THE DAY THE BARGE (ALMOST) Sailed

We feel compelled for once to tell you about a story that is not in this issue. It's the matter of George Beatty vs. The Barge.

A while ago writer Beatty and a photographer were assigned to cover the "sea trials" of the Imperial Lachene, one of two new motorized company barges that are now providing bunker fuel for ships in Montreal harbor. "Get us a good story," we told Beatty. "Tell us what happens when they launch a barge. Ride around on it. Have fun." Beatty set out for Lake Ontario in a wet foggy dawn, swathed in heavy woolen sweater and raincoat. The trials had been put off from eight a.m. until 11 a.m. so he was early. He waited. He noted: "People standing in long rows, watching. They seem to be wanting other people, who are also watching..."

At 11 a.m. the trials were postponed until 11:30. Then noon. Then until one p.m. Then two p.m. Beatty stood by, being rained on and faithfully taking notes. "Delays and counterclockwise remind me of Cape Canaveral. I feel like an astronaut. Does it mean that I, too, am going to be fired...?"

At three p.m. the sun scorched through the clouds, Beatty, shaggy and perspiring in his woolen sweater, stood fast at the docks. So did the Lachene. at 3:12 the Lachene moved out. "Many people on board," Beatty noted. "Looks like picnic crowd taking Toronto Island ferry." Beatty was not among them. He and the photographer planned to circle the Lachene in a small boat, taking pictures. Later they would board the barge for more pictures, and Beatty would get a gripping mood story. Then a stiff gale blew up. The lake became too rough for small boats. Beatty stood thoughtfully at the docks as the Lachene and his story faded into the distance. But in 10 minutes the barge was back with minor engine difficulties. It stayed there all day.

The Lachene had its sea trials and is now in service. We never did get the story through. For some reason, Beatty refused to go back.

Our cover people

So many people have asked about—and framed—our June cover that we hasten to introduce the artists: husband-and-wife team Charles and Suzanne Doelew, long-time illustrators of children's books. They came to Canada from their native Hungary after the 1956 revolution, went to the U.S. two years ago and recently returned to make their home here. Now, to give their private lives a storybook ending, they hope soon to bring over 7½-year-old son Steve, who was too ill to flee Hungary with his parents and whom they haven't seen in more than six years.

Our new face

Noticed our new look lately? It's Baskerville, the typeface now appearing on all pages except this. Gerry Moses, head of Imperial's public relations graphics division, and his assistant, Ken Rodwell, finally hounded us into using it. Baskerville is an old well-established type, somewhat lighter in appearance than our previous one and more compatible with every kind of photo or artwork. We hope it makes your reading easier and pleasanter.

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Editor/Robert Collins

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Who'll buy the extra cream?

How much does it cost to produce a gallon of milk, a side of bacon, a sheet of plywood or a gallon of gasoline? Strange as it may seem, no one can say exactly. The reason is that milk, bacon, plywood and gasoline are "joint products." As each is produced, other products naturally follow along.

Consider the cost of producing milk, for example, by a dairy farmer who sells both milk and cream. (Most today sell whole milk and let the dairy do the separating.) When the dairy farmer gets milk from his herd, he also gets some cream. How much of his costs should be charged against the milk and how much against the cream? He could, of course, charge costs against each product in the proportion in which they come out of the separator. Thus, if he's producing 85 percent milk and 15 percent cream, he could charge the costs accordingly.

But that doesn't always work. Suppose, for simplification, there is an increase in the demand for milk but not for cream. If the farmer is to meet that demand he must buy more cows, enlarge his barn and increase the capacity of his milking machine. He then produces more milk. But he also produces more cream. The demand for cream hasn't gone up. In fact, he's producing so much cream he can't sell all he makes.

Should he charge the cost of the additional cows, additional feed, barn space and new equipment to the milk and cream in the same proportion as he did before? Or should he charge all his extra costs to the production of the milk? There's a similar situation in the oil business. Gasoline is made from crude oil. Crude oil contains many things besides gasoline and when you make gasoline you make such other products as refinery fuel, lubricated petroleum gas, kerosene, stove oil, domestic heating oil, jet fuel, diesel fuel, light and heavy industrial fuel oil, and asphalt. You make them whatever you like it or not. So, suppose a refiner decides he wants to enlarge his plant to take care of an increasing demand for gasoline? Should he charge the cost of that enlargement and of the extra crude oil he uses to the gasoline—or to all the products he makes?

A lot of people both inside and outside the oil business—including a Royal Commission in Alberta—have taken a hard look at this situation and have concluded that it is impossible to determine accurately the cost of any single product produced from a refinery. The only cost figure that is not based on arbitrary assumptions is the total cost of making all the products.
The
Scientists’
Sandbox

This is a laboratory. It sits in the wilderness on top of the richest oil deposit in the world. Its scientists work with test tubes and huge machines. Their job: to free commercial quantities of oil from the Athabasca tar sands.

