Montreal-born and self-taught, artist Louis de Niverville has been drawing since he was 15. He worked with some of the first colored Indian art pens on the market and produced his first one-man show in Toronto in November 1957. Since then his career has blossomed on CBC television, and occasionally in magazines, have become familiar across the country. In 1960 he won a Toronto Art Directors' Club gold medal for an animated film, "The Pounding Heart".

Three years ago he turned to oil paints.

"The Red Checkered Tablecloth" was painted in 1960 at a time when he was experimenting with color.
The not-so-stationary engineer: Writer Bob Metcalfe, who did the piece on Jean Crowhurst’s service station (page 14), made an important decision 12 years ago; he gave up studying for a trade and became a reporter with the Winnipeg Tribune. He’s very glad he did. What with his wartime service (RAF, Canadian army, merchant marine), his years with the Tribune and his present job as bureau editor for Maclean-Hunter business publications in Vancouver, Metcalfe has been able to indulge his many loves: travel, the sea, jet planes, travel posters, big cities, motoring and Irish coffee.

He has traveled in 34 countries, fallen in love with London and Rome, relaxed on a Naples balcony (see pic), met King Hussein of Jordan and Nasser of Egypt and—on this assignment—was served gasoline by a German baroness.

It hasn’t been entirely without pain. On the trip to Jordan he left behind his vaccination certificate, had to get another needle and nursed a temperature of 103 for three days. On the Crowhurst assignment, Metcalfe followed the girls through mud and slush in his oxford (shy worn gussets) and ended up with wet feet and flu.

But all in all, Metcalfe’s still glad he’s a writer. The trade he almost took up? Stationary engineer.

His beat’s the top of the world: When Nick Nickels began researching the TransAir story (page six), an executive of the air line told him, “You’re the last guy who needs any fill-in on bush flying. Let’s talk about the future.” Which was a tribute to photographer Nick’s rich background: 16 years of newspaper and freelance writing and, before that, 12 years of various jobs with five Canadian aviation companies.

His aviation years took Nickels all over the north, and he “long ago stopped logging flying miles because no one is impressed and now, neither am I.” But he still finds the northern beat an endless source of material and interesting people. During the 8,000 flying miles he spent on the TransAir assignment, he met: a young zoologist engaged in a wildlife survey, an Okanagan brother who is curator of an Eskimo museum, a one-armed outdoors artist, and a former flying pal turned wild rice farmer.

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EDITOR: ROBERT COLLINS

DEALERS ARE TRAINED, NOT BORN

It may surprise you that Imperial dealers are “going to school” (see page 22), as indeed they have for several years. After all, you might say, the dealer’s job is a fairly simple one: all he has to know is how to put a hose in a gas tank, where to find the radiator cap and the oil dipstick, how to wipe a windshield and, on occasion, how to squirt grease in the right places.

Back when cars were called horseless carriages this was probably so—but not today. Just as gasoline has become far more complex to meet the demands of the automobile, so has the job of dealer become a combination of skilled technician and professional businessperson.

A dealer must, for one thing, be a good salesman. He handles a wide range of products and is in one of the most competitive lines of business in Canada. He must be a good businessman; he can’t afford to make mistakes in business management. As one trader notes in our article, mistakes can cost thousands of dollars. He must understand automotive design and operation; he must know how to use his servicing tools and equipment. And he must treat the public and deal with employers.

It is obvious that no one can walk in off the street and assume such a job with any expectation of success. So Imperial has courses—covering all the aforementioned skills and knowledge—for new dealers and established dealers, and provides material with which the dealer can train his attendants. If dealers can’t get to “school,” in certain parts of Canada the school—in the form of a trailer—goes to them.

All this adds up to a kind of bonus for Imperial customers. They’re already getting a bargain in their gasoline which, pound for pound, is cheaper than almost any other commodity on the market. They’re getting professional service at no extra cost. And if they live in Vancouver they can get the ultimate (see page 14): an attractive blonde to gas the car and wipe the windshield.
How would YOU answer these?

1. The object of Hamilton's National Bank was:
(a) to reward the "corrupt squadron"
(b) to provide a stable financial system
(c) to extend the powers of the central government by making use of the elastic clause
(d) to take over the debts of those states

2. The burning of gasoline in an automobile cylinder involves all of the following except:
(a) reduction
(b) decomposition
(c) an exothermic reaction
(d) oxidation
(e) conversion of matter to energy

3. The most important influence governing the settlement of boundaries in central Europe after the First World War was:
(a) the territorial demands of the victors
(b) the desire for revenge on the part of the victors
(c) the desire to avoid the dangers to world peace of a reconstituted Austria-Hungary
(d) the principle of national self-determination

4. When the South Saskatchewan River project is completed, it may be taken for granted that farmers living in the area will:
(a) get rid of their livestock
(b) increase the size of their farms
(c) go into intensive mixed farming
(d) improve their irrigation systems

5. The feudal system was based on:
(a) religion
(b) chivalry
(c) land
(d) money

6. In the following passage of poetry, there is a blank space indicating that a line has been omitted. In the blank space before each of the possible alternatives, insert:
(a) . . . . (b) . . . (c) . . . (d) . . .
. . . . the line is appropriate
. . . . if the line is inappropriate in rhythm or metre
. . . . if the line is inappropriate in style or tone
. . . . if the line is inappropriate in meaning

What passing bells for those who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle.
. . . . . 1. Can give their very simple orkons.
. . . . . 2. In echoes, through the distant valley runs.
. . . . . 3. Can sound for these unlucky ones.
. . . . . 4. Can patter out their latty drizzles.

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The multiple-choice test tends to discourage the thinking process.
Photos and story by Nick Nickels

The man in the dark Homburg and topcoat stood at Winnipeg International Airport in the dark of midnight—listening. Then Ronald David Turner, president of TransAir Limited, Canada's third largest air line, smiled as a surge of motor sound rose somewhere beyond the traveling beam of the control tower searchlight. A sleek TransAir DC-3 transport thundered up from the runway in a sweep of running lights and climbed steadily to the north. It was the start of an 1,800-mile flight to Cape Dyer on the east coast of Baffin Island.

