called Monica Morgan might remind you of Welsh-born pirates rather than the more important fact of her African ancestry. There is an illusion of cultural closeness. But shocks come to everyone’s illusions, even from half-known cousins. And one of the benefits to come from the frank, sometimes ferocious, writing of the *New World* and *Abeng* radicals should be a shock to Canadian illusions. We have a great deal we must learn quickly about the Caribbean, if Canada is to help the region in a careful way through the awkward years ahead.

Colombia

The Pope's perfect timing—Colombia's "long nightmare" after census news—abortions and child-murder show need for birth control—doctors take initiatives—ProFamilia's clinics—ASCOFAM's training schemes—survey denounces "rhythm method"—IUDs and machismo—effect of the Encyclical—the Pope treads lightly—theory of "just violence"—government's switch to "responsible parenthood"—resuming the programs—McNamara's speech—U.S. and Sweden active—Ottawa clears decks—for what?

Colombia

Chastity begins at Rome.

Richard Needham

Loop before you leap.

General Jayanto Nath Chaudhuri,
formerly India's High Commissioner to Canada

Without a doubt, it was coincidence that brought Pope Paul to Bogota in Colombia less than a month after he had issued his encyclical letter *Humanae Vitae*. Long before the encyclical was published, he had arranged to attend the thirty-ninth International Eucharistic Congress and celebrate the sacraments there, just as he had done at the previous congress in Bombay some years before. And yet—the timing of this first visit of any Pope to Latin America was almost too perfect. In at least a dozen Latin American countries the governments had reached the stage of giving broad support to private family-planning programs. In Colombia, as well as in Chile, the government had moved on to becoming active itself in promoting birth control. The Liberal president, Carlos Lleras Restrepo, had made the issue an important plank in his 1966 campaign. It was a tide which Pope Paul set out to reverse with *Humanae Vitae*, in July 1968. After reaffirming through the encyclical the Roman Catholic Church's ban on all forms of artificial birth control, his visit to Colombia seemed to acquire

a major aim of bringing home, with all the weight of his personal presence, that ruling to a whole continent. A personal call to obedience, to be voiced in that country which on this crucial issue was slipping away more visibly than perhaps any other in Latin America.

In the event, the courtesy of Colombians and their sense of occasion, coupled with reverence, saved the visit from disruption by any tensions reaching the surface. Everyone skirted the subject with delicacy. In his three-day visit the Pope made twenty recorded speeches, to everyone from the campesinos to the consular corps, and he spoke about everything except birth control. He relied on his simple presence to make the point. He left, speaking at Eldorado airport of "a serene confidence placed in the constant faithfulness of Colombia and Latin America to its historic Christian vocation." Only months afterwards could it be judged what impact upon the population question the Pope's visit had had. And such a judgment will hardly contribute to papal serenity.

There was every reason for Lleras Restrepo to have campaigned in favor of birth control programs in 1966. The results of the July 1964 census had recently been published, showing a terrifying population explosion. Since the previous census thirteen years earlier, the population had leapt up by almost six million youngsters to 17,482,000. As many babies were being born—and were surviving through infancy—as in France, a Catholic country with three times Colombia's total population. There were predictions that by the end of the century Colombia's numbers could swell to seventy million people.

And the balance had tipped heavily towards the cities. For in 1951 about 60 per cent of all Colombians still lived in the countryside, while by 1964 there was nearly that proportion crowding into the towns, filling the hillside *barrios* and creating new slum suburbs. All sorts of strains were obvious. A drastic shortage of urban housing, and of drinking-water amenities. Nearly half a million children without hope of finding places in a primary school—and anyway only one-quarter of the primary teachers had professional training. Finally, because such

a large proportion of the population was under fifteen, each Colombian of productive age was having to support on average three other people. It was a melancholy picture, especially since Colombia is far from the poorest of Latin American countries, and in several respects is among the most progressive. When the census was published, one Bogota newspaper editor wrote, "Our long nightmare has now become reality." And the Conservative president of the day, Guillermo Leon Valencia, worried particularly about the influx into the cities. "Our population is now dangerously maldistributed, and efforts should be made to get people to return to the countryside."

That was the presidential solution of the day: get people back to the land, return to olden-time standards and perhaps some of the problems of today will disappear. It has been no more successful in Colombia than in other industrializing countries. INCORA, the government land reform institute, set out manfully in a program of purchase or expropriation much larger than the British began in the "White Highlands" of Kenya. With an annual budget of twenty-five million dollars, INCORA started taking over five million acres and giving the land to thousands of campesino families. But a survey by the institute showed that the land of Colombia couldn't support more than one million families, and there were already eight hundred thousand extra families trying to subsist in the countryside; a figure that would be doubled in ten years if families didn't move to the towns—or if there wasn't a vigorous family-planning campaign. I remember how in 1965 the INCORA director, Dr. Peñalosa (who is now Agriculture Minister), surveyed some of the institute's achievements for my benefit and then added: "But they're all marginal. The main solution to our problem is birth control."

The solutions which ordinary Colombian women were finding to their problems were pathetic: abandonment of their children, abortion, even murder. For the richer and better educated it was easy, as by then about 150,000 women were taking the pill. It was easy, too, for the men—who simply wandered away from their growing responsibilities and set up another establishment elsewhere. But the poorer mothers found themselves acting against all traditional behavior, for Colombian

women are well-known for the care they will take of children, the way they will see them adequately fed even if it means starving themselves. A few statistics can reveal the desperation of the poorer women. One-third of the twenty-five thousand cases admitted annually to the San Juan de Dios maternity hospital in Bogota are the sequel to botched abortions, while at the University Hospital in Cali one woman in every twelve who dies between the ages of fifteen and thirty-four is the victim of a septic abortion. A "special rehabilitation commission" in 1959 estimated that there were thirty thousand children abandoned in Bogota and four times that figure in the surrounding department. As for child-murder, homicide ranks unusually high (eighth) among the causes of death in the five-to-fourteen age-group; and, beyond such clear cases, doctors will explain to you how many suspicious times they have known a mother bring to them a child in its final stage of sickness when no treatment could save it.

Not surprisingly, the initiative for a family planning program came from a few doctors who had had these insights into the misery of so many Colombians.

The initiative has had two main thrusts. The Association of Medical Faculties (ASCOFAM) has concentrated on research, on educational booklets and on training doctors in family planning. The Association began as a body to help standardize training and check the titles of those setting up medical practice; but it created a Population Division when some leading doctors realized the size of the social problem. It has had to work under the restraint of relying heavily on government funds, but this never inhibited its first director of the Population Division, Professor Hernan Mendoza Hoyos, from writing some of the most searing pamphlets on social conditions to appear in Latin America. And he gathered a staff of remarkable people; among them are Dr. Cecilia Martin, a gynaecologist who has run the educational campaign, and Dr. Ramiro Cardona Gutierrez, an architect-sociologist whose studies of urban migration argue strongly that this should be accepted as progressive change.

The other thrust has come from a group of privately

financed doctors who are concerned with the most immediate form of action. La Asociacion Pro-Bienestar de la Familia Colombiana (ProFamilia) began with a single clinic in the office of Dr. Francisco Tamayo, a Bogota obstetrician who could count many of the capital's wealthiest women among his patients. By 1969 ProFamilia was running on a budget of nine hundred thousand dollars, mainly provided by the International Planned Parenthood Federation (IPPF). The previous year, with thirty-five doctors working part-time in sixteen urban clinics, ProFamilia helped eighty-one thousand Colombian women with advice and contraceptives: in the great majority of cases, this involved the insertion of IUDs rather than prescribing the pill, since the monthly calculations incumbent on pill-takers were thought too difficult for many of the women. ProFamilia's financial director, Rafael Peña, who enjoys producing striking statistics, told me the clinics were treating on average one woman every seven minutes, while their cost of treatment was one of the lowest in the world.

Before these active programs began in 1965, several lengthy studies had been undertaken. For instance in 1964 the Latin American Demographic Centre (CELADE, based in Chile) had done a comparative study of an average twenty-two hundred women in each of the seven cities, including Bogota. The Colombian capital came second only to Mexico City in the highest number of live births per woman; nevertheless, half the Catholic women interviewed in Bogota had used contraceptives before reaching a third pregnancy, and three-quarters of the Catholic women with secondary education had used contraceptives. On the other hand, the methods most commonly used were also the least effective.

As well, the Association of Medical Schools began in 1963 a lengthy survey of ten different university hospitals, with the main aim of studying the effectiveness and acceptance of the "rhythm method"—the only form of contraception which Pope Paul was to bless in his encyclical. In an article summarizing the survey in *Demography* (Vol. 5, No. 1, 1968) two of its Colombian directors, Mario Jaramillo-Gomez and Juan B. Londoño, warned against the rhythm method as the

basis of a national family planning program in the strongest terms:

The technicalities of the method demand too much of the population and of the resources of the personnel; failure rates in all the programs fall within the classification "poor"; and national expenditure would be prohibitive because the method is neither acceptable nor effective. When we add to this the observations that high failure rates apparently mean loss of prestige for the program and a substantial increase in abortion rates, it is clear that its application among large masses of population can be termed impossible; its results worthless, if not hazardous.

Even with the evidence of these surveys, the ASCOFAM educational teams found it hard to get a campaign moving. It was even difficult to convince obstetricians that they would not be out of a job if the campaign succeeded. As for the doctors who staffed the 370 government health centres, few of them had ever had any training in contraceptive methods, for these were not taught in medical schools until a few years ago. Through ASCOFAM some twelve hundred doctors were given short courses, on government funds, in family planning. So were social workers and nurses, and even policemen. But a lot of this training failed to produce early returns in terms of an active campaign through a network of rural clinics.

Dr. Martin now thinks a mistake was made by paying too little heed to male attitudes in the early days. The discovery that his wife had been to a clinic and been fitted with an IUD offended a man's sense of *machismo*. She tells of a man, father of six children already, who came to her office holding a pistol and threatening the life of a ProFamilia doctor; it took her two hours to mollify and educate him. After that, she began a round of talks to factory groups in Bogota. With feminine flattery she played on the fact that they were *machos*, the masters in their houses, and presumably wanted to have children of which they could be proud, so why have so many? Dr. Gonzalo Echeverry, the director of ProFamilia, thinks male attitudes are important, but not the key factor in a campaign's success. The difficulty is to get to them as a group, for few

would return to a factory for a meeting held after working hours. But he admits there has been male opposition strong enough to bring about the closing of one of their clinics, at Santa Marta, twice after experimental periods. In the coastal areas, where Colombia's more Negro population is concerned to show the most visible proof of masculinity, the ProFamilia campaign has yet to win ground.

Statistics are notoriously suspect in Colombia, but there seem to be reasons for cheering a recent trend. Official government figures suggest the birthrate has been reduced from 40.14 to 34.79 per thousand during the ten years to 1967, and by far the larger drop—of 3.8 per thousand—took place during the years after 1963. Several reasons are behind this change, Dr. Echeverry thinks; besides the ProFamilia campaign: publicity about the whole controversy on birth control has helped, abortions have increased but, perhaps most important, education levels are being raised.

Yet even with this decline in the birthrate, the absolute number of babies born in 1967 was about a hundred thousand more than in 1957. Colombia had only just begun to tackle its population problem when Pope Paul announced on 29 July 1968 that

... it is an error to think that a conjugal act which is deliberately made infecund and so is intrinsically dishonest could be made honest and right by the ensemble of a fecund conjugal life.

The encyclical launched a period in Colombia in which it was hard for the leaders, in public statements as much as in private acts, not to be dishonest. But by mid-1969 it was clear they had done what was right.

On the day the encyclical was published, President Lleras was busy with the problems of economic integration. His statements in the next few days were concerned with the means of moulding the Andean Group (the six states stretching from Venezuela to Chile) into a common market. For a man who had been three times Finance Minister, this was an understandable preoccupation; but some people thought he might be

talking hard about tariffs to avoid having to comment on the main subject of the hour. Some people tried to draw him out. The Archbishop of Manizales, Msgr. Arturo Duque Villegas, put an edge onto his invitation to Dr. Lleras to declare himself: "It is a little difficult to know what the President will think, but . . . the chief of state is a very prudent person who has shown his desire to keep the best relations with the Church; and I believe, because of this, that he will accept the criterion of the Holy Pontiff."

Although the President maintained his public silence, the Liberal newspaper he had once edited—*El Tiempo* in Bogota—made a cool editorial comment on the encyclical on July 31:

Notwithstanding the brilliant exegesis implied in the transcendental Papal document, the frenetic problem of the population multiplication remains standing . . . we are heading for the most rapid duplication of the population, with all its obscure effects aggravating the social, economic and moral order. . . . It is a problem of humanity and, for that reason, worthy of new consideration. The right to a better life Paul VI has recognized in his splendid *Populorum Progressio*.

The visit of the Pope to Bogota, from 22-25 August, passed off triumphantly. The theme of all speeches soon became clear: social justice and conciliation. The most memorable occasion came when he spoke to thirty-five thousand peasants in an open field eighteen miles outside the capital. He was loudly cheered when he called for "necessary reforms," higher taxes upon the rich and "especially those who own vast estates and are unable to make them more fertile and productive, or, if able, enjoy the fruits to their exclusive profit. As also do those classes who with little or no toil realize excessive incomes."

This call was no embarrassment to the Lleras Restrepo government since it is avowedly one of the most reformist in Latin America. But the speech helped the Pope leave the impression that there was a great deal of fertile land lying unproductive, and that the solution to any population pressure was in greater cultivation. In March 1969 he followed up this approach: for, to mark the second anniversary of his earlier encyclical, *Populorum Progressio*, he gave a million dollars to a special



National Film Board

Indian women carrying stones during construction at a dam site



Tanzania Government Information Services

Tobacco grown at Litowa, an ujamaa village that has provided the model for Tanzania's new agricultural plans



Tanzania Government Information Services

President Nyerere of Tanzania, resting near the end of his "Long March" of 138 miles undertaken to dramatize the Arusha Declaration



Winnipeg Tribune

*Another long march: a Winnipeg boy near the end of the city's 35-mile
Miles for Millions walk*



Unitarian Service Committee of Canada

Collecting the facts in Korea: Dr. Lotta Hirschmanova with the Korean director of the Unitarian Service Committee, Mr. Cho Ki Dong

development fund for Latin America and directed that the first proceeds from the fund should help Colombian peasants being given land through INCORA.

His other theme was to set conciliation as the course to follow, rather than that of violence. Again he chose the campesinos as his audience and warned them "not to put your trust in violence nor in revolution; such an attitude is contrary to the Christian spirit, and it can also delay instead of advance the social improvements you rightfully seek." But his words were equally aimed at the younger priests in the Eucharistic Congress. The martyr-influence of Father Camilo Torres, the rebel priest shot dead by soldiers in a Colombian mountain ambush in February 1966, has spread widely. The sessions in St. Louis of the Catholic Inter-American Cooperation Program, a few months before the Pope's visit, had been full of talk of a "theology of Christian revolution," and priests were drawing from *Populorum Progressio* evidence to support a theory of "just violence." Before the Congress itself seven hundred Latin American priests called for a declaration that the oppressed had a right to resort to violence as a legitimate means of defence. The nearest which the Pope came to acknowledging the weight of this plea was in a passage of his speech to the Congress itself. He called on them to support "necessary innovations" and added:

Do not forget that certain crises of history could have had other outcomes, if necessary reforms, undertaken with brave sacrifice, had come in time to prevent revolutions that exploded out of desperation.

But there was not an explicit word, from the Pope or any other public figure, about the desperation that comes from the burden of too many children. There were no references to the encyclical. The newspapers were occupied as well with the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia, and the fiasco of the Democratic convention in Chicago. As the Pope flew back to Rome, President Lleras was worrying publicly about industrial productivity and the need to increase exports. . . .

The ProFamilia campaign picked up at once, after a single week in which the women of Bogota had been too busy gazing

at the Pope to come to the clinics. In mid-February the flow of women began greatly to increase, after the organization started running "discreet" radio spots on stations in five major cities. Colombia is a country of transistors today, and radio is the most effective means of communication, whether to the village woman or to the servant cleaning a smart Bogota home. Until February 1969 ProFamilia had relied mainly on patients recommending a clinic to their neighbors and other women friends. After February the network was widened greatly.

Nobody else—not the government nor the Church nor journalists—has been talking much about family planning, for or against. Newspapers are conspicuously empty of news items or editorials on the population issue. At first a newcomer can believe the Pope's visit has therefore had a deep effect. But it seems otherwise. Plans and programs have gone on much as they did before, but more quietly; and there seems a tacit understanding that under these conditions the senior, traditionalist clergy, from Cardinal Concha onwards, will avert their eyes and say nothing. No doubt, the Catholic hierarchy is relieved with the arrangement, for it is contending already with enough splits in its ranks.

Subtly too, the Colombian Government and the Population Division of ASCOFAM took over some of the language of the encyclical to buttress their measures. The phrase "Responsible Parenthood" had been used to mean many things during the long birth control debate. It was the title of the Papal Commission's final report, and they wrote that "the regulation of conception appears necessary for many couples who wish to achieve a responsible, open and reasonable parenthood in today's circumstances. . . . They should be able to expect the collaboration of all, especially from men of learning and science, in order that they can have at their disposal means agreeable and worthy of man in the fulfilling of his responsible parenthood." To Pope Paul the phrase implied quite different attributes: knowledge and respect of biological functions, the "necessary dominion" over instinct or passion, and above all a recognition that "the creative intention of God" should limit any autonomy parents might claim in "the task of transmitting life." Colombian leaders appeared to think that, if a single

phrase could mean so many things which were so nearly contradictory, it could embrace a few other meanings. So in 1969 the president, with the very active collaboration of his wife, doña Cecilia de la Fuente, enacted a bill under the "Responsible Parenthood" title which prescribes penalties for men who default on maintenance payments to their wives or the children they have sired. The law also requires for the first time that the father's name be put on every birth registration form. While this law has impressed some foreign diplomats, who see a new era of family stability dawning, Colombians tend to be sceptical of its effectiveness. It has probably pleased the Church prelates, but it will do little to alter the fact that church marriages are declining rapidly in Colombia.

"Responsible Parenthood" became also the selling phrase for the booklets of the Population Division, whether on nutrition or on birth control. And it was a useful slogan, too, for ProFamilia's work.

By mid-1969 any momentum in family planning programs that had been lost because of the encyclical and the Pope's visit seemed to have been regained. The government had placated conservative groups in the Church and elsewhere with its laws against erring fathers, and in April it turned round to sign an agreement with the Pan-American Health Organization for a large program through the maternal-and-child welfare clinics. The Colombia Government had to provide 40 per cent of the funds, which meant that it was back to its 1967 position of actively promoting birth control. It also agreed with the ProFamilia doctors to allow their teams into the maternity wards of the social security clinics; since the Bogota clinic has beds for sixteen hundred mothers, the opportunity of reaching a great number of women just after childbirth to offer them the means of spacing out future babies was most welcome to ProFamilia. Finally, a new program begun of teaching family planning to INCORA's social workers offered the Population Division a broad avenue by which to reach the campesino women.

For, in the end, success or failure of the family planning campaign will depend on the reaction in rural areas. Sophistication is spreading swiftly through the cities of Colombia. There

are plenty of symbols to illustrate this change: the planetarium being built beside the bullring in Bogota; the girls with granny glasses or a Joan Baez hairstyle far outnumbering the ragged Indian women who hawk lottery tickets; the barrios themselves feeding off the central city like piglets off a sow, imbibing new ideas in the daily flow of people and goods. But take a country bus from Popayan over the Andes, and it is a different, older world. An exquisitely beautiful world of deep green valleys along the San José river, the little white colonial towns far below you looking like pools of some milky libation. In the bus a portrait of the Pope dangling like a benediction over the driver's head as he pulls round the steepest bends; a relay of passengers with great brimmed hats and gaucho moustaches or humorously curved Mayan-like noses. Young boys stride up the bus clutching heavy machetes. A girl begins her journey in a town called Hobo by devoutly crossing herself. To what extent in these parts is manliness, with all its ancient prerogatives, still the supreme standard? How unquestioning is religious devotion?

The rural health promoters from the Health Ministry, the INCORA social workers, are the teams which can reach the campesino women with a message in a way they will understand. The ProFamilia doctors admit their work is limited to the towns. There is a great deal more to be done in the towns before the deadline the doctors have set themselves of August 1970 when, under the pact that established the National Front in 1958, a Conservative president must take over. The task is to make it so patently clear that Colombian women want a vigorous family planning program that no Conservative administration, however pushed by elder churchmen, will attempt to cut off the funds and divert the personnel. ProFamilia has a target to reach of having established by then thirty-five clinics.

Perhaps the last word on the Pope's position in Colombian eyes belongs to the first president under the National Front pact (and a cousin of the present president), Alberto Lleras. Writing, in *Vision* magazine in May 1969, on the worldwide crisis of protest inside the Catholic church, he interestingly referred to Camilo Torres, the guerilla priest, as "my compatriot and friend" and then wrote of the Pope:

. . . But the dramatic figure in this ecclesiastical derailment is the pathetic, sad and admirable one of the Holy Father, Paul VI. The rebellion was begun by the bishops who could not understand why the Pope challenged, alone or almost alone, the whole machinery of advice and experience with which he had surrounded himself to define the gravest problem of our time, in his encyclical on Human Life. . . . Pope Paul has tried to contain with his actions, words and exhortations the apparent deviations which yet escape by a narrow loophole. There is nothing, without doubt, more penetrating or dangerous than a delayed revolution. . . .

Although Colombia in 1969 was receiving two million dollars in international aid for family planning projects, it was clearly only a tiny segment of the world picture. Even the whole of Latin America, with the prospect by 1980 of numbering three hundred and fifty million people (or eighty million more than all of North America), is only one awkward part of a massive problem. So many world population projections have been wide of the mark that any set of figures becomes suspect. But a distinguished American panel, headed by David Rockefeller of the Population Council and George Woods, the former World Bank president, put broad aims in May 1969 when it appealed to U Thant to help establish a vigorous UN program, with a powerful Population Commissioner and an annual fund of one hundred million dollars. This panel hoped that a world program could succeed in limiting the population in the year 2000 AD to about five billion people, instead of the seven billion there will be if the present rate of growth from today's figure of 3.5 billion is not checked.

Robert McNamara, in his speech to the World Bank board of governors in September 1968, put the "terrifying statistics" of population growth and its "crippling effect" on economic development in a succinct way. He pointed out that world population totaled only 250 million in the first century AD, took 1650 years to add another quarter billion; it then added one billion in the next two hundred years, a second billion in the following century and a third billion in the next thirty years. "It is now expected to add three more billion by the end of the century. By then, at present rates, it will be increasing by one billion each eight years."

To show the crippling effect, McNamara cited two typical developing countries with similar standards of living and each with a birthrate of 40 per thousand—which he explained was the actual rate in India and Mexico. If one of those countries, he said, managed to halve its birthrate over a period of twenty-five years (and a rate of 20 per thousand is still well above that in Europe) while the other remained static, the first country would raise its standard of living 40 per cent above the other country in a single generation. McNamara added: "In terms of the gap between rich countries and poor, these studies show that more than anything else it is the population explosion which, by holding back the advancement of the poor, is blowing apart the rich and the poor and widening the already dangerous gap between them."

What are the rich countries doing about it? What is the United Nations doing, the World Bank, governments like those of Britain and Canada doing to help clear this largest obstacle to the economic advancement of most countries? The answer is: very little. Sweden is an exception, for it is now putting 12 per cent of its foreign aid to family planning. The government of Canada has done nothing at all so far, for it considered itself shackled until mid-1969 by the ancient provisions of the Criminal Code forbidding the domestic sale of contraceptives. As Maurice Strong explained to the Commons standing committee on External Affairs in April 1969, "It has not been government policy to do outside of Canada what is not feasible to do in Canada."

The United States Government is now doing a great deal. From small beginnings in 1965, when AID spent only about two million dollars, American assistance has grown to a figure of eighty million dollars in 1969-70. In many countries where the government has no inhibitions about promoting family planning, the American aid goes directly to central funds. But in Catholic countries the aid is often channelled through private organizations, such as the IPPF, or a regional body such as the Pan-American Health Organization. As the Rockefeller-Woods panel pointed out in its brief to U Thant, assistance in family planning programs is "... a delicate subject. Many governments would find it more desirable to work through the United Nations than bilaterally with the United States."

The problem at the United Nations has been to win the votes of Catholic governments for policy decisions. For years the forty-five-nation executive board of UNICEF hesitated on the brink of approving some active participation in family planning, and the only help it gave was in supplying vehicles to medical teams in India and Pakistan; but just before the encyclical was issued the board took its courage up and declared outright support of such programs. A UN population division with a 1.5 million dollar fund, whose main contributors have been the U.S. and Scandinavia, has made a modest start by training a dozen demographic advisers to work with the governments in programming. But the Rockefeller-Woods panel criticized the UN agencies as "reluctant as a whole to make a more impressive commitment"; the argument about whose mandate covered this new work—whether UNICEF or the World Health Organization or FAO—they termed a "classic delaying tactic" being used by reluctant men. Hence their plea for an autonomous new post of Population Commissioner, who would work directly with Paul Hoffman, the UN Development Program's co-administrator.

