The Kid Grew Up . . . W. O. Mitchell in *Those Decorable Middy Suits* recalls a boyhood Christmas still vivid though he's the father of two teen-age boys. His first story for the *Review* was a hit in 1942 when he re-created his boyhood per-
someness in "The Kid." But he didn't start living solely by his pen until 1947 when his first book, "Who Has Seen The Wind?" made an immediate hit and brought him $14,000 in royalties. It was republished this fall.

Few people need an introduction to Bill Mitchell. If they haven't read his books, they've enjoyed his radio dramas or magazine stories of "Jake and the Kid."

His friends usually remember him with a chuckle for they can quote more stories about Mitchell than he can remember himself. They may recall the $5 jackets he used to pick up in second-hand Toronto stores as a gesture of defiance against high living costs. "Paint and pocket match pretty well, too," he'd point out. Ten years ago he gave up city life to write in High River, Alta., his beloved native west. One editor visited High River on invitation and had to fight his way through field and bush to even meet Mitchell—who had forgotten the invitation and gone fishing.

But Mitchell works hard, often through the night. Once after a brief hour of terror believing one of the boys was losing his sight after an accident, he spent the rest of the night trying to record the feelings of a father faced with such a situation.

Have Some Gunn, Chum . . . Barbara West ("There's Nothing Like Gunn, Particularly") had quite a shock when she sat down to write her first article. As an editorial assistant at Maclean's magazine reading unsolicited manuscripts and checking facts she found it easy to criticise other people's work. "Now that I've faced the other end of the situation," she admits, "I find it just as easy to make mistakes and am just as dense about recognizing them."

Born to an English theatrical family she worked as a secretary in the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden and London's leading bur-
lesque theatre before coming to Canada in 1956. The mysteries of the fan dance were much too much for her when she started her piece on gay. Research took her into candy stores all over Toronto snapping up rare specimens like a connoisseur. She sampled them all, except the anti-septic and flashy varieties. Since finishing the piece she's been buying handfuls of any one who leaves a flare open. Never a big gun chewer, Barbara figures in three weeks she consumed her usual year's supply and should shake the habit for a while.

What Really Happened In Ville Marie . . . We stand corrected in our statement in *Look*. What's Happening in Ville-Marie (June issue) that the Bank of Montreal, in the midst of erecting a 22-storey office, "lopped six storeys off its plans" when it became apparent the new C.I.L. building would have offices to rent. The Bank will occupy space in C.I.L. House but, during construction, has not altered the plans for its own 17-storey building.

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EDITOR: ROBERT COLLINS

The "Sick" Industry?

In the year just ending the Canadian oil producing industry has been discredited, diagnosted and viewed with alarm by various people. In the industry really in distress? Let's take a look at a traditional test for the health of an industry: its rate of growth.

The oil and gas producing industry is growing faster than the general economy and, indeed, most other Canadian industries. Sales of western Canadian crude have been in-
creasing at a rate relatively greater than the sales of oil from the prime producing areas of the United States, Venezuela and the Middle East. Crude oil production alone is up approximately four percent over last year. Oil and natural gas production together this year will run at about 745,000 barrels per day (expressing natural gas energy content in tons of crude oil). This represents an increase of 10 to 12 percent over 1959. There is every indication that growth will continue as this or an even greater rate.

Oil and natural gas production is a key phrase because in any examination of petroleum markets crude oil and natural gas must be considered together. They are produced jointly by the same companies and compete in the same markets. To judge the petroleum industry on its crude oil operations alone is like rating a soup company solely on its sales of vegetable soup.

Natural gas export projects already approved will mean, starting in 1962, additional sales of Canadian natural gas in the United States which will be equivalent to 150,000 barrels daily of crude oil. Export markets for Canadian crude oil are also expanding. During 1960 these sales will average out at about 113,000 barrels daily, an increase of 145 percent compared to sales of five years ago, and a 23 percent increase over sales in 1959.

Exploration for both oil and gas is continuing at a high level.

Is this a sick industry, somebody should tell the "patient" to lie down.
REMEMBER WHEN HOCKEY NIGHT WAS NEW?

by Dean Walker

In the whirlwind of world and national events of that Saturday, November 7, 1936, the "new" hockey broadcast scenario created a ripple. Italian brewers were pouring down Abyssinian civilization. A million and a half Canadians were on alert. The headline in that day's Toronto Daily Star proclaimed: "REBELS IN MADRID — SAVAGE STREET FIGHTING."

In such a climate of tragedy and hardship, it was little wonder that the event that evening at Maple Leaf Gardens went virtually unnoticed. An event that began at nine p.m., EST, when the mellower voice of Charles Jennings, one of the top announcers in Canadian radio, went out over an 18-station network: "Your Empire Oil hockey broadcast — bringing you Foster Hewitt." Then came the clear, compelling: "Hello Canada and hockey fans in the United States and Newfoundland..."

In parks, pool rooms and general stores, 292,000 Canadians heard a little nearer their sets, subliminally stirred by Hewitt's vibrant voice. And down on the dazzling surface of Conn Smythe's ice palace Toronto Maple Leafs took on the New York Americans. The fans at home and in the Gardens got their money's worth that night. Americans jumped shod on goals by captains Tommy Anderson and top scorer Dave "Stumpy" Schermer. By the middle of the third period Leafs had tied it 2-2: a raty newcomer named Syd Arpin scored one goal and assisted on the other. Then with 72 seconds in the game, rookie Lloyd Jackson fired a shot from the blue line past Leaf goalie George Hainsworth, to give Americans a 3-2 victory.