Ron Turner often smiles at the sweet music of take-offs. It is the gratifying and continuing proof of a recent lucrative contract. Last year TransAir became the prime south-to-north air re-supply contractor for the four main radar stations on the Distant Early Warning Line. The contract pushed TransAir into third position among Canada's major air lines, to the tune of $3.35 million gross revenue per year. It was another triumph for Turner—the man who helped TransAir find its wings.

The new contract gave TransAir a northern aerial empire. Its DEW Line, mainline and bushline service routes stretch up and down mid-Canada in two superimposed triangles with apices in Winnipeg and Churchill. The routes blanket the eastern provinces, the Precambrian woodlands of northern Manitou and northwestern Ontario, the barren grounds, a 1,060-mile arc of the DEW Line and penetrate deeply into the polar basin to within 500 miles of the North Pole. One straie mainline tentacle reaches out of Churchill to Ottawa and Montreal; another, from Winnipeg into Ontario-Minnesota country.

TransAir's 350 employees keep 30 aircraft of nine types flying or mechanically available for round-the-clock operations. They burn more than two million gallons of Imperial aviation fuel in a year. And they haul a bewildering variety of foods, passengers, baggage, express, gas and fuel oil, prefabricated buildings, fresh-caught fish, furs, mineral samples and mining machinery.

There are distant and secretive charter flights for mining, oil and construction companies. There is a much-publicized annual haul of some 500 Indian children from hinterland reserves to outside education schools, and home again. Special flights carry mining camp fans to watch the Blue Bombers play in Winnipeg, political and diplomatic persons on way-out fishing trips and Hollywood actors to star in "polar epics" filmed not far from the well-appointed homes at Churchill. There was the thrill of achievement when two TransAir planes made the first commercial charter flights to the tip of Ellefsone Island, 360 miles from the Pole, in 1958; and in 1960 the spectacular air-sighting and rescue of a nine-year-old boy, a two-week survivor of an air crash near Flin Flon, in which two others were killed.

"One meets such interesting people," is no backhanded phrase on TransAir flights. I took the regular flight from Churchill to Rankin and Baker Lake with some miners, a government doctor and an Eskimo woman with two children. All except the Eskimos and I disembarked at Rankin. "Willy you help the mother, if she needs it?" the doctor asked. I nodded doubtfully.

Three jubilant nickel miners, bound eventually for the bright lights of "outside," boarded at Rankin and decided to enliven the dull trip. They fiddled and square-danced in the aisle and woke the Eskimo baby. The mother snarled it and showed me how to bottle-feed her older child while tapping her foot to the music.

It wasn't always this way with TransAir. Its story is of one air line that took off gingerly, flew too quickly and beyond the point of financial return, and plunged into trouble before climbing again into the air.

The company was formed in 1947 when, as Central Northern Airways, it acquired from Canadian Pacific Airlines its aircraft and eight operating bases in northern Manitoba and northwestern Ontario. It also purchased a magnificence and overhead from in Winnipeg. Gradually, Central Northern added CPA's Winnipeg-to-Red Lake scheduled service and established a charter base at Lynn Lake, Man.

In 1955 it changed its name to TransAir, purchased the Arctic Wings air line of Churchill and began acquiring and flying multi-engine aircraft as sub-contractor for the burgeoning DEW Line. It built a $500,000 hangar at Churchill.

Towards the end of its expansive period, president George H. Sellers, A.F.C., Winnipeg financier, was scouting around for an administrator. He found his man in a 47-year-old lawyer-politician, the Hon. Ronald David Turner, O.C.

Turner had served in the RCAF from 1939 to 1946 as pilot, was awarded the AFC, and, as a Group Captain, became CO of the 17th Auxiliary Wing, Winnipeg. Representing the RCAF veterans, he was elected to the Manitoba legislature. Later, he became member for Winnipeg South, Deputy Speaker of the House and minister of three portfolios simultaneously.

Sellers reasoned that any man who had brought to Manitoba some 200 new industries representing several million
In five years president Ronald Turner lifted TransAir from a money-loser to Canada’s third largest air line. His secrets:
good service for the northland and rigid economies

On a TransAir flight you can see most anything—shoe stevedores at Thompson shopping centre

dollars in new capital—as Turner had done while Minister of Industry and Commerce—was the man for TransAir. Turner resigned his government affiliations and the executive leadership of eight of 14 community organizations and climbed into the left-hand seat of Trans-Air. He was not impressed with what he found. There were too many people on the payroll. Stores inventories were valued too high. And, before he could delve into these and other operating ills, TransAir suffered a new blow.
The DEW Line was finished. Its air resupply contract, that most of the contracting air lines were hoping to share, was awarded only to the two prime contractors. It would be four years before Turner would win a similar contract.

In the meantime sub-contractor Trans-Air was left with a fleet of idle multi-engine aircraft and an empty service hangar at Churchill. In desperation, the company applied for a scheduled run from Churchill to Ottawa and Montreal with a stopover at Winkuk on the Mid-Canada Radar Line. The Air Transport Board granted the application “because no one else wanted it,” Turner remembers ruefully. Although that service has been profitable, it was not intended as a business-saver. The only chance of pulling TransAir out of a stall at this period, Turner decided, was to quickly develop mainline services. These were only available from rival carriers. In 1957 TransAir took over from CPA two Manitoba runs: Winnipeg- Dauphin-The Pas-Flin Flon- Lynn Lake, and Winnipeg-Churchill. Both services have improved.

Loss of the DEW Line contract was only one of TransAir’s headaches. A bare two months after Turner took over, and within a span of 10 days, all of the company’s multi-engine aircraft were involved in crashes. No person was injured (indeed, at this writing, TransAir had had only one fatal accident involving passengers in its 15 years). Bad luck seemed to plague the air line.

But TransAir struggled back into the black. It lost money heavily in 1957, less in 1958, and showed modest profits in the next two years. In the first half of 1961, according to DBS figures it was the only one of Canada’s six scheduled air carriers to improve its position over the previous year. And the new DEW Line contract beginning in July was expected to boost TransAir’s year-end profit.

Winning the DEW Line job was a typical piece of Turner salesmanship. Between 1957 and July 1, 1961, the south-to-north service was flown by two rival air lines, out of Montreal and Edmonton respectively. But Ron Turner presented a proposition to Federal Electric Corporation (DEW Line’s operating and maintenance contracting firm) that could not be ignored.

“Fly north from Winnipeg and Churchill,” he said, “and save the U.S. taxpayer more than $1 million a year.”

