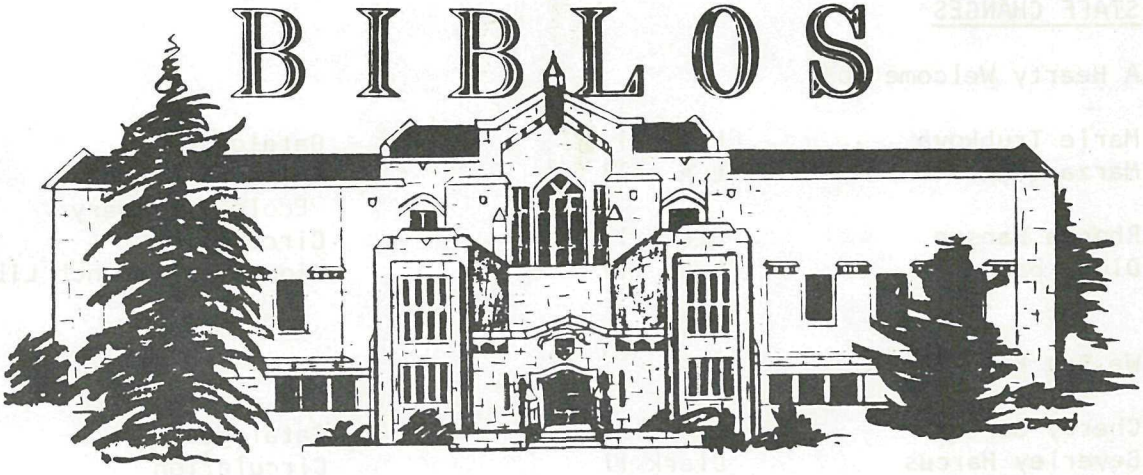
BIBLOS



VOL. 7 NO. 2 U.B.C. LIBRARY STAFF NEWSLETTER NOVEMBER 1970

It is that time of year again when thoughts are likely turning towards the realization that Christmas is less than a month away. Within these pages you will find some announcements of what the Library staff can look forward to by way of celebrating the festive season.

There are also reports, introductions, travelogues, and even a letter from a parliamentary minister addressed to all who signed the petition. A mixed bag you might say.

In the December Biblos we promise you an interesting mixture of Christmas goodies topped off with an unusual contest - with prize.

Don't forget to think about your donation for the staff smorgasbord (see back page) and buy your ticket NOW for the pre-season bash!

UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

STAFF CHANGES

A Hearty Welcome To:

Marie Trubkova	L.A. II	Catalogue
Marza Shen	L.A. III	Animal Resource Ecology Library
Rhonda Hanson	Clerk II	Circulation
Diana Bacon	L.A. III	Biomedical Branch Library

We Say Farewell To:

Cherry Carter	L.A. II	Catalogue
Beverley Harcus	Clerk II	Circulation
Terri Bergsma	L.A. III	Animal Resource Ecology Library
Donna Hockin	Sr. Key Punch Operator	Systems

THE FIRST DATE OF
CHRISTMAS
CECIL GREEN PARK
DECEMBER 10TH
BRING YOUR FRIENDS
HAVE FUN !!

THE FOLLOWING LETTER WAS RECEIVED IN RESPONSE TO THE PETITION CONCERNING THE FLOODING OF THE SKAGIT VALLEY WHICH WAS FORWARDED TO JACK DAVIS, MINISTER OF FISHERIES AND FORESTRY.

MINISTER OF FISHERIES AND FORESTRY — CANADA — MINISTRE DES PÊCHES ET DES FORÊTS

November 12, 1970.

Mr. Lois J. Carrier,
2193 West 19th Avenue,
Vancouver 8, B.C.

Dear Mr. Carrier:

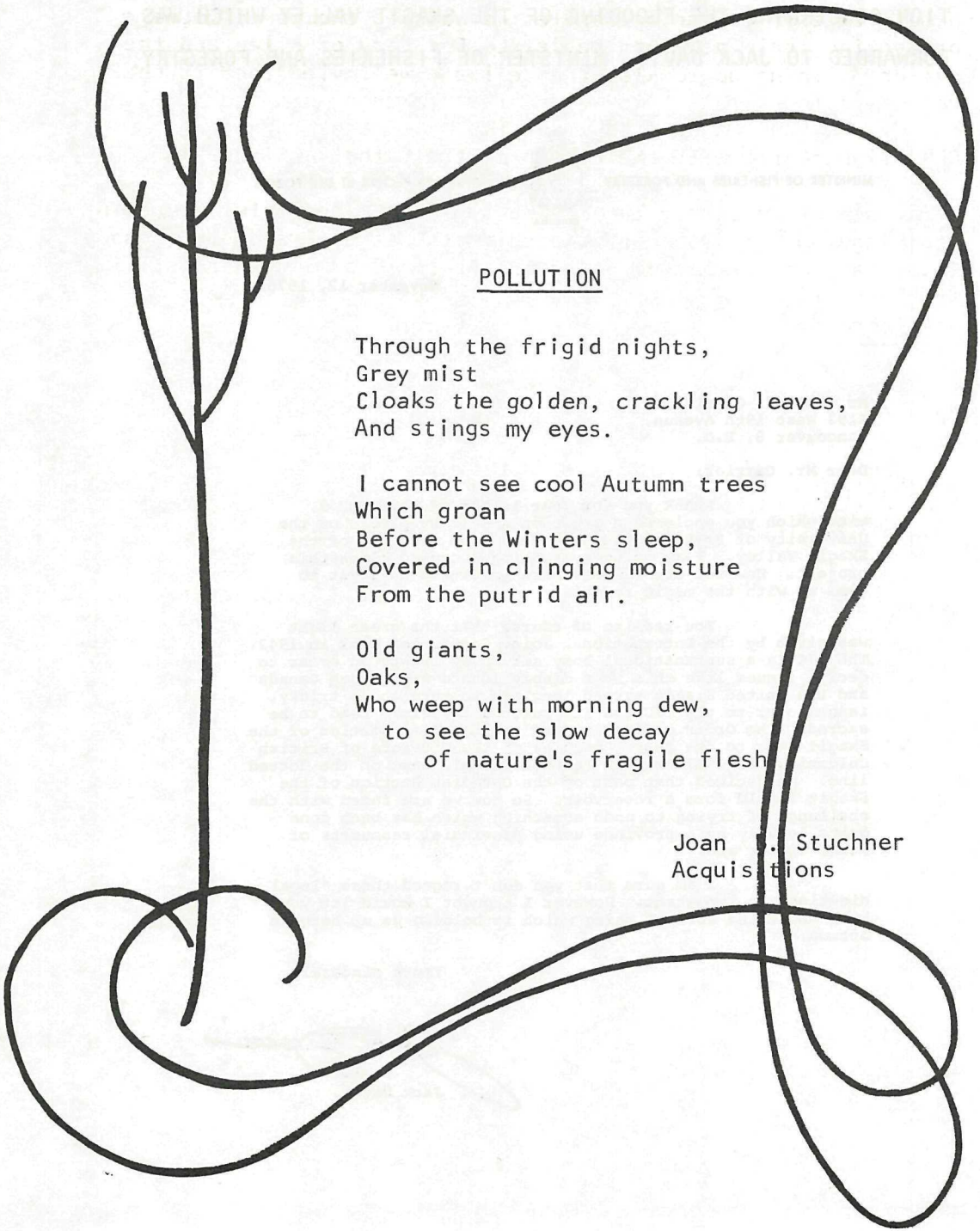
Thank you for your letter of November 9, with which you enclosed a petition signed by people on the University of British Columbia, about the flooding of the Skagit Valley. I am doing everything I can to block this project. However our lawyers here in Ottawa have yet to come up with the magic formula.

You realize of course that the green light was given by the International Joint Commission back in 1942. The IJC is a supranational body set up by Treaty in order to decide issues like this in a dispassionate way. Both Canada and the United States agreed long ago to turn these tricky issues over to the IJC and its rulings therefore tend to be sacred. The Order of 1942 turned the Canadian section of the Skagit over to the tender mercies of the Province of British Columbia. In 1967 Premier Bennett put his name on the dotted line. He decided that part of the Canadian section of the Skagit should form a reservoir. So now we are faced with the challenge of trying to undo something which has been done quite legally by a province using provincial resources of land, timber etc.

I am sure that you don't regard these "legal niceties" as important. However I thought I would let you know about the sort of thing which is holding us up here in Ottawa.

Yours sincerely,

Jack Davis.



POLLUTION

Through the frigid nights,
Grey mist
Cloaks the golden, crackling leaves,
And stings my eyes.

