The Fabulous Fifties

"The oil discoveries in Alberta have increased reserves there to approximately one billion barrels... There is reason to hope that further large discoveries will be made..."

So, with guarded optimism, George L. Stewart, then president of Imperial Oil, made his annual report for 1949 to shareholders. It seems a masterpiece of understatement now. But who, 10 years ago, could have foreseen in its entirety the dramatic oil development of the Fifties, or its effect on all of Canada?

This has been the petrolium decade: 10 unprecedented years of discovery, production, pipeline and multi-million dollar investment; 10 years in which the industry came to provide more than half of Canada's total energy requirements.

Remember 1949? There were only 527 miles of oil pipe line and 34 western producing fields that year. Canada was producing a mere 59,000 barrels of crude per day. Imported oil still accounted for 77 percent of our needs.

Today our proven oil and natural gas liquid reserves are nearly four billion barrels. Western Canada has 278 producing fields now. Canada's total crude production, 510,000 barrels per day, is equivalent to 70 percent of this country's crude needs. Refinery capacity has tripled. There are 7,450 miles of oil pipe line. We have become the world's second largest consumers of petroleum products: 17 barrels per person. Nearly 25 million Canadian homes are heated with oil compared to 600,000 a decade ago. There are five million motor vehicles, compared to 2,600,000 in 1949.

Favorable prices helped contribute to this situation. One example: the wholesale price of gasoline increased only 21½ percent in the decade; the general wholesale price index went up 16 percent. The consumer price of furnace oil increased only 9 percent compared to a total consumer price increase of 25 percent.

Petroleum has created new regional industries and occupations and, hence, increased the population, income, wealth and prestige of the regions it touched. Oil has helped to maintain the strong position of the Canadian dollar. The discovery of oil provided this country with a new export industry and induced a large volume of investment. Crude oil exports now amount to $74 million. The inflow of foreign capital into the industry averages about $250 million a year. All told, the petroleum industry has been investing at the rate of $526 million in Canada each year.

In all of this Imperial has played a leading role. In his report, Mr. Stewart went on to say, "The situation requires additional planning for wider markers. Your company... expects that further projects to expand the market may be formulated in the not distant future." Again, he was prophetic.

Imperial sponsored and provided financial guarantees for the 1,930-mile Interprovincial Pipe Line that stimulated prairie oil fields to eastern markets. It led the search for export markets and found them in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Washington state. It spearheaded the planning of Trans Mountain Pipe Line to the Pacific coast. It built or expanded refineries in eight cities.

In his report for 1949, President Stewart said: "In general the history of the oil business has been one of alternate feast and famine, in which periods of regional surpluses have alternated with periods of shortages." Today surplusers exist on a world-wide scale in larger volume than ever before. This means an ever greater need for clear thinking and sound, far-sighted policy to maintain and strengthen the competitive position of Canadian crude oil. Realistic appraisal of producing regulations and other government requirements is in order, with a view to encouraging low-cost production rather than marginal high-cost production.
The Crash That Changed My Life

Like most of us, WILLIAM HEINE never expected to be a traffic accident victim. Suddenly he was. Here is his unforgettable story of the days and months that followed.

It was twenty minutes past eleven on the morning of February 8, 1951. I'm not likely to forget the date because that's when I became a special kind of statistic . . . a traffic accident victim.

All of us are aware of the highway accident hazard. We pass the overturned car; we miss a speeding fool by inches; we see a blanket-shrouded figure on the pavement. We never see ourselves there. Certainly I never did, although as a newspaper reporter for the London Free Press, I had seen more traffic death and injury than most.

I had no premonition of disaster . . . though later events proved my wife had.

I was traveling north from London on Highway 4 to cover a story about high school students whose school bus was trapped in deep drifts. Beside me at the wheel, photographer Ernest Lee was driving carefully through slanting snow.

Near Exeter, the blizzard became so bad we decided to stop. Looking out the right hand window, I called a warning: "Watch it, Ernie, we're edging into the ditch."

We stopped.

The rest is harsnya, for at that point an ambulance traveling in the opposite direction struck our car almost head on. My forehead and upper face punched a melon-sized hole in the windshield. Then I flopped back into the seat (escaping, fortunately, a common and messy death from a throat slashed on jagged edges of a smashed windscreen). Powdered glass fell from my face; blood streamed from scores of slashing cuts.

An ambulance passenger and my companion tried to wrestle me out of the car. Within minutes the rescue attempt ended abruptly as a third car came out of the storm and hit the ambulance, pinning our car against the ambulance passenger and breaking his legs. Once again I was thrown forward, this time against the metal dashboard, grinding broken glass further into already lacerated flesh.

Eventually they pulled me from the car. Other drivers inching through the snow were waved down and I was driven to the RCAF hospital at the nearby Centralia base.

At first I knew nothing. There was only utter silence, a silence so deep it was frightening. Somewhere in my mind I had a solitary thought stirred, sent signals to eye, ear, hand and foot and got back only jumbled answers.

Suddenly there was understanding. I was sitting in a moving car, feeling the road vibrations. Someone had his hands on my shoulders. My hands were folded quietly. I moved them and new understanding came as a soft, moist stickiness held them together.

— illustration by Graham Coughtry

"What happened?" I asked the surrounding void, curious that there was no pain.

"We've been in an accident," a voice said. "You're all right. Now just sit quiet." The firm hand pressed a little more.

That required more thoughts, more understanding, but none came. The silence and emptiness returned for a time, then a new thought was born and voiced.

"Am I badly hurt?"

"No, no, you've just got a cut on the head. Now just sit quiet." The voice seemed to take on an edge of panic.

Then the image and the understanding shut off as though a film had broken suddenly, completely.

The next short scene registered in the hospital . . . a vague picture hazily imprinted on my shocked brain. I was lying on a stretcher (blankets of grey-blue with a wide red band) begging someone to tell me if my wife was hurt. She had not been in the car but I didn't remember that. Reassured, I blacked out again.

The next sensation was more traveling. (They were moving me to London.) Someone was being gentle and, through the fog, I made an effort to acknowledge the kindness.

"What's your name?" I asked the air force medical officer. Though he told me several times I never remembered.

Still later the swish of many passing cars started another train of thought.

"We must be getting near London," I mumbled.