So began Imperial Oil's "Hockey Night." At the time, no one guessed that this was the start of a sure partnership and a unique form of broadcasting. Now in its 25th year, Imperial and "Hockey Night in Canada" are seemingly inseparable. In the fabulous, frenetic world of broadcast advertising, no other company has sponsored one network show for so long. Most of the world-shaking events of 1936 have faded from history, but the broadcast goes on. Radio hockey wasn't new in 1936. Foster Hewitt had given the world's first play-by-play report in 1922 and General Motors began sponsoring regular national broadcasts in 1931. But immediately the Imperial broadcast acquired a distinct character. It was a complete entertainment package: two first-class announcers, two play-by-play experts, a package that was to become "almost a national institution." "Hockey Night in Canada" came to mean a coast-to-coast family get-together where everybody thought about, talked about, and listened to hockey.

The company looked at the program format and included weekly guest announcers from the United States, time mission interviews at rinkside and the three-star selection. In later years the between-periods "Hot Stove League" became almost as popular as the game. When it was all over, the game went out over 48 radio stations, more than double the original number, and reached a larger audience than any other program on Canadian radio.

Imperial announced triumphantly that the broadcast traveled over 25,000 miles of copper wire and 400,000 telegraph poles and reached 253 stations, and everyone was in on the act. Today that 1936 arrangement seems less complex than Canada when compared to the plethora of satellite hockey over radio and television to eight million Canadians a week. Yet the fortunes of 1936 were far more marked by the methods of their broadcast than the jaded viewers of 1960. Nothing still warms the heart more than the magic of these early broadcasts. Even now, 280,000 Canadians still enjoy radio hockey. Hewitt's explanations: "Nobody's better than we use imagination."
knowledgeable and calm. The more daring young bloods wagered five or ten cents on the hockey pool that flourished in every corner store. Women were allowed to bring their knitting into the Elite circle around the radio—providing they kept quiet.

Then, all hushed beside a bustling fire, the nation waited for Hewitt's voice with its perpetual undercurrent of excitement that made the most ordinary game seem like a Stanley Cup final. Who could care about rent money, or the lack of it, with that voice trumpeting into the living room? Hewitt seemed to anticipate the very flight of the puck. (He explained recently: "An announcer has to listen to the crowd. As the noise rises, he must be explaining why. He can't wait until it is over.") Tension mounted with every end rush, and when it culminated in Hewitt's famous "He shoots—he scores", some listeners felt more exhausted than the men on the ice.

And what men they seemed to be: Apps, Toronto's rookie centre who was heading for years of stardom; burly defenceman Red Horner, who scattered opposing forwards like twigs; Boston's fiery Eddy Shore; Bill Cook, New York's great right-winger; the incomparable Howie Morenz, then in his last season with Montreal; "Bushy" Jackson, Charlie Conacher, a rookie named Turk Broda and a host of others.

Canadians doted on these stars and their exploits. Probably we have never enjoyed hockey broadcasts more than we did in 1936. It was the end of an unspiritualized era. Entertainment and recreation were relatively simple. We were not satiated with widescreen movies, hi-fi or television. For kicks, we could not rush around in high-powered cars. Admittedly, the new automobiles cost less than $1,000—but who had a thousand? "Mass communications" was a new expression. Canada was still highly sectionalized. But for two hours each Saturday night we were one great audience drawn by radio away from the worries of 1936.

Remember that grin, yet sometimes gay, year? In so many ways it was menacing. Fascists ruled in Italy and Germany, and won a bloody civil war in Spain.

Communism in the U.S.S.R. seemed set to stay and Canada dropped its Russian trade embargo. Liberals everywhere wondered which was the way to peace. Russia re-armed. Hitler thumbed his nose at Locarno pact. Every newspaper showed pictures of soldiers.

Yet few Canadians really believed there would be a world war. Prime Minister Mackenzie King returned from six weeks in Europe the day the Imperial broadcast began, convinced that Canada could and should stay out of "European entanglements." Many adults of the day were veterans of 1914—18—the "war to end wars." Anyway, we were too involved in a near-hopeless hunt for jobs, money, security, even food. Drought and depression, rather than Fascism and Communism, were our ogress in 1936.

Men rode the freights, begged at back doors, lined up at soup kitchens. Wages were low, when available. A girl would do housework for $16 a month and her keep. But prices were low, too. You could buy a big house for $5,000 or rent one for thirty a month. Pork and beans was a nickel a can at Loblaws and a bowl of soup cost eight cents. And a city undertaker advertised "complete" funerals for only $70.

Yet somehow people managed to have fun. Without a nickel to your name, you could sit on a bench and watch policemen enforce decency laws. That summer, a Toronto inspector exclaimed: "Some men want to strut around like ape men, wearing nothing but trunks! This might be all right if they were in a sideshow and charged 10 cents to get in, but not on Toronto beaches. For men and for girls, there must be a top to the bathing suit." The forces of propriety fought hard on other fronts that year. A temperance group publicly praised the softball team coach who refused to accept a girl who smoked.

Twenty-five cents bought escapism in movie theatres where we escolated at Laurel and Hardy and shuffled at ominous Charlie Chan, Oriental private eye. Marlene Dietrich, a mere filly, was playing opposite Clark Gable in Desire. A doped-up moppet named Shirley Temple, in Poor Little Rich Girl brought tears to the eyes of girls of all ages.

Short of two-bits? Then two cents bought a newspaper. You could kill half an hour of every unemployed day with the comic strips: Felix the Cat, Bringing up Father (Maggie looked a little younger), Winnie Winkle the Bread-winner, Moom Mullins, Popeye, Tillie the Toiler, even a dowdy Jane Arden.