By Hunter Elliott

Like most people who’ve never been to the Athabasca tar sands, I set out with preconceived notions. Those notions began to go out the window from the moment our plane left Edmonton one morning last March.

As the DC3 headed north and slightly east, I studied my companions—nine men on their way back to Athabasca after time off. I had traveled with oil crews before; this crowd was different. They were relatively quiet, scholarly-looking, nearly all in their 20s, looking more like scientists or university students than oil rig roughnecks. I discovered later that most of them were engineers or chemists.

Ninety minutes and 225 miles later we circled over Milred Lake, a dot on the map just north of McMurray, Alta., well south of the Northwest Territories boundary. Here, a pilot plant—jointly supported by Cities Service Athabasca Inc., Imperial Oil, Richfield Oil Corp., and Royalite Oil—is developing a commercially attractive method of extracting oil from the sands.

Here was my second surprise. Below us lay the richest petroleum treasure in the world: almost 13,000 square miles of sand, 17.5 feet thick on the average, containing an estimated 500 billion barrels of crude oil—more than the entire proved reserves of the Middle East. Somehow, I expected to see acres of black oozing earth. But from the air this looked much like any other stretch of northern Alberta bush. True, the spring snow covered the ground but even in August, there are no vast exposed patches.
The plant at Mildred Lake, 225 lonely miles from Edmonton, as it looked last spring.

We landed. I could at least smell the sands, a sharp tarred-road scent. That smell is always with you at Mildred Lake. Weeks later, back in Toronto, it still clung to my parka. Now, also, I could glimpse the occasional black sand outcropping along the river bank. It was along this river in 1778 that one of the early fur traders, a certain Peter Pond, was impressed by the massive outcrop of bituminous sand visible on both banks. About 10 years later Alexander Mackenzie noticed the dark veins and "some bituminous fountains." Along this river for close to 100 years, men from a half-dozen countries have sought ways to free the oil, simply and cheaply. The four-company project here at Mildred Lake has been going on since 1959, has cost about $19 million so far and is the only major mining and extraction field work since the early experiments of the Research Council of Alberta.

The group has under lease 330,000 acres containing an estimated 6.5 million barrels of recoverable oil by mining methods. In addition to this mining venture, Imperial is in a three-way undertaking with Cities Service and Richfield in holdings of another 1.1 million acres on which they plan tests to recover oil from the Athabasca sands by methods other than mining. The present experiments may lead to production of 100,000 barrels dailly of synthetic crude in the early 1970s.

Later, I walked around the river bluff outdoors, feeling a little like an Aralo shik. Under my feet lay a fortune in petroleum. In its raw state it resembles sticky black plasticine.

But whereas most oil acts I’ve seen have been alive with trucks, drills and bulldozers, this one is merely a modest huddle of buildings, looking vaguely like an oil refinery cupped between the banks of the Athabasca river.

Latter, though, inside the plant, I began to understand and feel the real excitement of the place. This quiet, scientific search is perhaps the biggest experiment in oil history. There is, I discovered, no real mystery to the tar sands any more. We know several ways of extracting bitumen (a heavy petroleum liquid) from them. So do other companies. The trick now is to find the best commercial method so the oil can be produced and marketed economically.

Other groups are seeking a method, too. It is a research race and the stakes are enormously high. The atmosphere at Mildred Lake is more like that of a laboratory than an oil camp. The experimental plant is presently producing bitumen and other experimental feed stocks. Tar sand is bulled into a high escarpment near the camp or is obtained by drilling into the formation with core bits. It is put through extraction units where the tar sand is “slurried” turned into a kind of gruel, by mixing it with steam and water at high temperatures. Then, in further hot water treatments, the sand and bitumen are separated. The leftover sand is clean and white. It is a towisite for 7,000 people goes up here, as anticipated, the kids will have the daintiest sandbox in Canada.

Testing crude samples is a never-ending job.

Don Haney of Cities Service, one of the top men, was in on the start of the joint project.

This process, as I have described it, may sound prosaic to a layman. But for the men on the job it is all-consuming. Theoretically, they work eight-hour shifts around the clock. But if they find themselves in the middle of an experiment they may stay at it all night. They are well-fed, well-started, see late-run movies in the recreation hall, play chess, go hunting in their spare time. But most of all they think and talk about the sands.

They argue about the way nature laid down this deposit. Most oil is found trapped in porous rock. What’s the explanation for the tar sands? Was the oil formed from organic life in the sands during their period of deposition? Did the oil migrate laterally from other marine deposits into the particular McMurray sands? Is the formation just a residual deposit formed by erosion in time long past? There are several theories, but nobody has a pat answer.