"That's a nice deduction," a voice murmured.

Then we rolled into the hospital. Meanwhile many things had happened. My companion, Ernie—badly shaken—telephoned our office. A friend undertook to tell my wife.

His wife phoned my home to say cautiously that she was driving our way and would drop in for a moment.
Bill’s hurt,” my wife said as she came in. No one knows how she knew. They took her to the hospital for three aggravations of wailing.

For me there was a long time of confusion. Voiles and silence... voices and silenced voices... bridges, no, the other room... let’s see this... surgery.

Then someone in the one thing in the world I would always know. A soft hand slid into mine and a calm, controlled voice permitted the fog.

“Hello, darling.”

What we talked about I don’t know. It didn’t matter. There was a big lump in my throat that seemed to choke me just because she was there. In a half hour I demanded a cigarette. Everything else faded into nothingness.

“The doctor said no, you can’t have one.”

In bastard language I demanded one, arguing, pleading, threatening. There were wide swinging doors just ahead and I had to have a smoke.

A nurse came finally with a cigarette in her hand and let me puff. The nicotine did nothing and the nausea and I could settle up that this had happened to me.

And I couldn’t understand accidents, pain, suffering and sudden death... it doesn’t happen to us. In fact we hardly think about accidents at all until one hits close at home. If you’re one of a family of four the statistical averages say one person is going to be in a serious or fatal accident during a normal life span.

If you’re one in the four you may find in the waves of consciousness and pain which overtake each other that fear will just now get a grip of you. I’m in that grip and I can’t get away.

As soon as she stepped from the room I got a head up, pushing and prying at the hard shell of shellac that stood today in place of the hundreds. Something cracked and I pushed harder. Good eye closed, I could see light and, a moment later, the nurse’s face in the glass as she came back. She was frantic but I could tell. I knew the eye was black.

Still but I believe one. Not long before we had lived daily over a month period to a young woman of a friend (who wasn’t dying of cancer). Now I used my wife again, begging, fibbing, suggesting, digging furiously for what I thought I needed. The answer was always the same.

“Now, darling, there’s nothing wrong. Just sit down and don’t worry and you’ll be better soon.”

I didn’t believe until finally my wife broke into tears. That made me believe, for she had watched herdest friend (and for the three weeks there had been only smiles and good cheer. She would never have cried if there had been a secret to keep from me.

Those first days passed quickly. There were long nights talking to the specialist with a droopy look when my wife cheerfully came through the door.

In this period of relative calm and peace I was being entered in statistical records as another accident victim... one of the 25,000. I went to see the brief newspaper stories. “A passenger received facial lacerations, concussion and other undetermined injuries.” If the crash is a spectacular one, a later news story may mention that the last of the injured was discharged from hospital.

But for most traffic accident victims, that is it as far as I know. Though I didn’t know it in hospital, I faced a long battle to start living again. For weeks the doctor and my wife and I went to and fro and pleaded to get me walking and moving around.

“Don’t want to walk. My head hurts.”

“Yeah, I know, dear, but the doctor says you have to keep trying.”

“Oh, go away and leave me alone.”

I can still see her win, tender, pleadingly. “I’ll stay close by, honey. Over and over again she said, ‘Yes, your other eye is all right. There are too many stitches to open it, that’s all.’”

I wouldn’t believe her. So that was it.

As soon as she stepped from the room I got a head up, pushing and prying at the hard shell of shellac that stood today in place of the hundreds. Something cracked and I pushed harder. Good eye closed, I could see light and, a moment later, the nurse’s face in the glass as she came back. She was frantic but I could tell. I knew the eye was black.

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“Now, darling, there’s nothing wrong. Just sit down and don’t worry and you’ll be better soon.”

Bill Haeck: “My attitude towards many things has changed.”

More often.

But we both knew what I was trying to say in the lovely wood a craftsman had fashioned for me.

Aimed of me was a year-long battle to prevent a permanent staff leg. One doctor said a major operation was necessary; another said the knee needed rest.

The family doctor said wait and see and be the wisest, I have no time.

Going back to work was another battle. City editors are supposed to be tough... this one kept sending me home after I’d written a stab or two. I didn’t complain too unusually; a few people calls around my best left me.

One valuable news source told me facts later (when I was more or less myself again) that I’d called him one day and the conversation went something like this:

“Hello, George! Bill here; anything new?”

“No, it’s quiet.”

“Good. Goodbye.”

The enthusiastic, inquisitive reporter was at it again.

Finally, I took a vacation. After six months... a six-week vacation... an industry head bossed me and the doctor and my wife and I went out to one of those little antique corner corner carpe Upholstered in the brown leather the mats and theure to have been.represented on wall the ban broke, dead.

The Matschures when self-killed home air seemed to restore some energy again. Even though it was frightening, and sometimes the usual nervousness in the right-hand front seat — the "death seat." I simply couldn’t ride them, but I also needed and farther, I drove, over 1,200 miles to New Brunswick and back. Even then, several days later, I couldn’t ride com---------------

Because it is unfair to ask my wife to ride those unprotected, and I have to use both. On the highway the broad nylon threads are always in place. In business I would require a one-in-five win with others, I drive or go for train or plane. Fortunately my business associates are understanding people.

Another development was a militant instead of all highway firms. This sometimes takes enormous time. I will write a trip to report the licence number of a. This drive in a very great satisfaction in later seeing the fool-who-passed-on-the-bill trying to explain to the policeman who, I warn you, will hold him back for a half-hour or two.

Financial experiments were not particularly punishing, because my company has generous provisions for such cases and because there was an insurance settlement which spread all expenses.

But the bill for doctors, hospital, nursing, drugs and lost income in an accident like mine can come to $5,000 or more.

Pensilvania and philosophical changes are more difficult to measure. How does one assess such things? My wife says I’m quieter. Probably she’s right. I’m also

ed months before. Fighting a dreadful latitude I brought it home, up the stairs and into a corner of the living room before sinking down, exhausted. She was excited, pleased, then suddenly frightened.

"Darling, you didn’t go for it yourself.

Silence which meant consent.

"But you might have fainted and hurt yourself again."

Yes, that hurt you.