Federal Electric gave TransAir the contract, closed its western and eastern supply centres and opened a central establishment at Winnipeg. To handle the job TransAir acquired five DC-4 transports and more than 40 personnel. Three planes take off from Winnipeg and two from Churchill several nights each week on turnaround flights to the eastern and western Arctic.

The successful DEW Line operation may be a good omen for other TransAir ideas, such as its desire for a national air line policy and strong regional carriers. Whether or not such a policy materializes, TransAir is busily improving its position as a regional carrier. It

...and Eskimos going home to Baker Lake, NWT

has applied for the pioneer local service being relinquished by TCA, and for the Winnipeg-Port William-Sault Ste. Marie-Toronto service—an obvious extension to its existing service between Winnipeg and International Falls, Minn.

Despite its current profit and future hopes TransAir clings to buildings, aircraft and passenger services that are plain and practical as its annual report. All administrative and shop work is carried out in Winnipeg in three World War II vintage hangars with lean-to offices and work rooms. A niche was built into a hangar wall to accommodate the wing span of a DC-4, cheaper than renting more hangar space. The buildings are on a taxi strip in the City of St. James (adjacent to Winnipeg airport), resulting in lower assessment and taxes.

Although all TransAir planes are in top mechanical condition, the latest were built in 1956 and the oldest in 1938. All are well utilized and the company isn’t rushing into turbo-props or jets.

“We’re interested in turbo-props but we’ll convert them only when we’re satisfied that it’s in the financial interest of the company and offers greater convenience for the passengers,” Turner says. “Safety and dependability are our prime requisites.”

Youthful-looking Ron Turner works long hours, concentrating on his problems while planes taxi at wing length from his office windows. In conversation he digresses, lights his pipe, jumps up and down restlessly, and traces TransAir’s far-flung operations and future plans with sweeping arcs of his pipe stem over a large relief map.

“We must look ahead, chiefly to the north,” he says. “It was there that we flexed our wings in the early days, and where we’re earning comfortable gross profits today.”

Right now, though, the economy minded line doesn’t even hand out 10-cent matches, flight bags or fancy baggage labels. But it makes up for these minor deficiencies by providing a highly personalized service. TransAir reached the ultimate in such service last October 17 when it flew a five-tier wedding cake from Thompson, the northern Manitoba nickel town, to a bride in The Pas. The cake, the delicately decorated masterpiece of a Thompson chief (a friend of the bride’s father) was shrouded in cheesecloth and received from the stewardesses the same gentle attention that they give to week-old babies and elderly ladies. Nothing’s too outlandish for TransAir.

And, perhaps because of this, girls like to work for the line. There are 20 applicants for every stewardess job.

“They clamor for the chance to work on DEW Line runs,” adds Agnes Shkarew, pretty Polish-Canadian chief of passenger services. A far north trip quickly accumulates flight time on their 85-hour-a-month work schedule. At salaries of $325-$450 a month, they are able to amass a stake for further education or for foreign travel.

For that matter, most employees are stock owners of TransAir. Since 1947, many have bought tidy amounts of Class B shares of company stock at market prices, says secretary-treasurer Fred McKay. One day I stopped to ask a mechanic about this, as he fitted an air screw to the nacelle of a DC-7.

“Sure, I bought stock in ‘er,” he said quickly. “She’s going places.”
By Patrol Sgt. Don Saunders as told to Hal Tennant

As the man in charge of the hit-and-run squad of Metropolitan Toronto Police, I have the kind of job where you never know what's going to happen next. Just the same, I can confidently make one prediction: during the next 30 days, at least 200 motorists within our jurisdiction will become hit-and-run drivers.

It doesn't make any difference whether an accident is big or small; whether only a fender was creased or a pedestrian killed; whether the fleeing driver is to blame for it or not; whether he hit or got hit; or whether he stepped on the gas crash or got out and lingered a while at the scene—any driver who leaves without identifying himself or offering assistance to the injured is committing an offense under the Canadian Criminal Code, and the police must try to catch him.

If you're surprised to hear of any city averaging 200 or more hit-and-run cases a month you're probably going by what you see in the newspapers and hear on the air. Quite naturally, only the really spectacular cases ever get much publicity. Car for car, Toronto is probably no worse than most Canadian cities and towns, and better than some, in its rate of hit-and-run cases. Conservative estimates for all Canada ran to 15,000 cases last year with one out of every seven hit-and-run accidents involving bodily injury.

When it has reached those proportions, hit-and-run is obviously a crime that no police force, however efficient, can hope to control without considerable help from citizens at large.

Most people when they stop to think about it, realize that hit-and-run—more than armed robbery or murder
—In a crime in which we are all potential victims and may become actual victims at almost any time, by the shrewdest chance. It's easy to visualize your own particular parked car getting hit by a hit-and-run driver. It isn't hard to imagine somebody in your family as a hit-and-run victim left lying on the street, perhaps dying for want of medical attention or in danger of getting struck a second time. We don't have to spell out all the possibilities when we question bystanders and ask for their help. But we often wish that more people at the scene had known before the accident what they could do to increase our chances of ever catching the offender and presenting a full case in court.

"Phantom" drivers always make a big impression on us. We wonder whether most supposedly trivial scrap of information or evidence can be enormously valuable. All we need is a true story of what is called "the little boy who cried "Wolf!" and both police and public would believe if everybody realized how true it can be in hit-and-run cases.

The fact that the driver was a young-looking man, for instance, can be enormously useful to us as we piece together the details of a case. Suppose we are given that fact and then, from another witness, we get a license number. We may find that the registered owner is a middle-aged man. We'll knock at the owner's door, and if a middle-aged man answers, we may ask, "Is your son home, please?" Nobody of course will tell us the man has a son, much less a hit-and-run suspect, but we know the other witness is a liar, and we have a suspicion that the driver was young. On the other hand, if the man is young, we can question him about his car and see if he knows where it is. We may find that the license number didn't even exist when we asked for it.

Seven common ploys they seldom work

Although hit-and-run drivers frequently try to hoodwink police with a variety of ruses, it's a losing proposition. Police are on to all the tricks, and all the erratic maneuvers a driver can expect is to further in criminate himself. Here are some of the plays and ruses, and why they don't work.