They speculate about the possible big plant that will be built if the project “goes commercial” and the giant digger which, one man told me, would be 20 stories high and longer than a city block.

They can only guess what the tar sands might mean to Canada but they know the impact will be great. By the mid-1970s, the forecasters say, conventional crude oil production in Alberta will not be sufficient to meet market demand. The tar sands could supplement this need.

And the scientists at Mildred Lake know that if the project “goes commercial” they’ll look back, 10 or 15 or 20 years from now and say, “I was in on the start of it.”

Dan Haney of Cities Service, one of the top men, was in on the start of the joint project.

Imperial Oil Review, August 1963
The
Best
Country

That's what the Indians once called the warm, fertile land around Chatham, Ont. It still is. It's the garden plot and dinner table of Canada.

by ROBERT GILDERHORE

That sun-blessed portion of Ontario tucked into the elbow of Lakes Huron and Erie was once the fief, manor and private reserve of an Indian nation known as the Attawandaron. They surpassed their Iroquois neighbors in physique, intelligence and ferocity. The early French called them "the Neutrals" because neither the Iroquois nor the Iroquois' bitter enemies around Georgian Bay, the Hurons, dared attack them.

The Attawandaron called theirs the "best country," and it was true. It abounded in game and fish and fur. It was a country where corn and squash grew tall and plump and life was easy. The flint beds of Kettle Point on Lake Huron gave them a monopoly on arrowheads, knives, tomahawks and spear heads. They sold weapons to Huron and Iroquois alike and were munitions-makers for half the continent.

The Dutch settlers at Albany changed all that by selling firearms to the Iroquois. By 1648 the Huron had been bloodily subdued and the Iroquois turned on the Attawandaron. It ended as every battle between gunpowder and tomahawk was ever to end: the Attawandaron were wiped out. The victorious Iroquois returned to their own lands south of Lake Erie and the "best country" lay undisturbed by man for 130 years.

Then white men came and painstakingly turned it once more into the "best country," a place called Kent, Chatham being the county seat. Today, the crops grow thick and green and the industries are busy. But it was a slow hard process. This is the story of what it is and how it got that way.

The United Empire Loyalists came first, attracted by the absence of Indians. They had no money and few tools. They soon discovered that they, unlike the Indians, were ill-suited for this country. The streaming swamplands, passable only on corduroy roads, bred clouds of mosquitoes to madden man and ox alike. (If only there were drainage, the settlers said.) Malaria was rife. Few escaped the ague. Settlers had only one homemade remedy: whisky.

By the mid-1800s the economy was still mostly based on lumbering: walnut and whitewoods for furniture, oak for staves to build West Indies casks. It gave the settlers a bit of cash (50 cents for a walnut log containing 303 board feet) and it slowly cleared the land.

Clear land meant little to the settler then. He had no lofty dreams of market gardens. For him life was mostly a gut-wrenching battle with the stumps. Sometimes with fire, more often with axe and prise, ox teams and log chains, he sweated and toiled and gradually the forest moved back. But still the drainage problem remained.

The settlers tried many things: ordinary ditches teetering the fields—but the land was too flat for ditches. Wooden drains under the fields—but they rotted and plugged. Finally, late in the 1800s, they tried clay tiling. It worked. Kent county became known for its wheat, then its tobacco, sugar beets, soy beans, tomatoes, strawberries, squash, pumpkins, peas, beans, onions. Once again this was the best country.
Chatham, yet again, is a jumble of streets, a lattice of railways, a muddy river and a dirty creek. It is a Queen street and a King street and a hotel called William Pitt. There is a sense of history here. The ghosts of foot loose British redcoats still linger among the trees overlooking the muddy Thames. Historical sites mark about. “On this site,” a blockhouse built in 1794 at the instigation of Governor Simcoe. Or a settlement of displaced Delaware Indians burned out by invading Americans in 1813. Or the house where John Brown planned his abolitionist conspiracy against the U.S. government.

But Chatham, too, is peaceful. Mayor Garnet Newkirk who is serving his sixth one-year term because that’s how often they elect a new mayor here. Dutch immigrants who understand heavy land and high yield crops. Italian immigrants who tend toward the construction industry. Theirs and other foreign tongues are heard on Chatham’s downtown streets. “We’ve been blessed with steady immigration,” says Newkirk, whose own U.E.L. ancestors arrived in 1790, “and they come from all over.”