What we talked about I don’t know. It didn’t matter. There was a big lump in my throat that seemed to choke me just because she was there. In a half hour I demanded a cigarette. Everything else faded into nothingness.
There's Many a Trick to Raising Christmas Trees

By Michael Jacot

To the average Canadian male the problem of the Christmas tree is a simple one—week proposition; how to make the thing stand up straight from December 24 until January 2.

But to Clarence Roper, a 55-year-old Imperial Oil agent in Whithby, Ont., Christmas trees are a hobby, a "pension plan," a delight and a headache from spring to fall. When Christmas comes this year, he can breathe with satisfaction for his first crop of trees will be decorating thousands of homes.

Roper got into the business (for Christmas tree growing is a major business) almost by accident. He planted his first 4,500 Scotch pines eight years ago, to prevent his father's unused farm from reverting to bush. He planted again each year. Almost before he knew it he had 80,000—and one of Ontario's finest crops.

But it didn't come easy, for the temperamental Christmas tree is one of agriculture's more difficult crops. Like several thousand other professional Canadian growers, Roper plowed, planted, pruned, shaped, sheared and sprayed; battled with insects and mice. (Mice destroyed 15,000 of his trees last winter by gnawing at the bark under the snow.) Weeded, watered and waited.

Finally, after eight arduous years, the first stand of pine was ready for sale last August. By that time Roper was almost sorry to see the trees go.

"There's nothing I like better than to start at sun-up and to move in and out of the trees, pruning, shaping, weeding until sundown," he says, "Maybe it's the frustrated farmer in me."

Roper is not alone in his enthusiasm. Since World War II Canada's Christmas tree industry has become big business. In 1957, a record year, Canadian trees earned over $9 million from a cut of 164 million trees—double the 1947 figure. Large companies buy trees in Canada for export. Other large companies mostly in the U.S., collect, refrigerate and market the trees. The bulk of Canada's crop (12 million trees in 1957, for example) is exported. The U.S. takes over 90 percent of it, but Canadian trees travel as far as Mexico, Venezuela, Panama, Puerto Rico, Jamaica and Cuba.

From a simple corner lot operation, Christmas trees have evolved into an integrated industry with at least one active provincial association, a set of internationally-accepted standards, an annual summer school sponsored by the Ontario government, special courses on pruning and shaping, and a profit (in a good year) averaging 50 cents per tree.

"A grower near me planted 30,000 Scotch pines 10 years ago on a 1,600-acre farm," says Roper. "They grew straight as needles and bushy as beards and early in November 1957, a man drove up in a big shiny Cadillac and offered him $30,000 for the lot."

However, like most good things the industry is full of hidden snags for the unwary. To many beginners it looks like quick and easy money. Actually it calls for skill, hard work and a little luck. One southern Quebec farmer planted 5,000 balsam firs on 50 acres. After three years the trees were still only 18 inches high.

"What's wrong?" he asked a fellow grower. "The other scraped away the topsoil with his boot—and exposed solid rock."

An Ontario farmer crowed 1,000 seedlings into a small back lot. He was

If you can foil drought, frost, disease, beasts, bugs and human thieves, and wait eight years for a cash return, you're in business

In the nursery adjustable covers shield seedlings from sunlight and let in the dew. Seedlings are picked in second year and hustled for planting

Imperial Oil Review, December 1959
keep his trees in shape. Topiary—the art of shaping trees—is a skill that pays off in cash at selling time. But the grower earns his money, it takes about 1.5 min.

for an expert to prune one tree—and plantations growing 30,000 are not uncommon.

Pruning begins in the second year and continues each year until cutting. The grower prunes overgrown branches to form a perfect bushy triangle. Every few years he prunes the top, permitting branches to grow out from either side of it. Crooked stems must be cut off at the stump, just above the largest bottom branch. The grower then bends the branch upright and it eventually takes the place of the trunk.

"When it's fully grown only an expert can tell the difference," says Clarence Roper.

Many U.S. and Canadian farmers haven't bothered with pruning in the past but they now must meet certain specifications set down by the U.S. government. "These specifications," says Roper, "have hit the amateur and fly-by-night operator who was actually a threat to business."

When all his other problems are solved the grower must worry about organized theft. Many farmers put guards on their lots at cutting time because gangs with trucks and pruning saws make midnight raids on plantations every November. Last winter a Quebec farmer lost his entire crop while away on a week-end Christmas shopping trip.

The thieves didn't even leave a decent tree for his own family. An Ontario farmer lost 3,000 trees last year. It turned out they were trucked to Buffalo, N.Y. and sold at $5 each.

The best Canadian tree sell in New York City for as little as $10 each. Some—the giants used in Santa Claus parades and in Rockefeller Center—from $25 to $100. Occasionally people will pay anything for a tree. During World War II a group of U.S. marines wanted a tree for some orphans on a Pacific island. The best the island could produce was a sort of a palm, with broad leaves and a stem like a cobra. The marines radioed home and eventually a Canadian tree was shipped to San Francisco and flown to the Pacific. Total cost: about $800.

At first glance the final price of a tree—in Canada anywhere from $1 to $5—seems to bear no relation to its initial cost. The Ontario government, for instance, supplies growers with Scotch pine trees for 14 a thousand. Other varieties—spruce or white and red pine—are 4.50 each and at one time the government gave the trees away. In some provinces, trees are harvested from Crown or private lands under permit. "But," says Ontario association secretary Drysdale, "it costs a grower at least 50 cents to bring each top grade tree to maturity."

This covers the normal costs of the seedlings, planting, pruning, fighting pests and clearing the inevitable underbrush. It even takes into account the 25 percent of the crop that is too poor to sell.

It doesn't include advertising—if you are a newcomer in the business, this may be necessary—and the trees that are left over on Christmas morning.

Anyone thinking of going into the Christmas tree business, should first check his bank account. "If it is going to hurt you financially, stay out of it," says Drysdale. "A man planting 10,000 seedlings each year has invested $9,600 before he has a crop for sale. This year I've seen several plantations in the fourth, fifth, and sixth year of growth, all well-pruned and cared for, abandoned because the cost was too great for the owner to meet."

The Canadian growers who successfully fight fire, drought, pests, underbrush, and thieves and have the financial fortitude to weather the eight-year growing period can probably get 47 cents to $1.50 per tree from local agents who sell to firms with million-dollar refrigeration warehouses in the United States. Buying early in September, these big operators keep the trees in perfect condition for Christmas. A farmer can sell to them "on the stump"—or "cut." If he sells on the stump the buying firm will cut and transport the crop. Trees are fed into special binding machines, stamp first so that the branches fold upward.