In politics, Saskatchewan Conservatives chose a new leader: young John G. Diefenbaker. Mackenzie King, once again prime minister after two previous terms, was setting a record for tenure of office. Alberta experimented with that new-fangled Social Credit.

The year saved its feast of bellowing headlines for December: the King of England was courting a twice-divorced American. And when Edward VIII finally abdicated to marry Wallis Simpson, the newspapers recorded the newest Christmas carol going around London: "Hark, the herald angels sing: Mrs. Simpson's snatched our King."

On bad days, when you didn't have

It was 1936.
There was war in Spain and long line-ups at soup kitchens.
But people like Syl Apps, Shirley Temple and Mae West helped us forget our troubles.
Now, 25 seasons later, TV hockey is the Saturday night pastime for eight million fans
Foothills play

In Alberta’s foothills, drillers, geologists and seismic crews are adding a new phrase to the oil industry’s lexicon: “the foothills play.” The play—industry language for the concentration of oil and gas in a particular area—is a stepping-up of efforts to develop gas reserves, now that the U.S. government has given approval for gas import from Canada.

Interest in the foothills dates back some 40 years. Long before Ledcor, Imperial engaged in a persistent but fruitless search there. Now the searchers from several companies are back in force—fighting through the almost virgin frontier.

The change in terrain from the neat prairie roads to foothills slopes and timber isn’t helping the oil men. Some geologists have used horse pack-trains to move about, others canoes, and still others have covered miles on foot. One seismic crew recently took two days to travel 20 miles between locations, cutting through thick pine forests, traversing rivers and climbing steep grades. In winter, the task is doubly difficult because of snow, ice and sleet.

Seismic crews place small dynamite charges beneath the earth’s surface at regular intervals. The explosions from these charges send sound waves down to rocks deep below the earth, which bounce back and help the trained crews detect structures that might contain oil or gas. Prairie crews could lay their charges in fields or at the side of existing roads. In the foothills, the roads have to be cut by bulldozer. Often tracked vehicles are the only ones that can make the “mountain goat” climb. The roads go nowhere near civilization although they are invaluable to forest rangers and may some day form the basis for tourist roads into this scenic country.

For geologists, who aren’t normally encumbered with heavy equipment, the answer to the transportation problem is the helicopter. It becomes taxi, mail truck, grocery van, ambulance and delivery truck. Similarly seismic crews use the tracked vehicles to transport their shot-hole drilling rig, equipment for test shots and camp facilities.

Another major challenge looms when big drilling rigs go on location. A rig involves individual pieces weighing 10 tons or more and roads cut for seismic operations must be reinforced. Exploratory drilling may continue many months at one site so living quarters are usually well-insulated portable homes. Fuel storage tanks at times are made of collapsible rubber; occasionally a storage hut has walls of polyethylene, a product of petrochemistry.

Such is the foothills play—a facet of the gas and oil search wherein ingenuity and “portability” mean more than ever before.

by Michael Jacot
W. O. Mitchell recalls Christmas and

THOSE DETESTABLE MIDDY SUITS

The Christmas that I was eleven years old I took a giant step. My grandmother helped me take it, and I think it must have been a salient Christmas for her too.

It started out the same as any other Christmas in my life—wonderful and exciting. In the basement of Knox Presbyterian Church, Margaret Finlay had played Mother Mary again in our Sunday School concert. Sheeted, Fat and Ike and I had sat before a red tissue paper fire glowing from the bulb in a plumber's extension light supplied by Mr. Kalman, our broomstick camels grazing nearby. Then Ike said, "Lo."

Fat said, "It is a star."

I said, "It is the star of the East."

We mounted and we galloped across the stage to the stable furnished with hay from Stinchcombe's Livery Barn and my gift for the baby in the manger was "frank-in-cents-and-meer," whatever that was. Jack Andrews played The Robin's Return; Bill Stinchcombe recited 'Twas the Night Before... as also did Jack Graham and Willis Ballantyne and Russel Sales and Clara Gatenby. The week before Christmas our town generally had a surfeit of 'Twas the Night Before... since it was not a predominately Presbyterian piece and was done in the Anglican, Baptist, Methodist and Catholic basements as well, or rather—also.

In our home we had by then decorated the living room with special attention to the cuckoo clock, leaving it to the last and draping it just before the hour would strike; we could almost imagine that there was a surprised expression on the bird's face when it popped out. A week before we had unwrapped and pried apart the tree, which was the same age as my oldest brother, eighteen. It was made of shrill green feathers and wire, had been brought home by my father in 1907 when pine and spruce trees were not available on the Saskatchewan prairies. It looked now as though it had just made it through the terrible western winter of '06 and '07, for each year it had moulded more, but tinsel and the delicately spiral-ribbed Christmas candles clutched upright in the little tin claws at the ends of the wire branches, revived it beautifully.

It did not smell of the mint freshness of evergreen, but it did have a bouquet of
its own. My grandmother liked her smaller gifts to be hung from the tree and each year one of these came very early in the season from a favorite niece of hers in Kitchener. I have suspected in later years, that this niece had married well—and into cheese, for the gift she sent west was always a quarter-pound of hysterical Limburger. Not a creature was stirring in our house the night before Christmas but grandma’s cheese could be smelled clear up to the billiard room on the third floor. I know that Christmas is traditionally associated with holly and pine, but my three brothers and I are the only living Canadians, who will always associate it with feathers and Limburger cheese.

