Consulting Catharine Parr Traill

A writer turns to a pioneering Canadian botanist to get to know her cottage wild flowers

BY MARY ALICE DOWNIE

One dreary November day 12 years ago — or was it 13? — my husband and I set off to look at yet another cottage, this one on an island in the Rideau Canal Waterway about 50 kilometres north of Kingston, Ont. We had been looking for a cottage to buy in a desolate way for several months. We weren't sure exactly what we wanted, although we knew we wanted it to be old and no more than an hour from Kingston, where we lived. The last one we'd seen had been a historic millhouse (1846) with parts dating from 1820. It was charming, but previous renovations had been disastrous, and we noticed that the millstream ran through the basement.

We hadn't held out much hope for this latest possibility when we'd set out in the morning - we'd had too many disappointments. And our spirits weren't lifted when we arrived at the isolated shore where we were to meet our real estate agent - even the weeds shivered. The trees were either leafless or dead.

The cottage, one of six on the island, was overwhelmingly dismal. In the numbing cold we eyed furniture that sagged beneath plastic sheets. Eau de Moutbail seemed to pervade everything. It would never do. Still, as the agent had taken the trouble to ferry us across to this Arctic hideaway, it didn't seem polite to ask to leave before we'd at least pretended to explore the property.

We climbed a half to keep warm - and saw the dark sparkle of the water far below. We had often driven for hours to find a view like this. Time to think again.

We inspected the cottage to see if we could bear to live in it. Perhaps. We went home, remembered the view, and as soon as our fingers had thawed...
recognize a trillium
when I see it, although I grew up
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an endangered species.

enough to use the phone, made an offer. Much to
our surprise—not at all—it was accepted.

We spent the next few months trying to re-
member just what we've thought, and wondered what
it would look like if all the trees were dead from
grape moth (in those halcyon days we didn't worry
about that Genghis Khan of the insect world, the
Asian long-horned beetles).

On the first sunny April day, we sauntered up
the old African Queen (this sturdy workhorse of a boat
was part of the deal, along with the dejected furni-
ture) and headed for our island. Stepping aboard, we
found the slope up to the house a stony carpet of
tiny white, pink, mauve and blue flowers.

They looked familiar—what were they? We con-
sulted a favourite source, Catharine Fair Traill. The
gifted botanist (1802–1899), less well known to
the general public than her peppery sister, Susanna
Moosie, came to Canada in 1832 and spent the
rest of her long life botanizing, raising a large family, endur-
ing poverty and tragedy, and writing, often under
the most difficult of circumstances. The backwoods
of Canada (1836) is perhaps her most famous work,
but it is Canadian Wild Flowers (1869), illustrated
by Susanna Moosie's daughter, Agnes FairGibbon, to
which I turn now. The exquisite mysterious blossoms
on the slope that rise from our island's shore were
heicapas, it told me. As the wildflower calendar
unfolded that spring, the book became my floral bible.

I recognize a trillium when I see it, although I grew
up in a time when it was considered an endangered
species. What an agreeable shock to find hundreds
spinkled through the woods, looking, I imagined,
much like those Mrs. Traill saw at Rice Lake near
Peterborough, Ont., where she and her family had
settled. "Nature," she wrote, "has scattered with no
riggedly hand these remarkable flowers over half
the plain, wide, shrubby plain and shaly forest glens."

We found dogtooth violets (a.k.a. trout lilies and
adder's-tongues), which seem to have a death wish,
spreading as they do along the path through the
woods. Perhaps they are a relation of parsley and
thrive on being trampled.

"Call the Trillium"

1. *Corydalis perfoliata*
2. *Corydalis parviflora*

The small flowered form affects
a moist soil, while the larger
species, known here in more
suburban areas, grows on dry
rocky slopes and sandstone
cliffs, in the world of June,
in time to wave its herbarium
flags. Naturalists (C. perfoliata)
are the Foxgloves, (C. parviflora)
the larger White Tansy, and other
Horned Lily flowers.

3. *Blue Flag*

Tall (1.5 meters),(1.5 m)
now rare all through
Canada, and found in the
swamps of New Jersey,
and on the shores of fresh
water lakes in the British
Isles. It is delight to not
several feet, and its long
stripes of pearly white are
perfectly well adjusted to the
shadows and similar locations.

4. *Cranberry*

Vaccinium macrocarpon

Three varieties by hand:
the cranberry, the huckle-
berry and strawberry. The
biggest, most
worthy of all.

Catharine Fair Traill
Canadian Wild Flowers, 1869

4 Seasons 2002

Imperial Oil Review
We had treasure hunts for the graceful wild columbine with its pendant for rocks (we’re the people who used to take sunny quizzes for two-hour cross walks in Cambridge, England, during my husband’s sabbatical there). There were to be other discoveries on our island—animals, for example. One knew that many eyes were keenly watching from underneath the ferns, behind the rocks and the branches of the trees. Our island is a paradise, or rather, Valhalla, for visiting cats. After the first day of vigorous hunting they get above themselves, miscalculatedly decide that they can coagulate, and insist on staying outside, courting with the fireflies. We find them in the morning, quivering, sauce-eyed, on the doorstep. They never say what happened, but after that, they are always present and accommodated for at nightfall.

Perhaps they have had an encounter with the rare black snake (all two metres of it), which still inhabits the island. There are countless lesser snakes too. I was once standing beside the woodpile, combing with a mother garter snake and her child, trying to overcome my unreasonable aversion to these gentle creatures, when I saw, twisted among the log, a thick white and brownish shape. I suffered a sudden attack of ophiophobia and sprinted into the house. A reference book informed me it was the eastern milk snake. The

ost afternoons are spent in the Yucatan hammock slung between the trees, drowsily watching a muskrat or kajak

surely, althoughnopitative, creature is sometimes confused with a rattler. In fact, it tries to brighten its resemblance to that deadly serpent by vibrating its tail among leaves, imitating the rattler’s ominous sound.

Another year, we met this disagreeable reptile heeding along the path towards the boathouse with satanic dignity. It glared, coiled, hissed and advanced. I keep telling myself he knew what it was talking about.

We prefer the chimpanzees. The mice are charming too, although they do have the habit of stealing bits of clothing, towels or whatever is forgotten in drawers. I picture them hoarding at parties “I have an IKEA rag nest.” “Well, mine is made from a Welsh tapestry place mat.” Clayproof containers seem to be the answer for winter storage. Or will a muskrat mouse soon be saying, “I have quitted to have a woolen nest. I live in a plastic conch.”