I cannot see cool Autumn trees
Which groan
Before the Winters sleep,
Covered in clinging moisture
From the putrid air.

Old giants,
Oaks,
Who weep with morning dew,
to see the slow decay
of nature's fragile flesh

Joan D. Stuchner
Acquisitions

LOOKING BACKWARDS WITH PAT BOLTON

Remember November 1970? That's not too much to ask as it was only this month. Well, not much happened that made it any different from November 1969. We got the usual November 11th holiday, staff turnover was about the same as any other November, and there still wasn't enough space to go around. But let's go back to the Novembers of the thirties and forties and see how different things were then.

In 1935 the main problem was the mice who were nibbling the newspaper collection.

1936 entered us into the "space age" or shall we say the "lack of space age". Even in 1936 when it only took one typist to do all the cataloguing work plus all library typing with the exception of ordering books (which was done by one other typist) there wasn't enough space. If we had only two typists in the library now, think of all the space we'd have!

In 1937 an additional "page" was appointed at the Circulation Desk, receiving the grand salary of $50.00 per month. After all, a clerical assistant with a B.A. specializing in reference work received only $100.00 per month. Back to space again and a terrible thing was happening - the men's and women's cloak rooms" were being used as study rooms and the "common rooms" were being used as reading rooms.

Things were really beginning to boom in 1938 with Inter-library Loans rising to ten per month and the total staff was fifteen. Eleanor Mercer was appointed as assistant to the head of Circulation.

With the outbreak of war in 1939, the customs authorities refused clearance of any book of German origin, but Inter-library loans rose to 14 anyway. Approximately 60 - 70 students were using the stacks at the same time that year.

Let's compare the forties to the present and see how things have changed. Interlibrary loans were 63 per month in 1940 and right now they number approximately 183 - not including xeroxed books.

The monthly circulation of books was about 20,000 in 1940 and jumped around between twenty and thirty thousand for the next ten years. Right now it is approximately 60,000.

Of course, the greatest increase is in staff which was 12 in 1940 and remained at 12 until 1943. In 1944 it rose to 16 and doubled in 1945 to 32. At the close of the decade it was 55 and right now there are approximately 400 of us. That means there has been a 728% increase in twenty years. If we keep increasing staff and running out of room at the present rate, we will be a LITTLE crowded in 1990 with 2912 staff members in the same working area.

Pat Bolton

SANGRIA

Makes a delicious drink for the festive season. Here are two recipes straight from Spain: SANGRIA - SAVOY HOTEL - MADRID.

Pour over crushed ice in a highball glass.

4 oz claret
4 oz pineapple juice
dash of lemon
sugar to taste
fill glass with sparkling water

SANGRIA - HOTEL ORIENTE - BARCELONA

1 bottle red wine
a little cognac
" " cointreau
orange & lemon slices
dash of sugar
small bitter club soda
serve in jug with ice and large wooden spoon for stirring.

HANDMAIDS CORNER II

On Monday, November 9th, the first collection of paintings to be shown in the coffee lounge was opened and the response has been very positive.

The artist, Mr. Ihor Todoruk, is now living in Vancouver. He is well known in New York and San Francisco and has had "One Man Shows" in both cities. He is also well known as a writer. Several of his best known works are: Poppin Magazine, Consider It Amongst Friends, 555-1212, and his new Magazine - Gypsy. We are sure that many people are enjoying this show and look forward to ones to follow.

Unfortunately we have had little response to our request for people within the library to come forward with their own paintings, drawings, and craft work for display and sale. Please let us know if you do anything so that we may include it in our display. Also, if you know of people who do anything in this line, please tell us about them so that we may contact them. (We promise not to tell them how we got their name.)

We are hoping that this will be a success but it will not work unless we have staff members willing to help with this project so please contact either Rick Welch, or myself and let us include your work.

David Miller

INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF LIBRARY ASSOCIATIONS 36th SESSION,

Moscow and Leningrad, August 23 - September 15.

An abstruse German paper remains an abstruse German paper even when delivered with simultaneous translation into English, Russian, and French. IFLA, then, even more than most conferences had its greatest value in the people it brought together and where it brought them together. Administrators, cataloguers, and reference librarians hobnobbed with their counterparts from varying countries and cultures. The old game is being played by a great variety of rules, but the game remains recognizable.