My grandmother, Maggie MacMurray, was of lowland Scottish descent, a Grit and the most erect human I have ever known. Her person carried a ripe apple fragrance like that of shellac; I know that the same scent breathed from the crystal set my brother Jack built and very nearly got Regina with. She looked a great deal like a more finely drawn John Knox if he wore a black velvet ribbon high around his neck. Under the attached throat piece of lace my grandmother kept a goiter. It was an outside goiter as opposed to an inside goiter. Had it been an inside goiter she would still have worn black velvet over a lace throat piece.

At Christmas time and New Year’s, on her birthday and election days, she delighted in a ruby glass of beet wine. She would tell and retell yet enigmatic stories about: Uncle Will and the bobcat—the hired man and his overallsthe Tory who bought votes in Huron county—an earthy fable about a smart-aleck coyote and the snow “where there’s smoke, there must be fire.” The one which promoted the most excitement, the time the Clinton town bell rang the alarm for the Fenian Raids, was not thrilling at all, for there had been no Fenian Raid.

Another time but Christmas and my birthdays I took her seriously—indeed I loved her. Had she not been a consummate craftswoman with needle and thread I could have easily loved her all the year round. My grandmother’s Christmas presents held no surprise; for several weeks I could annually hear her arguing out in the breakfast room with my mother about which way the pattern should lie on the goods so as to save most of the goods and to hell with the bias. There was not really any need for this caution, for it was always material from a suit, a coat, a toque, a gift of my grandfather’s, my father’s, my uncle’s, my eldest brother’s, or salvaged from a dress, a duster, a skirt of my mother’s, my grandmother’s, my aunt’s, any one of my female cousins. From this reclaimed material let out at the seams and turned so that the worn and shiny side would be in, she might make a reeler coat with brown velour collar that had once been part of the dining room curtains before they suffered smoke damage in the fire; striped pyjamas from a flimsy and exuberant dress my mother had relegated to the closet when she had gone into mourning for my father; a pongee blouse reclaimed from a kimono once the possession of my Aunt Josie, Aunt Myrtle, my cousin Margaret, or Mildred, or Lottie, or Helen, or perhaps even some心态 unrelated female human unknown to me. For my grandmother collected material, ostensibly for hooking rugs or making log cabin quilts, only half of which found its way into mats or quilts. The other half went into midway suits.

I hated these suits which came in three parts: the broad collared middy itself, stovepipe pants, and a waist. (The waist was a foundation garment quilted rather like a life jacket that had been on a severe diet; it buttoned up the back with thirteen small buttons so that you pretty nearly had to share a bedroom with a brother in order to undress at night and dress in the morning. The pants buttoned to this waist; long snap garters dangled from the front of it to hold up stockings. After swimming had opened officially in the Little Souris on the twenty-fourth of May, my brother Bob and I would walk out over the prairie west of town, undress a quarter of a mile before we had reached the swimming hole, hide our clothes under a clump of brush and continue the rest of the way naked through prairie wool and spear grass, hoping thereby to avoid mortification. We were quite unsuccessful; it was known throughout the district as far as Brokenshell, Trosaich, Estevan and perhaps even around Oxbow, that the Mitchell boys wore corsets.

I could not recall a Christmas or a birthday when my grandmother’s gift had not been a detestable middy suit. This Christmas morning I sported it almost immediately by its fat and shapeless bulk and by theSpyder, angular handwriting which said, “For Will.” I left it to the very last.

My two younger brothers and I were the only ones before the feather tree in the living room, bright with tinsel and redolent with the Yeuletide scent of Limburger cheese as we opened our presents at least two hours before the winter dawn. Some time after the first intoxication of Christmas morning had left me, after Bob and Dick had each stoically and dutifully unwrapped a middy suit (Bob’s, blue serge via Uncle Frank; Dick’s, pepper and salt woven courtesy of Grandfather MacMurray) I turned to mine.

It was wearing apparel, of gray flannel, but without the usual bitterness of moth balls—quite unfamiliar material. As I lifted it up and shook it out I was surprised that no white waist either dropped to or remained on the opened paper. Then I realized what my grandmother had made for me. Time can never dissolve those stunning moments that I held up my first pair of long pants.

I pulled them on over my pyjama bottoms and looked down at my no-legs. A balloon was inflating inside me and I had grown one foot. I was taller; I was male as I stared down the long and unbroken creases “with a wild surmise... silent, upon a peak in Darien.”

Ah—there was a Christmas! There was a grandmother! There was the ritualistic birth of a man!
THE CHIEF WHO SELLS SAFETY

IN HULL

In schools, on radio and from the pulpit Chief Joseph Robert preaches safety in Hull, Que. And for drivers who dare to break his traffic laws, there's a stern lecture and often a fine.

by Norman Riddington

In safety-conscious Hull, Que., a motorist—good or bad, local or out-of-town—must inevitably fall within the jurisdiction of chief of police Joseph Adrien Robert.

Good drivers know Robert as a conscientious, soft-spoken, square-built man of 52, somewhat resembling the late Hollywood actor Paul Douglas. He moves tirelessly around town talking traffic safety in schools, organizing bicycle and automobile rodeos, urging support from newspapers, radio and churches, even going out on the streets to personally direct traffic.

Errant drivers know Robert as the head of a department that cracks down relentlessly on every violation from double parking to drunk driving. All of this is part of Chief Robert's personal war on traffic accidents. In Robert's book, accidents are a matter of major concern. As he puts it, "Traffic is the most important responsibility of a police department. It is the greatest police challenge of the 20th century."

Ten years ago, with an outstanding record in cleaning up the conventional forms of crime, Robert set out to meet the traffic challenge in Hull, determined to make his city one of the safest in Canada. Today he's well on the way to success. Between 1945 and 1950, there were 50 deaths on Hull streets; in the five years ending 1959, there were 17. This was achieved despite increased population (from 42,000 in 1950 to 50,000 today) and traffic. The per capita accident rate is down 25 percent. This, when coupled with the fact that Hull streets are inadequate and nearly half its drivers are from outside, suggests that Robert's system works.