Chatham is Bill Gray, retired but still tall, spry and an unashamed booster. In the early Twenties Gray built the then famous car, the Gray-Dort, when a Canadian with an idea and courage could design a car and hope to sell it. It sold well, too. He applied the same flair and energy to his job as Chatham’s industrial commissioner from 1944 to 1952. He preached the gospel to businessmen, “Do you realize that Chatham is only 30 miles north of California’s northern boundary?” He’s also allied them with Chatham-type stories like the one about the man who went to Toronto and said, on his return, “Toronto’s nice but it’s too far from anything.” He believed in taking his story to the doorstep of a port. And the industries came rolling in.

Yet, again, Chatham is the Macaulay Club, an all-male debating forum that has met every Saturday night, October through March, since 1935. To qualify, you must participate at every meeting and come prepared to argue either side of the evening’s topic. One of its senior alumni is Victor Laurinost, octogenarian, author, newspaper columnist and biographer to the county, city and the people. He is a small man, alert and so soft-spoken that he is sometimes accused of silence. Of the wild disorder that is his clubby-hole office at the Chatham Daily News, Laurinost says mildly, “I thought I’d clean it up . . . tomorrow.” Of the people he says, “They’re a mixture. A good mixture.”

And they are, at that. From the wise old men to the new immigrants to Lawrence Kerr who came here from nearby Dresden in 1935. Today he owns 1,200 acres, 300 hops and 600 head of cattle. He grows the usual tobacco, treenails and corn, and is one of the most prosperous farmers in Kent.

“Good land attracts good men,” Kerr says. “We’ve had a lot of good farmers here since the war. Dutch, Czechs, Belgians, a lot of fine people who love the land.”

A lot of fine people who love the land . . .

Maybe, in the final analysis, this is the secret of the best country.
ing are already established in Canada," he says. "The important thing is to take the opera we have to the
people." In 1958, with the company’s first tour to the Maritimes, he finally got the show on the road.

Touring company singers are chosen from the Canadian Opera Company and some Kgaglund, Toronto
music critic, wrote about Cou Fan Tutu, "If anyone had the impression that singers of lesser calibre were the ones chosen to tour, that theory was dispelled by this production."

To be a member of the Canadian Opera touring company, you need more than a strong, well-trained voice.

"Touring company members are very rare animals," says one soprano. "You must have the voice of a bird, hide of a buffalo, stamina of a bull and adaptability of a chameleon." You should have a modicum of poise (it helps at the after-show receptions) and a cute of do-it-yourself talent (if there aren’t any stage curtains, you might wind up making them yourself). It’s useful if you can sing anywhere, anytime, on anything—and your body and spirit should have the resilience of a rubber band (four members have had to endure everything from a bent ego to a twisted leg—and who’d want to say which is more painful)."

Leading soloists make a minimum of $225 a week, out of which they pay hotel bills and costs. The touring season lasts an average of 24 weeks—after that, artists must earn their living any way they can. Some singers drive taxis, some are lucky enough to get singing jobs with the Stratford Festival, the Banff School of Fine Arts, or the Vancouver Festival.

The prima donna has no place on the road with a touring company, as the group learned on their first trip to the Maritimes. When fog and snow stopped airline transportation cold, they had to make a fast switch to buses and trucks. The weather promptly turned to rain and roads turned to melted chocolate. When one truck snarled into a mudhole, the whole cast had to pile out to push—but first they had to move a private car that was stuck in the mud ahead of their track.

Casualties on that tour were one sprained ankle, one case of laryngitis—and a complete set of scenery that disintegrated when somebody leaned too hard. When a violent storm prevented the Port aux Basques, Nfld., boat from docking, the company was stuck on a train sitting for two days. The tiny tracked restaurant almost immediately ran out of food, and for two days they ate nothing but cheese sandwiches.

"I think," says tour manager Ernest Adams, "if we’d seen a cat, we’d have run like rats."

Adams, a Vancouver-raised opera singer before he was tour manager, feels, "Touring is incredibly hard on a singer. Everything a singer does—sleeping, eating, drinking—everything affects his voice. Early in his career a singer finds he must be selfish about himself. Even in hot weather, he’ll be bundled up to the eyebrows because he’s afraid of catching a cold. Some singers are almost too sensitive—as soon as they get a singing job, they get a cold. When the job’s over, the cold disappears."

"Our company has played Moose Jaw in November when it was 20 degrees below, and a few days later been in Peace River where the temperature was 45 degrees above. For a singer, that’s like putting a fine violin in a deepfreeze for a day and then leaving it out in a hot sun—quite a strain on the material."

"To protect performers’ voices, the touring company has two singers for every role. This gives each one every
other night to rest his vocal chords. (At least, it theory it does. One year
Ynner John Arut sang seven performances in six days because flu and cold
flits had left his alternate low.)