At the Conference there was little which was new undertaken. Work continues on the Standard Bibliographic Description. It was proposed to develop a standard way of arranging cards within voluminous entries, perhaps a standard list of conventional titles.

Meeting in Moscow on the centennial of Lenin's birth, and with a general session devoted to Lenin and libraries, political overtones were certainly present. Israel's prospective representatives said that they did not receive visas in time to attend. The USSR said that visas were issued. Israel was not represented. Jean-Pierre Clavel, Swiss delegate and a speaker at the session devoted to Lenin, used in his talk a comment of Lenin's concerning the better practices prevailing in the libraries of Switzerland and "other free countries of the West," and appealed for the admission that no country had yet reached the level of library development sought by Lenin. Rumour held that he was at first in trouble with his own library association for agreeing to speak at the session and then with the Soviets for the content of his speech. Certainly he was in tremendous contrast to the political hyperbole of most other speakers. The American speaker used the same quotation, but managed to be totally noncommittal. A third politically related incident was the confiscation of 500 copies of Wilson Library Bulletin which were to have been distributed.

Lenin's centenary was much in the air. A Russian I met on the subway told me this one: Because of the centenary there are many contests; one for who can paint the best new portrait of Lenin; one for who can tell the best new joke about Lenin; the first prize for the latter being twenty-five years in Siberia.

Russian librarians, like most Russians I encountered, are delightful people despite the suffocating bureaucracy in which they have their being. A Russian library division head would be making about $165 per month, of which $12 would go for a small apartment. Other prices would be about on par with Canadian, except that luxury items would be much higher (a bar of chocolate is $1.80). The quality of clothing and most other consumer items is quite low. Many items are simply not available at all.

I know of no other delegate who managed to get into Russian homes. (Being a natural born nut helps.) In their own homes Russians are a warm people as are all people. They frequently limit their number of children because of crowded living quarters. While almost free, apartments are in limited supply, small, poorly built, and in poor repair. Old things are beautifully maintained, but new art, architecture, furniture, or whatever, tends to be bland and lacking in verve. Leningrad has a more active intellectual life than Moscow, with an intelligensia passing around typed manuscripts of unpublished writers among themselves.

Standardization has not arrived in Russian libraries. Card sizes vary as much as a centimeter and card stock weight varies within one catalogue. The only card catalogue cabinet with standard, interchangeable drawers I saw had been imported from Finland - other cabinets were about of the quality of UBC's 1925 shelf list cabinets. The abacus is used rather than the adding machine, and pen or pencil rather than typewriter for most applications. Some cards are typed but most are printed with call numbers written. Most major libraries have their own local classification. Title entry exists in the catalogue alphabetique only when it is a title main entry. The subject catalogue is a catalogue systematique much like those of northern Europe, but with less well developed indexes and with less frequent and numerous multiple entry. Judging from the size of the catalogue systematique in most libraries, the collection is only about one fourth that which is reported. This is perhaps explained by the fact that a quarterly is counted as four bibliographic items added

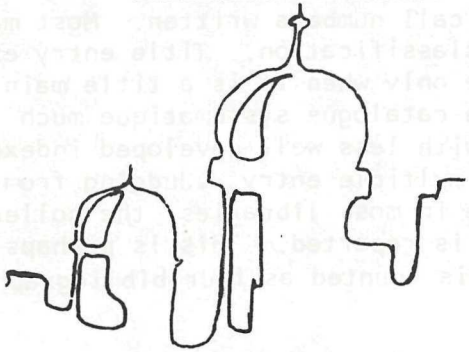
to the collection for the year. The English collection in major Russian libraries seems inferior to the Slavonic collections in major Canadian libraries. Those materials which are listed tend to represent a limited range of political opinion. (These last comments are based upon examining the Korea segments of the catalogue systematique in several libraries.)

On the positive side, Russian academic libraries as well as public libraries have a real service orientation. Academic libraries as well as public libraries have a new book room in which new acquisitions are displayed before going to the stacks. Descriptive cataloguing is of a high quality, and there is a functioning cataloguing with publication program.

The more exciting developments are elsewhere. Sweden has achieved the egalitarian affluence Russia claims; the Netherlands are experimenting with the machine readable catalogue which the Germans talk about.