The system is classic in its simplicity: strict enforcement of the law, supplemented with a year-round education program in classrooms, pulpits, over radio and on police platforms.

In 1949 Hull police issued 2,180 traffic violation tickets; in 1959: 14,397.

Yet Robert insists that drivers be treated impartially and with courtesy. "I'm not interested in collecting fines," he says. "Only in maintaining the law. I believe the object of good enforcement is to win voluntary observance of the law by road users."

Recently, for example, a motorist involved in a minor accident was fined $50. He was unemployed and had four children. In court, Robert successfully pleaded for four successive delays. When the man found work he promised Robert reimbursement. "I'm coming in to pay next week, chief. That's the last time I'll be careless," Later Robert said with satisfaction, "What does it matter how much a man pays if he realizes he's done wrong and is willing to change his attitude? That's the purpose of good law enforcement."

However the chief has profound disapproval for those who flout the law. He's inflexibly opposed to ticket-living, for example.

General manager Paul Lemire, whose Hull radio station, CKCH, gives Robert much free air time in safety-promoting spot announcements and special broadcasts, said recently, "I have a parking ticket in my pocket right now, but I wouldn't think of asking him to cancel."

"I consider him a good friend but if I committed a traffic offense, I wouldn't dare call him to explain," says Ottawa Journal city editor Geoffrey Baxter. "In fact he'd probably call me. crack a joke and then tell me off."

"There are too its or busts in Hull's-en..."
forecement," sums up Bill Bangs, chairman of the Greater Ottawa Safety Council. "It's the only answer to the mounting toll of accidents. Education alone has failed."

Education is particularly difficult in Hull because half the drivers on its streets are out-of-towners. Hull alone has more than 20,000 registered vehicles, but sometimes as many as 52 percent of its total vehicles bear Ontario plates. And 40 percent of the drivers involved in Hull accidents are from out of town.

Few other Canadian cities attract as many transient drivers. Hull lies north of the Ottawa River across from the capital. It has the biggest ice arena in the district, home of Hull-Ottawa Canadien. Nightclubs just outside the city spout out a stream of late-hour traffic through Hull streets. Three golf clubs and a race track attract thousands. In winter, as many as 5,000 cars a day thread through Hull to ski zones in the Gatineau Hills. In summer Gatineau Park is the favorite week-end playground for the 5,000-odd Ottawa families with cottages there.

All these pleasure-seekers, and Hull's thousands who work in Ottawa's government offices, must cross the Ottawa River on one of three bridges: the decrepit old Interprovincial, the Chaudière or the newer Champlain. Every day on all three occur regularly--a traffic count in 1956 showed each was taxed more than 50 percent beyond capacity. Half of Hull's accidents occur where traffic spills off these bridges. A new bridge costing $12.3 million is to be located 500 yards downstream from the Interprovincial is now in preliminary planning stages.

On top of this, geography and history have contributed to the problem. Because of Hull's steep escarpments there is only one east-west through street downtown. Naturally, everyone uses it. Founded in 1800--before Ottawa--and burned down twice, Hull was rebuilt 60 years ago with narrow, broken roads, unable to handle today's traffic. All the major thoroughfares are only 30 feet wide or less. Traffic therefore is heavily concentrations on main streets. However this helps Robert keep records and anticipate accident patterns--a key factor in his campaign.

"Eighty percent of our accidents are due to violations," he says. "The largest number are exceeding the speed limit, or prudent speed limit. I know that from eight to nine a.m. for instance, there will likely be speeding violations on certain streets. On these streets I can order other police cars and patrol cars.

"In mid-morning we're likely to be plagued with double parking violations downtown. At the evening rush hour we get drivers hurrying home through stop streets."

Unlike some cities where men are assigned to fixed beats, Robert's 64-man force is highly mobile, with nine patrol cars, two panel trucks and five motorcycles. Men move to meet traffic problems before they occur. "Their job is to keep traffic moving safely. That means we must think ahead and be on the spot in advance."

In winter, night patrol cars watch road and weather conditions that may have a bearing on traffic next day. They report to the desk sergeant, who plans the morning patrols in advance, and to the city public works department, which puts sanders out long before morning rush-hour.

No traffic officer may go off duty until he is certain traffic is flowing without his help. He doesn't call the desk sergeant for permission. It is his responsibility to stay until he is personally satisfied.

If the weather is bad, he has the consolation of knowing that the chief is probably out in it too. Robert believes he can learn most by watching traffic himself. One scorching September afternoon last year, he stopped on his way home from work to watch one of his men directing traffic. The officer looked hot and tired. "Better get home and have a rest, son," Robert murmured, "I'll take over." He remained three hours until relieved. "I was criticized," he says. "People felt it didn't become the dignity of a chief."

But in Hull, no legitimate police work is below the dignity of the chief. ("My wife says I'm married to the job.") He often works after 10 a.m. He's a regular on the job until after midnight.

Robert demands the same effort from his men who are under standing orders to spread salt-sand mixture from curbside boxes if work crews are delayed. Not long ago he appointed a new traffic sergeant, Jacques Labonté. "I hope you are prepared to read up on traffic problems in your spare time," said Robert.

"I'll do my best, sir," replied Labonté.

"That's not quite good enough," Robert said quietly. "You've got to give everything you've got."

Of several officers, the chief says, "I admire them. They personally own thousands of dollars worth of police books."