A few groups in Canada, who are not tied by the government's inhibitions, have ventured some paces into this field of aid. CUSO in India has had a few volunteers working with the Christian Medical Association of India's teams that tour hospitals and clinics to teach nurses and health assistants. Canadian doctors working abroad under several different sponsorships, such as COMA (Canadian Overseas Medical Association), have played a more direct part in the programs. In St. Lucia the Manitobans have given strong support to the single active program on that Catholic island, and have provided Mr. Louisy with a mobile cinema unit so that he can travel to, and educate, men as well as women in the remoter villages. And Oxfam of Canada has made a special decision to allocate around 15 per cent of its welfare and development funds (which could mean as much as two hundred thousand dollars a year) as grants to family planning programs, and to put half of it to projects in the Caribbean and Latin America.

There is no doubt some programs are meeting with encouraging success. And success is usually linked with educational levels. Barbados, for example, can claim good school facilities;

it has also achieved the lowest birthrate in the Caribbean and Latin America, having dropped from 26 per thousand in 1965 to 22 per thousand only three years later.

But there are obviously many problems ahead. The population explosion has occurred because better health services have drastically cut mortality rates. In Lord Ritchie-Calder's words, "Let us be quite clear: there is not an orgy of procreation going on. Parents in the developing countries are not having more children. More children are surviving. . . . This is the picture I have seen all over the world—an avalanche of children smothering every effort at progress in the developing countries." The infant mortality rate in many countries is clearly going to decline further, before it approaches the rate in industrialized countries: Jamaica, a comparatively advanced country, has a rate still 50 per cent higher than that of Canada. And this continued drop in deaths of course means the family planners have a rising population figure to contend with.

In Latin America and other Catholic countries some methods of birth control will remain officially taboo. While a main drive in the Indian campaign has been for male sterilization through vasectomy, this is unthinkable today in Colombia: ProFamilia workers shook heads vigorously when I mentioned it. And cheap, legal abortions, a system which has been so effective in Japan that its birthrate is now down to 9 per thousand (or half that of Canada), are also an unlikely innovation for Latin America.

India has its own massive problems in this sphere. After a huge campaign has run for years, its leaders can claim only that about 11 per cent of the couples of child-bearing age were using some effective form of contraception. The momentum behind the vasectomy drive, which was launched in 1967, is apparently faltering, to judge from figures in the progressive Maharashtra state. In any case, the compilation of statistics must be suspect in a country where rural records of births and deaths depend often on reports from illiterate village watchmen. The post-independence cut in deaths from such diseases as cholera, smallpox and malaria has doubled the life expectancy of an Indian infant to more than fifty years. But this

welcome human change has been a major developmental headache to the planners and politicians.

Now that the Criminal Code's provisions against the domestic sale of contraceptives have been amended, the least the Canadian government can do is to make up for lost time in giving international aid to family planning programs. It should advertise widely the fact that the law has been altered, and that Canada is ready to receive requests. To the Commons committee Mr. Strong declared Canada had never had "any official requests" for such aid; he is no doubt right, but some countries (including Tunisia) have in the past made preliminary inquiries about aid and been firmly told about the Code's prohibitions. The initiative is now with Ottawa, to seek out these—and other—governments, and tell them Canada is actively interested in helping their programs. Mr. Strong went some distance to acknowledging this obligation, when he told the MPs: "We just cannot ignore the whole field of population growth and family planning if [we] are going to be seriously interested in the development field."

It is equally important for Canada now to play an active role in gathering support for a large UN population program. It is clear that such a program is not vulnerable to the sort of objections or suspicions which can threaten a bilateral agreement: people in Peru are not going to say a UN program is a plot to keep their population small, their international standing inferior, while they might say something of the sort these days to Washington. With the Maldive Islands casting as weighty a vote in the General Assembly as the United States, there is no premium on being big there. A population program launched through the UN would focus clearly on development, and avoid any Big Brother associations which direct aid from the industrialized states can generate. Such a large new venture would require a formal vote of approval, after considerable debate, in either the Second or Human Rights Committee and then the plenary Assembly. Some African states, not yet feeling the weight of population, may waver and several Catholic governments may join in opposition during such a debate. The question still unanswered is whether Pope Paul through his encyclical has blocked this United Nations avenue to the progress of peoples.

Brazil

São Paulo and youthful vigor—blessings of a tilting plateau—the Light keeps up—economic nationalism—the genius of Billings—moving out of power generation—Brazilianizing Traction—inflation and Goulart's fall—getting rid of gas—where to reinvest 65 million dollars?—benefits to Canada—scholarship exchange—Ministers tour Latin America—trade prospects—into the clouds

Brazil

Deus é Brasileiro—e também da Light.

(God is a Brazilian—and also works for the Light.)

—a saying in São Paulo

Every visitor to Brazil finds one thing in particular to marvel at, among so many amazing sights. If to one person it is the Amazon, that huge brown scuffed rope of a river lying so unused across the country, to another it is the gaiety—amid the poverty—of the people of mainly African origin in the North East. Or it is the enormous size of the country, crowding all the other nations of Latin America up against the Andes, like a bully in the schoolyard. Or it is Rio de Janeiro, where women from fourteen years to fifty wear the world's most vivid nailpolish (Jane Fonda's own "barbarella") or stroll innocently at lunchtime carrying a single red rose down the hot streets, and where they now run illuminated advertisements (as in Times Square) along—of all sacred places!—the rock-face of the Sugarloaf. Or else you can choose to expand your fund of private wonder, as I did, on São Paulo.

São Paulo hasn't the reputation it deserves outside Brazil. "You must go there," people advise, a little vaguely, hearing that you are bound at any rate for Rio. They don't explain why it would be worth your taking time away from Rio to visit some place you may know only as an inland industrial town. The fact is, for the second largest city in the Americas (its

metropolitan population now exceeds those of Chicago and Los Angeles), São Paulo has a decidedly unboastful lot of residents. During this century, it has grown from a modest coffee-growers' centre with two hundred thousand people into a megalopolis with more than seven million living along (and many of them high above) five thousand miles of streets.

Its figures of growth are a little horrifying, like Alice down the rabbithole: last year its industrial growth was estimated at sixteen per cent, and more than five hundred million dollars was invested in São Paulo state. Horrifying, because you would think that any city growing so fast would lack charm, and be at least gawky with big concrete elbows protruding in all directions. But somehow São Paulo has avoided the illjointed stage, and has gained its curves quickly as though a sculptor has done a brilliantly swift job of modelling. There is no careful grid, like the imprisoning lines of New York. The new airport road, named for a student's revolution, ends at present with a sweeping carriage drive up to a main hotel; from it you can walk across the Viaduto do Chá, whose newness is softened by lamp standards transported from the days of London in gaslight, across to the Metropolitan Theatre with its semicircle of palmtrees. Like Rio, it has not yet dug a subway, and the acquisition of a telephone requires long campaigning. But if you can put aside the drawbacks of congestion in these forms, the São Paulo planners will impress you as men determined to make it pleasant to live in the midst of their city.

The sheer size is of itself impressive. The latticed slab of the Volkswagen factory out at São Bernardo. The vegetable hall, which is large enough to house a Concorde, at the CEASA supply market where (according to the official count) twenty-two thousand wholesalers and retailers crowd in every night. The galleries of shops that rise to five stories of covered arcades. But it is the vigor and youthfulness and excellence that is overwhelming. In *O Estado da São Paulo* it has one of the best newspapers in the hemisphere, and in mid-1969 the paper was running articles of a long African tour by ex-Governor Carlos Lacerda, one of the leading politicians whom the government has put under its ten-year disqualification rule.

Its doctors have done a heart transplant, its scientists have discovered a great deal about snakes and scorpions. São Paulo can boast of King Pelé, as well as 2300 soccer clubs. Like Calgary, it is a zestful bouncy city—it's no surprise that, in Ademar Ferreira da Silva, it produced a world champion hop-step-jumper! Independent Brazil began there in 1822, with young Pedro I sleeping in a grass hut the night before making his proclamation. And in case today any dignitary tends to be pompous, there are nine million people in São Paulo state under the age of twenty-five, and the youth of that state (as the airport road commemorating the students' revolt of 1932 testifies) have a tradition to match.

São Paulo is a place to remember, when liberals around the world grow gloomy about the politics of Brazil. Government has been juggled from hand to hand: a military glove is no more secure than a fumbling Congress. At the University of São Paulo a presidential order in 1969 forced twenty-three professors into retirement, a move that was unexplained and unjustified. But somehow the dynamism of São Paulo seemed to soar over this heavyhandedness, seemed to be proof that Brazil was developing, and would progress, astoundingly—and that practically no ineptness or uncertainties of civilian government or military power, no single bound of inflation or thud of repression, could for long delay the country's material and social advance.

But how does a city the size of São Paulo *happen* so quickly? It is, at the least, doubtful if it could have happened so swiftly and so smoothly without the work of a large Canadian-based company—the Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Company—and without the genius of one of the company's engineers, Asa Billings, who in 1925 (three decades before Snowy Mountain and Kitimat) was the first man to reverse a river of any flow and tip it down a steep slope to provide hydroelectric power.

In 1912, when Brazilian Traction was granted a charter in Canada and the scattered enterprises in Brazil were rationalized for the first time, São Paulo had a population almost exactly the same size as Toronto—420,000—and much less than half that of Rio. It has grown to leave the others

far behind, and the reasons for its surpassing Rio become obvious to a visitor. While Rio is besieged by hills, São Paulo is on top of a plateau tilting into Brazil's great interior; the River Tiete flows by it and down inland, and the rainwaters of this plateau end by sweeping past Montevideo in the River Plate two thousand miles beyond. Yet São Paulo also has access, thirty-four miles away down the Serra do Mar, to an excellent seaport in Santos: in 1967 the port handled fifteen million tons of cargo, and expansion plans can increase its capacity to five times that figure—or three times the amount handled at Montreal. São Paulo is the capital of Brazil's richest state, with its agriculture spreading from coffee through cotton and sugar and rice. It is sited in a place to have doors open in two directions—seaward and inland—to prosperity. Textiles, cement plants and later metal works found a natural home there. All it otherwise needed to progress was a cheap and adequate supply of electric power. A chief achievement of Brazilian Traction—more simply known in Brazil as “the Light”¹—has been that it has for all these years, and through many difficulties, kept pace with the demand by Paulistas for more and more electricity. Today, while the systems are interconnected, the Light is supplying nearly twice as much power to São Paulo as it is to Rio.

Last year, which saw a twelve per cent rise in its electricity sales over 1967, the Light supplied 15.3 billion kilowatt hours of electricity to 2,662,000 customers. Even in 1967, when a night of torrential rain brought a landslide of mud into the company's main plant supplying Rio and imposed rationing on the city for nearly three months, sales went up by seven per cent. Light is at present distributing about two-fifths of all the electricity consumed in Brazil (including supplying its largest steel mill), although the population it serves—around Rio, São Paulo and Santos—is a much smaller fraction of the country's total of ninety million people. This contrast shows the uneven development of Brazil, as uneven as anywhere in the developing world. In 1968 the company spent sixty-eight

¹A reader (and a writer) can get very confused with the often changing titles of the company and its subsidiaries. For the sake of simplicity, and forsaking accuracy, I will throughout the chapter refer to the Toronto parent company as Brazilian Traction, and all the company's operations in Brazil as the Light.

million dollars in expanding its transmission and distribution services, and put aside another seventy million dollars in 1969 for the same purpose. More statistics could be piled on top of these, but they are enough to show the great size of this company—the largest Canadian-registered company operating abroad, and the third largest business in all Brazil—and its importance as a tool of development in one of the biggest countries in the Third World.

A first question which an outsider is prompted to ask at this point is: how has a foreign-based company occupying so crucial a position in a country's economy avoided being nationalized? And a second question may be: is this continuance of a foreign-based operation an index to the company's virtue—or of the government's maturity, or caution? This chapter should explore both these questions.

The most testing time for the Light clearly came in the decade from 1956 to 1965. The first strong winds of economic nationalism began to blow then. In earlier years, companies from several nations had been welcomed in, to promote and run Brazil's public utilities. Captain Francisco Gualco, who had the tramway concession for São Paulo, travelled widely abroad to find foreign backers to electrify the tramcars which were in the 1890's still drawn by mules; it was mainly because New York bankers were chary in those days of investing abroad that an Ontario company was incorporated to tackle the job. As the group grew, it acquired a Rio tramway system that had been German-owned (and a German telephone company on the side); it also took over the big Rio gas company, that had been successively British and Belgian owned.

During that half-century, Brazilian Traction was skilful in three ways that would be commended by any government. It rationalized the conflicting services greatly, particularly the tramcars operating in the narrow streets of north Rio, and built links between the telephone systems of the two main cities. Secondly, except for the worst years of drought (as in 1924), it managed to keep pace with the growing demand for electricity. Billings was the master-hand at this. A Harvard science graduate who never had an engineering degree, he became acknowledged as a hydroelectric expert on both sides

of the Atlantic. In Brazil he first built a dam eighty-five miles up the Paraíba River to feed power to Rio. But his greatest stroke was to develop an idea he had seen in miniature in Switzerland, and reverse the flow of one of the Tiete's tributaries by a large dam at Padreira outside São Paulo and tip the water back over the plateau's edge, down penstocks to turbines that are pushed around under a head of 2385 feet. With other dams and pumping stations built further down the Tiete system later, and with extraordinarily high annual rainfall (140 inches or more) where the onshore winds drop their moisture as it condenses on the edge of the Serra do Mar, Billings Reservoir became a great source of power. When the underground powerhouse at Cubatao far below the plateau was completed in 1961, the capacity of this hydroelectric plant rose to 910,000 kilowatts—or considerably more than, say, a much more famous dam completed about that time, Rhodesia's Kariba.

Finally, the company showed itself extremely capable in raising international loans. It was the first private company to obtain a World Bank loan, and between 1949 and 1954 it raised a total of 108 million dollars in three loans. Since then the World Bank has lent another 450 million dollars for power projects in Brazil, almost all of it to state corporations. But the Light received the first of these sums, and led the way for Brazil to this all-important source of funds.

From 1956, however, when Juscelino Kubitschek became President, the company began to face real tests of adaptability. For Kubitschek, as Governor of Minas Gerais State, had become intensely interested in the states and the central government playing an impressive and controlling role in the development of hydroelectric power.

In the end, the adaptation was worked out relatively smoothly. Although deeply concerned about state power development, Kubitschek was not antagonistic to a private company playing its part. He simply wanted the state to dominate in power generation for the future. His predecessor, Getulio Vargas, had tended towards the same attitude, but for more negative reasons: Vargas argued that, while the building of plants was costly, their management and inspection was com-

paratively simple—so private enterprise should be left the job of distribution which involved large maintenance and clerical staff, and therefore management problems. Kubitschek more positively looked on state construction of plants as a crucial part of his Basic Targets Program, the first serious attempt any Brazilian government had made at economic planning. He became the prime mover behind the first large state-financed schemes—at Tres Marias and Furnas, both in Minas Gerais and much further inland than any of the Light's plants. Since then, state construction has bounded ahead in number and size of plants: when the Ilha Solteira station joins its neighbor on the Paraná River, the Jupiá plant, in generating hydroelectric power, it will become the second largest source in the world, with a capacity below only that of Bratsk in Russia. The glamor of these kinds of facts, the visible achievement of these dams have had obvious appeal to Brazilian politicians. There was nothing glamorous about building pylons and substations, and in fact something distinctly unpopular about bill collection from consumers: so let the private companies do that job. This was the way many Brazilian politicians have argued.

The Light accepted the government's terms and decided to collaborate with Eletrobrás, the federal power agency, in a common effort to expand the country's electric industry. Brazilian Traction's annual report in 1961 pointed out that its expansion program, begun in 1956, was due to be completed in the next year and added: "These generating resources it is expected will be capable of supplying the loads until early in 1963. The Company does not at this time contemplate entering on any further program to expand generating facilities." In fact, in 1963 the Light began large-scale purchases from the state plants, and by 1968 no less than 38 per cent of all its sales was of power purchased from state generators. Another power company, AMFORP, controlled by an American group which also had interests in Chile, Argentina and Colombia, was on less sound footing than the Light in Brazil, and its properties were finally sold to Eletrobrás in 1965.

As an early step in this linkup with the state corporations, the Light put four million dollars into Furnas. This has

dwindled to a minor shareholding with the expansion of Furnas, but the Light retains a director on the Furnas board and the company helps a good deal in the foreign purchasing of equipment for Furnas. Conversely, Eletrobrás has a small shareholding (2.7 million out of 1485 million) in Light-Serviços de Eletricidade S.A., the company formed three years ago to merge the old subsidiaries, Rio Light and São Paulo Light.

That merger was part of the Brazilianization process of the local subsidiaries. Dr. Antonio Gallotti, a brilliant lawyer who is now president of Light-Serviços, was already a vice-president by 1950. After 1955 changes came fast, and today there are only two non-Brazilians on the Light Serviços board. In the whole staff of the organization, numbering some 26,000 workers, less than a hundred are non-Brazilian—and most of these are at the Toronto office. Finally, to increase local participation the company offered forty million shares in the Light for public subscription in January 1969. Within a month the sale had to be closed when 111,000 subscribers (housewives and students well to the fore) had bought fifty-five million shares. This issue provided the Light with the equivalent of fourteen million dollars to put towards expansion plans.

This Brazilianization looks good on paper; how real is it in practice? That question can be prompted by the realization that the January issue of fifty-five million shares only amounts to about 5 per cent of the outstanding shares of the Light, and that the parent company still holds about 85 per cent. Where are the big decisions made—in Toronto or Rio?

This is obviously the most delicate question for any foreign-based company to answer. (And it is complicated somewhat in the case of Brazilian Traction by the fact that only a minority of its shares are held in Canada and by Canadians; however its chief executives are Canadian, and so are ten of its twenty-three present directors).

The short answer seems to be a clear one. The policy decisions are made in Toronto, and when they affect the running of the utilities they are made in close accordance with the views of the executives on the spot, Dr. Gallotti and his colleagues. They are, after all, in daily touch with the government

officials in Brazil and have to face the long grind of negotiations over the base for the electricity rate.

It was this issue that pulled the company to its lowest ebb, in 1963-64. Inflation in the last months of João Goulart's presidency soared to a peak of 80 per cent in 1963, and the company complained it had no adequate way to compensate for rapidly rising costs because the authorities had long stalled at making the politically unpopular move of allowing a basic rate increase to a foreign company. Certainly the company declared a net loss in 1963 and 1964, compared with the ten million dollars net income it was making two and three years before. The company faced that period by cutting back hard on capital expenditure.

The sudden clearing of these troubles by the November 1964 decrees accounts for a good deal of the enthusiasm voiced by Robert Winters about the governments of Marshals Castello Branco and Costa e Silva which have followed the military overthrow of President Goulart in April 1964. The decrees gave a new basic rate based on "service at cost plus 10 per cent." At the same time the Castello Branco government took stern measures to fight inflation, and within three years the inflation rate had dropped to 24 per cent (although it has not dipped much since). The government put substantial new funds into the electric industry; and the company was able to acquire external financing (it negotiated a forty million dollar loan from USAID in 1965) to add to its own funds for heavy capital investment in transmission and distribution. In 1968 the company's net income from electricity sales was a record 42.7 million dollars. Mr. Winters, completing his first year as President of Brazilian, was able to call it "the best year we have experienced."

But, in the five years since the military takeover, the company had also changed its character sharply from being wholly concerned with Brazilian utilities. The 42.7 million dollars income from the Light in 1968, was only 71 per cent of the company's total profits of 59 million dollars. For it had withdrawn from several utilities enterprises in Brazil and begun investing in other fields inside and outside that country.

The largest utility which the company disposed of was the telephone system. It had been acquired reluctantly with the German tramway concession in Rio in 1903, but by 1952 it was being spoken of by company officials as "one of the principal assets of Brazilian Traction." At that time it had 428,000 telephones in service and its network covered 294,000 square miles—or almost the area of France and Italy combined. But in the next dozen years problems of financing expansion and renovation mounted. And, although its assets may have been worth 130 million dollars, Brazilian Traction felt justified in selling it to the Castello Branco government in 1966 for 96 million dollars. The main condition placed on the sale by the government was that the company should reinvest 65 million of that amount in Brazil over the twenty-year payment period. The government's attempts to deal with the telephone crisis have so far been no more successful than were the company's efforts, even though it has introduced a system of "auto financing" under which a would-be subscriber makes a loan of up to 500 dollars to the telephone company in return for the promise of an instrument in due course—and shares in the company meanwhile. But in fairness to the government, it should be added that it has tried to catch up with the backlog of new subscribers at the same time as maintaining and improving the existing service—a dauntingly large task.

Long ago the "Traction" part of the company's role disappeared. By the time of the second World War the tramways in São Paulo, Santos and Rio had all become unremunerative, and after the war the municipalities took them over. In Rio it had been a large operation, with twelve hundred passenger cars as well as a fleet of buses.

By stages, also, the company has divested itself of its gas holdings. Even though most city housewives use gas for cooking, the holdings had become unprofitable, because of the cost of imported coal and the need to modernize plant. The São Paulo municipality took a novel course of speeding up negotiations by expropriating the service in 1967 but deposited less than half of what the company calculated was its book value (5.9 million dollars). The final price will be determined after valuation by the courts. The Santos service was simply dis-

continued after an explosion in 1967 halted it, and the Rio district service was more smoothly transferred to the Guanabara state government in mid-1969.

Faced with the question of what to do with the 31 million dollars from the telephone sale which could be taken out of Brazil, the company directors decided to put it to general reserves; to provide, in the words of J. Grant Glassco, who was then President, "an added margin of safety for the shareholders." Soon afterwards, the company bought one million shares at twenty-one dollars a share in John Labatt Ltd., thus acquiring nearly one-quarter of the common stock of this Canadian brewing company. Labatts has spread out from brewing to chemical and pharmaceutical products, as well as taking over Ogilvie Flour Mills and Laura Secord. To those who would criticize Brazilian Traction for investing in beer rather than putting the money towards projects in the developing world, the company has probably two answers: first, that Labatts is doing research on animal feed supplements that can indeed benefit the developing worlds; and secondly that a company so heavily committed in a developing country like Brazil needs its "margin of safety" outside. The margin has certainly broadened, for Labatt's stock has risen steadily since that purchase and the original million shares were worth in June 1969 no less than 51 million dollars.

The company's reinvestment in Brazil, of the 65 million dollars that it will receive over a twenty-year period from the telephone sale, has to face more directly the question of how it benefits the country's development. Of the five million dollars reinvested so far, the largest amount of 3.1 million dollars has gone to a minority partnership with Celanese Corporation of New York to produce nylon fibres. Other non-utility investments have been made in Garcia S.A., a large textile manufacturer in southern Brazil, and more than two million dollars invested in a company which makes railway rolling stock and parts of trucks and excavators. Another investment is in a company which makes wallboard and acoustical tiles from eucalyptus, and it has even acquired a 49 per cent interest in a firm which runs armored cars to carry cash and bank securities around the cities. In mid-1969 Mr. Winters told shareholders

the company expected to go into large-scale cement production, and might enter real estate development and the hotel industry.

Out of this new portfolio the single investment that can definitely help the poorest section of Brazil's population—the people of the North East—is the company's holding in a food processing firm, Fábricas Peixe. Originally Brazilian Traction had only a 28 per cent non-voting interest, but after becoming dissatisfied with the management, Toronto decided to go in more deeply rather than withdraw—and bought control of it, determined to reorganize. It is a wholly new venture for a utilities company, and some CESO volunteers were brought in as consultants. Peixe has a plant in Recife, as well as São Paulo, and has made baby food and processed fish and agricultural products. If the firm is put strongly on its feet, it can make an important contribution to development in the Recife area.

The opposite question should be asked: what benefit has the whole connection been for Canada, or individual Canadians? Has it been worth it, in Canadian terms, to sink or plough back more than one billion dollars in plant, property and equipment in Brazil?

The returns to shareholders have not been particularly high. The normal dividend of one dollar a share which was paid regularly for many years before 1953 was only fully restored in 1967. It was supplemented in 1969 by an extra twenty-five cents per share paid from investment income, predominantly from Labatts. A 20 per cent stock dividend was also paid in 1969. At that point, shares were being traded on the Toronto Stock Exchange at twenty-three dollars. The present dividend policy means, in effect, a withdrawal from Brazil for dividend payments of the equivalent of 17.5 million dollars a year. (The extra six million dollars paid out in dividends in 1969 came from profits of investments outside Brazil.) Brazilian Traction pays no corporate tax to the Canadian government, but all dividends are taxable in the hands of shareholders, in accordance with the laws of their country of residence.

The other return has been to Canadian business. Grant Glassco told shareholders in 1967:

We believe that the choice made many years ago of Canada as the corporate home for an international group of investors entering the utility business in Brazil has been of real benefit to Canada. . . . Our activities have resulted in substantial employment in Canada, including the use of professional services of various sorts. It has been our policy over the years to promote the purchase in Canada of equipment and supplies for our plants in Brazil and, in a number of ways, we have come to play a useful part in the development of relations between Canada and Latin America. Our activities have over the years contributed significantly to Canada's balance of payments.

There certainly is a great deal of Canadian equipment to be seen around the different Light plants. These purchases go back many years. For example, all the material for the 205-mile transmission line linking the Light's main plants, Cubatao near São Paulo to Lages above Rio, was furnished by Canada between 1940 and 1948. The Vigario pumping station near Lages, equipped with four Canadian General Electric motors, lifting water about one hundred feet for the smaller of Billing's "reverse flow" schemes, boasts the biggest such equipment in South America. CGE and Allis Chalmers won the tenders for this work in 1954-55 in open competition, for it was under World Bank loan terms. In the vast underground powerhouse at Cubatao, fifty metres high and four years in the digging, all six generators are Canadian (Westinghouse or GE) and four of the turbines came from Montreal. Again, all this work was under World Bank tender. But the pattern of foreign purchases has altered, with industrialization inside Brazil and with the Light moving out of further generation and therefore away from the need for this heavy equipment. In 1967 the Light spent the equivalent of thirty-two million dollars on equipment made in Brazil, and only three million dollars on imported materials.