The walk across the island to the beaver lodge (or Beaver Mansion, as we tend to call it) is always a pleasant diversion. Most entertaining of all are the raccoons, who maintain a watch over the compost. I think they regard it as the local pub. I lift the lid carefully, because one never knows who will be having bar snacks inside.

When we first bought the place, I wondered at the lack of gardens, but I soon realized why former residents hadn’t bothered with them. Plant something, and next morning you find the wild neighbours have either eaten it—beau, lettuce and begonia are particular favourites—or dug it up to investigate. We have developed a plan of action, my fellow consumers’ panel and I. I bring a bunch of experimental plants to the island around noon. By next day, the new greens on the block will have been either digested or rejected. Those that survive, I replant, and let add to it, and they’re left to grow as peace.

Because of the unique wildlife, I decided not to introduce “tame” plants, which might become “garden escapees” and take over the island. I only use outdoor things beside the back door, where I can keep an eye on them. Fortunately this includes nasturtiums, calendula, bergamot (so provide colour), and I’m also thinking of planting nutmeg beans. Berries I forget, for as a neighbour said, “It’s not a case of if the bear comes. It’s when the bear comes.”

There’s a good and bad. I don’t ever make the mistake of looking at a duck spider under a microscope. It is terrifying enough in person. For a while there were carpenter ants, munching in the night, leaving little heaps of sawdust to be swept up every morning from the

stairs. Not a pleasing sight in a wooden cottage built in the 1880s. And there are mosquitoes, but in compensation there are squadrions of dragonflies, which purposely zoom after them: big blue ones, like heavy bombers, and, later in summer, smaller green ones. Shrew magic is provided by the fireflies dancing among the trees, a New World Midsummer Night’s Dream.

And then there are the birds: the osprey with its mose nest (I identify with that) perched on top of an old pine or a telephone tower. Every year, a phoebe builds its nest (also untidy — is there a theme here?) on the porch, and I creep about the living room, trying not to disturb it. Turkey vultures, the raptor only a mother could love, soar through the sky.

Best of all is the blue heron, often posed in profile like a wall painting, which gives it a distinctly Egyptian look as it stands motionless among the water lines. How suitable, for as Mrs. Trinial said of the water lily in her book, “The Lotus of Egypt belongs to this family, and ... furnishes magnificent ornaments with which to crown the heads of their gals and kings.”

But it’s not all nature study on the island. There have been many memorable human events: a post-wedding party, where people canoed, hiked, swam and napped, and a recent weekend gathering with 10 adults and six small children (there was a family in every room). And now we often hear the howls of young babies competing with the song of the wolves (really coyotes) and the masticable of the kooks.

Despite the fact that the cottage has been ours for more than a decade, much work remains to be done. We should repair the woodwork and fix the roof, but — the incidence of islands — time drifts by and we say, “Maybe next year.”

Most afternoons are spent in the Yucatan hammock slung between the trees, drowsily watching a muskrat or kajak priddle by. The kajak is 90 years old, which perhaps explains the vessel’s tranquil pace. In between two smaller trees, there’s a hammock for nito — guaranteed to lull the most insistent baby into deep sleep.

It’s possible to read in the hammock at least for a short time before descending — but you can’t write in one. Still, many a manuscript has been composed in it (this one included) before being transferred to paper (or disc) at the dining room table on summer mornings. How agreeable to sit looking through the window at the current cat heading purposefully down the path to the shore. I resist the temptation to go down myself to count the closed geraniums or to see how an artistic neighbour is progressing with her watercolour of the boathouse. The blue chimonites (Mexican oaks) lurk among the poison ivy. A woodpecker rat-tat-tat in the distance. Most recently, I’ve been revising Sarah Smiley, a story for children set in the days of Cartharine Parr Trinial. She remains a good companion and an invaluable source. And these days, thanks to an old cottage on the Rideau, I know considerably more about life in the backwoods of Canada.
Bravo, Stratford!

Through changing times and regimes, the Stratford Festival of Canada, now entering its 50th season, has remained true to its ideals

BY ROBERT CUSHMAN

Listen to Richard Monette, artistic director of the Stratford Festival of Canada, which is currently celebrating its 50th season: "Stratford was originally about starting a classical theatre and about being a dynasty for the rest of the country. Fifty years ago, there was just the CBC, the National Ballet and the Théâtre du Nouveau Monde in Montreal. After Stratford, there were regional theatres all of a sudden. Canada needed a flagship theatre to get that started."

Now listen to Monette the fan, the fan who witnessed his first show at Stratford in 1959, when he was 15: "I saw Irene Worth as Rosalind in As You Like It. In that one moment I knew I would be an actor, in Shakespeare, at Stratford." And so, within six years, he was.

Two ingredients mark the history of the Stratford Festival: innovation and continuity. When it started, with a mere six-week season in 1953, it represented the coming together of two dreams. One was that of Tom Patterson, a local journalist who wanted, frankly, to add Variety (and pops) to his hometown by cashing in on the Shakespearean associations implicit in its name. The other visionary was Tyrone Guthrie, the great Irish director, who had been searching for a new method of staging Shakespeare, one more in keeping with the principles of the Elizabethan theatre without being a slavish imitation of it. Guthrie wanted sweep, he wanted speed, and he wanted immediacy. No certainly, a permanent multidisciplinary stage, no opportunity for elaborate scenery, and consequently no breaks between scenes. Talking of speed: Patterson's idea for a theatre festival crystallized at the end of 1951. He approached Guthrie, who imposed his own conditions.

in 1952. The following year, the new platform-style theatre—much imitated since, but never equaled—was triumphantly opened, housed in a tent. The present concrete shell was not erected until 1957, by which time the Stratford Festival was clearly there to stay.

The plays that Guthrie directed in '53—both of them triumphs—were Richard III and All's Well That Ends Well. For obvious celebratory reasons, they are on the bill again this year! The company was almost entirely Canadian, recruited by Guthrie from a burgeoning crop of young actors who had been crying out for just such an opportunity. There were two imported stars, Alec Guinness and the same Irene Worth whose Rosalind was to inspire Richard Monette six years later.