Robert, a native of Abstontford, Que., always fancied police work but his first job was as a railroad accountant, "because I led my class in math." He soon found life dull, tried his hand at being a station agent, and didn't like it. "I knew two or three fine men in the Montreal police and I decided to take the plunge."

He joined a private detective agency, found he looked too much like a policeman to do any effective shadowing. Switiched to the protective force in Montreal's Mount Royal Hotel, then joined the Quebec Provincial Police, first as a morality officer, later as a detective. In 1936, at age 28, he was part of a team of seven OPP officers in capturing a 12-man gang following a Hull bank robbery and murder. Six were shot and visited of manslaughter. A year later Robert was invited to become chief. Hull was then a wide-open town. Robert cleaned it up. "If you'd known what he had to battle you would know how proud we are of him now," says Sheriff Rene St. Pierre.

With the crime-busting crusade complete, Robert turned to the less dramatic, more frustrating job of traffic safety. He decided that if it was to be successful, he had to lead it himself. He brushed up his English ("I'm one of the old-school and not bilingual as some of my rookies") and went to traffic school at Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill. He also traveled to Chicago, Detroit, New York and Boston to see how traffic safety was handled.

When he came back he called his men together. "From now on we're going on a safety crusade," he told them. "All of us, from chief down."

His first job was to sell his own force. Because of his respect for his integrity and ability, his men soon saw the logic of his arguments. "We'd been fighting crime and battling immorality for a long time," one of them recalls. "Then suddenly we were asked to change the way of thinking as policemen. It took a little time to adjust. The chief told us how we had taken oats to protect lives and property, explained that traffic accidents would continue to destroy both and announced that we were mounting an offensive against the irresponsible driver."

Robert personally compiled and delivered a 100-hour training course in traffic. Everyone took it, even the morality and detective squads. Every year he gives refresher courses. Officers are also given special training such as the 12week RCMP course on general police work at Regina.

He insists that every man be able to recite the provincial traffic act and the city's traffic bylaws in both English and French. "You can't enforce law if you don't know it. Besides, there is less resentment if the officer is knowledgeable as well as courteous."

When his men became proficient, Robert realized they needed more safety. He formed school safety patrols. He won support from Le Droit, the French daily, radio station CKCH, industry, trade unions and the clergy. Industry puts up safety posters in factories, trade unions distribute stickers and pamphlets at meetings and both groups carry safety messages in their publications. All churches have sermons on traffic safety at least once a year.

Robert and his men organized bicycle roundups for 15-year-olds and under, and auto roundups for teen-agers, and per-
Hull council formed a civic traffic committee to recommend changes in the city's traffic bylaws, and a parking commission. Three years ago Robert helped organize the Traffic Conference of Quebec Municipalities. As president, he outlined some of his beliefs last April: "Every driver should be re-educated every five years and every year after the age of 50. Safety education should start in primary grades in school, first stressing pedestrian safety, bicycle safety for young users from 10 to 13, then driver safety for teenagers. (He is working now for driver training in Hull high schools.)

Traffic signs should be standardized along the lines suggested by the Canadian Good Roads Association. (At his insistence, Hull has just spent $8,000 on new signs.)

Every Canadian municipality should have the same basic traffic laws.

With a public life dedicated to and crowded with traffic safety, the private life of Chief Robert—as such it is—is almost simple, almost Spartan. He does not eat out after lunch on Saturdays, goes home to his apartment and usually pickups a book (biographies or police novels, real Bronte, early stories). Sometimes he and his wife take a Sunday drive in the country. Once or twice a month they play chess or bridge. "Always in absolute silence, I don't like ladies at the table. They talk too much!"

Each fall the chief tries to do some hunting. Often he combines his formal vacation with police conventions.

At police receptions he sips only soft drinks, then slips away early, won't make a fetish of his abstention. He is "against all forms of gambling, but it's immoral." But perhaps most of all he explores the "brutality" of some traffic safety gimmicks.

"I hear that some cities are piling church bells when people are killed," he says. "In other cities they like to paint crosses on the sidewalk. I don't want to have children if you were a parent whose child had been killed in front of your home, would you want to be reminded by such things each time you go out? It's inhuman. There are so many better ways of selling safety."

**by Barbara West**

In addition to fine paintings, New York's famed Metropolitan Museum collects ceramics, Oriental rugs, musical instruments and costumes—in fact, anything that portrays man's history and culture. It was therefore no surprise last summer to the millions of gum chews on this continent when the Museum started a collection of bubble gum cards featuring baseball heroes. For them it was only official recognition of a well-established North American custom.

While Communists regard it as decadent and South Africans titter at gum chews in American movies, Canadians and Americans regard gum as traditional hot dogs.

Since the early 1800s, North American gum chewing, at a penny a chew, has fostered a multi-million dollar industry, been celebrated in song, castigated in court, carried abroad for barter by servicemen and attracted countless devotees and occasional critics.

The sight of pounding jaws once exasperated a county court judge in Toronto so much that he halted proceedings to proclaim: "I don't tolerate gum chewing in my court. Officials and spectators must either remove the gum or themselves." And an American physicist and inventor, Nikola Tesla, reportedly tried to scare gum chews by declaring that "by exhausting the salivary glands, chewing gum brings many ... an early grave.""

Since Tesla and his anti-gum followers never produced any evidence, chews continue happily to sample anywhere from two minutes to two days on each wad, chewing mostly for pleasure, although there are also deodorant, laxative, aspirin, anti-seasick and diuretic gums.

Canadians last year spent $21 million on some two billion sticks (about 110 per capita) with flavors ranging through peppermint, spearmint, licorice, wild cherry, grape, cinnamon and tutti-frutti. Americans chewed up another $285 million worth (an average 184 sticks per capita and twice pre-war consumption). Bubble gum brought in an additional $30 million.