Despite our cramped building with its heterogeneous furniture and flaking paint, the UBC library compares well with most of its contemporaries. Compared to European counterparts, its staff is well trained, well paid, and highly motivated. Its administration is enlightened and foresighted. Its collection, while late starting and not so rich in early materials, is growing more rapidly and in a more balanced way. Compared with North American libraries growing at the same rate, our 13,000 backlog looks good in view of the 200,000 volume backlog which is not uncommon elsewhere. Nothing is so good for the apparent colour of our grass as seeing the parched condition of some other pastures.

J. McRee Elrod



We must thank George Piternick of the School of Librarianship for these Further notes on Dr. William Harvey, quoted from John Aubrey's Brief Lives:

"He was very communicative, and willing to instruct any that were modest and respectful to him. ... he bid me toe to the Fountain head, and read Aristotle, Cicero, Avicenna, and did call the Neoteriques shitt-breeches."

"He write a very bad hand, which (with use) I could pretty well read. He understood Greek and Latin pretty well, but was no Critique, and he wrote very bad Latin. The Circuitis Sanguinis (Circulation of the Blood) was, as I take it, donne into Latin by Sir George Ent."

"He was wont to say that man was but a great, mischievous Baboon."

"I remember he kept a pretty young wench to wayte on him, which I guesse he made use of for warmeth-sake as King David did, and tooke care of her in his Will, as also of his man servant."

"He was much and often troubled with the Gowte, and his way of cure was thus; he would then sitt with his Legges bare, if it were a Frost, on the leads of Cockaine -house, putt them into a payle of water, till he was almost dead with cold, and betake himselfe to his Stove, and so 'twas gone."

"I have heard him say, that after his Booke of the Circulation of the Blood came-out, that he fell mightily in his Practize, and that 'twas beleeved by the vulgar that he was crack-brained; and all the Physitians were against his Opinion, and envyed him; many wrote against him. With much adoe at last, in about 20 or 30 yeares time, it was received in all the Universities in the world; and, as Mr. Hobbes sayes in his book De Corpore, he is the only man, perhaps, that ever lived to see his owne Doctrine established in his life-time."

It started with the gold rush. -- It happened on August 17, 1896 when George Carmack and his Indian companions Skookum Jim and Tagish Charlie unearthed gold nuggets on Bonanza Creek. It took a year for the news to reach the "outside world" but when it did it started the greatest gold rush in history.

Today Whitehorse boasts a population of 10,000 and has been cited by many eminent writers as the "swingingest town in Canada". But--according to the Whitehorse Star--"the same term has also been applied to Dawson city 330 miles north and Edmonton for gawd's sake, 1000 miles south, so one can only conclude that it depends on which bar the writers got holed up in during their brief stay!"

Whitehorse's architecture might best be described as mid-century matchbox, but what the heck it's symmetrical, neat and practical to heat.

As I travelled around Whitehorse I became fascinated and curious about the origin of the unusual names of the towns, lakes and rivers of the Yukon. A number of inquiries revealed that the majority of the names were conceived by a man named Fredrick

Schwatka. Unlike thousands of unimaginative people who merely floated down the Yukon River in everything from rafts to oil drums, Schwatka went one step further! He named or renamed

every damn thing he saw, and with some of the silliest names." (Whitehorse Star, p. 2 August 24, 1970)

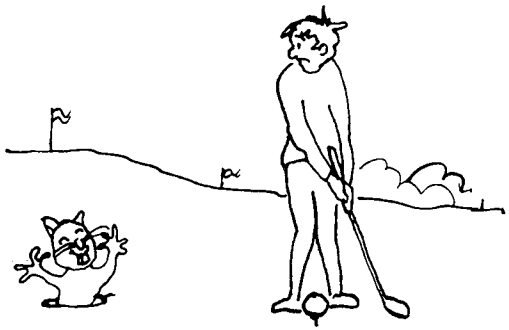
Schwatka "goofed" on one name though----Lake Labarge. For some unknown reason he decided to "permit" the lake to be known by its Indian name "Klubtassi" instead of its other name. It's a good thing history ignored him on that one----Can you imagine Robert Service some twenty-eight years later, trying to rhyme "and there on the marge of Lake Kluktassi I cremated Sam McGee"?

Forty-two miles south of Whitehorse, situated on the north shore of Lake Bennett, is Carcross, a mountain surrounded, quiet haven from the bustling big city life. There you've got to line up the people with a stump to find out if they're moving.