One imaginative move Brazilian Traction has made in developing relations between Canada and Brazil is to set up a two-way scholarship program. Starting in 1970, it is financing two Fellowships in Engineering and four full courses at the

Business School at the University of Toronto; it is also supporting Brazilians who come for summer courses in labor relations, project planning and administration, and has sent two agricultural economists from McMaster University down for graduate study in Brazil. Neither the two-year fellowships nor the summer courses are restricted to the Light employees, but are open to any qualified Brazilian.

Despite the performance of Light and Alcan, the participation of Canadian business in the developing world has been tiny. The DAC figures for 1968 show a total of 12.85 billion dollars of official and private funds flowing from the sixteen richest nations to the developing countries. Of that total, 5.9 billion dollars came from the private sector, but Canadian business contributed only 94 million dollars—or less than 2 per cent of it.

There are some fairly obvious reasons why Canadian private investment abroad has been small. There is so much to develop at home. There is no abundance of capital seeking an outlet, as there is in West Germany which ranked second only to the United States in its 1968 outflow of private funds (the equivalent of 1040 million dollars [U.S.]). And Canada hasn't the same historical connections as the old colonial powers, France and Britain, have with parts of the developing world. Only in the Caribbean, perhaps, is there such a connection.

Maurice Strong, a businessman first and CIDA president afterwards, has been concerned to increase the flow of private Canadian dollars abroad. For one thing, it can improve a country's showing in the DAC aid tables where each member's effort to reach the 1 per cent target of national income is measured. And, for another, it can stimulate the export of Canadian goods to equip and support these plants. One move to encourage businessmen to look abroad has been to replace the Export Credit Insurance Corporation in 1969 with an Export Development Corporation. The bill proposing this change raised to 500 million dollars the amount for which Ottawa would insure a Canadian company against the hazards of operating in politically uncertain countries. To judge from

the American experience, Ottawa may make a handsome profit on this offer of guarantees: in twenty years of the U.S. Extended Risks Guarantee program, damage claims have only amounted to eight million dollars while fees collected by Washington from investors totalled 48 million dollars.

There have been signs, ahead of this legislation, that private Canadian investment abroad is about to climb out of the trough of the Sixties. Massey-Ferguson, already active in twelve countries, is building new factories in Turkey. Alcan is building a 15-million-dollar aluminum smelter in Bahia in North East Brazil. International Nickel has spent many months completing an agreement with Guatemala over a 180-million-dollar mining and processing operation, and may also invest almost as much in Indonesia. Meanwhile, to encourage and guide smaller Canadian investors, CIDA has set up its own Business and Industry division.

Since the mission of half a dozen Canadian Ministers with their top officials toured nine Latin American countries late in 1967, there has been a good deal of talk about increasing trade. The mission, looking at the figures for that year—337 million dollars worth of Canadian exports to all of Latin America, 418 million dollars worth of imports—said in its interim report that this trade was at “disappointingly low levels.” The report urged that “a central element of Canada’s export trade of the future must lie in the field of specialized and advanced technology and expertise.” Following this line of thought, the report spoke of schemes to work with Venezuela, Mexico, Argentina and Brazil in subway construction, and discussions the Ministers had had about power schemes in Colombia. (Colombian newspapers, however, showed very little interest: a minor Czechoslovak mission received much larger headlines than the Canadians had earned a few days earlier.)

Canada’s trade with Brazil is one of the largest it enjoys in Latin America. The 1968 figures were 48.1 million dollars in Canadian exports, and 38.7 million dollars in imports. But the Canadian exports still only accounted for 2.6 per cent of Brazil’s imports last year. Although Brazil imported two and a half million tons of wheat in 1968, it was virtually closed

market with American PL 480 supplies and Argentine wheat under LAFTA terms covering most of the demand. (Brazil in 1969 provided what may be a unique example of the twists in the chain of international wheat sales: in one tender a Japanese firm based in New York offered Brazil some wheat that had been grown in Australia—and offered it under PL 480 credit terms!) It is understandable, then, that the Ministers fell back on hopes of Canada shining in Latin America through its technology. And in Brazil this has been the recent pattern: the main exports in 1968-9 were de Havilland Buffalo aircraft, railway switchgear, equipment for a thermal power plan in northern Brazil—and there were hopes of capitalizing on Canada's newfound speciality, the building of airports.

But how far beyond a modest increase in trade with Latin America are the heralds of that Ministerial mission prepared to lead Canada? The amount of financial aid Canada has given is small: ten million dollars a year for five years to the Inter-American Development Bank. The hesitations about applying for membership of the Organization of American States continue, despite the way Jamaica removed the grounds for one of Ottawa's main reservations when it joined the OAS in 1969 without making any commitment to cut either its trade or diplomatic links with Cuba. But there are some definite hints from Ottawa that it plans to move before long to a greater involvement with Latin American countries. The shifting of weight away from the European NATO foothold is one sign. The influence which Secretary of State Gerard Pelletier has with Trudeau is another: for Pelletier is an enthusiastic supporter of stronger links to the far south.

There are enormously exciting prospects there. If one sight symbolized that for me, it came when I was pulled up the mountainside cableway from the Cubatao power plant to the lake which Billings created two thousand feet above. The Light's guides reserve this little trip, on a flatcar up a forty-five-degree slope which they jestingly called an *inclinada*, as a finale in the tour for all visitors: Rudyard Kipling did it (very calmly, it seems) back in 1927. But the scene that spreads out below, as you are hoisted upward by that 1¾-inch wire, has changed strikingly since his day. Some of the changes may be

regretted. Santos, where Kipling "loafed up a Dutch-like river that twisted through too-green flats," has given itself over to the weekend invasion of Paulistas seeking the sea, and has a mile or more of eighteen-storey apartment blocks towering over its beach; looking down from Porchat Island on this concrete overgrowth, an American muttered to me, "I'd take a buzzsaw to the lot of them!" Where there were banana groves beneath Kipling's trolley there is now an oil refinery, a paper mill and—further over the plain—neat suburbs. It is a scene of new prosperity: you would need a sharp nose to find a slum in Santos or São Paulo. The double highway tunnels through the escarpment half a dozen times, snaking upwards. Then, just as with Kipling, "our trolley was drawn up into the cloud, and all the known world vanished. We stepped off the cableway into white nothingness. . . ."

Perhaps the clouds were Brazil's way of warning: "Be excited by what you have seen. But don't think you know all of what is to come. . . ."

St. Lucia

*Centuries of catastrophe—Helen of the West—
calm resilience—its impressive women—thumping
waves of tourists—tourism servant or master?—
Dr. Blair's formula—John Compton sees dangers
—land sales to foreigners—the Vieux Fort venture
—disturbing social questions—Sister Theresa's leaky
roof—Maple Leaf schools—paragons on the
Morne—Manitoba's help—library from the ashes—
top speed with the Louisys—the banana boat*

St. Lucia

Plenty of Canadians are discovering their own different reasons for finding St. Lucia a rather special place. For a couple of thousand tourists last year it was the gentle sandy beaches, and perhaps the innocence of this Caribbean island. For hotel developers and construction teams it was the opportunity of big contracts. For the teachers and doctors and nurses it was the deep needs of the people. And so it was too for the young activists of the Manitoba Association for World Development, who since 1967 have formed a special connection with St. Lucia to offer aid; for MAWD it goes a long way beyond this, because they have been finding out a lot about themselves in Manitoba from this venture.

To say that St. Lucia has about the same number of people as Prince Edward Island—perhaps 115,000—in one-quarter of the area makes it simply sound cosy. And crowdedness is not so much the problem for St. Lucians as vulnerability. Vulnerable to so many dangers. The premier, John Compton, sees his island and the other little Associated States as “glittering prizes” which can be grabbed by some mafia or political group organizing an internal coup—for the “association” with Britain only provides for external defence. But there are also the economic dangers of relying so heavily on bananas, and on the protected market which Britain at present offers. And the natural dangers, such as hurricanes: for “Beulah,” the second hurricane of the 1967 season, ravaged the banana crop that year.

St. Lucians have lived so long on the brink of some appalling dangers that they tend to disregard them. The volcanoes in nearby St. Vincent and Martinique have erupted ferociously, but the solfatara outside Soufriere which a leading volcanologist has called "the potentially most active" has merely bubbled on. Or else St. Lucians have so often come bobbing up after each possible economic shipwreck that they see themselves possessing a lucky star. It is the best, perhaps the only, way to live, lightheartedly, if you inhabit a vulnerable corner of paradise. But is St. Lucia about to be engulfed beyond recognition by the new change that is crowding upon it over the horizon—the impact of heavy tourism—or is this to be the island's salvation? No one in St. Lucia these days dismisses this question with a quiet smile.

A visitor must marvel at the long catalogue of disasters in St. Lucia's history since 1605—and marvel even more at the unquenchable way St. Lucians squeeze the best result from these misfortunes. There were 150 years during which English and French fleets battled for the bays and inlets along the western coasts, and regiments panted up the hills above Castries to capture Morne Fortuné, the fortified peak that was always the king-piece in this conqueror's game of chess. Among all the strutting Admirals of those campaigns, the sweating major-generals, the negotiators an ocean away in Europe who pushed the island back and forth across the table as a bargaining counter so that it changed possession fourteen times, there is only one Governor remembered as caring enough about the island itself to build roads, develop farming and help the Maroon Negroes; and this Baron de Laborie died within five years. Yet all the tourist propaganda referring to these years conspires to call the island "the Helen of the West Indies," as though the new conquerors heaped riches upon her each time she was abducted.

This happy habit of self-delusion warms the recollection of more natural disasters, too. In 1854 there was a dreadful epidemic of cholera; but Father Jesse, a pioneer historian of the island, is quick to tell how church marriages that year were about eight times the average harvest—"doubtless through the fear of the Lord." The town of Castries, which still has plenty of wooden, mainly cedar, houses in clustered streets, is

always (it seems) being devastated by fires—809 families made homeless after a tailor's shop fire in 1948, another 2000 homeless in 1955. But people tend to talk more about all the construction work and the prosperity which the conflagrations brought. Forty years ago the banana industry was practically ruined by Panama Disease, while two other ogres—Withertip and Blossomblight—crushed in their foul fingers the island's limes. Cyclones, earthquakes, landslides have all done their utmost to break the islanders' spirits. They have escaped nothing: the great influenza epidemic, German submarines in Castries harbor, and always a threat of hurricanes after June. But the sky to St. Lucians is clear and blue every morning.

Many of the names seem to reflect this calm resilience. Richard Beausoleil, who has just retired after many years as lighthouse-keeper. Madame Hippolyte, secretary to the director of agriculture and as elegant as a chip off a Grecian urn. Swithin Adalbert Schouten who (according to the St. Lucia Yearbook) relaxes by "silently observing current economic revolution and the accompanying social and political repercussions." Josaphat Jolie, who when he died at ninety earned a tombstone dedicated "in loving memories of our beloved brother." And the taxidriver who owned to having sired fourteen children and then told me his name was Felix. They must be a match for hurricanes, at least.

You cannot escape feeling a good deal of concern for their future, all the same. Partly it's the old-fashioned type of concern shown, say, by parents for a daughter off to her first dance. In a strict sense, that concern is misdirected; for there is a broad sophistication among St. Lucians, and there are indeed more girls than boys enrolled in school. They are outnumbered only at sixth form level. The women of St. Lucia are immediately impressive. You can, if you wish, get a lengthy explanation of the problems confronting the half-dozen Associated States from a lady who will tactfully defer to her boss by ending: "Mr. Odlum will be more illuminating, no doubt."

No, the real concern is that the island is going to be swamped by outside influences that may not only curdle the charm of this Caribbean haven but—more important, since it affects the people rather than passing visitors—may also play

havoc with society and its economic base. No society—not even the televisionless South African one—is impregnable to outside influences. St. Lucia has already had a taste of some of the gruesomeness of the Western impact: the three attractions advertised by the Gaiety Theatre during the week I was in Castries were the films *Hot Diamonds in Cold Blood*, *The Champagne Murders* and *The Castle of Blood*. But this celluloid influence is probably as nothing compared with the impact which the actual presence of many thousands of tourists each month will have upon the islanders.

The wave of tourism is about to hit St. Lucia with a thump. The last five years have shown the swell rising. In 1964 there were 208 bedrooms for tourists, and by 1968 only another 78 had been made available. Yet the number of tourists visiting the island had nearly trebled in that time—from 8,452 to 22,653. The builders are just catching up with what they believe will be the modern kind of Caribbean treasure. By the end of 1970 another thousand beds will probably be available around the island. By then, as well, according to the estimate Compton gave in his 1969 Budget speech, there will be a cruise ship in Castries port every day of the year; in 1968-9 there were 111 such calls by cruise ships.

Compton sees the dangers clearly enough. In that Budget speech he said: "We must ensure that tourism becomes our servant to raise the living standards of our people, and not our masters to introduce social conflict within our society. This can be done only if our basic economy is sufficiently strong to withstand the external shocks. Hence the emphasis this year on agricultural development and marketing."

But the problem is that agriculture has not been developing. Compton is a lawyer with a background in trade union work, and he knows the farm position well. As he pointed out to me, the value of agricultural exports had remained on a level plateau of about six million dollars a year since 1966, "and we have to look for a new taking-off point. Our population is too small for us to go into manufacturing. Even with the Caribbean Free Trade Area manufacturing would not make enough impact to raise the standard of living. So we have to look to the tourist industry."

His hope is that the big influx of tourists will have a shock

effect on farmers, spurring them into growing vegetables and fruit for this large new market on their doorstep. The single new hotel at Vieux Fort will need more than one million eggs a year, half a million pounds of tomatoes and vast amounts of cabbages, carrots and beans. "Are we producing these things?" he asked in his Budget speech. "We can and must produce them." And he reminded the MPs what had been spent on setting up a marketing organization, in anticipation of these crops.

St. Lucia obviously must produce these vegetables—or it will get no benefit whatever out of tourism and will risk many evils from it. At present the island is spending almost as much on importing food—the bill for 1968 was 4.3 million dollars—as it makes from exporting its whole banana crop. To send the tourist's dollar abroad at once to pay for food to feed him would be self-defeating. But it could well happen. Only one of the larger hotels—the Malabar Beach Hotel—is owned by a local man, with knowledge therefore of the island's food possibilities. The others way well assume tourists on the whole prefer the food they are familiar with at home, and may import large quantities rather than explore the local market. Even at the Malabar Beach a visitor has the choice for breakfast of grilled kippers, which must have travelled a long way. Who ever could prefer them to stuffed flyingfish?

Dr. Gaston Blair, the St. Vincent-born director of agriculture, has decided views on prospects for the island. He has wide training, at McGill and Cambridge, and long experience in Trinidad, on which to draw. He is scornful of poultry-farming, despite those million eggs needed at Vieux Fort: since feed will have to be imported, pigs and poultry to him are no better than an assembly plant. He takes visitors up into the steep hills beyond Union agricultural station, to show them the gashes which erosion has cut down those slopes; and then he surprises them by saying he would like to see all the banana trees (which cause the erosion) concentrated on the hillsides, to leave the valley flats free for vegetables. The secret, he will explain, is to interplant the banana lines with coconut trees: coconut trees, with as many as seven thousand roots, bind the soil. And coconuts are ideal for St. Lucia, since it and Dominica are the only Caribbean islands free of red-ring disease.

The islanders have a long way to go to meet any of these targets. While I was there, Dr. Blair was staging the island's first vegetable growing exhibition, a modest affair with trays of onions and tomatoes carried into the Botanical Gardens. Farmers from all over St. Lucia were invited to gaze on these handsome crops, and Mr. Raymond Flood who had grown 17,000 cabbages was in great demand to speak on radio panels discussing these new ideas.

The dangers John Compton sees arriving with the waves of tourists are broad. St. Lucia today has, in his words, "a measure of economic and social stability primarily because we have a large peasant ownership," fifteen thousand banana-growing families who are the backbone of the economy. Tourism with a heavy influx of dollars will bring imbalance. The strong pull of tourist revenue may tear many of these families away from their normal way of life, to find some job in a service sphere reliant on tourists—stores or taxi-driving or hotel work. It may prove profitable, but it will be disruptive and seasonal. There will be a tendency towards inflation, and there will also be strains of envy from people like civil servants on fixed salaries who won't gain any advantage from the new wealth of tips and taxi-fares. Finally, there is the impact of thousands of people arriving of a different race and different habits. No wonder Premier Compton has his moments of doubt and anxiety.

I talked to a man in a Soufrière bar about it all. Soufrière, despite its sulphur springs and its striking twin Piton mountains ("Landmark of the Caribbean") rising straight out of the sea, is still a winding road's distance off the tourist path. A Canadian has built a twenty-room hotel some miles away, and the Carib Riviera Club Estate has begun developing the hillsides to the north, selling off half-acre lots to foreigners at an average price of six thousand dollars. The man at the bar said he was "very perturbed" about this development. "We are becoming strangers in our own land," he added in a phrase I had heard too many times in colonial Africa. Then he pointed to the mangoes that dripped freely from roadside trees, and asked about the prospects for airfreighting such cargoes to Canada.

Does he exaggerate about the land sales? I'm afraid he

may not be doing so. These development estates may prove the ugliest side of the tourist boom. (They are an integral part of tourism, for many people who come for a short tourist holiday will be tempted to buy a piece of land as a base for future vacations or for retirement.) They are ugly because they introduce racial enclaves into the island, strips of white men's property along the shores.

The Carib Riviera estate is a small development, compared with others around St. Lucia. Cap Estate, on the northern tip, is a company with a London office disposing of two thousand acres. A Colonel W. R. Saunders has been inviting settlers into "The Private World of Marigot Bay" (which wasn't quite so private when Rex Harrison was filming scenes for "Dr. Doolittle" nearby). Marigot Bay, according to the blurb offered by Colonel Saunders, is a place you can "live where French *joie-de-vivre* is coupled with a British accent." Appropriately enough, Marigot Investments has a subsidiary in Montreal. Another two thousand acres is being sold off near Grand Anse, and each homeowner becomes a stockholder in a central hotel; it is being organized by a firm registered in the American Virgin Islands. There are plenty of other developers busy on this small island, the largest being Eric Lawaetz with interests on both coasts. Bonne Terre, the St. Lucia Real Estate Agency, Trade Winds Land Company: it is a field day for foreigners. And the copywriters for Cap Estate have pulled out as many sickly adjectives and phrases as they dared, in order to appeal to a lost tribe of nineteenth century Europeans:

. . . Now developed with miles of first-class roads, its greenlands defined with crisp white fencing, electricity and telephone laid on, Cap has several homes of distinction already completed, others abuilding. The clubhouse, focal point for the golf course, is completed, and a ninety-room hotel under way. Saddle horses are at your service, tennis courts are planned. . . .

Those who are to the manner born will want to select their home-site among the rolling hills at Cap—for this is truly a "gentleman's estate."

Compton's government is in difficulties about how to deal with land investment. It does not want to discourage it flatly,

for it brings some money and jobs to the island. To avoid the most blatant land speculation, the license each settler must obtain requires him to build substantially within a certain period. But Compton himself admits the investment has already pushed up general land prices. Land around Castries these days is being offered at prices as high as forty-five thousand dollars an acre.

At the southernmost part of St. Lucia, where the most spectacular development is taking place, the government has taken a firm line. A large part of the flat land near Vieux Fort had been sugar estates run by the Barbados Settlement Company; but when the Americans took over much of this arable land as a wartime army base, the company went into voluntary liquidation. The result was that, when the Americans finally departed from the Beane Field air base, the St. Lucia government had control over an important part of this southern point, the largest area of level land on the island. So it was logical that the government concentrated on this area when the Tripartite (British-Canadian-United States) economic survey Commission in the Eastern Caribbean in 1966 recommended a heavy emphasis on tourism. In 1967 Paul Martin announced Canada would provide 2.1 million dollars to extend Beane Field to the lengths and standards needed for jetliners. Just beyond the airfield, where in 1969 cows grazed in coconut groves beside a white ribbon of waves breaking over coral, a British consortium gathered by BOAC is raising a hotel complex of 750 bedrooms. The British are also building a new road into Vieux Fort. Compton, realizing the scope all this offered for land speculators, commissioned a Toronto town planning team (Project Planning Associates Limited) to produce a master plan for the little town to prevent wild profiteering. He has also been planning for a "state highway" to be cut through the hilly middle of the island, which could chop fifteen miles off the forty-two-mile run which there presently is between Beane Field and the capital at Castries. By mid-1969 a Montreal firm had begun work on the airfield, the road into town was being staked out, but the state highway was still a dream.

It is a vast venture for a small island, and CIDA is in the thick of it. Sensibly the offer of airport assistance worth five million dollars in the Eastern Caribbean (Antigua, Nevis and

Dominica and Grenada are receiving smaller amounts) has been followed by a Canadian offer of half a million dollars to help train hotel staff. But the question of whether tourism will prove a blessing or a curse for the islands was still being hotly debated by Caribbean experts in front of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee.

Mr. William Demas, the chief economic planner of Trinidad-Tobago, told the Senators he had, "in common with many other people in the Caribbean, very mixed feelings about the tourist industry. . . . The tourist economy is a very peculiar kind of economy and it raises some very disturbing social questions. In fact, I am inclined to believe that the smaller islands, in concentrating too much on tourism, are taking the easy way out and are not really looking at the central question, which is raising their agricultural productivity. . . . That ought to be the main priority."

What most disturbed Mr. Demas, as the Senators found out, was that a great part of the gross receipts from tourism leaked out of the country again in paying for food and building materials, adding to the prepaid package tour money that never came in; while socially he was concerned about developers requiring exclusive beach rights, and establishing casinos with implications that went beyond gambling to the kind of people attracted by such amenities.

Professor George Doxey of York University, who had served on the Tripartite Commission, gave the opposite view. He said objections were usually based on the type of tourist that predominated a decade ago. "Today it is the middle-class and working man who is becoming a tourist. He is not a jet-set gambling casino type of person; he is a person who is taking advantage of reasonable cost holidays, in both the winter and summer."

No doubt Professor Doxey is right about the wider range of tourists, but that point does not set at rest all of Mr. Demas' anxieties. In fact, one result of having Professor Doxey's "working man" arriving as a tourist at Vieux Fort on a BOAC package tour can be a more marked withdrawal of the house-owning investors into the exclusivity of their "gentleman's estate" at Soufrière or Marigot Bay or Cap. Kenya has just finished liquidating the problem of its "White Highlands";

all one can hope for St. Lucia and the Eastern Caribbean is that these governments do not have to heal a similar sore with their "White Headlands."

Other CIDA aid to St. Lucia has been on a smaller scale; but it is less controversial and clearly worthwhile. The largest single bit of assistance is a one and a quarter million dollar grant to provide water supplies for Castries, whose population is multiplying both because of the shift from the countryside and because of the island's high birthrate of 40 per thousand.

The third area in which CIDA's Caribbean aid is being concentrated (besides airfields and water supplies) is in education, and St. Lucia has been offered the full range. Compared with the figures for some developing countries, the statistics for school enrolment in St. Lucia can seem impressive. For the estimated thirty-five thousand children of school age up to fifteen, there were 24,300 places provided in 1968-69 with girls in a narrow majority. But statistics do not tell much of the story, as anyone would add who had visited, say, the Ave Maria school valiantly run by Sister Theresa outside Castries. There six hundred children are taught in a two-floor building, ninety years old. Termites have eaten into the pitchpine roof, and buckets are set in the few unoccupied spaces of the upper floor to catch the main leaks of tropical rain. The building shakes alarmingly as you tread through it, and Sister Theresa tells stoically of the fire that demolished the nearby convent six years ago. There is a shortage of trained teachers, as everywhere else in St. Lucia. John Compton estimates the island will need 590 trained teachers by 1975, which is more than three times the number available in 1968.

Canadian aid in education will not directly help solve Sister Theresa's problems, for it is aimed at the higher levels; but it is probably the most effective response Ottawa can make to St. Lucia's needs. While CUSO volunteers are teaching in secondary schools, a CIDA group headed by William Toynbee has helped staff the teacher training college opened on the Morne, a college which Compton praised in his Budget speech as "the pride of St. Lucia and the envy of many less fortunate countries." Certainly the skill with which the old stone garri-

son building has been transformed, inexpensively with British funds, into a bright and airy centre for one hundred students is a model for the whole Morne complex of educational institutions. The complex will include a technical school and a sixth form college as well as the present Rockefeller Institute that is making a special study of bilharzia.

Canada's contribution to the Morne, in terms of buildings, is to be a comprehensive school, but the project has suffered long delays. Since it would provide twelve hundred new places, it has occupied an important part in the planning by St. Lucian officials. They sadly contrast this delay with the promptness of the British help to the teachers college building. One reason for the difference is that Britain's Overseas Development Ministry has a semi-autonomous group—"a seasoned bunch of warriors" was how a senior British diplomat described them—working out of Barbados. This ODM office has authority to approve funds for any project in the Caribbean without reference back to London, as long as it does not exceed fifty thousand pounds. In contrast with this snappy way of doing business, requests for Canadian funds and goods have to go the long route back and forth to Ottawa several times. As well as the comprehensive school, St. Lucian officials had hoped to get three Maple Leaf schools by the end of 1969, and will probably only get one. These Maple Leaf schools have a standard pattern of ten classrooms with metal walls and a metal or asbestos roof, and St. Lucia would use them to widen the bottleneck at the top of the primary system. But the first price was too high, and adaptations brought delays which were apparently increased by the insistence in Ottawa on the old condition of 80 per cent Canadian content. But happily the disappointment about such delays has been offset by admiration for the high calibre of CIDA staff at the Morne teachers college.