Another memory: Monette, on his first day as an actor at Stratford, nervous and just out of his teens, walking out onto the stage underneath the central balcony ("It's quite an awesome space," he says, "like an arm embracing you"). Sitting in the auditorium, watching the young actors gather for a rehearsed, war William Hutt, already one of the theatre's elder statesmen. (A bright recruit of '53, he has performed in almost every season since.) Hutt had seen Monette play Hamlet at Toronto's now long-gone C zest Theatre: a precocious performance (Monette had been 19), which famously attracted a review that began, "If your name is Richard Monette, stop reading right here." Hurt, at least, had no discerned presence in the performance: he walked onto the Stratford stage, shook the young actor's hand and said, prophetically, "Welcome home." Decades later, the younger man was to direct the older one in some of his greatest
roles: King Lear, Prospero in The Tempest, the embattled free-thinking lawyer in Inherit the Wind. For both of them, Stratford has indeed been, and remains, home. Monette recalls Hart walking onto the stage during rehearsals for The Tempest and saying fondly, "This is a beautiful theatre."

The season that once lasted six weeks currently plays more than six months, and there are now four Stratford theatres. In order of size and seniority, the Festival Theatre itself, which looks imposingly down on the Avon River and is dedicated to large-scale productions from Shakespeare to musicals; the Avon, a traditional gift presentation house in the centre of town that is used mostly for main-stage modern plays; the Tom Patterson, a make-shift conversion (every winter it reverses to a badminton court) with its own miniature platform stage, situated a little detributed from the main house and characterized experimentally in its repertoire, and — opening this year — the Stables, a theatrical space constructed in former paint shop as a venue to try out new plays and seldom seen classics.

Hart, now, is in his 50th season. He played the King of France in All's Well That Ends Well, a part he's done before. (At 82, there aren't many new roles left for him.) He is one of a number of returning luminaries from Stratford's past. Especially eye-catching is Christopher Plummer, the Festival's most famous son, who is playing King Lear, his first Shakespearean role at Stratford since 1967, when he played Antony opposite Zoe Caldwell. Another is Colin Firth, the man chosen to play Canadian icon ranges from Glenn Gould to Pierre Trudeau and perhaps the most famous Stratford-fan actor since Plummer, comes back to play Professor Higgins in My Fair Lady, the season's obligatory musical. Tom McCamus plays a convincing couple of killers: Richard III and Black the Rat in The Three Penny Opera. And to show that the Stratford Festival can continue to create its own stars, Graham Abbey and Claire Jullien, two of the most promising players in recent seasons, appear as Romeo and Juliet.

Apart from the Shaw Festival in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., no theatre in North America (or, latterly, in Britain) has maintained this kind of ongoing, interlocking tradition. It has persevered at Stratford through changes in regime, fashion and politics. Garfield's three fireworks years were succeeded by the scholarly brilliance of Lighnam, who stayed for 12 years, fashioning a new acting ensemble, establishing plays at depth and staging them with flair; Jean Condon took over in 1968, contributing French Canadian verse and opening up the world repertoire. Nineteen seventy-five brought the young British director Robin Phillips, nice and imaginative, who stayed until 1980 and whose contribution was immense. He recruited such stars as Maggie Smith and Brian Bedford, who were more than a guest (Bedford became a regular, for outstanding Phillips himself); he imposed a production style that was both glossy and thoughtful, and he attracted international attention. The long, interlude midseason Stratford season of today is essentially Phillips's creation. His departure was followed by an uneasy fight over succession, which led in the turbulent reign of John Hinch, one of Canada's greatest directors, whose bold vision was rooted in his childhood experiences as a Jewish orphan in war-time Europe. What amounted to caretaker reigns by British actor-directors long resident in Canada — John Neville and David William — were followed by the rehabilitation of Monette in 1994.

One name missing from the acting ranks this year is that of Martin Harney, Stratford's first lady as surely as William Hart is its first gentleman, and Hart's stage partner in a large range of relationships. She made her Stratford debut in 1962 as Hart's daughter in The Tempest. Over the ensuing 30 years, she has been his niece in Troilus and Cressida, the object of his lust in Tortoise, and — most memorably — his wife in Long Day's Journey into Night. She was going to be in the golden public season, but the dates didn't pan out.
However, Henry, now an accomplished director as well as an actor, will be staging Richard III. Having worked both sides of the fence, and over so many years, he is ideally placed to observe the changes in leadership at Stratford.

“Langham was very rigorous, old school. He didn’t go to the bar. He didn’t pull around. When you want to see Mr. Langham in his office — nobody in my age group called him Michael — your heart pounded going up the stairs. There isn’t the same insistence nowadays that a director’s background be academically sound — today, they’re much friendlier, more casual, slightly more eccentric, slightly less prepared.”

“Hinch was a far cry from Langham — he was very rigorous but in a different tradition. He had a brooding energy. It was like being swept into the middle of a hurricane, filled with dark images. He had a great humour. He would tell stories about decline and destruction, stories about war.”

As for Robin Phillips: “Robin brought the most extraordinary capacity for work I’ve ever seen. He was at the theatre at 6 a.m., worked through until 9 p.m., when he had dinner at the Church restaurant, then he was up again at 3 a.m. Facing that kind of work ethic, you work harder yourself.”

“Gowat has an explosive, fiery personality. He was lots of fun in rehearsal. He showed that it’s possible to create an atmosphere in rehearsal hall, to create a level of joy that’s not so much about the play itself but in the whole atmosphere. Richard [Monette] does that too. A lot of achievement is produced through that atmosphere.”

Colin Fossey lives in Stratford, but this will be the first time he’s acted there in nearly a decade. “I’m going back to raise the flag for the 50th season. I also think doing My Fair Lady will be fun.” However, he’s only doing it for the first part of the season, later on the role will be taken by Gordon Win Davies, a past Stratford Henry V, and after that by Monette himself (who also directs the show). With a shifting movie career going, Fossey is reluctant not to commit for an entire season of several performances a week.

Fossey joined the Stratford Festival company in 1981 as a true but nervous juvenile (“I was reasonably well trained, but I had much to learn”) and played his last full year there in 1994, doing the twin swashbuckling roles of Cyrano de Bergerac and the Pirate King in The Pirates of Penzance. During those years he missed only one season (“They made me an offer I could refuse”) and finally departed because “I’d stayed too long in the fun.” He, like Martha Henry, worked for all of Stratford’s artistic directors except Guthrie, though not necessarily during their actual terms of office. Hinch had just taken over when Fossey got there, and the 25-year-old actor found himself cast in some substantial roles. One of them was Teveno in The Taming of the Shrew, which Hinch didn’t direct. “He came in on the opening night and said, ‘You’re supposed to be funny — I should have got Heath Lamberts.’” Still, Fossey survived and, after some retrenching, found himself three years later successfully playing Romeo, opposite the Juliet of Susa McHale. He then started playing bad guys, and in 1988 he even got to settle accounts with the Shrew, playing the lead role of Petruchio to great acclaim in what happened to be Monette’s first major Stratford production. “Richard had been Mercutio when I played Romeo, and even then he was-directing me backstage.”