Dr. phoning in and reporting his car has been stolen. But if police are looking for his name and address, proving this stolen car, they will ask for every minute detail of the theft. The driver who begins contradicting himself or "can't remember" crucial details will be warned that giving a false report to the police is a criminal offense carrying a $50 fine. Few drivers persist in lying beyond this point.

Deliberate hit-and-run to cover a second minor accident to cover up the damage from the first. (Police on the lookout for a certain hit-and-run victim, checking the descriptions of cars involved in other accidents.)

- Claiming that someone had Borrowed his car and must have been driving at the time. (This alibi becomes shaky when police discover that the person who might have borrowed the car.)

- "Forgetting" who was at the wheel during the accident. (At least, this is only a startling trick.)

- Admitting knowing who was driving, but refusing to say. (Police parch this one by quoting a little-known amendment to the Criminal Code that makes a passenger in a hit-and-run car just as culpable as the driver.)

- Lying about his occupation. Police will check up on such "unbelievable" claims.

- Lying about his license. Police will check up on such "unbelievable" claims.

- Lying about his address. Police will check up on such "unbelievable" claims.

- Lying about his identity. Police will check up on such "unbelievable" claims.

Authoritative police force about a hit-and-run accident will be followed up exhaustively. Just as seemingly trivial recollections of witnesses who swear that they saw a tiny scrap of physical evidence. It's incredible what scientists can deduce in the dark, whether the witness needed your lights (somebody focused along the street might remember seeing a car go by with its lights out) and even the direction of the car off the road.

Some witnesses would be a lot more help to us if they would write down what they saw—take notice of a license number, for instance, which are far more reliable than people of peculiar crimes. So, if you witness a hit-and-run and tell the story to the police, you are standing a chance of appearing in court than you would if you witnessed, say, a murder.
"And check the oil, please, baroness"

It's Utopia, men. At Joan Crowhurst's service station in Vancouver, the ladies wait on you. And where else can you get a baron's daughter to service your car?

BY BOB METCALFE — I barely made it to the Esso station on Lonsdale Avenue at 17th in North Vancouver. The motor kicked the last drops of gas from the tank as I braked at the pumps.

I was fumbling for my credit card among the chaos in the glove compartment when I saw the familiar blue uniform approach the window.

"Fill 'er up!" I said grandly.

The uniform bent and I gazed into the bright blue eyes and dazzling white smile of a tall and fetching blonde.

"Should I check the oil?" asked Barbara von Schleinitz. I hesitated: "Ah ... Yes ... Okay."

"Does she know what she's doing? I get out to check the tires — and to keep an eye on her. I'd no sooner taken the valve cap off the left rear wheel than I was gently relieved of the air hose.

"I'll do that," said Shelley Kattler, an attractive brunette.

I retreated, humbled. There was little left to do except ...

I meandered over to a blue uniform hunched under a car on a hoist in one of the service bays.

"Pardon me, Mac..."

The uniform hunched from under the car and presented a grease-smudged cheek and a wide grin.

"Yes, sir?" chirped Patricia Efworthy, a brunette with a swarthy bob.

I feigned indifference. "Who's the head man round here?"

Patricia pointed to a building across the street; a sign read "CROWHURST MOTORS."

"Front office. Ask for Joan Crowhurst."

"John Crowhurst?"

"No. Joan Crowhurst. She's the boss."

"Of course," I muttered, "silly of me."

On the way out I smiled politely at a blue uniform that struggled manfully with a tire on one of these machines that belch air with terrifying sounds.
Dorothy Halvorson blew a whip of blonde hair out of her eyes and smiled right back.

I was beginning to think rude gas station jockeys had gone out of style by the time I got to Jean's office and met Kaye Palmer, who handles the parts stock and answers the phone, and Audrey "Corky" Clark, who tends the break. Both girls also work on the pumps when times are busy.

Walking through the garage I'd noticed a few overfilled tires spraddled under cars and draped over engines, and when Jean appeared I noticed toward the센터 of pulley chains, clanking wrenches and metal hanging back. "Women!" I was prepared for anything.

Jean laughed. "Men. They do all the heavy and mechanical work around here. It's a separate operation."

At least one refueller of this supposed-ly male stronghold was still in our hands.

"Mind you," said Jean, "some of us could probably do it if we had to. I've done valve and ring jobs. But I don't think they're the sort of jobs for women."

And what are the sorts of jobs for women around a service station?

"Washing cars, tube jobs, greasing up, changing and repairing tires, changing oil, selling and installing tires, batteries, accessories, replacing fan belts, setting up brake, doing minor repairs, looking for mechanical defects on cars in our re-mo-ship repair's kept busy."

And that's the sort of jobs for women around a service station. I watched Jean tick them off. Dark, handsome, robust, with an infectious smile and laughing eyes, she was trim and cool in her un-fi-ment and completely in her sur-roundings and in the jargon of her trade.

She made her work sound very matter-of-fact.

Yet Jean Crowther has operated Canada's only all-girl service station with notable success for more than eight years. While men continue to joke about women's ineptness around any-thing mechanical, she continues to pump some 200,000 gallons of gas per year and win merits and cash awards, within Imperial's B.C. marketing region, for station efficiency.

It was the first time I'd surrendered my car to the care of a woman and I felt a bit apprehensive about it.

"Most men do it first," said Jean. "They're not sure we know what we're doing. They look over our shoulder on the first tube job, and sometimes on the second. But none has ever driven away rather than be served by a woman."

Some, though, have felt like crawling into a hole when they've phoned for a mechanic to change a tire and a trim young lady turns up. Men who still have a spark of chivalry left can't stand around and watch a woman change a tire; they pretend to be very busy, or go into hiding until the job is done.

Some men like to flaunt a superior knowledge of cars; they'll follow a girl with a grease gun until I did nothing wrong. "What does that mean?" he asked suspiciously.

And there's sometimes a language problem. Pat Elizabeth was brought in for a car one day when a man nudged her with his foot and gave a loud and colorful barrage of description of a flat tire he wanted fixed right away.

Pat rolled into the open, smugged with grease but unmistakably feminine. The man's voice trailed off into numbness.

The battle of the sexes is at its trick-est when the family car's at stake. One man, whose fender was full of dents, sounded off bitterly about women drivers.

"Who put the dents in your car?" Pat asked.

"Matter of fact," he admitted, "I did."

"Hadn't we better bang them out before you see them?"