Clarence Roper's trees are Scotch pine, an exotic tree imported from Europe which thrives in poor sandy soils. It
management changes

Arthur T. Roblin, formerly manager of the Quebec marketing division, has become executive representative for the marketing department and is devoting his full time to special projects in the Quebec area.

Mr. Roblin has been with the company for 27 years. Born in London, Ont., and a veteran of World War I, he attended the University of Saskatchewan and joined Imperial as a salesman in that province in 1932. In succession, he became district manager in Saskatchewan, assistant manager and division manager in New Brunswick, and then special representative in Ottawa.

He went to Toronto as assistant general traffic manager in 1946, and two years later was appointed co-ordinator of executive development. Before transferring to Quebec, division manager in 1950, he was co-ordinator merchandising development and retail sales.

Denis F. Kindellin, formerly manager of the Ontario marketing division, succeeds Mr. Roblin.

In his 32 years with Imperial, Mr. Kindellin has had wide experience in sales operations. He was hired as a junior clerk in his native Quebec City in 1927 and filled many clerical and sales positions, until he became resident manager in Quebec City in 1946. The following year he moved to Montreal as cost and operating manager of the Quebec division. He later became merchandise co-ordinator and, in 1952, sales manager of the division.

He was appointed manager of the Manitoba division in 1954 and moved to Toronto in 1956 as Ontario division manager.

New manager of Ontario division is R. N. “Bill” Bubbs. His appointment returns him to a division where he was assistant manager for nearly three years.

Born in Winnipeg, Mr. Bubbs joined the company in 1939 as city supervisor of Manitoba division. He held various other positions in the division, becoming sales manager in 1952. He moved to Toronto in 1954 to become merchandising manager and later manager of dealer development in the marketing department’s head office. Two years later he was appointed assistant manager of Ontario division and held this position until January of this year when he became manager of Manitoba division.

the man with the wooden wife

By Marius Barbeau

An Indian tale of long ago telling how British Columbia's lofty cedars were born

Illustrations by Art Price

A. T. Roblin
D. F. Kindellin
R. N. Bubbs

Imperial Oil Review, December 1959

Imperial Oil Review, December 1959
Big-Wings was an ambitious young hunter of the Tlingit generation in northern British Columbia. He was a great dreamer. His dream was to possessing the best and beautiful wife, to become the first trapper in his tribe and rise to the front rank in his clan, thus the Second. Yet his success was illusory, and his life became a nightmare.

The lovely princess whom he wedded with a great ceremony turned into a thorny thorn, growing and growing longer.

One evening, he found his houn-

carry and the frostplace in cold ashes.

When his wife was he found her living with a man. He searched the whole night long, trying to catch his unhappy.

When she disappeared, the next day he searched his sorcery, as she deserved.

Terribly struck, bowing, she ran away, never to come back. As he was terrified of his domestic troubles, he relaxed into dreams.

In his dreams he struck upon an idea: he would begin to build the perfect wig. So he chose a fine piece of red cedar, fragrant and well-seasoned. With his sharp wood-chopper he cut it, and bowed it. Under his skilled hands, the wood slowly assumed a human form, the graceful shape of the woman of his dreams.

Day after day he labored. He chiseled the surface with beaver brushes. He polished the curves with the soft side of a thorn. His currents became corners. From his hands grew a beautiful young woman who smiled at him, with the shining mask of a friend upon her face. Her large dark eyes were as round as the red moon, her eyebrows as gracefully arched as her first crescent. Her black hair in two waves crossed off her youthful cheeks. And her deliciously plucked lips painted with red ocher seemed to whisper of love.

Tenderly, Big-Wings held her perfec-
ty hands, as tenderly she entered them, asked to a woman's work, weaving and embroidery. Her wren and rabbit fibers, the wolf, the deer, the moose. And the wood of the mountain went into a robe on the Chilkat.

When one dining the cooking pot full of meat and dishes, injured, she would weave a gorgeous cape. He would don it at the forthcoming
festival where chiefs would be elevated in the midst of dances and traditional chants. Then, at last, he would be all things—a chief, a great trapper and a happily-married man.

Every day the wooden body, clad now in tanned moose skin, seemed more and more to come to life under his warm breath. He felt himself inspired with a strange magic. He would exclaim, "Come along, come along, my dear Sudahl!" And she would turn her head slightly towards him, with a faint smile.

Each evening when the time came for the pot to boil, he asked, "My wife, is the supper ready?" As she remained dumb, he answered for her, "Yes, my husband, it will soon be ready. A little patience, I pray!" Then he prepared the sliced beaver tail, the well-toasted moose steak and the dried wild fruits soaked in lukewarm water, all sweetened with candle-fish oil. "Here it is, my dear!" the wooden wife seemed to say. "Is my husband satisfied?"

Thus the dreamer lived with the woman of his creation. They were a perfect pair.

But the strange behavior of Big-Wings puzzled his tribesmen. Never did he leave his lodge but for the forest, ever alone and silent. They wondered, "Will he ever remarry?"

Busy bodies lurked and listened outside his cabin and thought they heard voices inside. Finally two marriagable girls, who would have liked Big-Wings for themselves, had one evening in the bushes near his home. Soon he returned, heavily laden from the hunt. Hardly had he stepped inside than voices came to their ears. They tiptoed closer, pecked through a knot hole in the plank wall, and beheld a strange sight. Big-Wings talked to a woman at the loom: "Sudahl, my dear wife!" "My husband, supper is ready," Who would believe it!

After supper, the hunter fell on his couch in a corner. One of the two girls spies raced to the village to break the news. But the other waited, her eye to the knot hole. Everything grew quiet inside, while the moon cast a pale light everywhere. Gently, cautiously, she entered the lodge and touched the young woman still sitting at the loom. 

"Why? She was only wood! Vindictively she seized the statue, flung it into the nearest corner and slipped away. Meanwhile the great dreamer had a vision. His wooden wife had come to life, and she was warm flesh and blood. She rested her head on his shoulder, and her red lips sought his. In a trance he yielded himself to her caresses. Here at last was his perfect love fulfilled.