Fossey muses that William Hurt would speak of acting as “a vocation — a priesthood.” And for the true third of the festival’s history, that was the case. “Twenty-five years ago, we thought we’d all be able to have careers that were wholly dedicated to the theatre. There was a sense of elan. Now there are thousands of people looking for jobs that don’t exist. Everything is more ruthless. Back then, TV and film were the last things on my mind.” Things are harder for management too. When Monette took office, it was on the firm understanding that he would balance the books, which he has done, surprisingly. Even so, burdens remain tight, and September 11 and its aftermath have made them
tighter. Plans for the 2002 season were scaled back dramatically in the wake of the terrorist attack.

"I went into the theatre to play in the most serious way," says Moomey. "Now I find I'm responsible for the livelihood of a town. The Stratford Festival brings about $275 million into the town every year. It's found money — people wouldn't come to Stratford without us. The festival has grown from a mom-and-pop operation into a major business.

"We get," he says, restating an ancient complaint, "$1.4 million in subsidies; we generate $156 million in taxes alone." Stratford is therefore reliant on box-office takings, and looks to the musicals to bolster financial support for the remainder of its playbill.

There are, however, other reasons for doing musicals. "When you've expanded from six weeks to more than six months, you have to offer variety," Moomey explains. "Also, our musicals are very well done." Modern plays, by contrast, are risky, even when they're well-known titles. For example, last year's highly praised production of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" did badly at the box office.

Still, risks have to be taken, and actors have to be trained. Some members of the very first season are still active at Stratford — William Hurt, Douglas Campbell (last year's Falstaff), William Nellis and sometimes Douglas Rain. In a fast-changing world, the Shakespearean tradition can no longer be passed on as automatically as before, and younger actors have less chance of learning the Shakespearean skills.

There has always been talk at Stratford of starting a theatre school, now there is one, a conservatory for people who are already professionals. And to judge from participants who have appeared at Stratford during the last few years, the conservatory is doing an excellent job. With the opening of the Studio (another long-cherished scheme) comes the next challenge: to do for new plays what is already being done for new actors at the Festival.

It's no secret that Stratford sometimes arouses envy, just by virtue of being Canada's longest-established institutional theatre. "People think it's cold and sorry," acknowledges Colin Foote, but he disagrees with the notion. "No," he adds, "I've never seen it as a dusty academic theatre."

Martha Henry is equally pragmatic: "I think the theatre world needs a place they can point to with pride and throw tomatoes at. You have to keep a theatre going — you can't sit still." And years later, some of those people make it clear to her and others who have made Stratford the centre of their career stories why it's all worth it — people who say, "I saw my first Shakespeare play at Stratford when I was 16. It changed my life.""

Robert Cohnman is the author of Fifty Seasons at Stratford, published this year by McClelland and Stewart/Mallinson Press.

A CLASSICAL REPertoire

guided by Daryus Chouinard
and Steven M. Rafflin, R.D.C.

A Connection with Imperial Oil

Imperial Oil's relationship with the Stratford Festival reaches back to 1953, when it contributed $1,000 in support of the theatre's first season. In the years since, Imperial has sponsored numerous productions, making the association with this renowned 1990 presentation of Chekhov's "The Seagull," directed by Robi Phillips and the Chekhov and starring Maggie Smith and Brian Bedford. But perhaps Imperial's most significant contribution has been in the areas of training and infrastructure. Over the years, it has been a major contributor to Stratford's Young Company, which was begun by Robi Phillips in 1975 as a training ground for actors and a source of vital productions in its own right. Apart from

providing financial support to the Young Company itself, Imperial has supported individual productions presented by it, including "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" (1986) and Phillips's memorable "Almeida and John" (1987), which introduced a new generation of Stratford stars to the world.

In 1982, Imperial began making contributions to Stratford's Artistic Campaign, a project focused on the renovation of the Festival Theatre. Imperial's contributions to the Stratford Festival as a vehicle now total nearly $10 million.

Imperial began supporting the Shakespeare on Student program in 1983. An educational initiative that focuses on high school students, the program since Stratford Festival artists
IN Nova Scotia's South Shore community of Lunenburg, you can tell the buildings belonging to the Adams and Knickle lobster business by their bay-look-at-me shade of red. Identified by the town's paint suppliers simply as "A and K red," it's recognizable as a trademark as, say, McDonald's golden arches, albeit on a smaller scale. Indeed, when the firm repainted one of its buildings a year or so ago, some local residents made a coat of pink primer for the finished job and nearly marched to protest.

I first ran across the company in 1975, when my wife and I, vacationing in the area, popped into its waterfront marine supply store in search of warm clothing to cope with an unexpected spell of cold weather. We bought a pair of dandy fishermen's sweaters and fell into conversation with Graham Knickle (you pronounce the initial K, "Krab-nickle"), a grandson of one of the firm's founders, Alexander Knickle. From him we learned that Adams and Knickle had been in business since 1897 (it started as a ship's chandlery), making it one of the oldest surviving Lunenburg enterprises, and that in 1954, it introduced deep-sea dragging for scallops to the area. (Scallops, you must understand, are to the economy of Lunenburg roughly what the energy business is to Calgary.)

Graham Knickle, who was the firm's operations manager, was an enthusiast. He delved into drawers to show us photographs of some of the firm's vessels of bygone days and produced one of the company's very earliest sales records, which recorded, in immaculate copperplate, every single transaction for the period 1900 to 1902.

A month or so ago, I again found myself in Lunenburg and, on my first visit, was caught by the weather. An early April northeaster had given way to plummeting temperatures, and it was snowing when I arrived. So I headed to the Adams and Knickle store in search of another fisherman's sweater. The store was still there, resplendent as ever in a new coat of A and K red, and there was still a Knickle on the premises—this time David Knickle, a nephew of the man I'd met the first time and a great-grandson of Alexander Knickle. David, like his uncle before him, was operations manager.

There had, he said, been some changes. Over the last decade or so, the drop in the number of deep-sea vessels had rendered the marine-supply side of the business unviable—the premises were kept open, though, to sell scallops to the public. Says Jane Adams Rice, granddaughter of co-founder Harry Adams and the firm's current president: "The people of Lunenburg have been buying scallops fresh off the boat from Adams and Knickle for more than 50 years, and I think they have a right to expect that to continue."