"Something new happens every day—"

"Don't bother," he corrected. "When she sees them she'll think she did it."

But there are tales of women custo-

mers too. Some have such trust in hubby's judgment that if he tells his wife to get only gas then gas is all she'll get. The battery's dry and the crank-case needs oil? She insists they stay that way until hubby can see about it—and he might be out of town for a week.

Women drivers, though, are among Jean's best customers. Many drive the family's second car and she gets much of their gas and repair business. She finds women now are more interested in the workings of a car. Last year she showed the simple mechanics of cars to women motorists at free 9-11 p.m. classes, four nights a week for four weeks.

"Now what other filling station would do that for its customers?" asked Mrs. William McVie, a faithful Crowther customer for many years. "Shows they take an interest in us. I find them very efficient, very obliging, very friendly. I seldom go elsewhere."

Jean started the classes largely because of Mrs. McVie, who found herself with a car she knew nothing about when she was suddenly widowed. Soon Jean had 28 students, including a few non-custo-

mers. She divided them into four classes of seven apece. The ladies learned what went on inside and underneath their cars. They had to change a wheel and put on chains as a sort of graduation exercise.

"The response was overwhelming," says Jean. "Now we're being beguiled by men customers to hold the classes for their wives next year. I suppose we'll do it—though it's a lot of extra work for Pat Elizabeth and myself."

The all-girl staff is not a gimmick, she insists. Jean Crowther simply prefers to have women working for her.

"They're more meticulous than men. A man will tackle a job whether he knows how to do it or not. A woman won't touch a job until she's sure she knows how to do it. If she doesn't know, she'll come right out and admit it. And she learns quickly."

"She's a better housekeeper too; her flores are spotless. Women customers appreciate this; they don't like to see them dirty through oil and grease. And she won't put on her hat and coat right on the dot of quitting time; if the place is a mess she'll tidy up before she leaves."

Jean has little trouble getting staff, although "it's not an occupation the average girl would want; several have tried it for a few days and given up. You need a sense of humor; you've got to be able to laugh when you're drenched with rain or baked from sun and the hair-do's shot and your fingernails broken. And you mustn't mind getting your hands dirty."

Her six girls (plus two girls working part-time) are single, between 22 and 39, and have been with her for periods rang-

ing from a few months to 14 years.

Youngest is Barbara von Schleinitz, who's been in Canada five years from her native Germany. Her father, a Baron, is an engineer at Kilmat.

"I love working here," she told me. "It's a real change. There's always something new every day—"

When she answered Jean's ad last summer, Barbara had never changed a tire in her life. That's about a foot. Few of the girls had so much as peeked under an engine hood before joining the Crow-

ther station. Jean herself knew some-thing of the business—her father ran his own garage in Vancouver—but she really wanted to be a doctor.

"Grandfather was a veterinarian and mother's people were all doctors," said Jean. "I wanted to be a doctor when I was a little girl. But another died in 1940 and I didn't do anything about it. She'd have made sure I went to college and into a profession."

Jean's father taught her to drive at 12 (she was licensed at 16) and let her work on the gas pumps after school and on holidays. But he wouldn't let her "muck about" with cars.

"A garage," he told her sternly, "is no place for a young lady."

Soon as he turned his back, though, Jean scouted into the garage to watch mechanics fixing cars, and one day when Crowther senior was away ill, she talked a mechanic into letting her do a "valve grind job" on a little British car. She was 17.

"Dad was surpised when he found out," Jean recalled. "But after that he decided if I was to learn anything about a gar-

age he'd have to show me himself. When I left high school in 1941 he put me in charge of the lube rack."

Next spring Joan overcome another parental objection and joined the army. She spent three years as an instrument mechanic at Work Point in Victoria, then volunteered as a transport driver in

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"We get the odd snare types," says Joan

order to get overseas. Private Crow-
hurst was a chauffeur to Canadian army
paddies in England for 10 months.

During the war her father and a sister,
Betty, worked in a North Vancouver
shipyard, opening the garage only an
hour each day to retain the trade license.
One brother, Pat, was also in the army
and, while he and Joan were in England,
they planned to become partners with
their father after the war.

"Dad's equipment was old and dilap-
dated," said Joan. "There was no busi-
ness—we had to start from scratch."

Department of Veterans Affairs people
noodled approvingly when Pat spent his
service money buying a Gravely tractor's
mechanics—"just to keep old Rusty
but their eyes popped when sister Joan
spent her gratuities on an hydraulic
hoist.

"They thought I was nuts. They wondered why I wasn't buying furniture
or something feminine with the money." 
Joan is still using the hoist; it costs 600-
odd dollars, one dollar less than her
gratuities. DVA sent her a cheque for
the dollar—and she's got that too,
framed on one wall.

The partnership was short-lived; Mr.
Crowhurst died in 1951 and Pat sold out
to Joan the same year (she assumed the
Imperial Oil franchise too), though he
returned to work for her in 1956-57.
Today he is a mechanic at a downtown
Vancouver auto agency.

First to join Joan's private invasion
of this male stronghold was Corky Clark,
an old army buddy; she worked only
weekends at first on the pumps, then
started fulltime on the lube rack. Today
she mostly tends the books.

Pat Elworthy, a sports car buff and
food fancier (sometimes a grateful wom-
an customer gives her a sample of her
favorite dish—chocolate cake) started
with Joan in 1952, a year before the
station moved to its present location.

Joan had bought the property across
the street, built a garage that she
gradually extended to the front sidewalk
as she could afford it. It employs three
mechanics and five bodymen. The two
tow trucks she bought last year for $10,000
are driven by men who operate them
from home at night.

The trucks tow the City of North
Vancouver, the local RCMP detach-
ment, three local car dealers and 10
garages.

It will probably never go down in the
company’s annual report—but the fact
that certain Quebec suppliers of tanks
and general engineering supplies are
doing business with Imperial Oil this year
is, at least partly, due to Andy Taylor’s
ingenuity.

Last October, Taylor, a member of
Imperial’s purchasing department for
14 years, plucked into the Quebec North
Shore region on part of a 4,000-kilometre
trip to find new suppliers in remote parts of
the province.

In Rae Creaveau and Seven Islands
he was a stranger. Unperceived, Taylor
took the names of various suppliers from local
telephone books, called on them and did
business.