I intend in the following chapter, while tackling the question of how Canadian voluntary agencies and the government should try to stir and inform people at home about the developing countries, to write about the origins and objectives of the Manitoba Association for World Development which

has put heavy emphasis on this work. So it is only appropriate here to sketch in some details of what MAWD has tried to do to help St. Lucia's development.

The link began when Pat Mooney and Jim Downey went to the Caribbean to agree on an island which could fit into a growing connection with the Winnipeg group that had recently raised eighty thousand dollars through its Centennial March. St. Lucia fitted for several reasons: close enough for reasonable communications, politically stable, having links already with Canada but as yet receiving no special attention from aid agencies, an English-speaking population on top of French patois—like the Manitoban Métis. To give some substance to the link, a summer workcamp was speedily arranged in 1968 and six Manitoban students, chosen out of 112 applicants, spent three weeks helping build a change-house beside a football field in Castries. It is an ordinary enough building, set near Vigie airstrip; but the St. Lucian reaction to the venture at the time was out of the ordinary. Workcamps with foreign volunteers were quite a new idea, and Hunter Francois the Acting Premier commented: "It's like a breath of fresh air."

By 1969 MAWD leaders had worked out more clearly how they could best help St. Lucia. They picked particularly on Library assistance and family planning. Money has been spent other ways, as well: paying the running costs of the day nursery that was built with Canadian Save the Children funds; giving CUSO the equivalent of what it costs to place four volunteers on the island; donating two scholarships for St. Lucians to study at the Coady Institute, Antigonish. But the main help was to be a gift of 93,000 dollars for expanding the Castries library and another 11,300 dollars for the family planning campaign launched by Raymond Louisy and his wife.

The library needs are obvious at first glance. Gutted once in the 1948 fire, the stocks were built up again to fifty thousand books. They and the four hundred visitors it gets each day seem to be overflowing the building, yet government plans to finance a large annex had to be shelved after the 1967 hurricane cut into the budget. Mrs. Mary Prescod, the chief librarian, has her own brisk way of surmounting these little difficulties. She was in Trinidad in 1948 when she heard of the devastating fire, and the next day had gathered a sizeable

collection of replacement books. Her staff are all in tartan dresses (uniforms are the vogue for St. Lucian women, the Labor Department favoring mustard skirts, waitresses their colonial frills and nearly every girl in Castries looking lithe and laundered in white shirts); and Mrs. Prescod seems to be marching on past the extension plans to the days when she has a bookmobile to tour the fishing ports and the banana plots. MAWD is to help with both these plans, and the book drive it organized through the high schools and homes of Manitoba produced one hundred and fifty thousand books that were catalogued and crated to St. Lucia. When I saw her in 1969, Mrs. Prescod knew exactly which sort of books she would claim for her library when the crates were unloaded at Castries. A whimsical hope I carried away was that, when the extension is built and the library modernized, one or two of its quaint corners will survive: it must be the only public library in the Caribbean or the Americas which displays prominently on file the latest issues of the *Pyongyang Times*.

The necessity for family planning should be equally obvious. But the island is about 90 per cent Catholic, and the Catholic hierarchy after the Encyclical can hardly face up publicly to questions posed by the population increase. Perhaps unconsciously, the *Castries Catholic Chronicle* has minimized the increase. In an analysis of baptisms in its March 20th 1969 issue, it "took for fairly accurate the common belief that the total population is increasing by somewhat over two thousand persons a year," basing its calculation on the idea that there was a net emigration of one thousand a year. In fact, migration is moving the other way: construction workers who went to Ascension Island on contract have come home, canecutters who worked on the sugar estates of Guadeloupe and Martinique have been displaced by mechanization. At the same time, infant mortality has been dramatically reduced: it was halved in two years after 1962, when mothers were lured to health clinics by the offer of free milk for their children and then were taught to take their babies off a starch diet and also have them inoculated. So the natural increase is probably nearly twice the figure suggested by the *Catholic Chronicle*.

Theresa Louisy started her family planning campaign by

giving early morning speeches from the market steps in Castries in August 1967. She is a certificated nurse of thirty years' standing and a Catholic, but she ran into stiff reaction from some local nurses and from some priests. From the pulpit the program was termed "a lame institution." But she says this was simply good publicity, and by the end of the first year she had nine hundred women registered in her books, mostly buying the pill. By mid-1969 the number had doubled, and Raymond Louisy had joined the campaign fulltime after taking courses in Chicago and New York. Operating on the thinnest budget, they had hardly money to pay their nurses: when the IPPF provided a Wagoneer Jeep, Louisy began lecturing at health clinics all over the island. Compton's government helped as far as letting him use these clinics, as well as waiving customs duties on his medical imports. But within five months the rough roads had worn down the tires, and there were none to spare, so the Jeep was husbanded for use on special occasions.

To go out with him on such an expedition is always invigorating. "Rush service!" he will shout as he swings the big vehicle into a gas station. Bouncing over a country bridge he will lean far out to call at women washing clothes in the river below, "*Como tous mon yai?*" ("How's everyone?") Bags of candies are dropped off at Mon Repos for the children, and on to Vieux Fort to demonstrate with diagrams and models to a couple of dozen women, switching back and forth from patois to English. Not everyone on St. Lucia admires what Raymond Louisy is doing, but those who do have their reasons.

MAWD learnt the statistics early on: an average of more than six children to every mother; an illegitimacy rate of nearly 70 per cent. Mrs. Louisy can turn up files of many women with fourteen to eighteen children, sired by several men. "They always hope for better with the next man," she explains. So MAWD is providing a mobile cinema van, with its own power unit, which can go into rural areas and attract men as well as women to learn about family planning. Men will come to films, though they would shy away from a simple lecture: such is the belief. Whether the two together will help noticeably to change the St. Lucian pattern of life and love is

not clear yet. The important thing, for the Louisys and their helpers, is to help as many as want to change.

How fast can change come to St. Lucia? Go down to Castries harbor late on a Wednesday evening, and you will ponder that question. The Geest Industries boat will be tied up at the wharf. In the sheds the brawny selectors will still be checking through the bunches of bananas, cutting through the occasional packing with a scimitar of a knife to hunt for leaf spot. The women in green with straw hats from the Shipwreck Shop will be deftly taping the bunches up again. Scores of workers will be lolling on the foamrubber with which banana trucks and ship's holds are now lined. The gangplanks are slowly lifted in place; Mr. Charles in his blue T-shirt is impatient for all the other holds to be as ready to start as his. And then the lines of carriers—three hundred women of all ages, toy cushions tied on their heads to soften the weight—begin to file past the tallyman, sliding the wooden discs into pouches on their belts, and climb up the gangplanks. They work until 3 A.M., the older women resorting to their private bottles of virulent rum, and they are back again carrying the last bunches the next afternoon. They begin cheerfully, laughing at an older one who propositions the boss' son in patois; but the night is long. They may earn six dollars in a week, from loading two boats. The two hundred girls at Dimensions, who assemble pop-up cards for the American market, make rather more: they also have beach picnics and music on the job. But Dimensions is one of only two assembly plants on the island, and labor costs are so low that it is profitable for the firm to airfreight all the cards back to New York. Is tourism, then, the only way out for the poor people in paradise?

Coming Home

How do you broaden horizons?—the “identification gap”—messengers, twinning and exchanges—psychology of “Miles for Millions”—origins of MAWD—starving at Thanksgiving—the Planetarium as medium—the voluntary agencies at cross-purposes—wisdom of 2000 CUSO volunteers runs to waste—what follows the Walks?—need for adult education on development issues—the St. Lucians’ visit

Coming Home

We must recognize that, in the long run, the overwhelming threat to Canada will not come from foreign investments, or foreign ideologies, or even—with good fortune—foreign nuclear weapons. It will come instead from the two-thirds of the peoples of the world who are steadily falling farther and farther behind in their search for a decent standard of living. . . . We are faced with an overwhelming challenge. In meeting it, the world must be our constituency.

Pierre Trudeau
Edmonton, May 1968

But how do you maintain horizons so broad, that the world really is your constituency? For a few people in a nation it is their life and life's work—for some politicians, diplomats, civil servants, missionaries, a few businessmen and professors and even editorial writers. But for the vast majority of a people horizons are more limited. They are preoccupied by matters closer to hand, by events they feel they can have some part in shaping, while they believe they can do little about happenings and misfortunes abroad.

Is it a true belief, or is it a rationalization for comfort's sake? If, as Pierre Trudeau says, the greatest danger to Canada may come not from nuclear weapons but from the fact of hunger and poverty among two-thirds of the world's population, can the task of facing this danger be left to a few men

in the External Affairs Department, to Maurice Strong and his small staff, to even the hundred-odd agencies with devoted workers which concern themselves (many of them in the old-fashioned "charitable" way) with international development? Should it anyway be left to a few "experts" to make all the decisions in a sphere which the Prime Minister acknowledges is crucial to every Canadian? Surely it is as essential for ordinary Canadians to be involved in decisions about foreign aid—how it can best be offered, whether by freeing some conditions of "tied aid," by opening up Canadian markets to the developing countries, by helping pay for family planning programs, by investing much more abroad, or by all these and many other means—as it is important to tell Ottawa politicians how to tackle domestic problems.

Yet there are large obstacles. Distance is clearly the greatest one. Many people are inhibited from holding and pressing views about an issue abroad because they feel too remote from its details. Newspapers, and television particularly, have helped shrink distances. But their reports of many situations that are far less complex than the Nigeria-Biafra war are often contradictory. In perplexity a great many wellmeaning people withdraw into passivity. A common joke among EXCUSO workers concerns the first days of their return home: their relatives and neighbors ask a few questions about life in Sarawak or Uganda, but soon all the conversation is about local matters and those two years of intense experience are hardly referred to again; probably the families feel awkward about asking what may be ignorant questions, and retreat into talking about familiar things. If you haven't yourself lived in a certain situation, and felt all its problems for yourself, magazines and television can usually only give a two-dimensional picture of that world.

Voluntary agencies have faced this "identification gap" from the outset, and evolved different methods of bridging it. The commonest method is to make personal links, and the multiplication of foster-parent schemes shows how attractive this can be. It is a limited link, though: useful money is made available to help a child (and its family, often) in Bombay or Pusan; but the occasional letter from the child or a social

worker takes the foster-parent no distance towards a fuller understanding of that country's needs.

A more thorough attempt to bridge this gap has been made by a few organizations. The playwright's age-old device of a messenger appearing breathlessly on-stage to recount his experiences far away has been refined for this purpose. Canada has its outstanding examples of men and women with the necessary gift of describing conditions and crystallizing issues: Dr. McClure talking about medical work in India, Dr. Ted Johnson giving an account (all the more powerful because of its restraint) of his latest flight into Biafra and the attitudes he encountered, are only two such examples. And in her vivid newsletters and her fundraising talks across Canada, Dr. Lotta Hitschmanova does a remarkable job of information. And the requirement placed on every volunteer who goes abroad under the "Crossroads Africa" scheme for an eight-week work-camp, to make a dauntingly large number of speeches to local audiences on his return home, fits into the same "messenger" technique. So too do some of the activities of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, for it arranges many lecture tours through its twenty-eight branches, as well as single-spot speeches by visitors of the calibre of Singapore prime minister Lee Kuan Yew.

But all this asks of most Canadians only that they listen, and occasionally pay up. They are still an audience, and they only rarely get the opportunity, which Princess Anne had, to jump up on the stage and participate. So how do more Canadians become actively involved at home in the whole sphere of international development, and involved beyond the level of fundraising?

Again different groups have come up with their own answers. Some UN Association branches have thought of "twinning" their town with another in the developing world: St. Catharines, for instance, with Barbados. How far anyone then builds on this foundation depends on the energies and imagination of a few people at either end; such schemes have often faltered. "Crossroads Africa" people have talked of organizing a "reverse flow" of young Africans for short stays in North America; but the money and time spent arranging this

could probably be better used, especially since there are about fourteen thousand foreign students from all continents already in Canada on organized courses, and CSOST (Canadian Service for Overseas Students and Trainees) and smaller bodies need plenty of support in helping look after these students' needs. In Centennial year three towns, ranging from St. Thomas to Brandon, were the scene of "World Weekends," during which a concentrated effort was made to bring the outside world (through speakers and films and discussion groups) to everyone's front door. The CIIA has its study groups; other bodies have proliferated committees which are supposed to become expert in some sphere. On the whole, there hasn't been much in each separate scheme to grab the younger generations. There wasn't, at least, until the "Miles for Millions" marches began.

Reasons for the success of the Walks are fairly obvious. Universal appeal (everyone can walk *some* distance); a sporting wager between walker and sponsors; competitiveness mixed up with comradeship; masochism mixed up with a bit of magnanimity; and a touch of summer carnival. But perhaps the most important element is that the young outshine the older in an undeniable way: the extra checkpoint ticks on their "passport" can't be gainsaid by any older person whose card is barer because he dropped out halfway round the 35 mile route. A simple challenge, with the rules biased towards the young and fitter. It is not much wonder that one hundred thousand walkers raised three million dollars for international development projects in 1968, and the figures for 1969 were even higher.

The Manitoba Association for World Development had its origins in the Centennial year Walk in Winnipeg which was organized on a shoestring by five young Manitobans who formed their Share-Canada Youth Committee. It was only the second Walk in Canada to back international development. Lester Pearson had helped launch the Ottawa one, but the Winnipeg group managed to get nearly twice the number of walkers out four weeks later. Pat Mooney, who says he was a high school "drop out" then working on the staff of the Centennial International Development Program in Ottawa, went



*New hopes and old sufferings:
a young St. Lucian boy gazes at
cabbages grown on an experi-
mental farm as the island plans
how to feed the coming waves
of tourists.*

*In Korea a contemporary has
less to see from the doorway of
his sackcloth home.*





Canadian University Service Overseas

Louise Boisevert, a CUSO aide-infirmière, writes down particulars from an old man in her clinic in southern Colombia



Brazilian Light and Power

São Paulo, now the second largest city in the Americas

on to help organize many of the twenty-five marches that took place in 1967 and raised 1.1 million dollars.

But, more quickly than many others, Pat Mooney and his friends realized the limitations of the Walks. Although the Walks raised far larger sums and involved more people than any other effort, their popularity would probably last only about five years and the personal involvement was even more ephemeral: Lakehead kids may have walked one Saturday to provide water supplies for a Guatemalan village, Ottawa folk to support the Bihar famine fund—but once the money was passed on, the link was almost ended and the involvement subsided. Pat and his group set out to accomplish the opposite: to make Manitoba's links with the developing world both continuing and strong.

There was some fairly sound psychology used by Marlene King, Andy Shepard and the rest of the Share-Canada Youth Committee. They needed support from adults in a wide range of jobs, from accountancy to the news media, in order to be effective: they also guessed that, in Pat Mooney's words, "A challenge from youth to adults to work together in a Coalition of the Generations (Operation COG) is irresistible." And MAWD was formed on that basis in January 1968: it gained expertise when the director and deputy director of the CIDP, Duncan Edmonds and Walter McLean, moved over as this prime venture of Centennial year closed down; it attracted to its board of directors men and women of wide experience; and yet, so far from the younger members being submerged, they filled nearly half the places on the decision-making board and supplied most of MAWD's momentum.

Several ideas have not worked out as well or as neatly as planned. For instance, the systematic building up of community involvement by "Block parties" has not made much progress; nor has a plan for training an ineptly named "élite corps" in leadership techniques to spearhead community programs. But a good deal else has happened to exceed original expectations.

The most exciting thing has been the enthusiasm and efficiency with which the young MAWD members plunged into half a dozen complicated ventures. They ran one of Canada's

largest Walks in Winnipeg in 1968, with twenty-seven thousand walkers netting nearly a quarter of a million dollars; and repeated the effort in 1969. With fifteen other MAWD committees set up outside Greater Winnipeg, they helped a dozen other towns to organize walks, and Pat Mooney was called on to advise the American Freedom from Hunger Foundation on planning walks. They invited eight St. Lucians up for a three-week wintertime—but highly successful—tour of Manitoba: a tour that introduced a lot of Manitobans to each other, and took Winnipeg kids out to some of the smaller towns for the first time. Out of the St. Lucians' visit came an Overseas Book Campaign which under Sheila McFadzean combed first the high schools and later the communities to provide one hundred and fifty thousand books which volunteers sorted and catalogued. And they have published a monthly newsletter, *Multilogue*, a bit of lively and positive journalism with a run of up to forty-three thousand copies for distribution in schools and other centres.

Most of these ideas are far from new. "Twinning" and "reverse flow" have been discussed earlier in this chapter: the Overseas Institute (now the Canadian Council for International Cooperation) has run book drives for six years or more. Most voluntary agencies have some kind of newsletter. What was new was that the great bulk of the planning and work was done by young Canadians under the age of twenty-two.

And at several other times MAWD has tried a fresh approach, to bring home the facts of poverty in the outside world. The fainthearted may have found something macabre in the way fifty-five girls and boys from Brandon, Neepawa and Winnipeg chose to spend three days over Thanksgiving Weekend in 1968 not only fasting but also keeping an hourly tally on a large board of the estimated number of people in the poor countries who had died of starvation during that time (108,000 in the 72 hours) and of the babies who had been born. This vigil, however, made a deep impact on anyone involved—"it was really cool," one of them said later. School "Concern-ins" have aimed at conveying an atmosphere of the crisis over development in the most dramatic terms: a school is transformed into the parliament of an industrialized nation

that has to elect a prime minister to replace one dismissed for failing to meet the crisis, and the day is spent watching special films and a play, quizzing foreign students from the local university, sharing a "starvation banquet" of rice-and-water and debating the problems of world hunger in a model parliament before voting for a new leader. It is unhappily an improbable situation that a Trudeau or a Wilson could at present fall from power because his government's foreign aid program is inadequate. But that hardly matters, for the technique of getting across a fullblooded message was excellent. And MAWD members have sided with McLuhan most of the time, accepting that print is outmoded for communication. They have used the Winnipeg Planetarium several times, experimenting with its wondrous equipment for a film-slide-tape presentation that may have everything spliced together—ancient legends, Nazi armies, Kennedy's Inaugural and Biafran babies—to shock and stir an audience into long debate.

Perhaps inevitably, MAWD has been occasionally at odds with some other agencies over development. Duncan Edmonds, who was Paul Martin's executive assistant and later the director of CIDP before settling to work in Winnipeg and taking on the presidency of MAWD, did his best to explain these differences at a news conference in March 1969. For he said:

The greatest need international development has today is to explain itself to the developed nations, who would be encouraged to give more help if the issues were expressed in a way people could understand. The sense of urgency these [other] agencies feel is entirely understandable, but it has resulted in many of them failing to spend the time and money required to report back to the Canadian people what they are doing, and why. . . . We have decided that our main job for the next few years must be as an information tool to be used by Manitobans to find out what's really going on. We don't have in mind a passive tool, but we believe in providing active information—the kind that gets young people and adults working together.

His remarks were aimed at countering criticism, both in Winnipeg and outside the province, that MAWD had not

disbursed much or all of its Walks revenue to projects and relief schemes abroad, through the longer-established agencies or directly. Soon afterwards MAWD published a very full financial statement (taking up half a page in the Winnipeg papers), which showed it had in fact given sizeable sums to CUSO, Canadian Save the Children Fund and to the Biafran relief aircraft owned by the Presbyterian Church and Oxfam. It also showed that, while about half the money they had used had reached the Caribbean, another fifth had been put directly to educational work in the Manitoban community. It also answered a different criticism of some Manitobans: why should so much money go overseas when we have poor people here amongst us, particularly the Indian and Métis people? For MAWD put \$4600 towards making the annual Indian-Métis Conference a truly representative gathering, and in 1969 was making a grant of five thousand dollars each to the Indian and Métis organizations. There were also long discussions between MAWD members and these groups about a summer program in northern Manitoba in 1969, so as to become partners rather than patrons. It is possible some workcamps will be set up next year.

All the same, it is almost inevitable that MAWD should draw some antagonism from other agencies. This situation is partly due to the difficulties of the great distances in Canada. For many of the agencies have strong representation only in their headquarters city, Ottawa or Toronto, but can hope to increase their influence elsewhere on particular ad hoc occasions. A body continuously strong in one province cuts vertically across this horizontal pattern. The conflict of interests was most awkward at the time of planning Miles for Millions walks; for MAWD's initiative in organizing Winnipeg removed a particularly lucrative city from the list of centres providing funds for the 15 national bodies grouped in the National Miles for Millions Committee. But the realization that they must be colleagues, and not rivals, in development helped temper any extreme views.

And, in fact, other agencies have moved some distance towards accepting the MAWD thesis that there is an enormous job of education to be done in Canada. Although Oxfam,

for instance, has been deploying (according to its latest published figures) eighty-four cents out of every dollar donated to it straight into overseas projects, it more than doubled in 1968-69 its expenditure on an educational program in Canada. And in 1969 it was taking thirty-five Canadian students, with an average age of seventeen, down to Mexico to see development problems at first-hand.

CUSO was also realizing that it had neglected its Canadian constituency, leaving its eighty-one local committees the jobs of selecting volunteers and helping raise funds, without much stimulation or explanation of the needs these funds and volunteers were being sent to meet. In 1969 it began the difficult task of strengthening its "Canadian operations" side. On the face of it, this job should not be difficult: for CUSO possesses, among its two thousand Returned Volunteers, undoubtedly the largest group of young people who are knowledgeable about the different problems of some forty-five developing countries. But this knowledge is running largely to waste. A few have gone on to leaven other organizations—Bill McWhinney and Jon Church are both executive assistants to Cabinet ministers, Terry Glavin has a senior post in CIDA, and Francois Pouliot has moved to important coordination work in Paris, to name only four—but most of the rest, being widely dispersed, have dropped back into Canadian life without concerning themselves further about international development. Those who are most active in the Returned Volunteers organization tend to be the more radically minded politically, a reasonably logical outcome of the original CUSO objective, "Serve and Learn." And radicalism tends to disturb the even flow of Ottawa's administration. So CUSO was finding problems in promoting an active educational program across Canada.

Several agencies also face difficulties when the popularity of the Walks wanes. Two-thirds of the receipts of Oxfam of Canada (or slightly more than a million dollars) during 1968-69 came from the Walks. In contrast, the Canadian Save the Children Fund was relying on the Walks for only about one-tenth of its receipts. Of course, Oxfam can simply tailor its support of projects in any one year to its receipts (indeed, must do so) and it does not have a field staff of its own as a

commitment. But contraction can mean discontinuing support of a project halfway through. So a foundation of steady, assured financial backing is needed by these agencies for the post-Walk period.

Again, this need points to the importance of a program of adult education in development across Canada. The days of moral extortion, of raising funds hastily with pictures of a black skeleton-child staring at you out of a newspaper page, must be over. Compassion is dulled by repetition; cynicism grows. The only lasting approach is one that appeals to reason, and offers full explanations.

The three-week visit of eight St. Lucians to Manitoba in November-December 1968 was a fascinating experiment in such adult education—in all directions. For, while the islanders were learning about life on the Prairies, Manitobans were learning also, seeing their life through outsiders' eyes. The group was led by a lawyer of cosmopolitan background, Michael Gordon, but the rest were students and student-teachers. They went back (in Gordon's words) with horizons broadened by seeing a country vastly more wealthy "but also realizing this wasn't achieved by being born into the country, so much as achieved by tremendous energy. Perhaps they are now in a position to correlate effort to result." For their Manitoban hosts a striking moment came when they escorted them to The Pas, and discovered that the cost of the new high school there—seven million dollars—was equal to the entire annual budget of the St. Lucia government. And the visit prompted many deep questions for young Manitobans. Was it right to bring them at all to taste this other, rich world? Having brought them, how deep is the commitment to do a great deal more? Whom do you betray more, yourself or them, if you let the link slip? These issues were explored in an article which Pat Mooney wrote for *Multiloque* under the title "A Very Strange Relationship," and I end the chapter with an excerpt from it:

4:30 A.M. December 14

We were all excited and worried because we thought they might miss the plane. Now, sitting in the brightly lit lounge

area, we are just as afraid to see them go. On the way out in the car the St. Lucian girls promised they wouldn't cry, but Mike Aubertin said he would. According to some of the Winnipeg girls they've started crying already—off and on over the past two or three days—in school corridors, at night, at the dinner table. To them, crying seems to be something of a gauge to measure their affection. But I think the fear is for themselves. I think some of the kids know they are losing something important, and they are not up to letting go.

Kids—black and white—are sprawled all over lounge chairs talking softly, mostly not saying much. One of the coffee tables is piled high with mitts, scarves, boots and winter coats the St. Lucians wore and which must now be returned to the real owners. It's like a great multicolored pile of rubble . . . and there they sit in their summer clothes waiting to find the heat of the Caribbean again. You don't notice it right away, but the mood of the group has shifted. The St. Lucians are mostly together by themselves. The Canadians have bundled themselves in little groups a little ways apart. There are exceptions. I wonder if they notice the difference. There is a "Them"—"Us" feeling that we haven't had since that first day they arrived here at the airport. . . .