To meet our chewing demand, 46 factories are busy in Canada and the United States. Chicle, the principal gum-making ingredient, is imported from Mexico and Guatemala. Other natural gums, such as sorva and jelutong, come from Brazil and Malaya respectively. And in the American mid-west, farmers grow thousands of acres of peppermint and peppermint for flavoring.

Even the oil industry has a hand in keeping North Americans chewing. A petroleum derivative called polystyryl oleate helps improve gum texture by making it pliable.

"Why do we chew?"

It seems to be a basic urge, common to man since earliest time. Archaeologists have found wads in caveman's relics. When the Spaniards invaded Mexico they found the native Mayans and Aztecs chewing chicle. For centuries Oriental races have chewed betel nut and African natives chew cola tree seeds. In 1958, Czechoslovakia imported gum to cure children of chewing candles and shoe souls.

Some psychologists say North American infants are weaned too soon and thus, in later life, need to chew gum. But advertising men are convinced we have simply succumbed to years of pressure from posters, billboards and TV commercials.

Now the "basic urge" to chew is supplemented with all manner of other excuses. Athletes and sportsmen find gum relieves stress. Many tycoons claim they see more relaxed when they chew, hence make fewer errors. Some people chew to calm their nerves after giving up smoking. One manufacturer even reports teachers have asked for free gum to help students concentrate on exams. Women chew to exercise neck muscles (thus staying off wrinkles) and to check hunger pangs when they diet.

During World War II nearly all supplies were diverted to the armed forces who went through 620 sticks per man in one year much to the amazement of the manufacturers who only sold 98
sticks per capita in the pre-war yearly market. Gum chews felt it reduced thirst and muscular tension; non-chewers used it as a form of butter, exchanging it for fresh eggs and milk, black-market perfume and even Italian wine. Small boys soon coined one of the great clichés of the war: ‘‘Any gum, shum?’’ From 1943 on, the Red Cross did not give gum to embarking troops in case they threw wrappers overboard which would attract sharks or submarines.

And who knows how many makeshift repair jobs gum has performed: plugging leaky cottage roofs and sticking down loose shoe leather or peeling wallpaper. Unscrupulous gamblers have even used it on dogs’ paws so the animals would be slowed down on the track.

There is, however—it’s face it—an anti-gum faction. Some dentists claim that chewing stimulates the gums and cleans the teeth but others say the sugar content (60 percent of most gum) is harmful and constant mastication distorts the gum structure. And while the Canadian Dental Association says not enough research has been done to support either view, the dissenting dentists are not alone. Owners of plastic dentures wrestle to separate gum from plates, a problem the Wrigley Company’s research chemists are trying to solve.

Gum has not endured itself to school boards and at least one air line. A youthful passenger once forced a Europe-bound aircraft and its 86 passengers to return to New York; he chewed 13 sticks before realizing it was laxative gum. A New York doctor, radioed from the plane, told stewardesses to keep the boy occupied (they set him carrying trays) and picked up his patient at Idlewild. The plane resumed flight, three hours late.

The Toronto board of education frowns on the habit for, as parents and teachers know, small boys love to put it in little girl’s hair or stick ‘‘Teacher’’ to her chair. Some even share the same piece of gum with bosom companions.

Between Easter and summer holidays a few years back, cleaners in a Preston, Ont., public school counted 98 wads that students had stuck under six desks. Another 25 were on the floor.

To remove gum, cleaners normally use carbon tetrachloride, patty knives or ice, but at least one company did a better job. One British Columbia café owner returned to his property in the Fraser Valley after spring floods and, to everyone’s surprise, was downright jubilant. ‘‘I tried for years to get the gum off the tables,’’ he explained. ‘‘Now the water’s done it for me.’’

Gum gets its stickiness from the basic material, chicle, made from the sap of sapodilla trees in Central American and Mexican forests. There chiclees climb the trees and cut spiral intersecting grooves in the bark to release a sticky milky-white latex. When boiled it turns into a solid tan chicle which is shipped in blocks to factories in Canada and the United States.

An expensive material, hard to obtain, uncertain in supply, and liable to price fluctuations, chicle has no good substitute. Jelatone, sorva, and other natural gums are good blenders and improve gum texture but they lack chicle’s flavor-retaining and chewing characteristics. Into this blended base goes was, some derivatives of refined vegetable oils, calcium carbonate to prevent stickiness, polyvinyl acetate as a softener and for taste, sugar and pungent flavoring oils.

The gum is then rolled to the proper thickness, cut into lengths, sprinkled with powdered sugar and wrapped in five-stick packages. Some firms date all packages; after six months replace old stock.

The gum business in the United States dates back to the early 19th century when spruce gum was marketed commercially. By the 1830s several paraffin gums were available: Licorice Lulu, Four in Hand, Sugar Cream, Biggest and Best, and American Flag. In the next decade a chance meeting of Thomas Adams, an inventor in New Jersey, and a wised president of Mexico put Black Jack on the market. Thinking that the chicle chewed by the Mexican might make a good rubber substitute, Adams imported a load and tried to vulcanize it. When the experiment failed, he and his sons started chewing the stuff. More experiments produced the licorice-flavored gum, still popular today. Adams Brands is now a subsidiary of the American Chicle Company, one of the largest gum manufacturers, supplying Chicles, Den-tyle, Clorets and Beeman’s Pepsin gum to an estimated 27 percent of the U.S. market.

The world’s largest manufacturer however, is the Wrigley Company, commanding 45 percent of the U.S. market, concentrating on four gums: Spearmint, Doublemint, Juicy Fruit and PK.