Veils were strained to the breaking point when the schedule gets tight, as
happened last year when the company’s train got snowed under near the
Topu’s four peaked hills in New-

Good acting, good voices, excellent production—that’s what audiences expect and get from the opera touring company.

foundland, noted for its sneaky
weather changes.

With time running perilously short for their performance that night, the
company piled into taxi (the equipment was loaded into a truck) for a hair-raising ride over icy roads

flighty like roller coasters.

At times like these, it’s essential
that sets and props be as lightweight and portable as possible. Designers
use plastic piping and plastic tubing as supports for sets made of light-
weight, collapsible plywood panels.

A bed or chair leg is often a dis-
guised plastic lawn chair. For the
1963 production of Cosi Fan Tutte, they designed a 40-foot-long curtain
painted with three different scenes.

To change an act, a liveried footman
simply walked across the stage, pull-
ing the next scene into view.

Costumes and props are packed into wooden cases immediately after use, the
way a good cook puts away her pots as she goes along—it leaves less
mess to clean up when the final curtain
goes down.

The company has found other
ways of cutting production corners. On
tour, only one opera is performed
(it’s easier on sets, costumes and
hanging costs). They rarely use an
orchestra (although on Vancouver Island they did three performances with the Victoria Symphony Orches-
tra). Although it might seem faintly ridiculous to have only a piano ac-
companiment for grand opera, once
the voices begin weaving their deli-
cate musical patterns on stage, every-
thing else fades to unimportance.

Talent, however, is one thing on
which director Torel refuses to cut corners. Through Toronto’s music con-
servatory, the Canadian Opera Company draws singers from almost
every Canadian province. Past sea-
sons have featured such singers as
Pierrette Alarie of Montreal, who
sang with the Metropolitan, and her
husband Leopold Simoneau, consid-
tered one of the world’s best Mozart interpreters.

Torel, who has a genius for spot-
ting major talent on the way and
grasping it while he can afford it, has
used the voices of Jan Rubes (some-
times better known as the host of
CBC’s “Songs of My People”), Rob-
ert Goulet, Don Gavard, Jon Vickers,
Teresa Stratas, Louis Quilico and Alva Crofoot. These singers have
since graduated to the higher in-
come brackets of the U.S. and Eu-
rope—but because of Torel’s touring
company, Canadians continue to hear fresh talent today that will be
heralded tomorrow in opera centers
around the world. (Justino Diaz,
whom Torel signed to sing in the 1963 productions of Don Giovanni and
Aida in Toronto, was recently winner of the Metropolitan Opera’s annual
competition.)

Sometimes touring company alumn
i slip into other types of work. Peter
Mews, now a Spring Thaw perennial
and Toronto actor, once had a role
with the touring Canadian Opera as
Jupiter, in Orpheus in the Underworld.

To the astonishment of Prince Albert
audiences, he delivered a speech to
some lesser gods in flawless John
Diefenbaker style—complete with
furrowed brows, hands on hips and
waggling finger. The audience gave
him a standing ovation.

An unexpected spot of variety like
that is a healthy safety-valve for the
grinding pressures of a cross-country opera tour. The company has eaten
hamburger dinners standing up, be-
cause their particular whistledown had only a nine-stool coffee shop.

Eighteen performers put on makeup in a dressing room large enough for
five people. Some nights they finish
a show, go to bed by one a.m., and
are up again by seven for a 330-mile
drive to the next town.

On one of these all-day safari bass-
bartone Victor Braun and baritone
Curzilinn Opohl, tired and bearded
and wearing slumber-jams, are re-
picked up by Kenora, Ont., police as suspected vagrants. “Watch them, they
may be armed,” Braun heard a police officer remark as they climbed
in on the singers. A phone call event-
ally got them off Kenora’s black books.

Once, after a particularly trying
300-mile drive to Timmins, Ont., the
company was valiantly trying to put
their usual verve and vitality into a performance of the Barber of Seville.

when a penetrating cloud of sulphur-
ous smoke (the furnace backed up)
suddenly enveloped the stage. When
the fumes drifted away, so had most of the audience.

Tour manager Adams, who re-
 mains as blasé as a balanceman
during crises (he once announced at
8:10, with an instrument 8:15 curtain,
that “you’ll have to sing a little lower,
kids, there’s no piano yet”), re-
members one small town during the
company’s western tour where the
stage turned out to be a mere nine
feet deep.

“The whole production had to be
restaged on the spot, to make room
for the performers,” he says.

On their first tour, their only scen-
cery consisted of two screens painted on both sides. Wherever the com-
pany needed furniture for props, they
scrounged it from the town.

Once, for the Barber of Seville, when
they needed a delicate Italian provin-
cial desk, local citizens donated a
monstrous golden oak office desk that
almost filled the stage. Another time
for the same opera, they had to man-
age with a chrome kitchen table.