I guess MAWD came out of the three weeks in pretty good condition. For a cost of \$3000 eight St. Lucians managed to speak before 25,000 people in over 45 school assemblies and service club luncheons. With their support, Manitoba kids were inspired to collect 200,000 books for schools around the world. Because they were here, doctors and other professional people have called up offering their free services to give St. Lucia a hand with their development problems. . . .

But they are leaving now. And they have been our friends. It hasn't been superficial. We know these people and they know us. There is no chance of us ever seeing each other again. We came together to do something, we did it, and now we're parting. But the thought crowds my mind about where they are going. Now that they have seen the richness of our homes, our schools, and our stores, now that they have seen how we enjoy ourselves and spend on ourselves—we are shaking their hands, saying thanks very much, and sending them back to an island where there is very little hope. They have tasted our wealth and now we are returning our friends—faces we know—back to their poverty. And the thing that haunts us now is that maybe we didn't have the right to bring them

to Manitoba. Maybe it was a cruel thing to do to people when you can only offer real hope to the next generation.

And the fear that crowds our mind—the fear that makes us numb, and cry, and separate ourselves—is that we might forget. Perhaps three weeks wasn't enough. Where will they be in our minds next year? Does St. Lucia mean anything to us . . . really?

They won't forget us. We have given their island many thousands of dollars of development help. We have given them their only opportunity to see the world and know people beyond their island. They won't ever forget us . . . but I fear we might forget them.

Conclusions

Changing the name—bootstraps and Mr. Pearson—nuclei of self-reliance—Canada too small to do any bullying—suspected as a “front man”—advantages of NATO withdrawal—race war in southern Africa—where’s Canada when chips are down?—firm in theory, timid in practice—need for Zambian shopwindow—beleaguered Botswana—the missing diplomats—CUSO deputizes for CIDA—Maurice Strong’s men in the field—the pile-up of aid appropriations—blame on both sides—CIDA as a crown corporation?—extravagance among teachers—CUSO at the crossroads—the squeeze from CIDA—slipping standards and changing needs—Biafran showdown—CUSO a movement or a business?—CESO finds its niche—the generation gap and the “imaginative risk-takers”—Canada’s good record on loan terms—the IDA replenishment story—rewards of multilateral aid—relaxing the 80 per cent rule—shipment costs—Seabed politics—the future for Fish Protein Concentrate—Canada’s Development Centre—new look at immigration—the lingering foreign students—what happened to the Kenya Asians—development too serious to leave to the experts

Conclusions

It was always an ill-chosen name, External Aid. It sounds much like pushing pennies out through a half-opened door to a beggar. Or, in a more modern metaphor, it gave the impression that Canada was casting hand-outs off into the vague exterior, like an airdrop into the jungle. It suggested remoteness and imprecision. Taking a leaf from Sweden's book, the External Aid Office sensibly changed its name in 1968 to the Canadian International Development Agency. The new name helps conjure up an image of Canada joining in a worldwide effort, where the development of one country is (or should be) for the good of all, and in which the developing countries are the most active participants. In a quiet fashion, it helps straighten out a dangerous distortion of which Lester Pearson spoke in May 1969, when he told the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee: "There is a kind of weariness with well-doing that is developing in certain quarters, and particularly in Washington." For it is not a question of anyone, or any country, "doing good." It is, at bottom, a question of a cooperative effort—to keep the world whole and patch up its divisions.

If I have succeeded in making a single overriding general point, in this survey of changes in a dozen developing countries, it should be this: that there is, in nearly every country I visited, a growing spirit of self-reliance. There is a realization that, if they are ever to improve their conditions significantly, the people themselves have to do the biggest part of

the job, and that "external aid" (however useful) is only the extra.

Mr. Pearson dwelt on this point when he reported to the Senate committee on his talks around the world with representatives of fifty-six governments whom he had met in his role as chairman of the World Bank's Commission on International Development. The role of foreign aid, he said, was "of course important, but it can be exaggerated." The net transfer from the rich to the poorer nations, in grants and loans and private investment, amounted during 1967 to about ten billion dollars—or 4 per cent of the income of the developing countries.

In other words, they still depend on themselves for 96 per cent of their gross income. This emphasizes that the problem will not be solved by international action. It can be assisted by such action, but it is up to the developing countries themselves. They appreciate this. . . . That 4 per cent, which may seem very small, may be the difference between going ahead and not going ahead. One way I have put it is that these countries must haul themselves up by their own bootstraps . . . but they are entitled to some help from us, in order to strengthen their bootstraps so they will not break under the strain. . . .

I went out, too, looking at "the 4 per cent," and ended my journey admiring what was being achieved in the other part—the part which self-reliance has to fill. My best and strongest memories are of coming upon these nuclei of self-reliance in many different countries. The Tunisian women determinedly organizing and training each other; Dr. Mukherjee's men on their demonstration acres outside Bombay teaching the farmers the virtues of their new fertilizer blends; Newton Pereira leading his four hundred young men out of a lounging life in their parents' villages along Ceylon's coast to stump and terrace steep hillsides for tea and cinnamon crops; Mr. Cho and Mr. Kim hastening around the sick and the desperate in Mokpo and Pusan, mixing compassion with a local knowledge no outsider could gather in a decade; and the ProFamilia doctors in Colombia, and Raymond Louisy in St. Lucia, bustling in their different ways to tackle possibly the toughest and most urgent of tasks facing the developing countries, birth control. Of

course, most of them are receiving some aid or funds from abroad—from AID or the World Food Program, from the Unitarians or CanSave, from the IPPF or MAWD—but that is not the point. The main drive and momentum has come from themselves. The outside assistance is the additive that allows them to surmount the steeper hills on their path.

So where does Canadian aid fit in? It is only a segment of the development picture for any of the dozen countries visited in this book. In absolute terms, it can rise to a substantial total, as it has done in India to more than one hundred million dollars in a year. But it has never been the major factor in a country's development calculations, as American AID funds have been (for example) in Tunisia where they amount regularly to about 56 per cent of the inflow. Even if it wanted to do so, the Canadian Government could not drastically alter the course of any country's economic development or politics by using the lever of its aid; promising more or threatening a cut-off. The single exception to this may be in the Caribbean, among some of the islands there.

This is a happy state for Canada, because it discourages some bloated ideas and wrong motives in the aid relationship. It knows it hasn't by itself enough strength to bully any country; and the developing countries cannot look on Canada by itself as any danger to their independence and choice of political policies. When Canada acts in concert with other Western countries, however, there may be less innocence in the relationship—or at least more suspicion of motives. There are two ways down which Canada has moved into an area of collaboration where motives can be suspect: first, in membership of twelve of the Aid Consortia or Consultative Groups; and secondly, in becoming the "front man" in giving aid to a country whose government has recently quarrelled with a close ally of Canada—the United States, for instance, or Britain.

Fortunately the Aid Committees have so far worked to the general benefit of the recipient countries, and Canada's part on them has been a positively helpful one. Accounts from all sides agree on this. Officials in New Delhi who appear before a tightly structured Aid Consortium, and others in Colombo who face a looser form of Committee to discuss development

needs, expressed to me appreciation of Canada's part in influencing other donor countries to liberalize their terms of aid. Mr. Pearson is among several who have spoken out for the expansion of these Aid Groups; but there is a danger, which can never be completely eliminated by honorable behavior in the past, that a group of donor countries which dispose of more than 90 per cent of the world's foreign aid can one day turn to using their heavy influence for self-interest, and to the detriment of the recipient country.

A collision of interests could occur, for instance, in Ceylon if a radical government returned to power, or conceivably if the Senanayake government resorted to policies which the Aid Committee disliked. Is the smooth running of that committee, since its start in 1965, due to the fact that both sides for this period happen to share the same political philosophy as well as accept the same economic strategy? Or are the donor countries prepared in all political circumstances to address themselves to Ceylon's own needs? The same questions can be asked of Indonesia and other countries.

Has Canada ever been a "front man," filling a strategic void for the United States or Britain? The conspiratorial school would point to three parts of the world in asserting this was so. *Ceylon*, where American aid was suspended in February 1963 as reprisal for the nationalization of petroleum companies and Canada picked up some of the pieces dropped by Washington, notably the job of building an international airport. *Tanzania*, from where British army officers were removed after the 1964 mutiny and West German air force instructors left soon afterwards. Was Canada's rather reluctant dispatch of a military mission almost a year later done under strenuous prodding from London, anxious about an increase in Chinese influence? And, thirdly, is the greatly augmented Canadian assistance to the *Commonwealth Caribbean* not an enormous relief to Washington politicians who can foresee Canadian leaders, rather than themselves, having to face the problem of reacting to a revolution there? After the furore that arose over sending twenty-two hundred American troops into the Dominican Republic, Washington has longed

to find a trusted stand-in as political policeman in some awkward parts of the Caribbean. The *Abeng* radical writers in Jamaica, watching 850 Canadian troops arrive in 1969 for tropical manoeuvres, have asserted Canada is being groomed for this role.

These three cases have been touched on in the three different chapters dealing with those countries. I can only conclude that there is no common pattern between them. I don't believe Canada had such motives in Ceylon, but it seems to have had in Tanzania. As for the Caribbean, nobody can give definite answers yet. One can only hope Canada will never be found "deputizing for Uncle Sam" and clattering round with a sheriff's badge.

Even when Canadian motives are clean, they can be suspected. Two conceivable ways by which Canada can free its aid of all suspicion of military-political motives are: by channelling much more of it through the United Nations; or by withdrawing Canada from the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The first course might mean a drastic disruption of present programs, and it is improbable that the same volume of aid and the same range of Canadian talents would be rerouted through UN channels. It is worth noting, though, that Sweden is making half its aid multilateral—only one-sixth of Canada's is—and one reason for Sweden doing so is that it means they can use the existing UN administrative structure rather than expand their own extravagantly, and so they can hope to meet the target which they set themselves in 1968 of increasing their aid by 25 per cent each year. Building a national machinery to administer an increased flow of aid means, as Maurice Strong has admitted, a timelag in some areas of years rather than months. But even if much of Canada's official aid could be fitted into this multilateral mould, there are the private Canadian investments abroad and the unofficial Canadians that cannot be paraded with international armbands.

However, the second course—withdrawal from NATO—could certainly ease Canada's position as an aid-giver, especially in one of the most crucial areas of the world, southern Africa.

The Race War

It is in southern Africa that the paradox becomes most visible between Canada's membership of NATO and its efforts to appear as the uninhibited friend of the developing countries. For nearly five years, and at a cost of about fifteen million dollars, Canada has provided a military mission in Tanzania. They taught infantry training to ground forces, and instructed some four hundred air force personnel who are equipped with Caribou and Otter transport aircraft. But Tanzania, as the base-camp for the Mozambique freedom fighters, is in a state of semi-war with Portugal, a NATO ally of Canada. And this raises the question: which side does Canada choose when any showdown comes? At the United Nations Canada has usually voted with proper piety in condemnation of Portuguese colonialism. On the ground, the Tanzanians have never been sure of Canada. They are determined to obtain fighter aircraft, with which to meet the threat of Portuguese planes that have already overflowed Tanzania (so far with leaflets, rather than bombs). Canada has indicated it is reluctant to sell any, ostensibly on technical grounds—which don't seem to apply in the case of Malaysian requests for similar aircraft. And President Nyerere has said he does not want to "embarrass" Canada with a formal request. This is the point at which Russia steps in, with a handful of MIGs.

Such is the judgment by an African leader on where Canada's basic commitment lies, when sides have to be chosen: it lies with the white colonialists of the south. And where does it lie, according to Canada's own External Affairs Minister? When Gordon Churchill from the Conservative benches attacked the government for its military aid to Tanzania, Paul Martin in 1967 spoke a little about helping a Commonwealth state establish secure conditions for development and then added bluntly: "Had Canada not extended aid, China and perhaps one or two other Communist countries would have. I am satisfied beyond doubt that, had we not given it, we would have made a serious mistake." It was an answer that harked back to some of the earliest motives behind Canadian aid-giving, to the Colombo foreign ministers' conference in 1950 when Mao Tse-tung loomed high as a shadow across Asia. If

Canada has, as its basic motive for helping Tanzania and some other countries, the preoccupation of cutting out the Chinese, it will probably produce a badly warped program which is not suited to a country's real needs. In any case, the effort in Tanzania to upstage the Chinese was largely ineffectual: the Chinese military teams that are training African guerillas have increased their numbers, and the groups of surveyors and engineers strung out along the future line-of-rail between Zambia and Tanzania make an effective Chinese presence in many parts of the country.

It is an undoubted dilemma for Canada to decide how to stand in the Tanzania-Portugal confrontation. Canada may well envy the contrasting freedom of Sweden's position. Sweden was asked, before Ottawa was approached, to send a military mission to Tanzania in 1964—and politely refused. Sweden is also not a member of NATO, and cannot be accused of helping the Portuguese. Swedish relations with Tanzania and Zambia, and with African leaders throughout southern Africa, are on a sounder footing of trust than that on which Canada can claim to stand.

This question has a far wider importance if it is accepted—as it should be—that southern Africa is in the first stages of a race war. Canadian leaders can rightly deplore it, but they do wrong to ignore it. Yet this is what is happening. So far Canada has made no decisive moves to show which side it really backs. When the Rhodesia issue was raised at the United Nations, Canada voted for economic sanctions and for the NIBMAR principle of “no independence before majority rule”; but its weight of argument there and at Commonwealth conferences has consistently been tipped towards the British plea to continue sanctions without any comprehensive enforcement measures, and keep a door open for talks with Ian Smith, even though it was clear such sanctions were ineffective and that Smith would never accept majority rule. It has shied away from any systematic consideration of what African leaders wanted, a Commonwealth or UN police intervention to restore constitutional rule in Rhodesia.

Over South Africa and South West Africa, Canada has been as firm in theory and as timid in practice. It voted in

October 1966 for the General Assembly resolution 2145 (as did the United States, but not Britain) which declared the South African mandate over South West Africa terminated, decided that South Africa had no other right to administer the territory, and said that henceforth it was under the direct responsibility of the United Nations. Canada even went to the point, soon afterwards, of joining a fourteen-member Ad Hoc Committee for South West Africa, whose task was to recommend practical means by which the territory should be administered, so as to allow its six hundred thousand people "to exercise the right of self-determination and achieve independence." But by May 1967 it had decided that the only practical thing to be done was to try to start a dialogue between the South African Government and the UN Secretariat through a special representative. And when the Assembly decided instead to set up a full-scale Council for South West Africa, with the task of going to the territory and arranging for the transfer of power from South Africa and doing "all in its power to enable independence to be attained by June 1968," Canada withdrew from its front seat. So did the United States and Russia, and the expedition of members of the abbreviated eleven-nation Council to Africa in April 1968 was a sad fiasco.

It seems obvious that for some years ahead Canada is going to take no initiatives to help liberate southern Africa. So the least it can do is to try every way it can to make a shopwindow out of the independent African states closest to the race frontier. If Zambia and Botswana can take impressive strides forward, it is the best possible peaceful argument for change that can be proffered to the whites further south. Put negatively, the reactionary whites in southern Africa feed on any tidbit of chaos which they can spot to the north of them. Not only do these states deserve every bit of help on their own account, for they have all the awkward problems of house-keeping on the edge of a battlefield; but it is also strategically important to help them in particular—that is, if we believe the nonracial things the Canadian delegates keep saying at the United Nations.

A first step in this peaceful involvement is clearly to have diplomatic representation; the next, to offer some worthwhile

amount of aid. And how far has Canada gone? It is a truly sorry record. Canada has an Ambassador in Pretoria, another one in the Congolese capital of Kinshasa—and a High Commissioner on the same latitude but the other coast, at Dar-es-Salaam. There is, in fact, nobody on the spot for the two thousand miles in between, although that slice across Africa contains the battle-line, from Angola through Rhodesia and Zambia to Mozambique. John Irwin, High Commissioner in Dar-es-Salaam, took over responsibility for visiting Zambia from his even more remote colleague in Kinshasa in March 1968 and, a year later, told me he had made four trips south to Lusaka. No Canadian diplomat was then accredited to either Malawi or Botswana.

There have been a few individual Canadians who have done outstanding work in Zambia. Gordon Goundry (now with the Commonwealth Secretariat) helped sort out the economic tangle when the Central African Federation was unscrambled in 1963. Doug Anglin was the first principal of the University of Zambia, and had to build it up during the turmoil of the years after Rhodesia's UDI when Zambia's trade lines were being rerouted to the north. And CUSO has been active there since 1964, reaching a total of eighty-three people (mostly secondary school teachers) in 1969-70.

But CIDA aid to Zambia has been minimal. It rose from 488,000 dollars in 1966 (the year of the oil airlift from Kinshasa) to 798,000 dollars last year. About one hundred thousand dollars of the last figure is accounted for by the CUSO personnel, for CIDA adds in the multiples of eighteen hundred dollars it originally put into CUSO's funds for every volunteer recruited. Neither Goundry nor Anglin was there on CIDA auspices. The main help has come from a civil aviation team, and there has also been aid with telecommunications. Now another five-man group has gone to advise on a curriculum for technical studies. Any greater expansion seems to hang on the question of whether External Affairs will put a High Commission in Lusaka, and last year such a plan was shelved.

For Botswana, the situation has been worse. It is totally surrounded by Rhodesia and South Africa (so long as the

latter holds on to South West Africa), except for a 200-yard-wide border and ferry crossing point with Zambia. Its customs duties are collected by South Africa, its railway is administered by South Africa, and it lies inside the South African currency area. To achieve any measure of independence, it needs to exploit the minerals known to be there, harness the waters of the Okavango which are now mostly lost in swamps and evaporation, and build up a secondary school system appropriate to its special needs. In this last sphere it has already provided an example for all Africa in self-reliance. Swaneng Hill School, started by Patrick van Rensburg in 1963, has managed on a modest budget to have a deep influence in half a dozen spheres throughout Botswana. Van Rensburg, a liberal South African who was smuggled into exile after the Sharpeville shootings, began the secondary school on an eroded hillside outside Serowe. The boys built their own science block, restored an old dam to create a school farm and, in the more settled years, undertook to write an economic plan for the country's capital. Swaneng has sparked a movement of consumer cooperatives, and begun a pattern of workcamps among students, as well as establishing a Builders Brigade to train primary school leavers who could not find a place in any of the country's nine secondary schools. Patrick has gone on to write a booklet from his experience which gives advice on diversifying the curriculum to suit local conditions. Although the school has a problem of continuity, because it is mainly staffed by short-term volunteers, it has now launched a similar school near Francistown.

CIDA was asked for help by the Botswana government, for men of every skill from teacher to town planner. So far it has said it cannot provide any; once again, it fell to CUSO to decide to mount a program for 1970 in this front-line country.

In explaining his 1969-70 estimates to the Commons External Affairs Committee, Maurice Strong pointed out that three-quarters of Canada's total bilateral aid was now concentrated in nine countries and one region, the Commonwealth Caribbean. The nine countries he listed as: India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Malaysia in the Colombo Plan region; Nigeria and Ghana

in Commonwealth Africa; Tunisia, Cameroun and Senegal in Francophone Africa. And Strong added: "As you are aware, our aid program is concentrated in those areas in which we feel that Canada has special interests and where Canadian resources can best contribute to development."

The only deduction that can be drawn from such statements is that the government does not feel Canada has any special interests in southern Africa. It is an extraordinarily blinkered view for Trudeau and his Ministers to take, after the years of stern arguments and anxious debate at the United Nations; after two dramatic Commonwealth Conferences in 1966 when Mr. Pearson as conciliator between the British Government and African leaders placed Canada under an obligation to work actively for the objective of majority rule in Rhodesia; and after many clear warnings that southern Africa is already a battleground between black and white races. Many governments see southern Africa as the symbolic point for the whole world where the gulf is most visible and ugly between the privileged and the poor people, where any rich nation must be counted on South Africa's side unless it acts vigorously to prove otherwise. Canada, despite itself, is involved.

Into the Field

A major problem Maurice Strong has had to face is that his Agency has remained part of the External Affairs Department. In October 1966 the External Aid Office had only sixty-nine officer staff, and the job was usually looked on as a short-term secondment for a young diplomat wanting to broaden his experience. By 1969 the staff had increased to more than one hundred and sixty, and experts in agriculture (Dean Bentley), in forestry (John Bene) and other spheres such as fisheries had been recruited. And, as Strong explained to the External Affairs Committee, his department did not have any economists on its staff until 1967, adding:

We had one or two people with economics training, but they were not practising economists. It is pretty difficult to make a really good evaluation of a country's development plan and its progress in the development field without having some economic expertise.

His comment led to the following exchange with David Lewis, the New Democrat spokesman on foreign affairs:

Mr. Lewis: Do you mean that from 1951 to 1967 there was not an economist in the External Aid division?

Mr. Strong: That is right.

Mr. Lewis: That is a revelation worth having, Mr. Strong. What other expertise did the division lack that you acquired in the last two years in your restudy?

Mr. Strong: I think it should be explained that the lack of these people does not necessarily mean that you could not have a good program; our program was not big enough at that stage to justify a lot of these things.

(April 29, 1969. Minutes of Proceedings No. 39.)

But David Lewis, like a tough terrier, wouldn't let him go. He tackled Maurice Strong on the delays in spending the money which Parliament had authorized. The figures for the last five years are best understood in this table: (millions of dollars)

| | 1964-65 | 1965-66 | 1966-67 | 1967-68 | 1968-69 |
|---|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Total appropriations and authorizations: | 148.07 | 159.50 | 247.88 | 253.22 | 288.60 |
| Total Disbursements: | 100.28 | 118.32 | 221.36 | 190.23 | 208.81 |
| Cumulative undisbursed balance: | 132.42 | 173.42 | 199.94 | 262.93 | 342.72 |

Strong explained there were two reasons—one superimposed upon the other—for the delay in disbursement. For, added to a normal timelag as aid flows down the pipeline was the fact that he had initiated "a rigid evaluation of the experience we've had in the aid field since 1950 when we began." This didn't mean, he hastened to add, that the old External Aid men had done badly; only that they had worked in the dark, and now CIDA had accumulated enough experience to make a better program. "I am satisfied that it is a very temporary thing. I feel it is justified."

All over the world I came across instances of these delays. The Ceylon performance is notorious, and their lack of co-ordination was largely at fault. In Kenya the use of Canadian

loans was running about eighteen months behind, in Tanzania the timelag was quoted to me as twenty-four months or more. Often the fault has been with the recipient government, with a slow-moving bureaucracy and the problems (in some cases) of coordinating the actions of a central and a state administration. A large sum of unallocated rupees lies in India, from the funds generated from that government's sale of our food aid. India is expected to get Canadian approval for the use, in development schemes, of these "counterpart funds." But the blame is certainly not always on one side. Referring so many documents back to Ottawa can take months (especially if a clerk mistakenly sends them seamail!). Perhaps the slickest aid operation I came across was the British ODM group based in Barbados and covering the Caribbean. London had delegated power to this experienced team to authorize any item of aid up to fifty thousand pounds. For Canada to be able to follow this good example, CIDA would need to have very senior men based in the developing regions. This is a step Maurice Strong has not been able to take, so far.

As well as the senior experts he had recruited, Strong began in 1968 to send CIDA specialists off as field administrators. It has been an awkward change to bring about, but an essential one if Canadian aid is to be more effective. The awkwardness arises since the diplomats in an Embassy or High Commission abroad relish the job of handling aid matters themselves, because it often offers them an entrée into the government departments and a welcome from the leaders of the country where they are serving which they might not obtain if they were there in only a narrow diplomatic role. As the thin end of the wedge, Strong first sent field administrators with engineering experience to High Commissions in Pakistan, India and Trinidad. But by 1969 CIDA specialists with a more general background were being attached to another fifteen Canadian missions. There were still, however, a good many inhibitions in the relationship: the Ambassador or High Commissioner still supervised the work closely, and some of the more senior CIDA specialists who might with advantage have been posted abroad were kept in Ottawa to avoid any possible clashes.

The solution which many connected with CIDA favor is for the Agency to be turned into a Crown Corporation. When Strong was asked point-blank in the External Affairs Committee whether he would not be in a better position as a Crown Corporation, he replied: "I think our program would be improved if we had more flexibility. . . . We are making progress, but it is not really feasible to run a good aid program when subject to all the conventional rigidities that apply to domestic public service operations." MPs could read between those lines to find an affirmative answer. But the prevailing Cabinet voice in mid-1969 seemed to be in favor of creating a separate Ministry. For CIDA to exchange as its overlord the External Affairs Minister for a newly created junior Minister could well be a backward step. The experience in Britain, where the Overseas Development Ministry has lacked influence in government decisions (except during the period when the vibrant Barbara Castle was its Minister), is not an encouraging one.

Whichever structure is finally agreed upon, there seems a very clear need to train and deploy a group of Canadian aid specialists who can concentrate on aid matters in the broadest way. They might well be thought of as a class of "development diplomats," trained to use economic, political and psychological knowledge of the developing world for their work.