It's not only the Adams and Knickle business that has had to adjust to new circumstances. Lunenburg itself has seen some major changes since 1991, when the original town was designated a national historic site by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada on the strength of its fine colonial town plan and the authenticity of its architecture. Four years later, UNESCO's
World Heritage Committee named "Old Town Lunenburg" a World Heritage Site (thus it joined such distinguished company as the Pyramids, the Acropolis and the Great Wall of China), citing it as an excellent example of planned European settlement in North America.

The reaction of many Lunenburg residents to these honours was, frankly, one of astonishment. For as long as they could remember, Lunenburg had been, well, just another South Shore fishing community - the colour of the bunch, general, and prettier than some, for sure, but aside from its own more glamorous days as a shipbuilding centre, nothing all that special. Says Rice, who was born and grew up in the town: "Although I attended Lunenburg Academy (recognized as an architectural jewel by the Architectural Conservancy of Nova Scotia) and worshipped at St. John's Anglican Church (one of the oldest churches in the province), it was never my intention to stay in Lunenburg."

But it was different. Formal settlement of the town began in 1753, when the British landed 1,453 immigrants, for the most part farmers recruited from Protestant congregations along the Upper Rhine Valley.

The military provided the newcomers with wooden die, boards, saws, hammers, a few nails and a street plan. Printed in London by the Board of Trade and Plantations (the administrators of Britain's colonies) without reference to local topography, the plan called for five north-south streets intersected at right angles by eight east-west streets. The board even dictated street names: the widest vertical street was to be King. The other streets were to be named after Duke and Prince and one named after Peregine Hopson, the governor of the territory; the horizontal streets were to be named after members of the British Parliament, according to his board of trade.

From such prescriptive beginnings was to emerge the style of whimsical and decorative vernacular architecture that is such a notable feature of present-day Lunenburg. The earliest structures were modest in scope, but by the middle of the prosperous 19th century - the heyday of the town's shipbuilding industry - there were a number of grand Victorian homes, virtually all constructed of wood. Even today, the town's architectural hallmark is the "Lunenburg bump," a large dormer window overlooking the front door of a house to provide additional space and light to the upper stories.

Of the score or so "model towns" that the British established in North America (including Cornwall and Niagara-on-the-Lake in Ontario; Savannah, Georgia; and Philadelphia), none has preserved its grid and its original structures in such pristine condition as Lunenburg. It has been said that poverty is the friend of preservation. The town has endured since the 19th century - the virtual disappearance of its shipbuilding industry and the more recent decline of the fishery and dependent businesses - are perhaps what has saved so many of the old houses from modern renovation.

The international recognition of Lunenburg's architectural continuity and historical importance has engendered a new sense of pride - and market value - among the townspeople. (Heritage" has become a subject in the local school classrooms.) Of the 400 buildings that survive in the original town, many are being sympathetically restored and repainted in traditional heritage colours, while others that may have been less carefully renovated in the past are being reworked. ("The vinyl siding has been disappearing in a big hurry," says Rice.)

The effect of this burst of activity has been to give the town a spruced-up, but pleasingly authentic, appearance.

As might be expected, the film industry has been taking advantage of Lunenburg's charms. In the mid-1990s it provided the setting for Dolores Claiborne, a big-budget American murder mystery starring Christopher Plummer. (The lady who showed me to my room in the hotel confirmed that it was the very one that had been occupied by Plummer during the two months it took to shoot the film.) Soon after came other major movies, Siman Birch and Two If By Sea, as well as a number of made-for-television productions. These days, on average, one film a year is shot, or partly shot, in Lunenburg. (This is not a new phenomenon. David Dodge, who in 1945 told me his uncle Graham had signed on as a stand-in for Gregory Peck, to whom he bore a remarkable resemblance, during the making of the long-forgotten 1952 epic The World in His Arms.)

And indubitably, with Lunenburg's status as a World Heritage Site have come the trippers. Over the past 10 years or so, tourism has developed into a serious source of revenue for Lunenburg, and every summer 300,000 visitors from all over the world crowd into the town's old, winding streets. Many of Lunenburg's former private residences - once the imposing homes of prosperous shipowners, captains of industry and captains of sail - now serve as comfortable inns and bed-and-breakfast establishments.

A major attraction is the Fisheries Museum of the Atlantic. Imaginatively housed in the old buildings of a former fish-processing plant on Lunenburg's waterfront, the museum chronicles the rich fishing heritage of the Atlantic provinces through a comprehensive collection of artefacts, including the Theresa E. Connor, the last dory schooner to fish out of Lunenburg, which is tied up at the museum's wharf.

But the most enduring feature of the waterfront is the Bluenose II, a replica of the original. A working fishing schooner, the original Bluenose was built and launched in Lunenburg in 1921 and was undefeated in an 18-year racing career against American competitors for the International Fishermen's Trophy.

Bluenose's legendary master, Captain Angus Walters, who was at the schooner's helm for all of her racing victories, is scarcely less famous. Like his ship, he has had a Canadian stamp issued in his honour. I interviewed Captain Angus, as he was universally known, in the 1960s for a book I was writing on Canadian sailing. I recall meeting a weatherbeaten giant with eyes narrowed against distant horizons; instead he turned out to be a slightly built, deceptively mild-mannered man who, long retired from the sea, was running a dairy. He spoke of his great racing achievements in the same matter-of-fact tone in which he discussed his job as a fishing captain - for a true son of Lunenburg, it was all in a day's work.

Bluenose II was built in 1963 from identical plans and by some of the same craftsmen who fashioned the original schooner. Now owned by the government of Nova Scotia, the ship visits various Canadian and American ports each summer to promote tourism and trade.

And these days, some uncustomed shapes have begun to rise in this once ship- and salt-masted schooners and the workaday druggers on the Lunenburg waterfront. Always anxious to add new and interesting destinations to their itineraries, the cruise lines have begun calling at the port. Lunenburg has enjoyed the additional business, but other residents are concerned that increased tourism could lead to Lunenburg's being transformed from an active community into a kind of maritime theme park. Rice, however, sees little danger of that happening so long as the town maintains, as she puts it, "a working waterfront," and so long as a prosperous shipbuilding industry and its associated enterprises continue to provide steady employment for a substantial number of residents. There is no reason, she believes, why the fishers and tourism cannot enjoy a symbiotic relationship.

Certainly the town has seen many changes over the last half-century; present-day Lunenburg is a far cry from the town I first visited in the 1960s. But what hasn't changed is the essential spirit of the place. If the enterprise and resilience that the town's population has displayed for the past 249 years is any indication, Lunenburg has a lot of life left in it yet. - Wynne Thomas
Where Old Cars Come to a Good End

An innovative program supported by Imperial Oil, Get Heaven is helping to get older, higher-polluting cars off the road.