"I did business in coffee shops, on
sidewalks, on factory beaches," recalls
Taylor. "I came back with at least 30
potential new suppliers."

Admittedly, there are easier ways for
a company to do its buying. But each year
Imperial goes out of its way to spread its
$70 million purchasing needs among as
many Canadian firms as possible. This
policy gives Imperial better prices,
quicker delivery and shorter transporta-
tion hauls. At the same time, it encour-
gages the manufacture of materials in
Canada and, in many cases, by providing
buying spares (not just any spares; one
company director was most specific
on what kind should be bought and
where they should be placed), tropical
‘hats or ‘ladies’ bloomers’ for employees’
families in a South American oil derrick,
as it did when the purchasing depart-
ment started in 1922.

"But we buy bolts, bolts, hinges,
corrugated pumps, synthetic fibres, dental
laminates, multi-stage compressors,
turbinettes—and paper clips," says W. M.
"With few general purchasing agents,
described by one executive as "a per-
son doing a crossword."'

Yestes and his men broke pigtails,
turbines, mattresses, safety nets, gent-
ers, flaps, gluts, corks, brooks, brake
flas-
tings and bolts—all of these the ingredi-
ents of keeping a nation-wide company
in operation.

Last year Imperial bought two in-
flatable nylon and synthetic rubber barges,
and two church organs. The big barges
called 'clerihewns' were used for haul-
ing oil to coastal waters. The two organs
were for the twin Anglican-Catholic
churches at Norrow Wells, NWT, where
Imperial has a refinery.

The biggest current item nowadays is
chemicals—over $12 million worth a
year. These include phynates (used in
boats and locomotives, chemicals and safety hits
revised by: the buyers turned their persua-
sive talents on the suppliers. One week
later the impossible had been achieved:
the new element was ready. It was
promptly flown to Edmonton and un-
crated before the anxious engineers who
were still spending sleepless nights over
their shut-down cat cracker.

It wasn’t the first, or last, time the
purchasers have worked with one eye
on the clock. For the new international
airport at Frederic Bay, Baffin Island,
Imperial had four weeks in 1937 to com-
plete delivery of over one million gallons
of tankage before freeze-out. Working
with Hinton Steel Works, a major tank
supplier, the buyers pushed the ship-
ment to Montreal on August 4—one day
before the ship sailed. (It was the last
ship into Frederic for eight months.)

Sometimes the type of purchase is
more of a problem than the delivery
date. Before Imperial started to make
eleuthine at Sarnia it appraised the mar-
et. There was a large market in Mon-
treal. The problem was how to get it there.
To keep it a liquid, eleuthine must be
transported at 135 degrees below zero.

Andy Wilson, another veteran buyer,
ordered a special truck made of one-
quarter inch stainless steel plate, embed-
ded in eight inches of styrofoam insula-
tion. Wilson kept a watchful eye on pro-
gress, once even going to the plant at
two o’clock in the morning to help con-
struction keep on schedule.

W. S. Flewelling, Edmonton purchas-
ing agent, must worry about both the de-

delivery dates and type of purchase. One
of his jobs is to supply Norman Wells
with fresh food which for eight months
every year, must be flown in. Flewelling
must never let the food supply run low;
even aircraft are "weathered" in. Norman
Wells could starve. An almost equally
harrowing problem is buying vegetables,
most, staples and refishen to suit the
varying tastes of 100 people.

Even in summer Flewelling has his
troubles. One shipment of 600 eggs was
missailed at Hay River (halfway to Nor-
man Wells) for 10 days in the sweltering
sun. The eggs arrived "pre-fried". R. T. Orr,
Halifax purchasing agent, faces the same
sort of problems in sup-
plying oil tankers with food. Occasion-
ally he is asked to buy for foreign crews,
some of whom ask for a special brand
of sour wine, which isn’t available in
Halifax. "They usually settle for beer.
Owe hundred cases last an Italian crew
of 45 about a week.”

Orr also tells of the time a hind quarter
of beef slipped between the service boat
and the ship being supplied. It sank to
the bottom, was recovered and con-
demned by the authorities. Then it van-
ished. They hope no one ate it.

Though he buys nearly $200,000 worth of
food a year, Orr says his wife still
don’t let him do their weekend shopping.
Whatever the problem and whatever the
purchase, Imperial likes to "buy Canadian" and,
more specifically, buy locally. For one thing, local buying re-
duces transport costs. Shortly after it
went into the petrochemical business at
Sarnia, Imperial needed large supplies of
hydrogen chloride (one chemical used in
the manufacture of detergent alkylate,
which later is used in making detergents.
A nearby chemical company supplied it in
130-pound cylinders. As Imperial used
more, it found that transporting the
chemical by tank truck reduced the cost
considerably. The purchasers and engi-
neers then came up with an even better
solution—a pipe line which cut trans-
port costs still further.

On many occasions, Imperial’s shop-
ning list has sparked new enterprises for
Canada. When plastic lettering replaced
wooden letters on the fronts of some
service stations, Imperial invited a Cana-
dian firm to manufacture the new
letters. The firm now does business with several
of companies.

When the Interprovincial Pipe Line
was being built in 1960 Imperial’s pur-
chasing department, acting as buyers for
the line, encouraged Gaelph Engineering
to make a certain control valve, not then
available in Canada. The firm is now one
of the country’s leaders in this type of
equipment.

About the same time, Interprovincial
needed stationary diesel engines for its
pumping stations. No one in Canada made them. A Montreal firm was per-
suaded to try. In the first year it sold 50
ingines and has been making them ever
since.

Although suppliers are encouraged to
start new businesses in Canada, none
is ever handed a contract on a silver
plate. Imperial gives preference to its
customers and Canadian manufacturers
"provided they offer equal quality, ser-
vice and price.” But a salesman cannot
sell to Imperial simply because he has an
Imperial credit card or because his firm
uses Imperial products.

"Suppliers are always asked to name
their best price in the first tender. We do
dicker afterwards,” says Osise Smith,
purchasing supervisor.

Imperial has 19 trained buyers in its
tree offices. Some are graduate engi-
neers; the rest are specialists in the pur-
chase of particular types of product
(surgical equipment, stationery, furni-
ture, etc.).

"They’re the biggest secret of our
success,” says Yeates. “They have been
trained to do almost any job in the de-
partment.”