The vision faded and daylight came. The hunter blinked and sat up happily. But he was alone and his lodge was empty. His dream wife had vanished. The threads of the loom were tangled and broken. The weaver of his dreams was crippled in a corner, lifeless and dishelved.

With a cry he fell on his knees at her side and tried to lift her from the ground. With knees and tears and words of love he tried to restore her to life. All in vain! The charm was broken. Already the feet of his beloved had driven roost into the soil and had changed into saplings—two young green cedars. Each day they grew until they were towering trees, the like of which the people of the Tlingit had never seen. Around them more cedar rose and became the west coast forests that sheltered the Tlingit and people of many other tribes.

Big-Wings, a broken man, was never quite the same. But his dream took root in him. Year after year, as the seasons cloaked the cedars in sunshine and snow, the hunter drifted among them, always alone, always searching for his dream.

Who knows, perhaps one day his loving Sudahl would return...
But if flight duties intercede we will have the consolation of knowing that they are bringing a much-needed service to thousands in the Canadian north.

The 10-aircraft fleet of Lamb Airways is never hotter than during the two weeks prior to Christmas. The Beaver, Nor'Wester and Cessna 190s carry Christmas gifts, turkeys and fresh vegetables in place boxes like Brochet (110 miles north), Split Lake (225 miles north-east), Oxford House (770 miles east) and Eaklin maid (20 miles up the N.W.T. on Hudson Bay).

It's a Santa Claus express in sprees, carrying Christmas into the north rather than out of it.

The planes rarely return to The Pas empty, because almost every settlement has miners, fishermen, teachers or clergymen eagerly waiting to fly out to the country during Christmas. Likewise, The Pas' normal population of 4,500 swell to 5,000 in the week before Christmas. About half of the newcomers continue southward; the rest celebrate Christmas on the spot.

Once the Santa Claus express ran head-on into the storm. During the busy season work was called to Grand Rapids, 100 miles due south. In the snowstorm, a blizzard took off with an expectant Indian mother but, 15 miles west of her home, suddenly discovered he had two passengers instead of one. He radioed ahead for an ambulance and doctor to meet them and landed without further incident.

A full schedule of mail, passengers and emergencies has been standard Christmas fare for the Lambies since Tom, now 61, learned to fly in 1931. Since that time he has logged about 16,000 hours.

In this turn is only part of a remarkable career which has earned him such sobriquets as "The Redhead Tycoon," "Entrepreneur of the Northland," and "Muskrat King." Long before he thought of flying, Tom had established himself as a hard-handed lumberman, fisherman, trapper and trader. Years later he moved successfully into tractor-train freighting, northern road-building and—surprisingly—cattle ranching.

A mild heart attack slowed his pace slightly in 1957, but he's still remarkably energetic. A stocky five-foot-nine, he walks likely—usually on Indian-measured steeds. His brown eyes still sparkle with good-natured amusement or snap with authority as he issues orders to employees—in English or florid-guttural Cree.

The Cree tongue is a legacy from his childhood when he absorbed the skills and lore of the Indians. It was a childhood conditioned to his father's Moose Lake trading post in northern Manitoba. The father was a tough Yorkshire schoolteacher named T. H. P. Lamb—better known as Ten Horsepower Lamb.

Tom received his formal education from his father and an informal but highly practical one from the Indians.

At 15 Lamb was earning a living bush-cutting, fishing, trapping, and trading the horses used for fish hauling.

The turning-points in Tom's life came in 1925: he married Jean Armstrong of Winnipeg and his father retired from the Moose Lake trading post. He offered the post to Tom and, because "Ten Horsepower" did not believe in silver-platter business deals, set the price at $5,000—at six percent interest.

Still maintaining his fishing and trapping business, Tom plunged into the job of running the post. He had inherited his father's tough mind for business and spiced it with his enterprise and spirit.

In two years he paid off his father with interest.

The trading post continued to flourish, but in the 1930s the muskrat—mainstay of northern trapping—began to wane.

For the first but not the last time Tom Lamb embarked upon the impossible. He presented a muskrat conservation plan so radical that for two years the provincial government refused to consider it. At last, Premier John Bracken gave Lamb this cheerful approval: "Go ahead, you darn fool, and try." The government loaned him a swampland 54,000-acre tract near Moose Lake. To restore the dried-out marshes, he built irrigation ditches from the surrounding Head and Summerberry Rivers. He instilled pumps to maintain the flow in low-water season and planted wild rice and cattail to provide food for the muskrat.

And the muskrat thrived. Where once there were 40 muskrat houses on the tract, 10 years later Tom counted 5,000. During its second season only 15,000 muskrat pelts came out of the entire area around the Pas—where earlier there would have been millions—but Tom Lamb harvested 25,000 of them.

Convincing, the provincial government used Lamb and his methods to start its own big muskrat conservation project. Word of the Lamb project reached Argentina and prompted the government to call on him for assistance in transplanting Manitoba beaver to Patagonia, at the southern tip of South America. When Tom later heard, the beaver (which he flew there) were thriving.

In the meantime, Tom didn't neglect his other enterprises. About 1930 he had transferred his fish-haul from horse-drawn sleighs to aircraft—but the uncertain bush-flying schedules caused the ruin of much fresh fish before he reached refrigerated cars at the railhead. So Tom bought a Skynose, took flying lessons and began ferrying his own fish out of the north and almost immediately flying became an important part of his career. He incorporated Lamb Airways in 1935, and no other northern air service has remained intact so long. In 24 years of bush flying, the Lambies have never asked for help to fly one of their planes.

After World War II, as northern exploration and development gathered momentum, he was the first to realize the potential of caterpillar tractors for bush

And muskox transport. He quickly moved into tractor-train hauling to mining ventures in the north—supplied by COURSE, by his growing fleet of aircraft.

In the 1940s Lamb aircraft were flying men and equipment into the Mooselookmeguntic Lake area for the first surveys which led to the $175 million International Nickel development at Thompson. Pilots impressed with diamond drilling, the sinking of an exploration shaft and construction of a mine, mill and townsite.

Today, the busy town of Thompson is a brand-new "milk run" for Lamb Airs.

One plane is stationed there permanently to handle the frequent charter flights for federal officials or employees.