Beechnut makes up another 16 percent of the market. Part of the remainder is composed of the specialty therapeutic gums, bubble gum and the brightly-colored ‘‘ball’’ variety.

The first bubble gum, Bibbber Blubber, was more of a hazard than an accomplishment. Manufactured in 1905 by Frank H. Fleer, its bubble was moist and tacky and when it exploded, it clung tenaciously to the face. Not until 1928 did they try again to make bubbles. A blast that year produced a drier and tougher type, Dubble Bubble. It has to be eight times tougher than ordinary gum or it won’t bubble. Its success was so obvious that many competitive varieties appeared in the Thirties. One ingenious late starter brought out Bazooka, the first giant nickel bar of bubble gum.

The bubble-gum bananza brought with it a series of novelties most of which expired before they were six weeks old. It has been issued as cigars, hot dogs and matches. It has carried the autograph of Mickey Mouse, Mickey Mouse and Elvira Presley. It has even been equipped with celluloid glasses. But nothing has touched the hearts of young gum chews like the pictures of baseball heroes born in the Thirties. Players are now so important in the gum industry that two companies fight over who has prior rights to specific players and employ full-time scouts to sign them up. They once put their case before the courts where it dragged on for five years without a decision. It may end there again if each clings to its present plan to put out an exclusive series during the 1961 season.

When the bubble gum industry adopted ball players in the Thirties, gum had already been established as an American tradition. In 1924 it inspired composers Billy Rose, Ernest Breuer and Marty Bloom to write the following song*:

*Permission of Mills Music, Inc.
"I have always thought of Christmas time... as a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time," said Scrooge's nephew. "The only time I know of in the long calendar of the year when men and women answer each other's prayers."

And this, indeed, is the Christmas season of our years and our days. The time for giving is the time for receiving, and the joy of giving is the joy of receiving. It is a time of peace, a time of love, a time of sharing. It is a time of joy, a time of happiness, a time of hope. It is a time of birth, a time of new life, a time of renewal. It is a time of warmth, a time of comfort, a time of companionship. It is a time of love, a time of compassion, a time of understanding. It is a time of beauty, a time of splendor, a time of wonder. It is a time of joy, a time of happiness, a time of hope. It is a time of birth, a time of new life, a time of renewal. It is a time of love, a time of compassion, a time of understanding. It is a time of beauty, a time of splendor, a time of wonder.
But there is another face—a commercial yet nonetheless necessary face, if Christmas is to be the extravaganza we demand and expect. To make all this possible, an unseen army of Canadians works for weeks, months, or in some cases, a full year before December 25.

In January, for example, Santa Claus parade workers are putting Humpty Dumpty together again; in July, snowstormers are lacking white for on-out-sized red suits; in September freight agents are loading Christmas cargo. Toy manufacturers, candy makers, turkey and tree farmers and bauble makers work all year round as do the greeting card manufacturers who are dreaming up frosty designs while the rest of us plan summer holidays. (One firm, the Toronto plant of Wm. E. Coutts Co., puts out 2,000 different card designs to satisfy as many tastes.)

Cards this year will make up two-thirds of the estimated 300 million letters (plus almost 10 million parcels) that Canadian mailmen will handle in the two weeks before Christmas. The post office department will hire about 44,000 extra helpers who'll work 235 million hours.

Two months ago Canada's Christmas tree farmers cut some 16 million evergreens which they've been nursing to maturity for eight years. Canadians will buy about four million of these, leaving the balance to grace homes and stores across our southern border. Baubles and lights will take another $3 million from our wallets. The decorations people have been on the job all year, as have the wrapping paper manufacturers. Based on last year's figures, we'll use enough fancy paper to griddle the earth (25,000 miles) with a strip 30 inches wide, and still have mountains left over for a bow. The Denticron Manufacturing Co. of Drummondville, Que., estimates women alone spend about $4 million to wrap, tag and seal presents; the men settle for a mere $1 million worth of paper.

Inside those parcels we'll pack about $200 million worth of clothing and another $100 million worth of toys, 80 percent of which are Canadian-made. Toy manufacturing is "a year-round living for 6,000 Canadians," says Emanuel Grossman, a Toronto doll manufacturer. "A thousand alone make dolls."

One of the toughest jobs in the Christmas business is anticipating the toy market. Before the rest of us have put tree lights away, retailers are playing psychologist, trying to understand Christmas buyers and planning next year's stock. "Three years ago," says Bruce Henderson, who tries to outguess Eaton's toy customers, "we couldn't get enough battery-run cars. Last year, they were sitting on the shelves. With metal doll houses it was the reverse: after lying around for three years, they suddenly sold out."

Candy makers don't have that problem. We'll suck or chew about 60 million pounds this coming Christmas, one-quarter of our annual consumption. Candy makers start gearing up around Labor Day. "At that time," explains George McVitty of the Confectionery Association, "Canada's 36 major manufacturers plan their Christmas stock. By October they're going at top clip and shipping across the country."

With all that candy under the tree it's surprising we're able to face up to a slice of turkey. But we do. "Canadians are the world's champion turkey-eaters," claims T. K. Samis of the Canadian Turkey Federation, "and will stuff themselves with about 80 million pounds this holiday season." As usual the biggest users will be the hotels, air lines and railways who cater to celebrants eating away from home. Last year one major railway company carved 20,000 Christmas servings from 1,200 turkeys.

How do these behind-the-scenes people feel about Christmas? Is it "a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time?" One busy retailer says: "On Christmas Day I just fall apart. We don't even visit the rest of the family; we leave that until New Year's. Anyway, Christmas is really for the kids."

Photographs by Roy Nichols