Five miles out of Carcross is a gorgeous little lake, known as Emerald Lake (Schwatka never saw it). Despite the fact that it has been known by this name since time immemorial, the name has nevertheless been the cause of a silent but active war between Yukoners and officialdom. Ottawa decided that its true name was "Blue Lake" and ordered a sign to say just that. Then they had to order another.....and another.....and another.....because the sign kept mysteriously disappearing. The indignant natives felt that it was an insult to the intelligence--anyone could see that the lake was green not blue. The message must have come across because the sign now reads Emerald Lake!

And then there's Annie Lake. Habitually barring the entrance of the road leading to this scenic spot is a sign bearing the words: ROAD CLOSED. Maybe it is and maybe it isn't! This is what's known as the "my lake syndrome" in the Yukon. Yukoners, often feeling their privacy impinged upon by the tourists, like to keep some of the choice lakes to themselves. So they are not above dragging a road closed sign across the entrance to their favourite lake. Those in the know will simply drive around it. For those less familiar with the terrain, this kind

of behavior could lead to disaster. Sometimes the sign means business, in which case, there's a good chance you'll fall through a bridge. "You gotta play it by ear."



For the sports minded, a couple of miles further is the Annie Lake Golf Club, situated in a clearing in a park-like area. It's known locally as the "Golf and Gopher Club" for obvious reasons.

Should your future plans include a trip to Canada's north, here are a few helpful hints to consider. Don't ever trust the weather, even in the summer---it's going to get worse. Always take a parka or heavy jacket. Always have a life jacket with you in boats. And don't plan on spending much time in the water... the shock of the cold alone will kill you.) If you're travelling to out of the way places, let the RCMP know. P.S. don't forget your mosquito repellant.

Dee Norris

HOW COULD WE REFUSE?... This delightful letter was received from the INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL ON SOCIAL WELFARE. Bombay. India.

Dear Subscriber,

Vol. XIII No. 4 will soon be in the mail bag - destination: YOU. With most, it will see the day-light in three months' time. Hopefully. Have the Middle-East political situation to blame for it. These days, the planes are not safe either!

Trust you will continue in our midst for another year and another. And two anothers entitle you to a rebate of U.S. $ 1.50. $ 5.00 for one year; $ 8.50 for two years. Easy on the pocket. Ultimately.

So say so for 1971 and onwards. We expect your response with baited breath....

INTRODUCING WITH PLEASURE . . . . . .

There is a new face atop the eighty five steps leading to the Library School. It belongs to Mr. Roy Stokes, the new director of the UBC School of Librarianship. Mr. Stokes' appointment began officially July 1st. Accordingly, he and his wife and two teenaged daughters arrived from Loughborough, England to take up residency in Vancouver. According to Mr. Stokes, they are all fairly well settled now, although things have been a little easier for him, as he has visited Vancouver before to speak to Library School students.

Mr. Stokes is a long-standing friend of Dr. Rothstein, who he met at the University of Illinois, when he was teaching summer school and Dr. Rothstein was working on his PhD. Mr. Stokes is well acquainted with the States, after teaching summer school for two summers at Illinois, one at Syracruse, one at UCLA, two at Boston and one at Pittsburgh.

Since 1939, he has been director of the Loughborough Library School in Loughborough, England, a school which he started, and enlarged from one faculty member to today's twenty-six (and 280 students). While speaking with Mr. Stokes, one gets the very clear impression that, although he is an administrator, he is first and most importantly a teacher. Good administration to him is simply a way to provide good teaching, which, after all, is the objective of a university.

When asked about the differences between the UBC Library School and the School at Loughborough, Mr. Stokes' answer was that there are actually very few differences. Students seem to worry about the same things at the same time every year (this should reassure all you future library school students!) and the knowledge which is taught is basically the same.

However, one major difference does exist in that all library work done on this continent is post-graduate work. Mr. Stokes thinks this is much better than a library program which begins immediately following Sec. School and continues through University, for it gives librarians a basic, general undergraduate education. He believes that librarians today need the curiosity and general awareness that a separate, general education can bring.

In the course of the conversation, Mr. Stokes expressed an interesting point of view concerning the mobility of librarians throughout

the world. He thinks all librarians should be able to move easily from one appointment to another in the U.S., Canada, England, Australia, etc. (basically the predominantly English-speaking countries). There are few cultural problems in adapting oneself to these countries and the librarianship is basically the same around the world; it makes sense that mobility should be easier than it is and involve fewer administrative hang-ups.