By the late Forties, Tom's sons were growing up, each attending Ravenscroft School in Winnipeg and each (except Conrad) learning to fly in his early teens.

In the winter of 1950-51, Greg, then 20, took over a huge tractor-train haul of diamond-drilling equipment from Churchill to Tavuni, on the shore of Hudson Bay.

"That was quite a project—moving 159 tons of steel 350 miles," Tom recalls. "Every day I'd fly out from Churchill to the cut-train on the way back, then charter a plane on treacherous ice to bring cool for the canteen store and mail for the boys. The worst part was that I didn't have the money to fly the job and didn't make any money out of the haul.

During those years Tom Lamb was nursing yet another wild dream. He had often lookedlongingly at the rich grass in northern meadows, particularly a tract on the east side of Moose Lake, two miles from Moose Lake setlement. In 1953, with a 10,500-acre tract, 2,000 acres from the provincial government, he moved in with a bulldozer.

He cleared the brush, broke the land and bought tractors, plows, hay-tails, hay loaders, drills and broadcast-seeders. He moved in 30 Herford cows and three prize bulls and built open sheds, a machine shop, a dock on Moose Creek, a cowhouse and a comfortable house.

He christened the whole operation the 7 Bar L Ranch—for the seven male Lambes in the family.

His meadows this fall yielded some 118 haystacks, oats at 90 bushels to the acre, barley at 45 bushels, wheat at 35 bushels. This fall the herd had grown to more than 400 and he had already shipped about 120 head to municipalities.

Winning—by barge to The Pas and from there by truck. In addition, Tom supplied beef for the six Lamb airstrips in the Pas and a host of Lamb transport camps around the north.

Today Tom Lamb can take up an investment of $1.5 million made in the north over the years.

"Sometimes," he grins, "I own it, and sometimes the banks own it. We take turns about."

More important, he's enjoyed every minute of those years.

"If anything happened to me right now I'd feel I've had more than my share of fun with my family," he says.

"I've hunted with them, fished with them, trapped with them and once or twice swum with them."

"I think if people would go hunting and fishing with their families more often during the week they wouldn't have to hunt and fish for them Saturday night."

The family shares his feeling. Last fall, for example, Doug flew into the 7 Bar L one evening to announce that Debbie, then flying full-time in the sub-arctic wilderness, wanted to contact the family by radio from Ekino Point that night.

Delighted, Tom headed for the two-way radio set in his living room to spread the word.

First he called Greg, at that moment working in Churchill. Greg relayed the word to Jack at Thompson. Next Conrad joined the Lamb network. It was a real treat to have a huge crowd of large-load of cattle into The Pas. Finally Tom contacted Carol and Shelly, two miles away at the Moose Lake store. Don was already at the ranch. Satisfied now that the entire family would tune in on Dennie's broadcast, Tom signed off.

As usual, the flying Lambes were at their best. Perhaps this Christmas, for once, they'll get time off from the Santa Claus express to be home in person. But they knew it's not very likely.

Tom keeps track of all his enterprises by radio
Gone are the days of frozen backs, scorched fronts and smoke-filled faces. Now you can warm the house with a twist of the wrist—and there are even better things to come

By Hal Tennant

If you’re over 21, you can remember when it was sheer drudgery to keep a house warm in winter.

Maybe you didn’t have to saw and haul cordwood but probably did heave coal or hefty chunks of wood into a stove that took perverse delight in going out whenever your back was turned. If you weren’t stoking the wood fire, you were sweeping up coal dust, or hauling out old ashes to make room for new ones. Or so it seemed.

Today, in any one of millions of homes across Canada, it’s a different story. When winter winds whistle you can warm your house with one twist of the household thermostat. From then on the intelligent little gadget keeps you comfortable.

The big switch to automatic heating—with oil far out in front as the leading fuel—has freed millions of North Americans from a traditional winter chore and left extra hours for more productive work, cultural pursuits, recreation, hobbies—or just plain loafing. For this reason it’s the greatest revolution in home heating since prehistoric man discovered fire.

Other big advances were made in home heating in ancient times, but they didn’t last. Artifacts unearthed on the island of Cyprus show that the ancient Greeks used conduits to carry steam heat from ground-level boilers to second-story bedrooms. And the Romans were enjoying central heating long before Nero succumbed to a passionate weakness for kingsized bonfires.

While the English still stubbornly resist central heating, their famous Roman baths at Bath include, ironically, the remains of a highly efficient central heating system. After a tiring day of overseas duty, a Roman legionnaire could shed his clothes in a cozy dressing room, flop into any one of several pools of different temperatures and holster “Slaves, have another log on the fire.” The fires were in furnaces that fed hot air and gases through brick-lined passages under the floors. Wall flues and chimneys carried the cooled gases out of the buildings.

Basically it was the same distribution system still used in thousands of warm-air-heated homes across Canada.

In Rome, where the stay-at-homes never let the lack of a foreign posting stand in the way of a good hot soak in the tub, the Baths of Caracalla featured an enclosed pool 200 feet long and a steam room half the size of the Pantheon. The Romans built baths like these in almost every corner of the civilized world.

But northern Europeans failed to take the hint. For centuries after they shedded and shook in ill-heated homes. If the castle-building boom of the Middle Ages had featured prizes for the coldest, most miserable living quarters, there’d have been a lot of ties for first place.

Many of them, such as France’s famous Mont St. Michel, had no heating—except for puns of hot coals carried from room to room. The castles with fireplaces weren’t much cosier. Chimneys and flues were almost unheard of in the early Middle Ages.

After a winter of bone-chilling drafts, coughing fits and blurry eyes from fire-place smoke, it was little wonder all the knights in the land galloped hopefully off to the crusades in sunny Palestine.

By the early 16th century, somebody started the chimney fire. Soon women all over Europe were nagging their husbands to buy them a chimney. But the more conservative element viewed the new smokestacks with doubt and alarm.

During the reign of Elizabeth I, William Harrison wrote: “Now we have many chimneyies and yet our tenderlings complain of rheumes, catarrhs and poxes. Then had we none but scrofulae (bores in the centre of the hall) and our heads never did ache.

For as the smoke of those daisies was supposed to be a sufficient hardening of the timber of the houses, so it was reputed to be a better medicine to keep the good man and his family.”