The department’s other secret weapon
is an 800-page 50,000-item standards
catalogue, which lists in technical terms
everything the company has ever
bought. Any Imperial buyer in Canada
can order from it and know exactly what
he’s getting. Introduced in the early 1930s,
it is brought up to date every month. If a salesman’s stock doesn’t measure up to the specification in the
catalogue, no amount of “high pressure”
will make it a sale.

“Purchasing will always be a personal
business,” says Yeates.

This doesn’t mean that buying won’t
become streamlined. Soon most of the
staple buying will be done electronically.
The famous standards catalogue is being
dead into the company’s electronic brain.
Fed with it will be the year’s require-
ments for each item. The brain will pick
out the item and the number needed, and
place the order automatically. This will
to be in operation by the end of 1962.

"But this does not mean we will sit
with our feet on the deck,” says Yeates.
"There will still be major problems—
which as showing out the company’s busi-
ness fairly, eight across Canada. And
that’s a problem that no machine can
ever tackle."
DO ME A FAVOR: SMILE

Trainees on Imperial’s dealer courses are learning that the successful dealer is a combination businessman, technician and salesman. And a toothpaste-ad smile helps too.

The tall, brush-cut young man in the Esso dealer uniform gestured towards an imaginary car at the front of the classroom and concluded his sales pitch to his “customer.”

“You may think your car is running fine, Bob, but you’re not getting the best performance with that clogged air filter. Air is not getting through; the mixture is too rich and you’re wasting gas. Let me change it and I guarantee you’ll notice a big difference in how your car runs.”

“All right, I’m sold,” replied ‘customer’ Bob Carr, another student at
Imperial's dealer training school at Dun-das and Kipling in west-end Toronto. It was the third day of an eight-week course for new or prospective Imperial dealers, part of an accelerated company program to provide the very best in service for Esso customers across Can-ada. It would cover every facet of ser-vice station operation and management. This was the first practice session in selling.

"I like to work this part in early," teacher Jack Flynn whispered to me at the back of the room. Flynn, in his early thirties, has 16 years' background in marketing Imperial's products and ser-vices. "This helps them realize that they need a good knowledge of products to sell them. Then when we get around to the product section they'll pay close at-tention. He moved back to his desk at the front of the classroom.

"Any comments on the presentation? Could it be improved?"

The 12 men around the horseshoe table, all but two in uniform, considered the question thoughtfully before dissec-tion the presentation. This was no holi-day but a chance to learn how to be better businessmen and survive finan-cially in a competitive business.

They were a mixed lot from all over Ontario, 10-20 miles north west of the city. Two were sales representatives who help dealers operate stations (the course is now part of their training). The others had experience in service station work plus a background in mechanics, truck driving or selling, and had the potential, Imperial felt, of be-coming good dealers. Four hoped to take over their own station when the course ended; the remaining six already were in business.

The newest operator, Clifford Hudson, was a balding man in his mid-thirties who had operated a cartage company for 12 years and, six weeks before, had gone into the service station business. Forty-year-old Harold Widdess has managed a station for 12 years in Brampton, 20 miles northwest of Toronto. The owner is retiring and Widdess' name would now go up as proprietor. Dar Whitley of Prescott, an ex-surveyor and the youngest in the group, had operated a station two years into the day. "This course is going to help me a lot," he later explained. "When I started I didn't even know how to feed gas into a tank—and there is a right and wrong way to do it.

Imperial launched the Dundas-Kipling school, and with it this particular kind of dealer training, in May 1958. Other schools have since opened in Van-couver, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Hamil-ton, Montreal and Halifax. In addition, three mobile units—schools in trailers—travel from centre to centre in the Prair-ies, Ontario and Quebec. The Quebec trailer, first of its kind in Canada, went on the road in 1960.

Since 1958, 4,000 dealers have re-ceived this management training. An additional 500 are expected to complete the eight-week course this year. The company also provides short refresher courses for established dealers and their key personnel and supplies training material so that the dealers, in turn, can train their attendants.

The eight-week management course is now a "must" for every new dealer. Each is paid a weekly salary while on course, which, added to other training costs, amounts to an investment of about $1,000 per man. It signifies that Imperial re-gards the dealer's job as a profession, and the dealer himself as a very impor-tant part of company operations.

Jack Flynn summed up the morning's lesson: "You can see that you have to know your products or you can be embar-rassed in front of your customers. You lose customer confidence or, worst of all, lose a sale... We can break for lunch now. Be back in an hour."

At the restaurant in a nearby plaza, conversation centred around the course. "I'm not so interested in learning sell-ing," said Don Skrepnik, a young man who had "sold" the air filter. "I can sell pretty well. I'm waiting for management techniques. If you don't know how to buy, or handle men, or look after your books, you can't stay in business. You don't make enough money just pumping gas." For 17 months he and a partner had run a station in mid-towns Toronto. Now he was starting alone in the north-east part of the city.

Bob Carr who "bought" the air filter agreed. He was giving up his station at Owen Sound and starting another at Frenchman's Bay, just east of Toronto. "I've learned a lot already about handle-ling men. You have to teach them how to give proper service but that's not enough. You have to make them feel im-portant to the operation.""Document皇上 the past few years I bet my taxes have cost me $10,000," said Wallie Verge, from Peterborough. He'd been four years with another oil company be-fore taking over an Esso franchise 18 months before. "I've saved myself a lot of money if I'd had this course long ago.

"From now on I watch the cents."

The dealer training course isn't all classroom theory; there's practical work on cars too.

Dae Whitley bit into his hamburger. "In a volume business like ours, a cent here and there can make the difference in whether you make it.

The afternoon session was devoted to service. It started with a 20-minute film showing the proper way to give both one-man and two-man service at the pumps. Both cover seven points (gas, oil, water, battery, windows, tires and lights) but a second man speeds up service.

"Now what do you think of that two-man service?" prompted Flynn. "Is it always possible to give two-man service? Is it practical?"

"We haven't time to go through that routine," said one.

"Well," argued another. "If you work-ed it into a par routine, it wouldn't take any more time.

"It's a good way to train a second man," said a third. "He can hear what you say to the customer when he's filling the tank."

The discussion continued, with Flynn guiding but not arbitrarily laying down rules. How much or how little service do customers want? What if a customer makes it clear he doesn't want his car washed? (Offer the service anyway, Flynn sug-gested.) The third day was drawing to a close. That night 12 men would be at their homework: reading over the next sections in their Dealer Manuals to pre-pare for school the next day.