BY RUSSELL FELTON

It was a tough decision to have her put down. She'd been faithful to me, but she was almost 15 years old and falling behind her. She'd recently failed one important health test, and restoring her to better condition would be expensive and likely only temporary. Better, I decided in the end, to let her go quietly to her rest and replaced her.

So one morning last summer I made the call that set in motion the process of having her taken away - "she" being my...
The Clean Air Foundation, in its literature, states, "Dedicated to developing, facilitating and funding public engagement programs and strategic approaches that lead to a measurable improvement in air quality in Ontario." In practical terms, says its personable executive director, Ian Morton, the foundation recognized from the outset that smog and other air-quality concerns should not be addressed by focusing exclusively on technological solutions, such as switching from hydrocarbon-based fuels like gasoline and diesel to alternative fuels and energy sources. "There are many organizations promoting alternative fuels and other long-term solutions," Morton says. "We believe there are several simple but concrete actions that individual consumers can take today that can have an impact on air quality in general and smog formation in particular. One of those actions is to get older, out-of-date, highly polluting vehicles off the road.

The Clean Air Foundation set about achieving its objectives, Morton says, by helping to forge partnerships with government, industry, and public interest and environmental organizations. "Some organizations with environmental aims tend to see the private sector as the problem, but we take the opposite view," he says. "We work with the market system and with the private sector, rather than at odds with them, to achieve tangible, measurable results.

The Car Heaven program, sponsored by Imperial and the Ontario Ministry of the Environment, along with Ontario Power Generation Inc., Auto Trader magazine, Ontario Automotive Recyclers Association, Toyota Canada Inc. and Ford Motor Company of Canada Ltd., is an example of the foundation's collaborative approach. Morton says, "Imperial is an ideal partner for Car Heaven," he tells me in the organization's offices on the second floor of a smallish building on Toronto's Yonge Street. "First, the company's a leader in its industry, and being able to use our Car Heaven angels at

Enthusiastic young people visited Esso service stations to chat with customers about how to reduce energy consumption in day-to-day driving

Esso service stations give us direct access to the people we're trying to reach — individuals who drive older vehicles. But I also believe that Imperial is genuinely interested in helping their customers improve air quality by using energy wisely. It's more than just a lip-service commitment."

Brian Fischer, Imperial's senior vice-president, products and chemicals, agrees. "We recognize that Imperial and the petroleum industry in general are often viewed as part of the air-quality problem rather than part of the solution," he says. "Yet everyone in the company, like all Canadians, wants cleaner air and less smog in urban areas, which is the number one air-quality issue in Canada today. Using energy wisely and efficiently can have a positive impact, and getting older 'clunkers' off the road is particularly important."
Just how much of a difference Car Heaven and similar initiatives could make is pointed out by James Alden, director of business development at the Clean Air Foundation. "The fact is, the new low-emission vehicles of today create 80 to 90 percent fewer smog-producing emissions than vehicles manufactured just a decade ago," states Alden. "So obviously, there's an enormous benefit to getting older vehicles off the road."

"In its first year of operation, the Car Heaven program was instrumental in getting almost 5,000 of these vehicles off the road in Ontario," Alden's point takes on even greater significance when one considers that automobiles and light-duty trucks to be sold for the 2004 model year (starting in mid- to late 2003) will be substantially lower emitting than today's new cars, as a result of both a new generation of emission-control technologies in the vehicles themselves and cleaner-burning, low-sulphur gasolines.

Gilfes Morel, a regulatory affairs adviser with Imperial's environment and safety department, explains. "Standards governing the pollutants emitted as exhaust from automobiles were first established in Canada and the United States in the early 1970s. Since then, emissions of the nitrogen oxides and volatile organic compounds (unburned hydrocarbons) that contribute to smog, and of carbon monoxide, have been reduced by more than 90 percent on a per-kilometre-driven base as a result of advances in vehicle emission-control systems and corresponding improvements in fuel composition. Airborne compounds of lead, once a significant concern, have been virtually eliminated since the phasing out of lead-based gasoline additives in the early 1990s."

"Emission standards that will apply to 2004 and later model-year automobiles and light-duty trucks will be significantly more stringent still," Morel explains. "In fact, a recent study commissioned by Environment Canada estimates that between 1995 and 2020, vehicular emissions of nitrogen oxides will be reduced by more than 85 percent, and of volatile organic compounds and carbon monoxide by about 75 percent. Emissions of sulphur dioxide from vehicles are also expected to be reduced by 90 percent in the 2002-2006 period because of the introduction of low-sulphur gasoline and low-sulphur diesel fuel for road vehicles."

"What this means in simple terms," Morel concludes, "is that starting with the 2004 model year, tailpipe emissions from a new automobile will be dramatically lower than they are today, and only infinitesimal percentages of what they were before standards were introduced." And this means that air quality will improve further as new models replace aging and outdated vehicles. Moreover, because new vehicles not only meet the new standards for lower emissions but are also substantially more fuel efficient, the environmental benefits of stepping up the turnover rate of Canada's total vehicle population become even more apparent. "The combination of a new generation of emission-control technology, cleaner-burning fuels and more fuel-efficient engines augers well for significantly improved air quality in the near future," says Morel.

An additional environmental benefit of the Car Heaven program is that the vehicles taken out of service are disposed of in a responsible manner as a result of the fact that one of the Clean Air Foundation's partners is the Ontario Automotive Recyclers Association. Dominic Vetere, past president of the association, points out that the days when car 'scrappers' simply removed reusable parts of old vehicles and crushed the rest for scrap metal are gone. "When a vehicle is dismantled today by one of our 170 member companies, not only are all fluids, including gasoline, engine oil, transmission and brake fluids and air-conditioning freon, captured and recycled, but batteries, tires and mercury-containing electron switches are also removed and recycled. Essentially, everything that can be recycled is recycled, and everything that can pollute the environment is captured."

In addition, Vetere points out, member companies of his association guarantee that so-called 'live' vehicles -- those that have been licensed or insured within the past six months -- will in fact be dismantled and not put back on the road. "While ours has never been a strongly regulated industry, the member companies of our association -- which account for some 400,000 vehicles a year -- have established a code of business conduct and are committed to responsible practice," Vetere says.