In other words, for fast, fast, fast relief from headache, rheumatism and catarrh, there was nothing like a good old-fashioned facial of smoke.

When wood grew scarce, however, even the William Harrisons gave in. As the English turned to coal, they found that the scalding coal gas and smoke made chimney a must.

But while they willingly switched fuels, they didn’t tinker much with fireplaces until 1624. Then a Frenchman named Louis Savot designed a fireplace that drew in fresh air, warmed it and circulated it through the room. By then, even the colonials had fireplaces—though often less successful than Savot’s. One historian describes how Canadian settlers of those days dug out “a good square place for hearthstones” and filled it with “flat stones plastered with hard blue clay.”

Over this bed went feldstone, to form a fireback, topped by a chimney of stones or poles and branches. As a source of heat, this fireplace was adequate. As a cook stove it usually “scorched and roasted the cook almost as thoroughly as her joints (of meat).”

A hundred years after Savot, Sir Hugh Platt of England rigged up a cast-iron kettle with a funnel and pipes and began heating his sitting room by shooting steam into it. People rarely dropped in for a second visit with Sir Hugh. It remained for James Watt, of tea kettle and steam engine fame, to design the first practical steam-heating system. Using a small boiler, he heated an 18 by 14-foot office by piping steam around the walls.

Around the same time, Benjamin Franklin got tired of the way his stove roasted frontstones while allowing back-sides to freeze. He thought it would also be an improvement if most of the smoke went up the chimney and most of the heat came into the room—instead of vice versa, as often happened. Stoves had been...
acting this way since they were first built in 15th century Germany. Franklin changed all that with a single design. His new stove worked on the same principle as Savo’s fireplace. Soon there were dozens of variations of the Franklin stove in homes all over North America and Europe. “Air-tight” stoves (“with no stoves to smoke”) were widely advertised; “box” stoves were set into walls between kitchens and sitting rooms for both cooking and heating. Early-day industrial designers glugged the market with elaborate models remarkable chiefly for their outlandish ornamentation. A few people tired of these artistic monstrities, bought plain stoves and walled them up in their cellars. Unfortunately, they didn’t install any air ducts. This resulted in some of the chilliest parlors and warmest cellars in history.

Anyway, to most 19th century North Americans, the indispensable stove belonged in one’s living quarters—where one could sit around it, admire it and rest one’s heels on the guard rail. The celebrated pot-bellied stove became such a part of Canadian domestic life that as late as 1948 it was still the only source of heat in one Canadian home out of every three.

During the second half of the 19th century hot water or steam seemed to be the coming thing in home heating. Hot-water heating got off to a celebrated start in the 1850s, when the famous Nobel brothers of Sweden designed and built what was probably the world’s first forced-hot-water central heating system, in the palace of Czar Nicholas I of Russia. And in 1860 steam heat found an accidental ally in one Samuel F. Gold, who was building a condenser for a steamboat when he noticed that it gave off an unusual amount of heat. Soon after, he built a similar condenser and installed it in his father’s house—as the world’s first steam radiator.

But the hot-water boiler and steam-filled pipe, although destined to become widely used in big buildings—from Czarist palaces to 20th century office buildings—made only a minor dent in the household market. Home owners shrank from the high costs of installation and looked skeptically at advertisements proclaiming the hot-water boiler to be “as harmless as the tea kettle on the kitchen stove.”

By the turn of the century, hot-air heating was winning out over hot water and steam, and a new rivalry began to develop—between fuels. Wood and coal were still the commonest household fuels even though western Pennsylvanians had been heating their houses for at least 30 years with natural gas from nearby oil fields and the Russians had developed an early prototype of the modern oil burner in 1861. Public interest was attracted to oil burning with the increase in oil production in the United States. Then a few homeowners experimented with this new labor-saving type of heat but it was more enthusiastically used by many small manufacturers.

Early oil burners were crude. Oil in its natural state will burn but, for efficient and economic use, it needs to be atomized. In 1917 two Americans, M. J. Hammers and C. L. Lewis, came along with the first electrically-ignited, fully-automatic burners. This, along with longer distance pipe lines which could transport the oil cheaply, meant that oil entered North American homes on a national scale. Apartments, hotels and office buildings, especially on the Atlantic seaboard and in California, were equipped with oil-fuel boilers for steam heating.

Appliance manufacturers, by then convinced that oil was here to stay, worked to improve oil burners. After years of patient engineering, the modern power burner was developed in the Thirties and with it came better heat control, greater efficiency and less cumbersome furnace pipes. An oil fence could be built or hanked with a twist of the wrist; control was precise due to the liquid nature of the fuel and, in addition, the oil could easily be stored in a tank with no dirt, no dust and no ashes having to be periodically and laboriously removed.

By this time North America was in the depths of the depression. Few Canadians could afford new furnaces, although many were heating their homes with oil-fired space heaters. The oil and steel shortages of World War II delayed the trend almost another decade.

Then, the changeover came fast. During the war, only one Canadian home in 30 was oil-heated, and coal and wood together warmed 93 percent of all households. Then oil moved into one home out of nine by 1947, and one out of five by 1950, while wood declined rapidly and coal’s share of the market went down more slowly. Today the oil-versus-wood figures are just about the reverse of what they were 10 years ago: oil is heating slightly more than half of all Canadian households, and coal about 16 percent.

Gas ranks third, with 14.5 percent, leaving wood in fourth place, accounting for 14 percent of all households in the last survey issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics.

And we are due for a third revolution in home heating? Several new sources of heat have been touted recently, but none seems likely to revolutionize Canadian domestic heating in the near future.

One is the heat pump, a sort of refrigerator in reverse, that circulates a liquid through pipes set in the ground or in some natural body of water and then extracts the heat picked up outside by the circulating liquid. But the idea is a century old, and heating engineers haven’t yet made it economical.

Solar heat is also dandroed by cold Canadian winters. One of the big problems—is how to keep a solar-heated house warm on cold, rainy days—was solved in 1958, with the discovery that heat from the sun can be absorbed and stored by certain chemicals, then used as will. But the storage system would need to be large and expensive, to cope with Canadian temperatures. Heating experts say that in Canada solar heat is unlikely to be used as anything more than an auxiliary to some other type of heating system.

Such is already the case with electricity, which has generally been found too expensive as a main source of household heat.