Eventually they would cover automo-bile design and operation, service tools and equipment, Esso products and ser-vices, business and financial manage-ment, safety and merchandising. Flynn feels financial management and cus-tomer and employee relations are the most important parts.

Periodically over the course he would test them; if the class was weak in any area, he'd repeat the lesson. There would be practical work in the service station next door, where theories become reali-ties as they work on each other's cars (under supervision) on a regular job. There would be field trips, too, to a tire factory and an auto assembly line.

As we left the schoolroom, Wallie Verge was speaking. "The best lesson I learned was from a woman driver. I gave her a complete seven-point service check. I did it in double quick time and was pretty proud of myself. I went back to the driver's window and she said, 'Well, that's a pretty good check-up.' Thank you, ma'am.' I said. Then she added, 'But will you do me one more favor?' 'Sure, what's that, ma'am?' "Smile!'"

A. C. (Bill) Watt is the newly-appointed manager of employee rela-tions. He succeeds George R. Mc-Millan who acted as manager of em-ployee relations during Mr. Ritchie's leave of absence. Mr. McMILLAN has returned to his former position as an assistant general manager of the manufac-turing department. Mr. Watt joined the employee relations depart-ment in 1945, after more than five years' service with the RCAF. He later was co-ordinator of employee relations in the manufacturing depart-ment for five years and for two years was employee relations manager at Skirrid re-finery. He moved to Toronto in 1959 to become assistant manager of the em-ployee relations department. A native of Lancaster, Ont., he holds a B. Com. from Queen's.

Ronald Ritchie, after a year as A. C. (BII) Watt is the newly-appointed manager of employee relations. He succeeds George R. Mc-Millan who acted as manager of employee relations during Mr. Ritchie's leave of absence. Mr. McMILLAN has returned to his former position as an assistant general manager of the manufacturing department. Mr. Watt joined the employee relations department in 1945, after more than five years' service with the RCAF. He later was co-ordinator of employee relations in the manufacturing department for five years and for two years was employee relations manager at Skirrid refinery. He moved to Toronto in 1959 to become assistant manager of the employee relations department. A native of Lancaster, Ont., he holds a B. Com. from Queen's.
It was early on a July Saturday morning, and steaming hot. The gulls sat on the St. Lawrence River like lilies on a pond. Over Montreal’s mountain, thunder clouds gathered.

Captain Élie Perron was waiting for me at Victoria Pier, a big man in his fifties, with ruddy features, thoughtful eyes and brown hair. He paced up and down with a home-made cigarette hanging from his lips. His boat, the *Michel Pouliot Emilie*, a 90-ton, 100-foot wooden coastal vessel known as a “caboteur,” was waiting too. It is a kind of boat and a way of life that reaches back into the very beginnings of Canadian history. I was going aboard to see caboteur life at first hand.

Like the hardy or so other humble little boats of her kind, the *Emilie* is a vital life line on the St. Lawrence. She and her sister caboteurs, ranging from 50 to 500 tons, are a remnant of pioneer Canada. The first of them sailed the St. Lawrence in the 17th century. By all the laws of modern business, they should have passed out of existence long ago—but they have held their own against bigger and faster ships. For one thing, they are “family” ships, usually owned by the captain and with children, uncles, aunts, even grandparents aboard. (It’s not uncommon to see a family washing flying from the mast.) The families are willing to work for modest wages and profit.

Then, too, the caboteurs will take anything, anywhere. They save the customer’s time, money and energy by putting his cargo right on his own riverside dock—thus beating out trucks, railways and even air lines. They haul everything from packets of hairpins to tons of pulp. Their voyages take them as far as Boston, Newfoundland and Halifax. But they are best known in some 300 little places of the St. Lawrence and lower Gulf: Petite Matane, Baie de la Trinité, Manche D’Epe, Arise Leclerc, Cap Chat and the rest.

Many of these places are without roads or airports. The inhabitants await the *Emilie*’s arrival with the same anticipation and concern that our eastern seaports awaited the European mail boats a century ago, and with which some prairie communities still await the twice-weekly train. Her lines—tall mast at the bow, wheelhouse and cabin at the stern—and stacks of cargo amidships—are as recognizable as the face of an old friend.

The *Emilie* is known and respected, too, by mariners all along the river. As the captain and I shook hands, the *Empress of Canada* glided into view: 27,000 tons heavier and six times as long as the *Emilie*. But the *Empress* gave a friendly hoot, which Perron acknowledged with a wave.

The crew of the *Emilie* was loading drums of Imperial greases—the only
chartered a caboteur to take him to a point between Quebec City and Levis (across the river). There he stood for an hour, silently gazing into the water. No one ever discovered why, although the crew guessed that he had lost a loved one there in the 1907 collapse of the Quebec bridge.

Another caboteur once took on a cargo of Nova Scotia lobster for a special dinner at a Quebec restaurant. It had three days to make the delivery. En route, the captain answered a distress signal in the Gaspe area and spent nearly a day helping a fishing boat. As he steamed on to Quebec City a storm drove him to the shelter of a bay overnight.

By morning he had only 10 hours in which to cover 120 miles upstream. The boat’s top speed was six miles, he thought, was 10 mph. But somehow he coasted 13 mph out of the little vessel, and arrived at Quebec just as the restaurant’s truck pulled up to the quay.

"People rely on us," Captain Perron told me simply, in relating the story. "To let them down would be against tradition.

As he spoke, Perron nosed the Emilie around the last bend before Quebec City. The lights of the harbor twinkled through the darkness. The ship’s radio cackled docking instructions. On the deck, Island was singing a soft song. The smell of the warm linden oil on the decks mingled pungently with the harbor odors.

The M P Emilie docked. The captain was silent. By early morning he would be at ile aux Coudres—his home. The whole crew would attend Mass there. Then, on to Seven Islands for pulpwood. Suddenly Captain Perron smiled at me. He is not an effusive man, and when he speaks it is because he has something important to say.

"I have spent nearly 30 years on the river," he said, "but every time I make a trip, it is different. The river is always new, interesting and full of life. I would stay a caboteur captain, even if I lost money. It’s a good life."

The “family” crew sits down to dinner after unloading potatoes (lower right) on the Saguenay River