Although Mr. Stokes arrived late in the summer, he has jumped right in and is lecturing one or two times a week in all the classes. He began this schedule immediately, partly to get to know the students and find out what is happening, and partly so that the students would have the benefit of hearing different opinions in the same class. Mr. Stokes believes this is especially important in Librarianship, where there are no clear-cut answers to most things.

Mr. Stokes' interests in library work range from childrens' work to bibliography. He thinks if one is interested in the best current writing, some of the best work is being done for children, at least in England. He shares a common view that children's work is basic to librarianship and education in general; if one starts off correctly, there should be few problems later.

Although he is interested in childrens' work, Mr. Stokes' major areas of interest are in critical, historical and descriptive bibliography and these are the classes he usually teaches.

It is clear that Mr. Stokes is an accomplished librarian and teacher. He is also a very charming and honest human being, and it is obvious that people in general and his students, in particular, mean a great deal to him.

Many people who have talked with him agree that the Library School is in good hands, and that he is a great addition to The Group on the North Wing of the 8th floor.

Shelley F. Criddle

ST WIBBY REPORTS.....

FRIDAY 13th November proved to be anything but unlucky for Marilyn Dutton of Social Sciences as that was the official date of publication for her book GUIDE TO REFERENCE MATERIALS IN ECONOMY (Ref.Pub.No.32)

BINDERY tells us that their Margaret Black who left on September 1st is now in the Simon Fraser bindery.

BIBLOS SALUTES
Civic-minded Dr. Bill Gibson, Head and Professor of the Dept. of History of Medicine (and husband of Barbara of Cataloguing). Dr. Gibson, with TEAM backing, is doing what they say can't be done - that is, fighting City Hall. This might be one time when the experts were wrong and we wish him success in his Mayoralty campaign.

WE HAVE quite a bit of news from the Woodward Library this month.
Anna Leith visited the prairies to attend the Associate Committee on Medical School Libraries of the Association of Canadian Medical Colleges.
Carol Freeman has returned from a holiday in the east. Although she was in Montreal the weekend of Laporte's death, she saw few troops and no political excitement to report to our readers.

WHO WOULD believe that pottery classes could be dangerous? Heather Lacelle, secretary-on-crutches will vouch for the fact.
FINALLY, holidaying in Mexico is our Biblos colleague from "over there" Adrienne Clark.

RELAXING IN THE Hawaiin sun is Les Karpinski of the Humanities Division. We hear that the staff of Humanities is about to celebrate the publication of vol. 2, which completes Maria Horvath's "Doukhabor Bibliography", with a dinner at the Goulash House.

WE UNDERSTAND from Circulation that the old cage elevator in the Main Library is no longer available as a study area. The after hours table and chair has been removed to be replaced by a "no loitering" sign.

ERRATUM: The last issue of Biblos, Article "A Physician for all Seasons" 2nd paragraph, last word: for Play Bills read Plague Tracts.

DON'T FORGET December 10th the date of the Library's Pre-Christmas Party. For the unbelievably low price of $2, you can eat and drink your fill and dance until you drop. GET YOUR TICKET NOW, BEFORE YOU FORGET, FROM THE FRONT OFFICE. See you there!!.....

"THE BEST OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL IN 15 DAYS! is what the ad said in the Global Tourist Magazine and here we were, my husband Gerry and myself, at London's Gatwick airport all eager to test the truth of the statement.

The Airport teamed with many strangers and many strangers and ourselves boarded the Caledonian Jet where we committed our first major faux pas of the tour when asked what we would like to drink - Rye and ginger ale - on a Scottish airline! We had Scotch and liked it.

We arrived in Barcelona, Spain at approximately 7:30 in the evening, temperature still in the 80's, and received our first shock when we saw armed guards on the roof, a sight, I must add, which one quickly gets used to. At the terminal the plane load of strangers divided into two groups, those who were to continue to the Costa Brava for two weeks of sunshine in the new Spain of the highrise hotels, room with bath and white crowded sands, and the others, the group of 38 including us, who climbed into the non-airconditioned bus, clutching coats that would be absolutely useless for the next 15 days and uttering the first tentative "hullos" to the emerging faces. A very handsome young Spaniard shepherded us aboard and then proceeded to roll call and identify us whilst another happy looking fellow counted the luggage. How many times we were to see the luggage counted in the next two weeks. The 39 suitcases in the compartment under the bus never changed, but how the pile in the small railed off section in the back of the bus grew as the days went by. That section was the responsibility of the passengers though.