A truck delivering an overhead piano to the King City, Ont., ancil-
torium made the wrong turn and
horrid stagehands watched help-
lessly as the truck sank comfortably to its axles in mud. The audience, hap-
pily waiting for the curtain to go up,
was never aware of the struggle that went on outside in the driving rain
between some determined Canadian Opera Company stagehands and a
stubborn, 1,100-pound piano.

The 1963-64 season calls for a rig-
gorous schedule for Canada’s national opera company, with a 22-week sea-
son, and over 100 performances slated for their 12-city tour.

The Toronto season has its last
performance on the 12th of October; the following day the travelling com-
pany begins its 1963-64 Canadian tour, Cosi Fan Tutto for Fort William, Ont.,
and points west.

The company will sing in Oregon,
Washington and Idaho; they’ll go as
far west as Prince Rupert and as far
north as the Peace River country, ar-
riving back in Toronto about three
days before Christmas. “Friends have

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got used to never getting Christmas presents from us,” says Bill Lord, the touring company’s stage manager. “There’s never time to buy any.”

(Lord is the man who was once approached by a grey-haired little woman in a lavishly flowered hat, who asked him what he did with the opera company. When he said he was the stage manager, the woman looked blank and then bravely said, “Well, it was very well managed.”)

They’ll rehearse three weeks in January on their new opera, *Die Fledermusen*, and then start their Maritime tour—through Newfoundland, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, with side trips to Boston and New York State.

Maybe this time they won’t find that certain spanking new auditorium in Newfoundland has blown out every stage light in the building—with no place on the island to get replacement bulbs.

Perhaps this trip in Baddock, N.S., they’ll have stage curtains, and won’t have to tear down the high school drapes for substitutes.

It’s possible that the member of the cast who managed to put his elbow through a large plate-glass window will have better balance this time.

And let’s hope they’ll have standing-room-only audiences in places like Saskatoon, St. John’s and Corner Brook, Nfld., Wolfville, N.S., Fredericton, N.B., and Nelson, B.C., as they did on their last tours.

In Canada, with the Canadian Opera touring company, you don’t need to be in a diamond dress circle to enjoy good voices, good acting and excellent production in well-staged operas.

Just pull up a collapsible school gymnasium chair and sit down.

WHAT’S HAPPENING IN THE MARKETPLACE?

by Gordon Wesley

CL. M. ROLSTON wouldn’t have believed it. If you had told him, back in 1908, that the service stations he fathered would someday be selling movie cameras and steak knives, he’d have laughed you right off the board sidewalk in front of his kitchen-water-task-cum-gasoline-pump.

It was only 55 years ago that Imperial Oil’s Rolston founded Canada’s (and possibly North America’s) first service station, in Vancouver. The simple one-pump station was pretty revolutionary in those days—but it stayed. The range of merchandise has been sold by some 400 franchised Imperial dealers is equally surprising to some people today. But it too is a sign of the times; part of a continent-wide revolution in retailing. The watchword today is “diversification.”

Supermarkets sell encyclopedias, drug stores sell blankets and depart-
ment stores sell everything from cheese to consonant. Oil companies, like other retailers, are taking a fresh look at their marketing policies.

Certainly, the impact of discount selling and the rapid diversification that followed on other retailing fields has been felt most by the merchants of petroleum profligates, the service station dealers. In a matter of a few years competition in a variety of forms has burst among them. Dignified department stores now sport gasoline pumps. Drug stores dispense anti-freeze with the same aplomb as cough medicine. Supermarkets stack canned motor oil.

In the U.S. some dealers have reacted dramatically to the competition. One, a notably public on the side, goes as far as to offer a free marriage ceremony with every fill-up. A California company covered the U.S. market for a fabulous space-age toy called the Orbitair. Test-fired in Arizona, 17,000 Orbitairs sold in 12 days, without any promotion—one with each five gallons of gas. Does the Orbitair offer a free ham if your license number is drawn. Another gives four beer glasses with every 300 gallons of gas. "Pepsi-cola" is played at many stations: if the pumps shut off at $2.22 or #3.33 or any similar combination, the motorist receives free gasoline.

Other North American service station dealers offer laundry service, free food while you wait, an upholstery cleaning service, free daily papers, trading stamps, nylon, diners, etc. Obviously, a new concept of distribution is in the city.

It began with the modern discount—revolution the civilization of retailing—who, for years back, began the usual activity on the retailing scene. Here before, he worked more or less underground. His specialty was the "maverick," who, as a rule, sold his wares by the door, but not in the street, often not in a juxy part of town and usually from a second or third floor cubicle—without elevator service, of course. A few years back, the "maverick" was on the road. In the United States in particular, department stores are now in the suburbs with branches and "tenuis" (small, small stores) to the suburb's suburb. Carrying new lines—often served up in suburban basement storage areas—and at cut-rate prices. A few are even open twenty-four hours daily.