It was a sunny and warm morning when I bid a final farewell to my faithful -- well, generally faithful, although occasionally not so reliable -- old friend and companion. A well-mannered young man came and hauled her up to a tow truck and trundled her off to an automobile recycler recommended by the Car Heaven program, while I rode up front in the cab of the truck. At the recycling company, I was given a receipt indicating that I'd made a donation to the Kidney Foundation of Canada, a registered charity. Then, after removing the licence plates and giving her a last pat on her battered fender, I said goodbye.

Do I miss her? Well, occasionally, but the parting was caused by the fact that it benefited the Kidney Foundation. And now that I've replaced her with a younger, somewhat sportier and, yes, much cleaner running and more fuel-efficient model, I have to say I don't miss her at all that much.
Robert Manuge

Gallery owner, promoter of Nova Scotia, and blueberry farmer

Church met a well-to-do woman named Lena Hurns-Johnston. "She taught me under her wing," says Manuge, explaining that she helped him improve his speech and taught him how to act at social functions and to appreciate art and music. More importantly, she made him believe in himself.

Within six months of his arrival in Amherst, Manuge found a new job as a clerk with Canadian National Express. It marked the beginning of a career in business and management that was to see him move swiftly through the ranks at a number of companies in several locations, including Moncton, Halifax and Montreal.

It was after Manuge moved to Montréal in 1943 to work for Air Canada that his love of art was ignited. "I had an apartment near the Museum of Fine Arts," he explains. "I always went there and became fascinated with the paintings of the Group of Seven, largely because most of them reminded me of home." In 1951, Manuge spent $75 to buy his first piece of art, a painting of a B.C. forest by Arthur Lismer. Shortly after this, he met A.Y. Jackson while on a business trip to Ottawa and bought one of his paintings (for $120), which he later donated to the Province of Nova Scotia. It is now part of the collection of the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. "I didn't buy the paintings as an investment," explains Manuge. "I simply liked them."

In 1963, Manuge took over the helm of Industrial Estates Limited, a Crown corporation aimed at promoting industrial development in Nova Scotia, and spent the next seven years writing letters promoting the province and flying hundreds of thousands of kilometres around the world. He worked and dined with business barons and visited hundreds of factories all over the world. When the work was done, he acquired museums and galleries.

Manuge met his wife, Elizabeth, a clinical psychologist, in Montreal in 1954. Art drew them together, and by 1970 the couple had acquired nearly 100 pieces, estimated to be the largest private collection in Atlantic Canada. In 1971, Manuge left Industrial Estates. Two years later, he and Elizabeth opened Manuge Galleries Ltd. on Halifax's Hollis Street.

In the gallery, Manuge was able to combine his love of art, business acumen and promotional ability. "I was a man with an interest in business, and he turned his love of collecting works of art into a full-time business," says Celia Roberts, daughter of the Canadian art critic Tom Roberts, whose works Manuge exhibited at his gallery during the 1970s and early 1980s. "It wasn't for people like Robert, who have the vision to bring Canadian art to the people, we could start to love our identity. Artists need people like the Manuges to foster Canadian art."

Paul Deakin, a former arts and entertainment editor for the Halifax Chronicle-Herald and the Mail-Star, followed Manuge's career for nearly 25 years. "He encouraged artists and was one of the most important figures in the visual arts in Nova Scotia," Deakin comments. "Like everything he's touched, he's gone at it with all guns blazing."

Despite the fact that Manuge is an art critic, he says he is not what motivates his work in the art field. As Deakin explains, Manuge has made remarkable donations of art to public institutions. Not only did he contribute personally and directly, says Deakin, but he also helped wealthy businesspeople build impressive private collections, which one day may also be donated to public institutions.

Manuge's most public dealings with art are associated with the private collection of Sir William Cornelius Van Horne, builder of the Canadian Pacific Railway. A great patron of the arts, Van Horne developed an extensive collection of European masters and Japanese porcelains and was an accomplished painter in his own right.

In 1979, Manuge purchased 21 works painted by Van Horne through an art dealer in the United States. Believing that the paintings were historically significant and should reside in Canada, Manuge had them restored and set out to find a Canadian buyer.

Unsuccessful in this venture, he gave up after four years and made arrangements for the paintings to be put up for sale in England at an auction of railway collectibles. Just before the auction was to take place, however, a representative from Imperial Oil contacted him, offering to purchase the collection.

The paintings would later in Canada and be donated to the Province of New Brunswick.

Twenty-three years later, Manuge has embarked on another mission concerning the Van Horne collection. "I would like once and for all to establish that these paintings have a cultural and historical significance to Canada," he says. "It's time to mount a Van Horne exhibition - an expository." Manuge is hoping that the art collection can be gathered together and exhibited for a year, and perhaps even taken across the country.

Meanwhile, Manuge continues to expand his blueberry fields. At 80, he remains as indomitable as ever... Sandhu Pham.
If you strolled past the maple trees in front of 216 First Street in Duck Lake, Sask., the dog tied on the front porch might bark, but all in all the house would appear little different from others that line the boulevards of the small town. For unless you look behind the building’s yellow siding, it’s not apparent that the house holds a piece in Canadian history.

Built in 1894, 216 First Street is one of just a handful of Métis folk houses remaining in Canada. Under the siding, finely crafted dovetail joints marry logs that were hand hewn and squared by members of the 1885 Red Rebellion, whose first shots were fired near this town. “When we moved into the house, we had no idea it had any special historical significance,” recalls Ron Buzylak, who bought the building six years ago. “One day, we tried to pull a spike out of the wall. We used nail pullers, crowbars and levers, but it stayed put. We realized there was something unusual about the construction but not that it was a Métis folk house.” It was an archaeologist friend who put two and two together.

The Métis are descendants of unions between aboriginals and Europeans that developed during the days of the Western Canadian fur trade, which began in the mid-1600s. By the mid-1800s, the Métis had become a distinctive people, with an identifiable culture that incorporated elements of both its European and its aboriginal roots and had a language of its own, known as Michif.

By 1870, about 10,000 Métis lived in and around the Red River Settlement (now Winnipeg). Constituting the largest single Métis group, they derived their livelihood from the fur trade and communal bison hunts. During the next decade, however, an influx of

Noël Arcand House
Noël Arcand built this house in 1894 but abandoned it during the tensions of 1885. In the 1950s, the house was moved to Duck Lake, where the Pabman family lived in it until the late 1980s, after which it was once again abandoned.

Charles LaViolette House
Built in 1895 by Charles LaViolette, the house sits on a farm owned by the Magnin family about 15 kilometres west of St. Louis, Sask. The original lean-to has been torn down and the flat river-stone foundation is still visible.
settlers from Ontario forced many of the Metis to move further west. Housed here were farming, and they needed to find an alternative means of supporting themselves. Many turned to farming.