Everyone and everything aboard, the young Spaniard introduced himself as Juan, our official courier, and the happy fellow was identified as Icidro our driver. With a "vamos" we were on our way, from the Airport, through the flag bedecked streets of Barcelona, crowded with traffic and people, to the Hotel Oriente situated on one of the most famous thoroughfares in Europe, the beautiful flowerdecked Ramblas where we were to spend our first night in Spain.

At the Oriente the precedent for arrival was set and not too hard to take. Whilst we sat in the cool lounge sipping iced cuba libres, price 12 pesetas or approximately 20 cents, Juan looked

after all the bothersome details of checking in, rooms, unloading of luggage and dinner arrangements. Almost at the end of that cool drink Gerry was handed our key and we were departing up the open elevator shaft by cage to our room. One refreshing shower later our luggage was outside the door and a short time after that we were outside our first four course Spanish dinner, (I gained 8 pounds on the trip) and we were already trading first names with several travelling companions. Boomer from Australia, Len & Elsie from Barbados, Mara from South Africa, Alec from New Zealand - actually the meeting with Alec and his wife Gladys was quite inevitable - we shared the same bathroom. It could have become quite chummy in fact, if one of us had forgotten to push the bolt on the other door when using that accommodation. However the night passed without incident.

We were awakened by the strange sounds of cocks crowing in the middle of a city at some ungodly hour of the morning. It was worth getting up though for the pleasure of walking in the early sun along the Ramblas on the wide centre promenade. As it was Sunday the stalls were mostly barred but nevertheless the masses of flowers, small animals and multi-coloured birds that are usually being sold, were clearly visible and the newsprint kiosks were already busy. The church bells pealed and the people in their Sunday finery were on their way to Mass with the children. The children of Spain are beautiful. They are the centre of the family group. The whole group from Grandmother and Grandfather to the tiniest babe in arms "walk" together to church or to the park or just to sit on the boulevarde and watch the people go by. The family is the unit, one hopes it will never change.

Back at the hotel we put our luggage out in the hall as instructed and went down to eat a leisurely breakfast. Nine a.m. all luggage stowed, 38 passengers aboard, Juan and Icidro at the ready, the order in chorus "vamos" and we were on our way.

First through the flag and picture draped streets where we learned that the Generalissimo Franco and his cabinet were in the city for a week. Under traditional law this made Barcelona the official capital of the country for the week that they were in residence and cause for celebration - the Spanish never miss a chance for festivity.

Incongruous note just outside of the city, a full size American Frontier town complete with saloon, jail and wagons and we discovered that most of the "adult westerns" and many other filmed epics are now being shot in Spain. John Wayne, Yul Bryner, Charlton Heston etc. are familiar figures around these parts.

We saw the Monastery of Montserrat up on the hill where the people make pilgrimages to the Black Virgin and where the honeymooners make pilgrimages to "mecca". We travelled through the sun baked lands where the terraced olive tress hold the loose earth together with their roots and where the hazel nut trees shimmer silver in the sunlight and the curious, stunted pine trees look like inverted wine glasses.

The heat on this first day was, to say the least, uncomfortable- we were to get used to it as time progressed but now already the veneer of gentility was beginning to droop. To heck with the varicose veins, the stockings came off. The little lady from South Africa, who was to become affectionately known as Mary Poppins, did not seem such a funny sight after the third stop, when she again unfurled her sun shade against the fierce sun, indeed at this point we had been strongly advised by Juan to buy one of the wide brimmed straw hats which are on sale everywhere. I had acquired a large fan. The sun is hot in Spain, or as Icidro would say "mucho color".

We lunched at a very pleasant Inn at Lerida, a town on the Segre, a potentially large river judging from the size of the bridge but which at that time was just a small muddy trickle. The buildings already showed the influence of the Moors 700 years occupation of Spain. It was startling to realise that the Moors had been there that long and more incredulous that they had still been considered interlopers, but then one gets the feeling that in this country time is non-existant. Day, night, first crop, second crop, religion, festival, preparing for death, wine, laughter, friends and family, these are the boundaries of existence - certainly not hours and minutes.

It was late Sunday afternoon when we arrived in Zaragoza the ancient capital of the Kings of Aragon. We checked into our hotel and then went to visit the Cathedral and mingle with the crowd on the plaza. Standing in the cool, dim interior lit by