Department stores, ruffled out of their couture by the aggressive tactics of the "mavericks," struck back. In the United States in particular, department stores are now in the suburbs with branches and "tenuis" (small, small stores) to the suburb's suburb. Carrying new lines—often served up in suburban basement storage areas—and at cut-rate prices. A few are even open twenty-four hours daily.

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Bill kedwell, Imperial's retail sales manager, "gasoline is now sold by 175,000 stations and discount stores. There are 11 less big than 1950, and a million discount stations. There are at least 15 in Montreal and almost every day more and more stores across the country are opening up with pumps. These figures, of course, don't include the many private brand dealers (companies that buy gasoline from refiners at distressed prices and market it under their own names at a discount). In 1945, private brands in Ontario accounted for about four percent of gasoline sales. Today, they're taking 10 percent."

The oil companies have not been asleep, either. But not by a lot. For one thing, there's been a steady evolution of service stations since C. M. Rolston's day. In the beginning they were generally a converted storage shed, hardware store, blacksmith shop or even a sentry box. During World War I the stations became more permanent; usually a red brick affair that looked like a small factory or the local jail. The brick box, isolated, no other place to park with towers, gables and tiled roofs. In the Thirties service stations turned box-shaped again. Now, by the way, you could get repairs, grease and oil in addition to gasoline.

After World War II the stations kept going, but it was possible to convert to the cities and suburbs. In 1945 there were 23,000 gasoline outlets in Canada with an average volume of 22,000 gallons a year. Last year there were more than 36,000 outlets with a galloge of 70,000. Imperial alone has 8,000 outlets across Canada.

At the same time, Imperial through market research and experimentation, has for several years been studying the market for the future. In 1951 the company tried several experiments to help gauge the traffic-building potential of certain new products. Through dealers of the "franchised" type, Imperial offered a flash camera with a one-year guarantee, for $4, and added 142,000 of them.

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Today's service stations still bear the motorist with gay front, but the trend is to more "community" presence."

Other oil companies, meanwhile, have stepped up their operations to meet the competition. Some have even joined forces with the discounters, supplying gasoline to the latter. Bigger plans are in the works. It's predicted by many marketing experts, in fact, that the next retailing era will be the service station. The future "dream station" won't be geared merely to having the motorist drive in to gas up. One way or another he'll be enticed to stay awhile.

There'll always be a place for the small neighborhood station. But there may be super stations with such fetching titles as "auto fairs," "shopping ports," "auto marts" and "parkades." Such local activities as pop concerts, travel information and promotion, exhibits featuring school art, garden shows, safe driving contests, film and stage classics, festivals, antique and new car shows may all be centered at the super station. Almost every sort of treat will attract the shopper-motorist.

"People like the color and excitement of the extravaganza if it's done with dignity," says one marketing specialist. "We live in the age of the 'spectacular'—in almost everything."

The design of the super station, the planners maintain, will give it more "community presence." The station's image will be "introduced"; that is to say, it will tend to look in on itself. The present "extraverted" design still attempts to lure motorists by gay front and fetching signs. The trend will be away from this, away from the cluttered, seedy neighborhood "garage" outlined in its neon artwor.

Already such touches are with us. There's a station in Texas, for example, with a sculptured fountain that at night shoots bowers of colored water. A new Toronto Imperial station gives its customers the red carpet treatment; the pavement around the pump island is colored red. A station in Scarborough displays the talent of local artists.

What items will be sold at the new stations? The range of merchandise will gradually build up. But it's forecast that eventually the target of one-stop shopping will be reached. Already Imperial customers can order any of 114 products from barbecue lighter fluid to safety belts.

However, the prime function of a gasoline station is still the sale of gasoline, automotive products and service. On second thought, maybe C. M. Rolston wouldn't have been shocked at all.
One of the world’s great treasure hunts could end in Nova Scotia this summer. If the rigorous calculations of Robert E. Restall are correct, the old motorcycle stunt man from Hamilton, who has thrilled three generations in Toronto, Miami, Blackpool and Berlin, may bring off the biggest trick of his career on tiny Oak Island, 45 miles southwest of Halifax.

With his two sons and wife, Mildred, an ex-ballet dancer, Restall has spent four years on the island hunting winter gales and crowds of summer sightseers, trying to find a legendary hoard of buried gold. Ever since the curious earthworks of the Oak Island “mucky pit” was discovered by a local settler in 1795, dozens of expensive expeditions have sought treasure on the island, unsuccessfully. Bob Restall is convinced now that he knows exactly where the treasure is buried, that it lies within 25 feet of his present workings and, most important, is reasonably accessible. He says it’s in gold bars worth perhaps $30 million.