Network of Knowledge

In 1969 there were 250 Canadian experts and about 700 professors and teachers serving overseas under CIDA auspices. This is a considerable reduction from 1967, when there were 378 advisers and 918 teachers. One reason for the smaller numbers is that CIDA is contracting out many projects to firms and universities whose personnel aren't listed; another is that it is wisely moving out of the job of supplying secondary school teachers, and leaving it to CUSO. The comparative costs are shocking. The usual estimate is that to maintain a CIDA school teacher abroad for a year costs between \$17,000 and \$19,000 in salary and all other expenses. A CUSO teacher costs about \$5000. The CIDA teachers mostly had families to transport with them, and took advantage of their freedom

from many import restrictions. In wartime Nigeria, for instance, a married couple have been able to bring in three thousand pounds of luggage by sea, and one hundred pounds by air for each member of a family; some imported new airconditioned Peugeots. The total effect in several cases has been to create a "Little Canada" abroad, an enclave with a privileged few expatriates living more luxuriously than they would at home. There are, of course, many opposite cases of CIDA teachers doing a magnificent job and being worth every dollar, both in the results on the ground and the good reputation they left for Canada. But these paragons have more usually been found among CIDA people at teacher training colleges, like the group at the Morne in St. Lucia.

Against the 950 now abroad under CIDA auspices has to be put 6500 or more Canadians working abroad through one or other of some eighty-two non-governmental agencies. Ottawa's calculation is that these agencies together contribute annually about thirty-four million dollars to various forms of overseas development. This seems a somewhat low figure, if you consider simply the numbers abroad and the money value of their work, before adding on the millions of dollars sent overseas by Oxfam of Canada, the Unitarian Service Committee, Canadian Save the Children Fund, UNICEF and so on. But the important point is that there does exist a surprisingly large network of Canadians around the world unofficially helping in international development. They may not have been trained in cost-benefit analysis like the CIDA permanent staff, but many of them possess invaluable knowledge of local conditions and a shrewdness in assessing possibilities in a particular country which can only come through years of work there. It is clear Canadian aid will not begin to approach real effectiveness until these channels are used to the fullest possible extent.

Maurice Strong showed a realization of this point in August 1967 by setting up a Voluntary Agencies Division. In 1969 Lewis Perinbam, who was CUSO's first executive secretary, returned from the World Bank to head it. Through its Non-Governmental Organizations Program it had five million dollars to put behind projects of different agencies in 1968-69, and another 6.5 million in 1969-70. The criteria for such

project grants are quite strict: CIDA would not normally contribute more than one-third of the total cost, and could raise difficulties with its interpretation of the proviso that "the project must be compatible with the policies governing Canada's aid program." It is, however, an important new area of collaboration.

It could be broadened further if some register were compiled of Canadian professional men and businessmen working abroad. Again their knowledge of local conditions could be tapped to good purpose. For example, an architect working on some Caribbean island is more likely to give good advice about building under tropical conditions—air currents, and everything else—than a team of architects which CIDA may have recruited from, say, Edmonton.

Two agencies which have received heavy support from CIDA in its Non-Governmental Organizations Program, and which do not conform to the requirement that they make a matching contribution in funds, are CUSO and the organization which Mr. Strong often explains was launched as a result of CUSO's early success, the Canadian Executive Service Overseas, known in *Time* magazine as "the paunch corps" and more officially as CESO. In 1969 CUSO received 3.2 million dollars from this source, while the much smaller CESO had a CIDA grant of 313,000 dollars. Several words of comment are due on both these organizations.

CUSO at the Crossroads

CUSO has received solid applause since the first seventeen volunteers went abroad in 1961. The thirty-two contributors to CUSO's own book, *Man Deserves Man*, give many (perhaps unconscious) clues as to why this should have been so. The book contains much thoughtful writing by CUSO men and women who have learnt a good deal about the world—and themselves—by nursing or teaching or being the town engineer in places that stretch from Sarawak to Ecuador to Tanzania. Some contributions dwell on the "mud hut" life, but a book of shallow romanticism would soon cloy—and this one doesn't. The hard work, the frustrations, are described

without gloss. Most important, nearly all the writers seem to have gained greatly in understanding during their two years abroad. Both halves of the CUSO motto "Serve and Learn" were being fulfilled and CUSO was indeed being, in Bill McWhinney's phrase, "in essence a medium for individual concern in action."

Is this all as true today? There have been many changes as CUSO has grown from a pioneering band into a big business. Unadulterated praise flows on, in public statements. Maurice Strong in April 1969 called CUSO "a unique Canadian organization which is making a highly significant contribution to Canada's total development effort. It is also an outstanding example of cooperation between the private sector and government." But it does an important organization no service to pretend, in a book of this sort, that CUSO has no faults and no problems.

In 1969-70 CUSO will have about thirteen hundred people abroad in some forty-five different countries. Even so, it is only filling about one in ten of the requests made for help, and seventeen countries who have asked CUSO to start a program are still waiting. As an extreme example, Papua in 1969 asked for four hundred volunteers and didn't get any. More than half the placements are in Africa, for the Asia program (mostly India and Malaysia) has declined in importance. The Latin American program, centred on Colombia, Peru and Chile, has been under continuous revision and experiment because the needs there are very different from elsewhere. In the Caribbean a fairly large program has been spread between Guyana and a dozen islands, but it is now being concentrated in the eight larger territories: even so, it is causing major headaches.

The main problems for CUSO concern its relationship with the government through CIDA, and its attempts to meet the changing needs of the host countries without completely changing its own character.

Nearly 90 per cent of CUSO's working funds come to it from CIDA through its Non-Governmental Organizations Program. But the money is on a per capita grant basis, and adjusted during the last quarter of a year: this means that, if

CUSO hasn't made sure it can place seven hundred people in posts around the world soon after January 1970 for the 1969-70 program, it may face a cut in its budget at a stage when it is committed to spend the money (on administration, salaries and so on) which it may not now be going to get. The request by CUSO to get away from this "numbers game" onto a block grant which is guaranteed for planning purposes two years ahead (for CIDA itself is now on a two-year budget basis) has not been met by Maurice Strong's office.

This places CUSO in a very awkward squeeze. The pressure is on it to make up the numbers at the cost of dropping standards of selection. There are more than eighty local selection committees across Canada, based on universities and institutes of technology, whose standards already vary considerably: Toronto has a reputation for tough interviewing, while some of the Western Provinces' committees are eager to recommend applicants, presumably to keep their names large on the CUSO map. The national committee does question a few cases, and another few are "deselected" (politely sent home) when they arrive for their first orientation course and are seen to be obviously unsuitable. Some others again withdraw voluntarily. Nevertheless, and mainly because of the contract with CIDA specifying an exact number of placements (600 in 1968-69, and 700 in 1969-70), more than a few are now sent abroad who should never have gone. This pattern has been clearest in the Caribbean, and particularly Jamaica whose government has been casual in its way of accepting virtually anyone offered to it. This sloppiness, both by a host government in not checking that there was a proper job to do and by CUSO at several levels in not filtering applicants more carefully, had an inevitable result in 1968-69 when nearly half the volunteers sent to Jamaica returned before their first year was over. In contrast, the return rate from East and Central Africa where 283 CUSO were placed is extremely low—about 3 per cent. The distance from Canada is certainly a factor: the further away, the greater seems the commitment to the host country. In Tanzania you do not look over your shoulder to Canada, telephone your parents or get your girl down for a holiday; in the Caribbean these are too often temptations.

The other main problem has arisen because of the changing needs of many of the developing countries. They no longer require many Registered Nurses, or BA Generalists who have not taught school before. Two-thirds of the 1969 requests were still for teachers, but the new need is for mathematics and physics teachers. And there is a growing number of requests for graduates in engineering, agriculture, forestry and technical subjects. Nurses who don't have experience of midwifery, or who are not going as tutors, are not much in demand these days.

In these altered circumstances CUSO has tried changing its image, in hopes of attracting these different groups. "Development is our business" became the brisk slogan. The idea of being a "volunteer" was played down: the word was seen as suggesting amateurism, even naive idealism, a willingness to be imposed on for all sorts of extramural chores. It became important to stress, both in Canada and the developing countries, CUSO's technical competence. As Frank Bogdasavich, its executive secretary, pointed out in March 1969 (to the Toronto Junior Board of Trade) CUSO in the eyes and pocketbooks of the host government was "the most expensive middle-level technical assistance program" being offered to them. For CUSO, unlike CIDA and the Peace Corps and other programs, asks the host government to pay its personnel a counterpart salary—that is, local wages, to make sure no CUSO person is doing a local man or woman out of a job, and that the government really needs him. At a cost of around two thousand dollars for the salary of each CUSO worker, the host governments are paying this year a total of some 2.5 million dollars towards the program.

By changing its stress without changing its terms, CUSO is in danger of falling between stools. It cannot recruit enough maths-and-science teachers or agriculturalists on the promise of a counterpart salary. At the same time it is discouraging some BA Generalists, among whose ranks in the past have been found many of those who were most socially aware, who established most rapport with people abroad, and who after returning to Canada were the most active in trying to translate some of their convictions about the world into action here.

The Nigeria-Biafra war brought misgivings about CUSO's future course into the open. At the outbreak of the war the bulk of the volunteers, who had been posted to the Eastern Region, were withdrawn. A year's hiatus followed with a tiny program continuing in federal-held territory. But in 1968 a largish program was mounted in the northern states, and in 1969 a similar number of teachers and medical staff were sent, making Nigeria the largest program anywhere in the world, with about one hundred and fifty placements. Those who accepted that, first and foremost, development was CUSO's business argued that it was responding to expressed and evident needs. Others disagreed strongly; among them was a group of Returned Volunteers who with nuns and academics held a three-day protest fast around the Centennial Flame on Parliament Hill to urge Trudeau and Sharp into some effective action on the war. They saw CUSO as taking sides as flatly as Ottawa had done in favor of Lagos, especially after a move by some ex-CUSO volunteers to go as a relief team to Biafra was scotched; and they claimed (not wholly fairly) that CUSO in the northern states was simply buttressing a feudal system, whereas its role should be a "catalyst for change."

It is hard to know which path CUSO should take. It could, no doubt, attract many more technical people if it spent money on subsidizing local salaries or offered them special scholarships on their return; if it moved away from its base in the universities to link up to business firms, it might be able to take people on secondment for two years who would be assured of a job back and their seniority in their old firm. It would become, in effect, a junior CIDA.

Alternatively, it could concentrate on retaining the early idea of "a medium for individual concern in action." It could consider it had virtually worked itself out of a job in countries which now only required technically skilled personnel, and move on into the seventeen countries still waiting for CUSO to appear. It could ease this transition by, say, giving the BA Generalists a year's preparatory course to make them more acceptable in countries like Kenya which will now only accept experienced teachers. If it took this line, an important part of

CUSO's work would be in Canada, using its Returned Volunteers and home staff and university groups to stir Canadian concern for international development. CUSO would actively join Oxfam and MAWD and others in a job of adult education in Canada.

The trouble is, CUSO has no real constituency in Canada. Extraordinarily enough, it has hardly any legal members who are active. By its constitution, the only members it has are two people (and one must be a student, the other a faculty member) who are chosen by each local committee as delegates to the annual general meeting—plus a few extras, including fifteen Returned Volunteers. CUSO's formal membership amounts to about two hundred and forty people. Many of those delegates are last-minute choices who go their own way again soon afterwards. Constitutional changes are in train, which may allow a slightly wider choice of delegates. But the idea of giving the title of member to every active worker for the organization ran up against legal objections. Another scheme for building solid CUSO bases across Canada through a regional structure appears to be at odds with the Ottawa secretariat's desire to "streamline" the decision-making process. CUSO, it seems, has to make a choice between being a business and being a movement.

There are those who hope CUSO can fulfil both roles, and straddle both paths. They think there is room inside CUSO for the committed radical with a poster of Che Guevara on his wall and also for a growing group of scientists who may not notice if a military coup has just taken place. It is possible, but the structure will be under strain. And much extra strain is being put upon it by the contract with CIDA, not only through the per capita grant system but also because it gives rise to expectations at CIDA's end that CUSO will "fill in" for it in inconvenient places like southern Africa or some francophone state. What Maurice Strong called "an outstanding example of cooperation between the private sector and government" may be what CUSO is; but some in CUSO think they are doing the bulk of the cooperating, and CUSO is less and less in the private sector.

Have Wife, Will Travel

CESO is a very different type of organization. Its first close links with CUSO—having interlocking members of their executive committees, sharing a field officer in East Africa—soon faded and in 1969 were formally severed. Its declared function has been to fill a need between the CUSO and CIDA programs, where “a shorter term managerial or technological task requires a person expert in a particular field.” It aims to recruit a senior, and usually retired, Canadian executive or technical man to apply his modern know-how to some business problem; the maximum period is set at six months, and most projects are for three months or less. In mid-1969 after a year of organization CESO had a “talent bank” of some seven hundred Canadians on whom to draw, and hoped at least to double that number. Its board of governors, which in fact never meets, contains among its 110 names most of the big men of Canadian business. It is a highpowered body, and is close to the heart of Maurice Strong, himself a millionaire businessman before becoming President of CIDA.

It has, all the same, taken time to shake down into a pattern of work. Its early excursions to East Africa were not encouraging. African governments tended to think a stranger could not learn enough about a business and a country to give meaningful advice within a three-month period; they also did not see why the CESO volunteers brought their wives, when Japanese executives on a similar deal did not. Since the host government or “applying organization” has to pay the daily expenses (but no salary), this was a considerable factor.

Nearly half the fifty projects tackled in the first year were in Brazil. CESO has also opened offices in Greece, Turkey and Iran as well as three Caribbean Commonwealth states. It is patently aiming in a different direction from CUSO. And some of the jobs undertaken sound a little curious, in the context of development: a jewelry manufacturer in Trinidad, a dry cleaning expert in Nairobi. Also it includes in its list of first-year projects a series of doctors recruited by the CMA and other bodies, whose transportation to the Caribbean CESO has financed. These doctors, in St. Lucia and elsewhere,



Canadian experts abroad: Fred Willores, above, chief engineer among the team at Idikki dam site in south India—and George Hutton, right, formerly Manitoban Agriculture Minister, now in Turkey





Canadian International Development Agency

Griff Cunningham, when principal of Kivukoni College, Dar-es-Salaam



Canadian International Development Agency

Mitchell Sharp, External Affairs Minister, discusses aid plans with CIDA President, Maurice Strong

are doing admirable work staffing clinics, but the work hardly falls inside CESO's original terms.

With those reservations, there is no doubt CESO volunteers have made several useful contributions to development. A naval architect from Montreal advising Tunisians on re-equipping a fishing fleet; a retired Cominco engineer helping design an electrolytic zinc plant in Algiers; a former Heinz of Canada president, Frank Sherk, handing on his food-canning expertise in São Paulo; a hospital administrator, a leprosy specialist, a pulp and paper mill engineer, all working in Brazil. If the "generation gap" is an obstacle to understanding for CESO in black Africa, it does not seem to be in Latin America or around the Mediterranean.

But there's a "generation gap" inside CESO itself. It has found difficulty in recruiting any volunteers who are not close to retirement age. Men in the prime of their career, men who could be the "imaginative risk-takers" which Professor Helleiner says the developing countries so badly need, don't seem to be available. Either their bosses won't let such men take a three-month assignment, or they are the bosses themselves and can't leave, or—what? The baby to bath, and the mortgage to meet—"... Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

Deeper into Debt

Wherever in the world you may travel you are likely to hear officials speak well of Canadian official aid. This is because of the terms, rather than the size, of it. The "effort chart" which the OECD publishes of the aid performances of the seventeen rich nations that form its Development Assistance Committee does not put Canada high on the list. On the 1968 chart¹ Canada has an outflow of 213 million dollars in government aid and 93 million dollars in private investment in developing countries; and these figures placed Canada seventh in absolute volume of aid, but no more than fifteenth in relative terms, for 306 million dollars amounted to only 0.66 per cent of Canada's national income. Canada has accepted the target, as revised at

¹See Table 1, page 264.

the UNCTAD conference in 1968, of transferring to the developing countries each year the equivalent of 1 per cent of the Gross National Product—which means raising the target another one-quarter above the earlier target of 1 per cent of National Income. So clearly in absolute figures of volume Canada has a long, long way to rise.

But the terms are particularly good. From 1965 Canada has been offering development loans which are interest-free, to be repaid over fifty years with a ten-year grace period. These terms are so "soft" that such loans are calculated to have a "grant component" of more than 90 per cent—that is, a dollar loaned under these terms is equivalent to more than ninety cents given away. Only the terms offered by Australia and Switzerland, who simply make grants and no loans, are better.

This is a pressing matter for many of the developing countries which are sinking alarmingly into debt. In mid-1967 the amount of public and publicly-guaranteed debt outstanding for ninety-one developing countries came to 43.6 billion dollars. These countries were having to remit 4.7 billion that year in amortization and interest repayments. Since total assistance to them in 1967 amounted to 12.4 billion dollars, this means that 38 per cent of the aid flow to the poor countries was being used to pay obligations on previous loans. For the five years from 1962, debt outstanding had grown at an average 10 per cent a year, and service payments by 12 per cent—a rate much faster than the growth of export earnings among the poorer countries. In Africa and Asia debt obligations had more than doubled. No less than eleven countries have asked for their debt repayments to be rescheduled. With debts growing faster than exports, a poor country can fall like an ancient biplane into a downward spin. The best lift they can hope for is a "soft loan" from an individual donor country, or else from the International Development Association. The World Bank, which offers loans on commercial terms and makes a sizeable profit each year, created the IDA as its affiliate in 1960—"Africa Year"—to meet just this problem of poor countries needing "soft loans" since they could not afford a Bank loan.

Canada is given credit on three grounds. First, because it has been offering loans on these excellent terms. Secondly, be-

cause it had used its position in the Aid Consortia and Consultative Groups to help influence other donor countries to soften their terms of aid. As one example, Japan has been persuaded to lengthen maturity periods for loans from twelve to eighteen years. Japan has argued it cannot significantly soften its terms because its accumulation of domestic capital is still insufficient. Yet a country which boasts more than one and a quarter million color TV sets, and five million regular skiers, has to be counted among the affluent nations. Several of the DAC countries made their point along these lines to Japanese delegates. Thirdly, and most important, Canada on two crucial occasions led moves to replenish the funds of IDA. By 1967 about 1.5 billion dollars worth of IDA loans (interest-free, over fifty years, with a tiny service charge) had been committed. When the point was nearing that the fund needed its second replenishment, Mitchell Sharp spoke out at the World Bank Group's annual meeting in Rio de Janeiro for increasing the funds fourfold—to one billion dollars a year during the next three years. He did not carry his point, but contributions were at least increased by 60 per cent, to provide 1.2 billion dollars over the three-year period.

However, a major snag intervened. Ratification of the new contributions agreement required approval by those governments which together would produce two-thirds of the funds; and the United States, with a 480-million-dollar share, had to be one of the signatories. Election year 1968 was a bad time to get such a signature. Congress, having most reluctantly agreed to President Johnson's 10 per cent tax surcharge, held up approval of many foreign aid measures which voters might choose to criticize. The 200-million-dollar contribution to the Asian Development Bank was stalled; so was the IDA replenishment. By November 1968, in Robert McNamara's words, IDA had been living for two years "on considerably less than half-rations." Canada that month insisted on the replenishment rules being changed, saying it wanted to pay without delay the first instalment of its 67.2-million-dollar contribution. Sweden and Italy joined Canada, and four others followed. The logjam was broken, and by March 1969 the United States under a new President and Congress was able to approve its own share.

Bread on the Waters

Arguments about the merits of giving multilateral aid, as opposed to bilateral aid, will continue over the horizon of time. As the story of Canada's role in the IDA indicates, Ottawa has not been backward in giving multilateral aid through the World Bank Group.¹ It has subscribed 79.2 million dollars to the Bank's lendable capital, and when the present IDA replenishment payment is completed it will have contributed another 154.5 million dollars to that soft loan fund. Those who argue against extending multilateral aid generally say you are unlikely to get any direct return from it, for the loan cannot be tied (as Canadian bilateral aid is) to the purchase of Canadian goods and services. But figures up to mid-1968 show that Canada has gained more in procurements as a result of these untied loans than it has spent in contributions. Indeed, it was partly because Canada had recently profited from large commodity sales to IDA borrowers in Asia that it showed such concern that the IDA funds should be replenished.

For, against the 79.2 million dollars which Canada has paid into the Bank's funds, should be set 189 million which Bank borrowers are known to have spent in Canada buying Canadian goods and services for projects in fifty-two different countries. Probably another 41 million dollars has been spent here, but the disbursement cannot be so certainly traced. A large part of this money went to buy Canadian equipment for railways and power schemes. As for IDA business, at the stage when Canada had contributed 79.5 million dollars to this fund, some 40 million dollars had already come back to Canada in terms of purchases, mainly by India of various metals as industrial imports. Taken together, the figures show Canada made 270 million dollars worth of business out of a system into which it put less than 160 million. Multilateral aid, to a degree, is good business.

Until recently a strict ruling was set on Canadian bilateral aid, to ensure that 80 per cent of a particular grant or loan was taken up in buying Canadian-made goods or hiring Cana-

¹All figures in this section dealing with the World Bank Group and multilateral aid are in U.S. dollars, to avoid confusion when jumping between nationalities.

dian services. A daunting committee of men from Trade and Commerce, Finance, External Affairs and the Bank of Canada would meet to look at all major projects and check them for their 80 per cent "Canadian content." Recipient governments can recite all the disadvantages to them of this "tied aid" system, which of course is not confined to Canadian aid: delays in receiving goods from a distant country, difficulties later on in getting spares or replacement parts, the obligation to buy a higher-priced article than they might have got elsewhere—or else something not exactly suitable for its purpose. (As one example, the 108 prefabricated primary schools Canada is providing for Jamaica were originally unventilated sections; to ventilate them, the six-compartment sections have been opened along the ceiling, increasing the noise factor). Generally, however, officials in developing countries smile philosophically and murmur something about Canada having to increase its foreign trade. By this they mean that what is often paraded as aid could be more accurately described as an export subsidy for Canadian manufacturers.

Recently there have been changes. The first came under Paul Martin's tenure as External Affairs Minister, when it was agreed that Canada might on occasions spend up to 25 per cent of its contribution to a project in paying for "local costs"—the hiring of labor, the furnishing of local materials and so on. Then came a reduction of the required "Canadian content" from 80 per cent to $66\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. What had seemed a basic protective rule of Canadian aid was suddenly breached, and Maurice Strong was able to argue (before the External Affairs Committee in April 1969) that everyone was pleased:

The Canadian content applies to the portion of any piece of equipment or any materials provided under our aid program that is originally made in Canada and does not constitute imported materials. Even though the article itself in total may be manufactured in Canada, we require that $66\frac{2}{3}$ of it actually be originated in Canada. The 80 per cent figure limited very severely the number of Canadian industries that could participate in our program. . . . So the reduction to $66\frac{2}{3}$ per cent in content has been welcomed both by the developing countries and by Canadian industry. It has given us a far greater

degree of flexibility, and has made it possible to provide under our aid program a much wider range of Canadian products than was previously possible.

One is encouraged by this to wonder whether there cannot be further moves in liberalizing aid. Some countries, like Kenya, would like Canada to offer to pay a higher proportion of the local costs. Its Agriculture Minister, Bruce Mackenzie, told me several schemes had had to be shelved because a donor could not be found to provide, say, 40 per cent of the local costs. But senior Ottawa officials tend to argue that paying a high proportion of local costs merely in the end amounts to giving a country some foreign exchange and showing a government that you put a higher priority on a particular project than it does; for the local currency has anyway to be provided from that country's own resources.

A much stronger case can be made for Canada liberalizing its arrangements on shipment costs. The normal practice at present is that the recipient government, having been obliged to buy Canadian goods by the 80 per cent condition (now reduced to $66\frac{2}{3}$), also begins to pay the freight charges from the time the goods leave a Canadian port. A journey as short as from Montreal to Cameroun can waste (in the eyes of the Cameroun Government) as much as 20 per cent of the funds which Canada has provided for a project. Canada is admittedly in a different position from the United States or Britain or other donor countries with a merchant fleet. For these states can carry their own goods to the developing countries, and not lose the foreign exchange on freight charges. But for a developing country to be in the habit of looking on Canadian aid as "so much, minus 20 per cent" produces a somewhat devalued image of this country.

Hope from the Oceans

A vast area of potential wealth, which can be made available to the developing nations without any of the strings of bilateral aid, is beginning to be explored through the United Nations. It would deserve a chapter to itself in this book—if Canadian involvement had been larger and more enthusiastic. The area

is the ocean floor, three-quarters of the surface of the earth, and it has been left to little Malta to point out to the world the immense significance of the seabed's resources, now that technological means of exploiting them have improved so much.

In one of the most remarkable speeches heard at the United Nations, the Maltese Ambassador Arvid Pardo in 1967 drew wide attention to the dangers that the seabed was going to be both the scene of military escalation by the superpowers and also the victim of pollution through the dumping of atomic waste. But the more striking part of his day-long and erudite speech was his description of the enormous and constantly self-renewing riches of the ocean floor, particularly the manganese nodules that lie like potatoes all over the Pacific bottom. He pleaded for two things: an international treaty to reserve the ocean floor for peaceful purposes, as the Outer Space Treaty had done—to emphasize the parallel, he called the seabed "Inner Space"; and an international agency to hold the riches of the ocean in trust, and to put the revenue of royalties and rents it received from commercial exploiters to the benefit and development of the poor nations. He estimated that within five years of an agency being established, it could be gathering six billion dollars a year in revenue for the poor nations—a sum that would almost match the present net transfer of funds from rich to poor nations.

Malta has made progress in some areas with its campaign over two years. The military aspects were referred to the Geneva Disarmament Committee, where Canadian delegate George Ignatieff tried to find a compromise between the American proposal to ban only nuclear weapons and the Russian call for total demilitarization. The Canadian view was that coastal states should be allowed to install defensive detection equipment up to two hundred miles from their shoreline. Although he made headway, a military Seabed Treaty seems some time away: the Outer Space Treaty, with far fewer nations actively concerned, took seven years to agree upon.