At the moment, the most promising fuel of the future is atomic energy. Individual homes will probably never have atomic reactors as furnaces; the cost would be prohibitive and trained crews must operate them. One reactor now heats the atomic-energy buildings in Richland, Wash., and other plants are being planned or built in Germany, Norway and Sweden that will heat 1,000 average-size homes. But the cost of atomic-generated heat will have to come down a long way before it will be able to compete economically with oil or any other established fuel.

Consequently, heating experts in North America are thinking less about new fuels than about improved systems based on conventional fuels. A recent model “house of tomorrow” featured a “climate control center”—an eight-inch-square panel of switches and dials. It controlled household temperature, humidity, and purity and odor of air. A flick of a switch removed dust, pollen, germs and unpleasant odors and filled the air with the scent of a pine forest, the tang of a sea breeze or the aroma of fresh flowers. The instruments on the panel showed the outside temperature, humidity and wind direction and velocity—plus a weather forecast.

A made-to-order “climate” in your own house may seem like the end-all in living, if not the living end. But researchers are also investigating the possible use of a principle discovered a few years ago in California. During heating experiments in a school, researchers found that if they charged the air with negative ions—molecules containing one more electron than normal—students learned faster and felt better than usual.

Thus we may someday be able to reach out of bed, dial a “climate” to suit our individual taste, and then press the Negative Ion button to snap our minds out of a Monday morning fog.

Hol Tennant is an assistant editor of Maclean’s Magazine.
ANGEL ON THE WATERFRONT

To scores of seamen from a score of countries, Toronto's Flying Angel is the only Canadian church they know or want, the kind a seafaring man can understand.

Its pastor, Canon Guy Marshall, is a tall ruddy man with the white collar and black suit of a clergyman, the springy step of a rugger player and the well-knit shoulders of an ex-middleweight boxer. And, indeed, he is all of these.

The "parish" is bounded on the east by a rusty spur railway track and a drowsy sugar refinery; on the north by Front Street with its growling trailer-trucks; on the south and west by the docks and Marine Terminal No. 11, a shouting, shifting, harsh-sounding abstract of ship, cargo, and men.

And in the middle of this square the Flying Angel itself: a blue-and-white trailer with a worn blue pennant fluttering from its TV aerial. When the first morning breeze from Lake Ontario sweeps out the emblem (a winged angel) and the words "The Missions to Seamen", every merchant sailor within eyeshot knows that Toronto's only waterfront mission is open for another day.

Here, any day during the shipping season, a seaman of any religion (or no religion, for that matter) can read a novel, write a letter to his girl, watch TV, talk about home, or—if he seeks it—find spiritual comfort.

The Flying Angel is one of 89 similar Anglican Church Missions to Seamen around the world, and one of many more repeated by other denominations. In this first year of the St. Lawrence Seaway, the "Angel" was busier than ever before.

By late autumn, ships of 20 nationalities had docked in Toronto to unload and load cargo and, sometimes, to take on bunker fuel. Seamen from each vessel invariably find the Mission because Marshall visits their ship and extends his welcome as soon as they dock. With their halting English, often aided by the Spanish, French and Italian of the Canon and his volunteer helpers, they make their needs known. And the Mission generally has the answer.

Some come for lunch, to watch TV westerns or to talk out their loneliness. Others carry off armloads of reading matter, the Mission never has enough. Some want shopping advice. Social director Anthony Patton recently bought a crockery slip for a sailor's wife while the man waited at the far end of the store, crimson with embarrassment.

On Sunday nights Marshall opens the folding doors of the trailer's tiny chapel for services. But if sailors want a clergyman of their own faith or nationality, he finds one. Recently, for example, he took the Rev. Paul Ken Jinsi aboard the Manchuria Maru, the first Japanese vessel through the Seaway.

Some men want to find lost relatives or go to dances, picnics, or Niagara Falls. Many want to play inter-ship rugger matches. Marshall organizes and referees the games. Once a red-headed man from Bristol came ashore with an armful of classical records. Marshall produced a record player and the seaman sat alone in the Mission with Bach and Mozart all afternoon.

"Seamen have changed in the last 20 years," says Marshall. "The diesel vessels are cleaner, have better accommodation and attract better-educated men. They need different entertainment on shore; you just can't give them tea and a bun and a ticket to a boxing match."
The Canon’s typical day begins about 8:30 a.m. Bareheaded, with long-hurrying strides, he leaves the trailer with an armload of used magazines, picking his way among crates, kegs, stacks of lumber and reeking bales of raw hides. Everyone knows “the padre” - customs officers, ship’s captains and paintstained seamen. He sidesteps a scurrying little dock tractor (waving it on with a grin and a bow that tickles its driver), and goes up the gangway of the Manchester Explorer, three steps at a time.

“Good morning, Bos’n. How many men for Niagara Falls today?”

“Seven so far, padre. Will you have a coffee while I see about the rest?” Marshall waits in the seamen’s mess. A steady procession of men and officers find reasons for dropping in. The padre has greetings for all (“Go ashore last night?” “Just for a walk, padre.” “Well, the Mission’s open evenings. Come watch TV if you like.”)

Marshall washes and dries his cup, hurries down the alleyway, pokes his head in the galley to greet the cook, talks football on deck with a tow-headed boy in a duffel coat, and swaps hometown tales with a pink-cheeked young officer from Leeds.

Next, aboard the Emsinck from Hamburg, he gives the steward a bundle of German magazines. On the Thorshave out of Norway, he promises to organize a rugger game, then calls on Swedish and Dutch boats before hurrying home for a hasty lunch with his family and a call on his second parish uptown. Then back to the “Angel” for afternoon and evening, perhaps until 11:30 p.m.

The Canon never thrusts religion at any man. But if the man voices a problem, Marshall immediately drops everything to talk it out, with the language and experience born of 16 years with Missions to Seamen.

“This is much more fun than some quiet little country parish in England,” Marshall said recently. “But it’s changing. I spent 14 years with the Mission in Buenos Aires, a tough spot. When men became unruly, I simply had to step in and say them out.”

He paused thoughtfully, then added with a trace of astonishment, “You know, I haven’t had to break a fight since I came here!”

But somehow you know that in a fight, as in all gentler endeavors, the padre of the Flying Angel would win the respect of the waterfront.