In 1895, a substantial number of Metis had settled in what is now Saskatoon, many in the former parish of St. Laurent de Grandpré, which included Duck Lake.

The houses they built had a distinct architectural style. The St. Laurent folk houses, as scholars came to call them, generally had one and half-story and a medium-pitched gable roof. The houses usually had a central front door with windows placed symmetrically on either side. "The symmetry with which the façade is executed provides a Georgian-like architectural appearance that seems abruptly foreign to a recently transformed buffalo-hunting people," writes David Buttery, an archaeology professor at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C., in the journal Historical Archaeology. While the exterior of the houses reflect the Métis European roots, the open interior reflects the communal lifestyle of their aboriginal ancestors. "When one entered the house, one did not confront doors, familiarity or privacy, but came upon the range of activities incorporated with the Métis domestic sphere," writes Buttery.

"The interior of the house facilitated a flexible use of space, and it emulated the earlier floor plan of the expensively built wintering village structures." Buttery compares the various cultural features integrated into the Métis folk houses to the Micmac language. These features, he writes, "correspond to the lexicon of Micmac. They are the 'words' from which the house type has been built, a symbol of the building components together in the grammar."

"Constructed of ochre available white poplar or spruce logs, the folk houses included a roof ceiling beneath the living area and a shed adjoining the house that was used for storage and as a summer kitchen. A simple staircase ran up one wall of the house, leading to the upper sleeping area. 'Swelling was often inserted vertically into the wall logs to provide extra strength,' explains Ed Bruce, a Métis elder from St. Louis, Sask. The exterior walls were plastered with wattle and daub.

Today, only eight St. Laurent folk houses remain. Two are still lived in, one has been preserved at the Batoche National Historic Site, and the remaining six empty and forlorn walls form a silent reminder of Canada's rich Métis heritage.

Jean Caron House

Jean Caron, a farmer, constructed this house in 1895 to replace the original, which had been built in the early 1880s and was destroyed by the North West Field Force during the Battle of Batoche in 1885. Caron and three of his sons had fought in the battle.

In Closing

Cultural Exchange

When Emma Dienes was 15 years old, she was one of four Toronto children on the Canadian delegation to an international children's village in Brazil. There she spent a month living with 11-year-olds from around the world, in a summer kitchen. A simple staircase ran up one wall of the house, leading to the open sleeping area. "Swelling was often inserted vertically into the wall logs to provide extra strength," explains Ed Bruce, a Métis elder from St. Louis, Sask. The exterior walls were plastered with wattle and daub.

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In Closing

Cultural Exchange

When Emma Dienes was 15 years old, she was one of four Toronto children on the Canadian delegation to an international children's village in Brazil. There she spent a month living with 11-year-olds from 11 other countries, including Bulgaria and Japan. It was the beginning of her association with Children's International Summer Villages (CISV), an organization devoted to promoting peace and cultural understanding by bringing young people from different cultures together. Three years later, in July 1999, Emma visited Denmark with CISV.

In the summer of 2000, she once again set foot on an adventure. This time, however, she wasn't heading off to learn about the cultures of other countries but of her own. She and four other teenagers from the Toronto branch of CISV, along with three adult facilitators, travelled to the municipality of Red Lake, Ont., 560 kilometers northwest of Thunder Bay, where they joined a 12-member delegation from a First Nations community in the municipality. Together, the delegations rode through the bush to a remote island in Trout Lake.

They spent three days living together on the island and participating in a workshop focused on developing leadership skills. "It was a very valuable experience for everyone," says Karen Dinnemann, an Ojibway rapper who works with young aboriginal people and was a facilitator with the Red Lake delegation. "The two groups of kids had very different skill sets, and they learned a lot from each other. The kids from here have a better comfort level in the bush. The CISV kids, because of their previous experiences in non-group situations, were more able to express their feelings verbally."

Emma admits that it wasn't an easy three days. Participants faced the physical challenges of hiking and canoeing through the bush with all their supplies, of setting up camp and of living in the wilderness. And they faced the emotional challenges of forging the two delegations into a cohesive whole. Despite the rigorous, or perhaps because of them, Emma believes the experience was very worthwhile. "Things can't always be easy," she reflects wisely. "Difficult experiences can teach us a lot."

The biggest challenge, says Gillian Benson, chair of CISV's international leadership training committee and one of the facilitators with the Toronto group, was breaking down the barriers of stereotypes that separated the two delegations. "The traditional native routine during circle was really helpful," she notes. "Delegates and leaders would gather in a circle and pass a stone from one to the other. When a person held the stone, it was his or her turn to speak or simply to reflect in silence – no one else could talk. The powerful thoughts and feelings shared by participants during these moments showed how close they became in just three days," Benson comments.

Delegates also participated in team building and collaborative activities, discussed perceived roles of leadership and the idea of community, says Benson. "They came to recognize the leader that exists in each of them."

What was particularly satisfying for the facilitators was to see the delegates learn from one another. "The Red Lake delegation taught the Toronto kids how to live off the land while respecting it," says Benson. "The Toronto kids shared their experiences with CISV, and two Red Lake participants were so interested that they went on to attend the five-day CISV national conference near Waterloo, Ont., which brought young people together from right across the country."

Benson also points out that participants formed a great bond by seeing themselves through the eyes of others. "One night we were sitting on the rocks by the lake, watching the Northern Lights," she recalls. "The kids from Toronto were marvelling at them and at the natural beauty of the area. Later, a girl from Red Lake said, 'It made me realize I live in a really beautiful place – I'd never seen it that way before.'"

While the delegates came to appreciate the differences among them, they also realized that they had much in common. "On the last day, we created two murals from the two halves of a red shoe," Benson explains. The murals depicted the group members' visions for their communities. "What we discovered," she says, "is that in all we wanted the same things – clean air and water, safety and acceptance. Today, one mural resides in Red Lake, the other in Toronto."

The relationship between CISV Toronto and Red Lake will continue. This summer, both will send delegations into the Northern Ontario bush to share ideas and learn from each other.

Dorothy Allan, an American social worker who died this year at the age of 80 was the founder of CISV, and in 1979, the Year of the Child, was nominated for a Nobel peace prize for her work. She believed that the way to peace is to develop understanding in the world was to bring young people from different cultures together to learn from each other to appreciate their similarities and celebrate their differences. As Gillian Benson points out, the youth involved in these experiences with CISV, and two Red Lake participants were so interested