The discussions about setting up an international agency to control commercial exploitation are at a more preliminary

stage. After a year's work in an Ad Hoc Committee, the United Nations did agree that there was indeed an area of the seabed and the subsoil under it which lies beyond the limits of national jurisdiction. And the Canadian position, as stated by Robert Kaplan, MP, to the First (Political and Security) Committee in November 1968, went further and allowed that "exploration and use of this area shall be carried on for the benefit and in the interests of all mankind, taking into account the special needs of the developing countries." Canada would like to see, "as soon as practicable, an international régime governing the exploitation of resources of this area." The Commonwealth Prime Ministers, after hearing Dr. Borg Olivier set out the Maltese arguments again, endorsed a similar position in their communique from London in January 1969.

The main trouble is that the world is far from agreeing on "the limits of national jurisdiction." The Convention on the Continental Shelf in 1958 defined the shelf area where a coastal state might exercise sovereign rights as

... the seabed and the subsoil of the submarine areas adjacent to the coast but outside the area of the territorial sea, to a depth of 200 metres or, beyond that limit, to where the depth of the superjacent waters admits of the exploitation of the natural resources of the said areas.

The Diefenbaker government failed to ratify the treaty, and the Liberals later hesitated to do so because by then it had become a matter of contention between Ottawa and the provinces which level of government had jurisdiction over Canada's shelf. In any case, the definition became outdated as soon as swift advances in technology pushed the limits of exploitability well beyond the 200-metre point.

Canada itself has begun to assert a claim to the entire shelf that is geophysically adjacent to it—even where this falls below the 200-metre line and even though Canadian vessels have hardly surveyed any of it beyond the Grand Banks area and Hudson Bay. (Curiously, the Bedford Institute's survey ship *Hudson* is starting this fall on an eleven-month voyage round the Americas, stopping for extensive work in the Chilean

fjords, rather than concentrating on making Canada's claim more substantial by work in home waters.)

A permanent body, the United Nations Seabed Committee, has now been set up with thirty-five members, Canada among them. Its third session, in 1969 in New York, centred on a list of general principles: that all exploitations of "the area beyond national jurisdiction" should be peaceful, that the area should be protected from any harmful effects of exploration, that there should be standard safeguards, that everyone should agree to help aquanauts in distress, and so on. No doubt this is all useful in leading the laggards on to agreement on the international machinery which every state, particularly the technically most advanced ones, must respect. But the longer there is a delay in delimiting boundaries or—at the very least—in declaring a moratorium on national claims, the more difficult it may be. There is, says Dr. Pardo, "a new generation of deep submergence vessels already under construction which will be capable of operating at a depth of seven thousand metres. Thus, within a couple of years, nearly the entire ocean floor will be accessible and exploitable without excessive difficulty."

The U.S. Government is now spending half a billion dollars a year on oceanographical research, and it is probable the Russians have an equally large budget (for military as well as commercial purposes). There will soon be several vested interests marshalled against handing over the control of the ocean floor to an international régime. There are already some difficult countries, like Brazil, and also Ecuador and Peru which have hardly any Shelf under the old definition, for the Pacific falls sheer away from the Andes, and therefore claim jurisdiction to two hundred miles offshore. The Americans have suggested a "Decade of Exploration" after the lines of the International Geophysical Year: this may be a positive move, or else a delaying tactic with far less worthy motives. Canada's part should be clear. It has by any reasonable definition one of the largest areas of Continental Shelf—one estimate is that Canada has one-eighth of the world's total Shelf—and should be pressing strongly for the earliest possible agreement on boundaries and on the setting up of an international régime. There are enthusiasts like Robert Kaplan,

but attitudes among Ottawa leaders—no doubt looking over their shoulders to the provinces—have seemed disappointingly cautious.

Caution has also swaddled the Canadian reaction to talk of the new possibilities for tackling malnutrition with fish protein concentrate. FPC is a subject which seems to drive fisheries men and research scientists into two extreme camps of scepticism and enthusiasm. The FPC conference held in Ottawa in October 1967 was attended mainly by sceptics. Fisheries Minister Robichaud tried some gentle prodding of the members of the Fisheries Council; a research expert proved there would be no shortage of small fish for such an industry; the Food and Drug Directorate announced its approval of FPC made from whole fish. All to little avail.

The fisheries men asked a lot of tough questions: Where is the demand? Do the customers (the poor nations) have the money to buy? Who would set quality standards, and would competitors have to meet the same standards? Would it be part of a Canadian aid program, or would the industry have to find its own markets? And Denis Hudon, CIDA vice-president in charge of planning and economics, deepened their doubts by saying none of the poor countries had yet asked Canada for FPC but only for wheat and wheat flour. He agreed there had been remarkable advances in refining FPC, and CIDA was watching this research closely and would be "prepared to consider and explore any reasonable suggestion . . . taking into account the limitations that have been mentioned." But he made clear CIDA wasn't going to take the initiative.

These attitudes stirred Allan Muir, editor of *Canadian Fisherman*, to a scorching editorial which began: "If you went to bed hungry every night, you'd damned soon do something about it. . . ." To the fishing industry he said they would not have strained their resources much if they had offered to help set up a pilot plant in Canada. At the end of his account of Hudon's speech, he added: "Amen! We didn't read anywhere that the U.S. National Council on Marine Resources intends to sit back waiting for countries to ask for an FPC industry."

Indeed in contrast Americans have embraced the develop-

ment of FPC like a new lover. Hubert Humphrey, when he was chairman of the Marine Resources Council, called it "a tremendous breakthrough in the war on hunger." Congress put funds behind a first large-scale pilot-demonstration plant being built near Aberdeen, Washington, in readiness for the 1970 fishing season. It will be converting a daily catch of 50 tons of hake into eight tons of FPC powder. Across the continent at New Bedford, the world's first commercial plant for FPC was opened in April 1968, and was soon afterwards being commended by Mr. Humphrey for sending relief supplies to Biafra. And AID awarded a \$268,000 contract to another Massachusetts firm to study the commercial potential of FPC in Chile and Korea. For the Marine Resources Council's view is that FPC plants, when proved, should be built in the developing countries themselves, rather than that it becomes another form of food-aid exported from the rich countries.

In Canada an FPC plant is being built at Canso, Nova Scotia, with an initial capacity of 20 million pounds a year—but the company behind it is Cardinal Proteins, based in New York. Ironically this American company is using an extraction process developed at the Halifax Laboratory of the Research Board of Canada. The first Canadian firm to attempt to produce marine protein flour is a small one based in Vancouver, and their "plant" consists of two converted weatherships. But the cereals industry in Canada has continued to complain that FPC powder is too grainy and still keeps a detectably fishy odor even when mixed in small quantities in everything from macaroni to brownies. So caution and general inaction continue. . . .

With all this activity or discussion surrounding fishes and the seabed, one group of states tends to feel neglected. Which is, I'm afraid, a fairly normal condition for them. They are the landlocked states. With the odd exception (Uganda, Zambia), the landlocked states are the poorest and almost certainly the least developed. It is in their interest, of course, to establish an international seabed authority as soon as possible, and to delimit as narrowly as possible the boundaries of the maritime nations; they can then hope for some early benefit from the seabed revenues. But in the meantime they

have their particular problems, which were strikingly described by a delegate of the Central African Republic as he looked across at an American diplomat: "You have men going to the moon. We have not yet secured permanent access to the sea!"

Two Years Under Wraps

A good deal of activity, however, has surrounded the establishment of an International Development Centre. But the planning has been carried on with an apparent aversion to any publicity, ever since the Cabinet in August 1967 set up a steering committee of Maurice Strong and sixteen senior civil servants. Very few references to it reached the newspapers for two years. Gerald Laniel MP, the Liberal caucus chairman, used the External Affairs Committee hearings on the CIDA estimates in April 1969 to ask Strong to elaborate on a one-sentence reference he had made to the Centre—to say whether research students from developing countries would be welcome, and whether it would be a private or governmental institution. Strong gave him only a short answer, saying it would be financed by government, but that since it hadn't yet come before Parliament it wasn't appropriate for him to say more. This was not much meat to chew on, after nearly two years' wait.

The longest public explanation given in those first two years was made by Mitchell Sharp to the UN General Assembly in October 1968, when he said it would be

... an institution devoted to the practical application of science and technology to the fundamental social and economic problems of development. This institution will have a directing board and staff drawn from many countries, and the results of its studies will be freely available to the international community. It will be designed to add a new dimension to the search for solutions to those social and economic ills which are the root cause of so many of the difficulties brought to this Assembly.

There were obviously several tricky questions to settle before publishing the outline plan. Some Cabinet Ministers and their top officials did not like the idea that a Centre, which

could soon be costing twenty-five million dollars a year, was doing research aimed at overseas—rather than domestic—development, and were not wholly convinced by Strong's arguments that Canada would undoubtedly gain from the knowledge amassed there. Again, should it or should it not be an independent corporation set up by special act of Parliament?

It is clearly an exciting idea, and has struck a responsive chord in important places in North America and Europe. An early report was that the OECD and the United Nations were willing to deposit at the Centre their most important data on development, to make it the world's best organized memory bank on this vast subject.

It was also important that the Centre's planners—Stuart Peters, a top civil servant from Newfoundland, was the special adviser coordinating the work—recommended broad areas of research. Everything from mining to manpower, from banking to the problems of multiracial or multicultural communities, was to be within the Centre's ken. The hope is that this will mean as much interrelation of ideas and findings as possible, that the Centre becomes truly multidisciplinary. But will it also try to lift horizons, as the Hudson Institute has done under Herman Kahn, sketching imaginative designs across huge canvases—as, for example, Robert Panero did for that Institute with his "Great Lakes System for South America"? Will it be interested in schemes like that of Dr. Harold Gotaas, a sanitary and environmental engineer working at Northwestern University, who is harvesting algae grown on sewage ponds and estimates you can get twenty tons of high protein feed for livestock off an acre of sewage? Will there be a place in the Centre's planning for private industry to play a full part, or for Non-Governmental organizations involved in international development to plug in?

Enticements of the North

Elsewhere in this book, in the chapters set in Ceylon and Jamaica, I have touched on the thorny subject of "trade as aid." The UNCTAD conference in New Delhi was pre-occupied with the subject, and it set up committees to search for ways to get preferential entry into the markets of the

developed countries. Mr. Pearson after his World Bank mission told how often he had been buttonholed in meetings in Asia, Africa and Latin America and informed that, if only export prices could be stabilized, the developing countries would not need so much help. Maurice Sauvé, when he was Minister of Forestry and Development, spoke candidly to the Young World Food and Development Conference in Toronto about "the inertia of present trade patterns." Often newly developing countries could compete effectively, he said, but lack the means of overcoming traditional resistance to change. And he gave the example of the Canadian market for citrus fruit and juice, which could as well be met by producers in developing countries as by the present American suppliers.

It is a massively complex subject. Each importer puts his self-interest foremost. He wants to be assured of regular delivery at the cheapest price, so he buys sugar from the mechanized plantations of South Africa rather than from Jamaica. And Hersheys don't see why the United States should commit itself to a higher floor price in an international cocoa agreement than is absolutely necessary. Self-interests inevitably conflict with each other. It is hard for many businessmen to see the world trade question in the round, and to acknowledge that they may do better in the long run to let others, and other countries, take a larger share of the profits now.

Another way in which the rich countries have been profiting at the expense of the poor is in immigration. William Demas, the Head of the Economic Planning division in Trinidad, has called the problem of the "brain drain" to North America one of the most serious his country faces. He told the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee in February 1969 that this question was "even more important than the receipt of economic aid by the West Indies." Caribbean countries, he said, were more affected than most because people with middle level skills were being enticed northwards, as well as the top level being creamed off. He suggested Canada could make an important contribution to Caribbean development by cooperatively working out ways to halt this outflow of trained manpower from the region, while at the same time encouraging the less highly trained to emigrate to Canada.

Kari Levitt and Alister McIntyre, in their book "Canada-West Indies Economic Relations," think the brain drain such a serious problem that they suggest an extremely radical solution. They think Canada should "propose that some suitable international agency explore the feasibility of a general agreement among developed countries to impose a five-year period of restrictions on immigration from low-income countries of individuals with *more* than specified levels of professional education." It is a suggestion made from the standpoint of deep sympathy with the developing countries; but it is liable to be misinterpreted in racial terms, especially after Enoch Powell's campaign to repatriate immigrants from Britain. Also it depends upon unanimous agreement by the developed countries.

Ottawa's concern has centred on students and trainees. CIDA was in 1969 paying for about two thousand foreign students in Canada, and Strong has estimated that less than 5 per cent of these scholarship students have over the previous years failed to return to their homeland. He told the External Affairs Committee in May 1969 that the temptation to stay was stronger for undergraduates who hadn't an assured post back home. A month earlier, Mitchell Sharp gave a much higher percentage in the Commons, when he said that 189 of the 1100 foreign students who had graduated from Canadian universities since 1965 under CIDA auspices had remained here: for that is about 17 per cent who stayed on.

CIDA has begun some moves to alleviate the problem. It is paying for thirty-five Caribbean students to study at the University of the West Indies, and is planning other "third country" programs to finance a student to attend a university or college in his own region. East Africa is one suggested area.

Such moves however can only deal with a segment of the problem. For there are about seven times as many foreign students in Canada on private arrangements than under CIDA auspices. And, perhaps a greater loss to the developing countries, are the fully trained and experienced people who emigrate to Canada at a later stage. The 168 schoolteachers who left the Commonwealth Caribbean states for Canada in 1965, furnish one dramatic example of that loss. And what can Canada do? Deny them entry, and the chance to earn more than about

six hundred pounds a year? What Canada does is to send CUSO volunteers, mostly without teaching experience, down to take their place. . . .

The problems of a brain drain from the Caribbean and elsewhere will not be solved until the job opportunities and living standards in those developing countries can be as attractive as the North American magnet. Regional integration will help, for graduates who find nothing exciting about returning to a tiny, plodding Windward Island can perhaps see a future for themselves in a federation. But the basic need is for steady economic growth.

There are some skilled immigrants whom Canada should never feel guilty about acquiring. These are the political refugees, whether draft-resisters from the United States, families from Czechoslovakia, or Asians from East Africa. But there has been some disparity between their treatment. The new immigration regulations are said to be freed from any ancient taint of color discrimination. There lingers, however, what one Conservative MP described to me as "administrative discrimination." It is simply made more difficult for some people to apply. One method is not to have any immigration officials around to process applications. The nearest Canadian office to East Africa which has immigration staff is in Beirut. They are said to travel wherever a stack of applications has piled up. The Beirut brigade did have men down in Nairobi within a week of the panic that exploded among the Asians when Britain repudiated the right of entry inherent in their British passports. But they did not stay long, or put any great eagerness into recruiting. In contrast, after the Russians invaded Czechoslovakia, Canadian immigration officials rushed to the borders and, like St. Peter, made a heavy catch. The results are there in the year-end statistics: 11,000 Czechoslovakian immigrants, but only about three hundred Kenya Asians. The Asians would have been a good catch, too. For their schooling was in English and, to have survived as the middle layer in colonial Kenya (the whites above, the Africans below), they would have had to possess a technical skill or a capital sum. And that consideration is putting the issue at the level of Canada's self-interest, rather than on a humanitarian plane. . . .

What final word can be said on this huge subject? Obviously there are no truly final words. The problems of development won't end; nor can discussion on them be clinched with a neat phrase or two. So it would be best to end with a simple thought. "International development," long words of many syllables, sounds daunting to the ordinary person. It suggests gigantic machines, complex plans, decisions made in remote places by the smoothest of eggheads. The talk that comes out of CIDA of systems analysis, of cost-benefit studies, makes one feel the whole subject is beyond normal comprehension and has to be left to experts. At times Maurice Strong has been wise to this danger, and has tried to involve more Canadians of all sorts in the subject, even while he takes strides in professionalizing his own department.

Journalists are by nature averse to leaving subjects wholly to the care of "experts." That must be my excuse for writing this book. I think I learnt a great deal while doing so, although I may have failed to pass much of this knowledge on. I found the journey into this area of knowledge extremely exciting and, above all, human. It is people I remember most on the journey, rather than all the White Papers and Hansards I earnestly mailed home or stuffed into my suitcase. It is their determination, their health and their good humor which will win victories in the end, rather than dry documents. Against all the gloomy predictions of widening gaps between rich and poor shines the determination and self-reliance of many people in the developing countries. Development then, is a subject not simply for experts, but for everyone. The MAWD kids who carved on a plaque "No man is an island" and stuck it on the end of the shower-house they had helped build in St. Lucia were being more truthful than trite. And the hundreds of thousands of Canadians who have walked their "Miles for Millions," and the millions of others who sponsored them, are on the same journey. Each of them knows something special about the landscape around, and can learn more. Each of them should have his say about the way ahead.

Some Notes on Sources

No reader surely would want, and certainly no journalist should give, a full list of sources in a book of this sort. It would be inordinately long, and in the process betray the confidence of several people. However, it may well be useful to offer a short list of some books and documents which I found extremely helpful, in the hope that it may guide the reading of anyone who wants to explore further some of the diverse subjects touched on in this book. Where I scratched, they may dig.

Nigeria

Okoi Arikpo, now the Federal Commissioner for External Affairs, wrote *The Development of Modern Nigeria* (Penguin African Library) before the twelve-state decree and the Biafran breakaway. It gives however a clear picture of the long arguments over the form of constitution, and brings out his association (as far back as 1950) with a group wanting Nigeria divided into nine states. Walter Schwarz, perhaps the most knowledgeable of British journalists on the country, has provided in his *Nigeria* (Pall Mall Press) an excellent account of politics up to the war. He concentrates, though, on the main threads running through Lagos; and it is a more scholarly book, Billy Dudley's *Parties and Politics in Northern Nigeria* (Frank Cass), which goes deeply into the conduct of politics in the Northern Region, exposing both the power of the old élite and the North's preponderant influence on Lagos. *Admin-*

istration, a quarterly review published at the University of Ife, devoted a special number in April 1968 to the administration of the new states; the article by John Smith, who was one of the four officials that drafted the plan of reorganization, is especially useful.

Tunisia

An article, "Tunisia Modernises," by Charles F. Gallagher in *Africa Report* (March 1968) covers the full sweep of Bourguiba's reforms. Nicole Bernheim, in a series of articles for *Le Monde* during January 1969, made a detailed study of the comparative advances of women in the three Maghreb states (a comparison complimentary to Tunisia). Among the documents published by l'Union Nationale des Femmes de Tunisie, the booklet *Dix Ans* gives a summary of reforms and the union's activities up to 1966. Of Habib Bourguiba's speeches on the subject, the one he made at Monastir on 13 August 1965—"Women, a Factor for Progress in Society"—is the most explicit; a later speech, at Carthage on 3 April 1968, "Avec les droits la femme a aussi des obligations," was briefer and more constrained.

Turkey and the World Food Program

The UN/FAO publishes the *World Food Program News*, a useful newsletter, from Rome every two months. David R. Wightman's *Food Aid and Economic Development*, published in March 1968 by International Conciliation (the Carnegie Endowment), deals with the food problem in developing countries in the full context and then spotlights bilateral food aid (including PL 480 and the Canadian) as well as the World Food Program. It is as excellent as the other booklets in the International Conciliation series.

East Africa

The most obvious sources—the writings and speeches of Julius Nyerere, Jomo Kenyatta and Tom Mboya—do not need detailing. Two articles by Professor Cranford Pratt are notable:

in *The Round Table* (October 1968) he dealt with the ideological alignment after the Arusha Declaration ("Tanzania finds its own way; neither capitalist nor socialist"); while in the *Journal of Commonwealth Political Studies*, published by Leicester University Press (March 1967), he describes the reasons for the failure of the first Development Plan. In *East Africa Journal* (December 1968) Professor G. K. Helleiner looked ahead with advice to the second Plan. In the same *Journal* in June 1969, a CUSO administrator Rudy Carter contributed a radical paper, "Volunteerism—Naive Participation or Neo-colonialism?" Hugh Winsor, in his article "Caught in an African Squeeze" (*Globe Magazine*, May 10, 1969), gives the fullest account so far published of the Canadian military mission in Tanzania. The paper, "Ideology, Organization and the Settlement Experience in Tanzania," by Lionel Cliffe and Griffiths Cunningham (mimeographed at the University College, Dar-es-Salaam) puts the *ujamaa* village schemes into the long perspective of agricultural experiments. A field report of the same committee, on four villages in the Songea district, by Siraju Kusilawe, is a detailed analysis of Litowa and neighboring settlements.

Among recent writings on Kenya which I found particularly useful, the Christian Council of Kenya has published (March 1966) a searching study on the problem of primary school leavers called *After school WHAT?* and (August 1968) compiled the book *Who controls industry in Kenya?* Edith Whetham's article "Land reform and resettlement in Kenya" in the *East African Journal of Rural Development* (January 1968) is an objective summary of an agricultural revolution. A book, *Agricultural Planning in East Africa* (edited by G. K. Helleiner, published by E. A. Publishing House), brings together the papers of ten experts at a conference in 1967. On the political and constitutional side, the book *Politics of Integration* (same publisher, edited by Donald Rothchild) is a valuable compilation of speeches and articles dealing with recent relations between the three states. Professor Henry Bienen has a dispassionate article in *Africa Report* (March-April 1969) on the closure of the University College in Nairobi: "When Does Dissent Become Sedition?" The tenth

anniversary number of *Endeavour*, the magazine of Starehe Boys' Centre, is the best commendation the school (and its Canadian sponsors) could wish for—a series of glowing reminiscences by many boys.

India

Foreign Affairs in April and July 1968 contained two thoughtful articles: "The agricultural revolution in Asia" by Lester R. Brown, and "Economic Development: Performance and Prospects for India in Transition" by Max F. Millikan. The Fertilizer Association of India works (and writes) tirelessly to improve the industry's performance.

Ceylon

The Ministry of Planning publishes annual white papers on Foreign Aid. The article, "Diary of a Soviet engineer in Ceylon" by Pavel Fialkovsky (published in *Ceres*, FAO July-August 1968), was an interesting view from a UN expert's angle. The Canadian Institute of International Affairs booklet, *Ceylon: the Quiet Battle* by Mary F. Bishop, packs a great deal of information readably into twenty pages. A supplement in *The Times* (London, January 8, 1969) gave a complimentary view of the Senanayake administration. The article by John White on the AID Committee I found particularly thoughtful.

Korea

Allen Clark's book on the Christian Church in Korea, published in 1961, gives a newcomer a shock to learn of persecutions continuing until a century ago, as well as a good description of the tribulations during the Japanese annexation. The United Church missionaries write revealingly of social problems in the contributions compiled annually for distribution in Canada from headquarters. But Dr. Hitschmanova's newsletters describing her annual journeys for the benefit of supporters of the Unitarian Service Committee must be the most graphic accounts of conditions in Korea. Mr. Cho and Mr. Kim are men of action rather than of written words.

Jamaica

The *New World* and *Abeng* come from the same radical quarters at the University of the West Indies. The address for inquiries is Box 221, Kingston 7. The most detailed study of Canadian links is the book written by Kari Levitt and Alister McIntyre, *Canada-West Indies Economic Relations*, sponsored and published by the Private Planning Association of Canada and the Centre for Developing Area Studies at McGill University. Alcan, in its annual reports and occasional booklets, is free with information. The Jamaica Government's *Economic Survey* gives many up-to-date statistics. Two speeches referred to in the chapter were Pierre Trudeau's address to the University of Alberta convocation ceremony at Edmonton on May 13, 1968, and Mitchell Sharp's speech to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in Toronto on June 3, 1969. The Senate Foreign Affairs Committee held an important series of hearings on the Caribbean area, intermittently from February 6 to June 15, 1969, and I have made several references to the views of various witnesses.

Colombia

El Espectador of Bogota published a special supplement on August 28, 1968 with the full text of every speech made by the Pope during his visit. Hernan Mendoza Hoyos, who was director of the Population Studies Division of ASCOFAM, wrote two particularly telling booklets on the problem: *Sobrepoblación en los Países en Desarrollo* and *Acelerado Crecimiento de la Población en Colombia*. Dr. Carmen Miro, director of the Latin American Demographic Centre in Santiago (CELADE), has led other studies and her paper "Some Misconceptions Disproved" is a comparative analysis of women in seven Latin American cities, including Bogota. It was published by the University of Chicago Press in 1966.

Brazil

Manchete, a Rio magazine after the style of *Paris-Match*, published a special English-language 188-page supplement "Portrait of Brazil" in 1968 which should bowl over anyone who

is impressed by skyscrapers, vast dams and curving beaches. Judith Tendler, an American economist, wrote a doctoral thesis on "Electric Power in Brazil: Entrepreneurship in the Public Sector," now published by Harvard University Press. It is a scholarly account of twenty years in the expansion of power, and earnest readers will appreciate her labors. *Brazilian Light*, in the tradition of the biggest Brazilian companies, spares nothing to produce handsome annual reports.

St. Lucia and Coming Home

Very little is published on St. Lucia, although Hansard is more promptly produced there than in many larger states. *Outlines of St. Lucia's History* by the Reverend C. Jesse is a useful sixty-page summary, but written in a style of having skimmed the headlines off old newspapers rather than dealing thematically with its history. The *Voice of St. Lucia* is a twice weekly event. The *St. Lucia Yearbook* offers delightful diversions: it has ten pages listing the Governors back to 1627, a treasure trove in the "Who's Who" columns—and a half a page for imports and exports.

In Manitoba, MAWD's *Multilogue* (published from 145 Colony Street, Winnipeg 1) appears, roughly, every month and mixes shocking facts and figures about the developing world's problems with some effervescent writing about its members' activities. The CIDA monthly, *International Development*, after the pioneering work of Stan Westall, is a vastly improved newspaper. Other newspapers concentrating on the subject include *Oxfam-Canada News*.

Maurice Strong's most recent appearances before the Commons Standing Committee on External Affairs took place on April 29 and May 20, 1969 (Minutes of Proceedings Nos. 39 and 45).

Conclusions

Among the important UN documents on *Rhodesia*, three Security Council resolutions are fundamental: Resolution 221 of 9 April 1966, which authorized Britain to use force to stop oil tankers apparently heading to discharge in Mozambique for

Rhodesia; 232 of 16 December 1966 which imposed selective mandatory sanctions; and 253 of 29 May 1968 which broadened sanctions on imports and exports, ordered states to turn back people travelling on Rhodesian passports and requested all states "to extend assistance to Zambia as a matter of priority." Canada was a member of the Security Council when the 1968 resolution was unanimously approved.

The General Assembly resolution declaring South Africa's mandate over South West Africa was adopted on 27 October 1966 (Resolution 2145 [XXI]). The Assembly later set up the eleven-member UN Council for South West Africa on 19 May 1967 under Resolution 2248 (S-V). Canada, which voted for 2145, was among the thirty abstentions on 2248.

In the section on Botswana, I refer to a booklet written by Patrick van Rensburg. Its title is *Education and Development in an Emerging Country* (Scandinavian Institute of African Studies, 1967). He has also written *The Curriculum in Predominantly Rural Countries* (1968) and *The Brigade System of Technical Training and Education* (1969), as well as his autobiographical book on South Africa, *Guilty Land* (Jonathan Cape, 1962).

Ambassador Pardo's speech in the General Assembly, which launched the United Nations towards the ocean floor, came on 1 November 1967 and is Doc A/C.1/PV.1515. He acknowledged the work of John L. Mero who wrote the book, *The Mineral Resources of the Sea* (New York, Elsevier, 1965). Later on 19 February 1968 the Secretary-General issued a report on the resources of the sea beyond the continental shelf as Doc/E4449/Add 1. Add 2. came first, detailing its food resources (excluding fish). The issues of *Canadian Fisherman* (published from Ste Anne de Bellevue, P.Q. and an admirable monthly magazine) which dealt with FPC were those of January and February 1968. Dr. Pardo also contributed an important article, "Sovereignty Under the Sea," to *The Round Table* (now at 11 Nelson Rd., London SE 10) in October 1968.

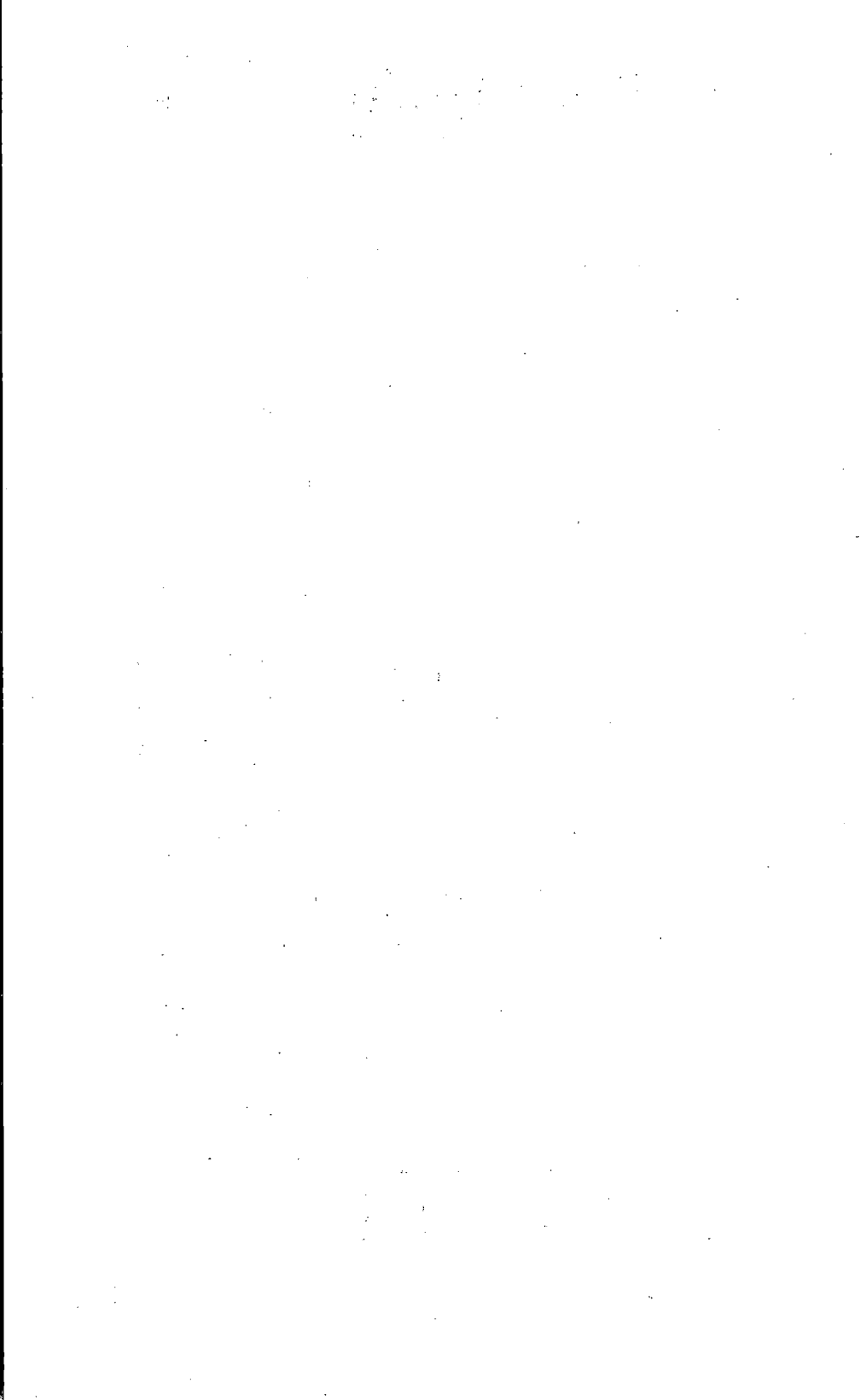


TABLE 1

EFFORTS OF INDIVIDUAL DAC MEMBERS
Outflow of Total Official and Private Resources of DAC Members in Selected Periods

| | Net Disbursements (\$ million) | | 1968 | | | | | 1968 total as % of GNP | \$ per capita of donor country | Ranking per capita of donor country | |
|------------------|-----------------------------------|-------------------|--------------------|-------------------|---------------|--|-----------------------------|------------------------------|---|--|----------------|
| | 1960/2 average | 1965/7 average | Official Sector | Private Sector | Total | Total as % of national income | Ranking by percentage | | | | |
| Australia | 67.9 | 151.6 | 157 | 30 | 187 | 0.83 | 12 | 0.67 | 15.5 | 8 | Australia |
| Austria | 19.0 | 48.1 | 28 | 46 | 74 | 0.88 | 9 | 0.66 | 10.0 | 14 | Austria |
| Belgium | 154.8 | 184.2 | 93 | 150 | 243 | 1.46 | 5 | 1.15 | 25.1 | 5 | Belgium |
| Canada | 113.8 | 229.6 | 213 | 93 | 306 | 0.66 | 15 | 0.49 | 14.7 | 12 | Canada |
| Denmark | 28.6 | 21.4 | 29 | 45 | 74 | 0.70 | 14 | 0.55 | 15.1 | =10 | Denmark |
| France | 1375.5 | 1320.9 | 855 | 628 | 1483 | 1.65 | 3 | 1.24 | 29.4 | 2 | France |
| Germany | 704.6 | 869.2 | 595 | 1040 | 1635 | 1.62 | 4 | 1.24 | 26.8 | 4 | Germany |
| Italy | 315.4 | 394.0 | 150 | 355 | 505 | 0.88 | 9 = | 0.70 | 9.5 | 15 | Italy |
| Japan | 304.6 | 670.0 | (507) | (542) | 1049 | 0.94 | 8 | 0.74 | 10.3 | 13 | Japan |
| Netherlands | 184.4 | 239.9 | 134 | 142 | 276 | 1.35 | 6 | 1.10 | 21.7 | 6 | Netherlands |
| Norway | 14.6 | 28.6 | 23 | 35 | 58 | 0.85 | 11 | 0.65 | 15.1 | =10 | Norway |
| Portugal | 40.5 | 49.5 | (42) | (32) | (74) | (1.67) | 2 | (1.45) | 7.8 | 16 | Portugal |
| Sweden | 45.3 | 100.5 | 72 | 55 | 127 | 0.63 | 16 | 0.49 | 16.0 | 7 | Sweden |
| Switzerland | 176.2 | 135.8 | (19) | (223) | (242) | (1.70) | 1 | (1.43) | 39.4 | 1 | Switzerland |
| United Kingdom | 840.9 | 952.5 | 428 | 417 | 845 | 1.06 | 7 | 0.83 | 15.2 | 9 | United Kingdom |
| United States | 4240.5 | 5356.5 | 3605 | 2071 | 5676 | 0.79 | 13 | 0.65 | 28.2 | 3 | United States |
| Total DAC | 8626.5 | 10,752.9 | 6950 | 5905 | 12,855 | 0.97 | — | 0.77 | 20.8 | — | |

Source: OECD press release A (69) 33
 11 July, 1969

Notes on Table 1, in which Canada is second bottom of the league

1. The target, for annual transfer from rich to poor nations, of 1% of the national income was set by the Development Assistance Committee (DAC) of OECD in 1965. The target of 1% of Gross National Product (GNP) was recommended and generally accepted (with a vague timetable of "as soon as possible") at the UNCTAD conference in New Delhi in February 1968. If the United States figure were omitted from the calculation of combined percentage of GNP, the combined figure would rise to 0.19% because the American figure of disbursements (43% of the total) pulls the percentage down disproportionately.
2. The rise in 1968 was entirely concentrated in the private sector. Direct investment and net export credits both rose by \$700 million. Official flows stagnated (or, in fact, fell by \$84 million), and official development assistance (aid on concessional terms) fell by \$200 million.
3. Of every \$100 net financing put at the disposal of the developing countries in 1968, about \$88 represented public and private flows on a direct, bilateral basis from DAC members. But it is the smaller countries in DAC whose performance is showing best increases now. Of the big donors, only Japan and Germany are maintaining their rate of increase. The "centrally planned economies" (the Socialist states) probably provided less than 3% of the financing flow. (DAC admits this is a rough estimate, as nobody is very sure how much aid Cuba is getting.)
4. Financing provided to the multilateral organizations (including IDA, the World Bank, UNDF and regional Development Banks) rose by \$100 million to \$1.3 billion.
5. Note on Canada's Lowly Position:
Several countries' figures are improved because of heavy private investment in nations which, to the layman, are not in the normal category of "developing" states, i.e. Spain, Greece, Kuwait and Argentina. Again, Portugal's "aid" goes predominantly to the territories it holds in Africa. So Canadian officials point out their position would be improved if the receipts of the "top 15" developing countries were omitted—or if Newfoundland was included as a developing area. Also, Canada's national income is rising more quickly than others (like Britain). Canada comes much better out of the next table, on "Financial Terms of Aid":

FINANCIAL TERMS OF AID
TABLE 2 **Financial Terms of Official Commitments in 1968**

| Country | Grants | Loans | | | Total | |
|----------------|---------------------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------------|--|-----------|
| | Grants as % of total commitment | Weighted average | | | Total concessional element as percentage of total commitments | |
| | | Maturity (in years) | Interest rate (%) | Grace period (in years) | | |
| Australia | 100 | | no loans | | 100 | Rank 1 |
| Austria | 30 | 11.0 | 5.2 | 3.0 | 46 | 13 |
| Belgium | 95 | 21.9 | 3.2 | 6.1 | 97 | 2 |
| Canada | 75 | 43.5 | 1.1 | 8.6 | 89 | 6 |
| Denmark | 57 | 24.9 | 0.0 | 7.0 | 90 | 5 |
| France | 70 | 18.0 | 3.7 | 0.8 | 80 | 9 |
| Germany | 36 | 21.1 | 3.9 | 5.9 | 63 | 12 |
| Italy* | 12 | 9.3 | 4.0 | 1.0 | 31 | 15 |
| Japan | 57 | 18.0 | 3.9 | 5.4 | 75 | =10 |
| Netherlands* | 72 | 24.7 | 3.9 | 6.3 | 84 | 7 |
| Norway | 92 | 23.0 | 2.2 | 5.5 | 96 | =3 |
| Portugal* | 15 | 16.2 | 4.8 | 2.2 | 40 | 14 |
| Sweden | 75 | 37.5 | 1.4 | 10.0 | 96 | =3 |
| Switzerland | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| United Kingdom | 46 | 24.0 | 1.3 | 6.6 | 82 | 8 |
| United States | 45 | 30.0 | 3.5 | 7.8 | 75 | =10 |
| Total DAC | 50 | 24.8 | 3.3 | 5.8 | 74 | — |

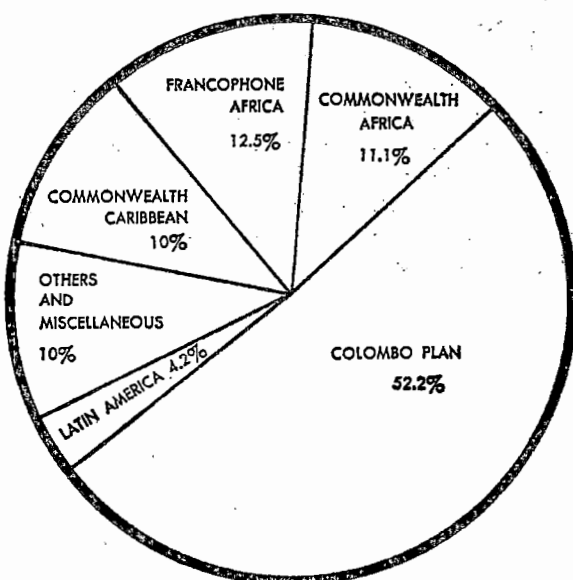
*1967 data. No data yet available for Switzerland.

Notes on Table 2

To do well in this table—and the last column delivers a judgment on that—you have either to give all your aid in grants (as Australia does) or offer very easy terms for your loans. Canada's development loans, with a repayment (maturity) period of 50 years, a zero interest rate and a grace period of 10 years, are among the best. To read the three middle columns without strain, the key to a Good Performance is a high figure for Maturity and Grace Period, and a low figure for Interest Rate. The calculation of "total concessional element as percentage of total commitments" is a little complicated, and is done even by experts in two stages: first, the "grant element" in a loan is calculated by taking the face value of a loan and subtracting the present value of the scheduled service payments, discounted at 10%. Put it another way, the Canadian 50-year interest-free loans are considered to have about a 90%

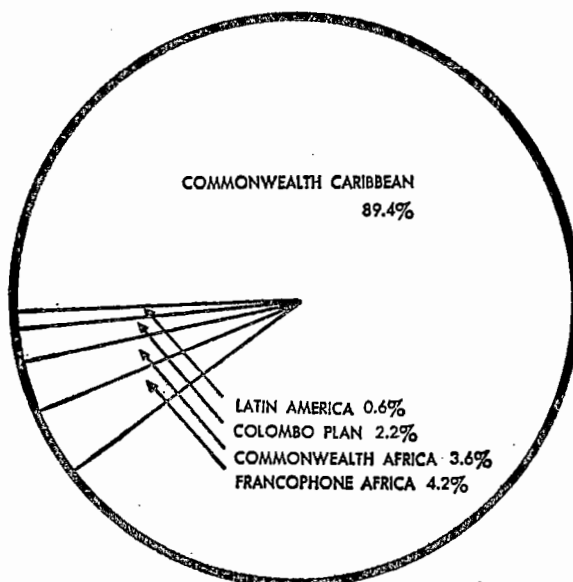
"grant element." The second stage is to add in the outright grants. The highest figures in that final column show who are the best performers. In this league Canada now ranks sixth, above Britain and the United States. Sweden, which was bottom in Table 1 in terms of volume of financing as a percentage of national income, comes out third best in terms of aid and slightly better than Canada in terms of the amount of dollars of financing per head of its own population (\$16 per head a year, compared with \$14.70 in Canada). Canada, with the fourth highest per capita income, is only 12th in its per capita financing of the developing countries.

CANADA'S 1969-70 BILATERAL AID ALLOCATIONS



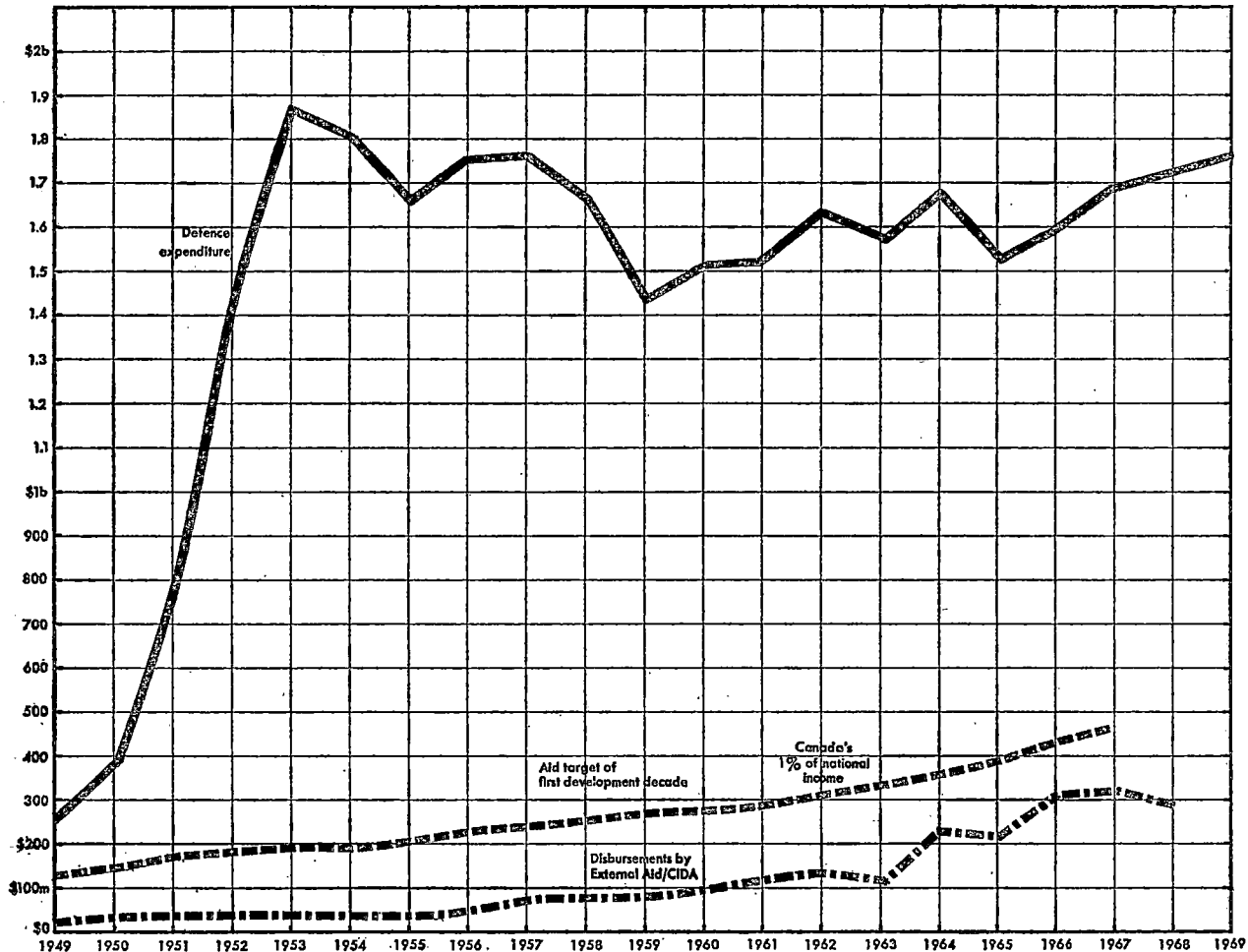
Others—Turkey,
UN Food Programs,
Commonwealth Scholarships
and other programs

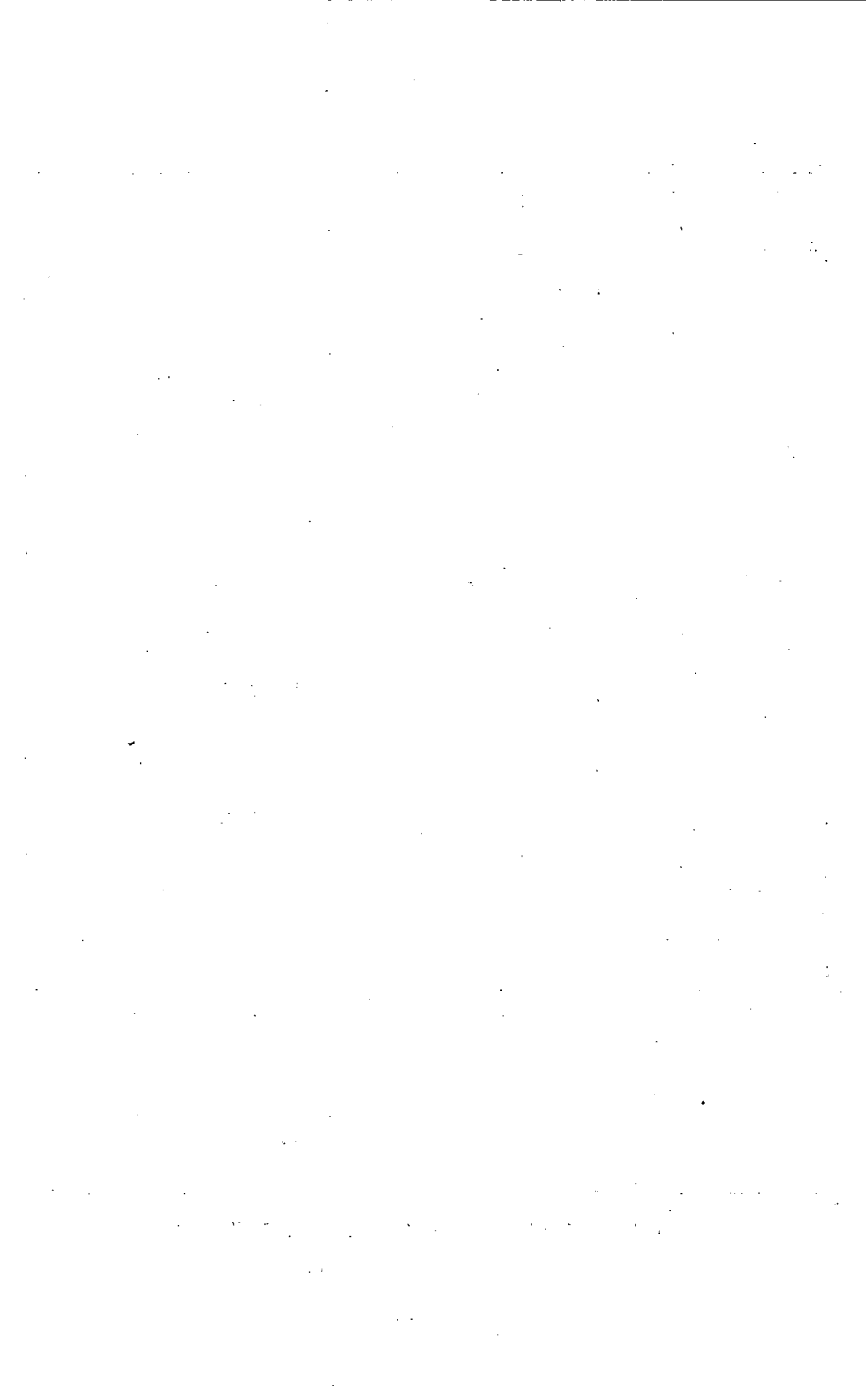
BY VOLUME
TO EACH REGION



VOLUME PER HEAD
IN EACH REGION

CANADA'S AID TARGET Compared to Actual Disbursements and Defence Expenditure





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HALF A LOAF

Canada's Semi-Role Among Developing Countries

Clyde Sanger

A timely appraisal of Canada's role in international development, *Half A Loaf* examines critically the aid offered by the Canadian government and voluntary agencies in the developing countries. Approaching the question of such aid from the viewpoint of the recipient countries, the author details specific developments in Nigeria, Tunisia, Turkey, East Africa, India, Ceylon, Korea, Jamaica, Columbia, St. Lucia and Brazil. In the last named, he also looks at the part played by a large Canada-based company—Brazilian Light and Power Co. Ltd. In these and other chapters, the reader is shown the problems the developing countries face and what Canada is (or is not) doing about them—from agricultural advances to family planning, from the growth of "black power" in the Caribbean to the transformed role of women in an Arab country. In two concluding chapters the author discusses such topics as whether CUSO should lose its "volunteer image"; Canada's position in the aid consortia; trade, rather than aid; immigration disparities and Canada's inevitable involvement in the race-war in southern Africa.

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