With heavy-duty diesel generating equipment, Restall and his son, Robert Jr., 22, are spending 10 hours a day drilling laterally from the 125-foot level of a renovated shaft sunk by one of Oak Island’s numerous former treasure seekers.

The Restall shaft is one of some 200 shafts, tunnels and drill holes that honeycomb the east end of the island with the dank archery of 168 years of treasure hunting. In fact, it’s the confusion of evidence from the diggings of previous searchers, their misleading maps and letters and the recurrences of local folklore, that has been the Restalls’ biggest problem.

For one thing, there is no firm historic evidence of any large treasure ever being buried along the shores of Nova Scotia, though there are many tales of Spanish coin being found here and there. At one time treasure seekers believed they were digging for the booty of Captain Kidd. Later ideas are more fanciful: that it is Ica gold, the French Crown jewels, the treasure of Fort Louisburg, of the Acadian settlers expelled by the British, of British privateers, of the pirate Captain Morgan, of the pirate stronghold of Old Port Royal, and of Panama.

However, privateers and freebooters did frequently raid these coasts during the 17th and 18th centuries. And the complex earth and stonework of the Oak Island site is evidence enough in itself. The pit, perhaps 150 feet deep in the blue clay of the island, is tiered with intervals of oak planks probably cut on the site. Apparently to prevent penetration of the pit, a complicated system of intake tunnels flooded it with seawater to tide level, about 30 feet from the surface. Engineers say the pit and its flooding mechanism would have required sophisticated engineering and several years to build.

However, long before the Restalls took up residence on the enigmatic half square-mile of pebbled coves and sapping lines, they did something that few previous treasure hunters had done: they sifted a century and a half of puzzling and conflicting documents. When Restall first visited the island on vacation in 1955, he believed, like most hunters before him, that with up-to-date techniques and a bit of luck he could take the treasure in quick time. However, circumstances intruded: there already were treasure hunters on the island and it was four years later before he got search rights from the owner of Oak Island, M. R. Chappell, Sydney, N.S. Under the Nova Scotia treasure trove law, Chappell owns these rights and requires a contract from the treasure hunters before digging begins.
In the fall of 1959 Restall returned to the resort town of Chester, jumping off point for Oak Island, with his wife and their sons, Rickey, then eight, and Bobby, just graduated from high school. They went on holidays and Mildred discounted her husband's enthusiasm for treasure hunting as a summer romance to be forgotten when they returned to the urban realities of Hamilton.

"Oh, I talked about treasure hunting all right. We all talked about treasure hunting the whole time, but I didn’t believe for a minute that we were actually going to do it," she said.

In October the Restalls built a toolshed near the site of their present shaft, stowed equipment for an early spring start and were preparing to winter in Chester when some of the discoveries were announced. This unprofitable touch of modern piracy made them move to Oak Island where no one had lived for generations.

Except for their toolshed no buildings were on Oak Island because the timber industry by trade, Restall is an uninitiated handyman. He quickly turned the tool- shed into a one-room cabin containing built-in bunkies, dining nook, bottled-gas range and an oil space heater. Yet the first winter was far from coy. Mildred remembers it well: "Boiled drinking water and an outdoor privy, ice mounting the inside walls, and the only warm place on top of the bed."

A stocky man with crisp hair, fierce eyes and, by now, the burnished complexion of local fishermen, Restall holds to the treasure hunt with a tenacity approaching religious faith. In hip rubberboots and mud-splattered coveralls, he beats the bounds of the site interpreting countless parables, preaching the gospel of the drilled rock to stone triangle, with unsailable conviction. At 56 years of age, he is plainly on the adventure of his life.

During the first winter with the sniff of centuries on the wind and, on the doorstep, the ruin of earthworks built by unknown adventurers arriving by sea maybe 250 years ago, it was impossible to be aloof. By the light of kerosene lamps, the Restalls studied the records of the early inhabitants, the scenes depicted in old sea gull carvings and legends of the place, and early charts of the bay of 350 islands which, in the 18th century was named Malone from the French for a type of pirate ship. By day they explored the island yard by yard.

They spent more than three years on the island, up to last December, working on a level closer to intelligent building than to construction engineering. They found the original "money pit," first discovered in 1795 but lost since the beginning of this century. Only this spring, drilling began. All the while they lived frugally on money they had saved from summer days and funds loaned and invested in the project by friends at home.

Restall is digging for gold, of course, but more than that he is trying, he says, to achieve something that no one else has ever been able to accomplish, though there have been many beautifully bankrolled attempts. What Restall wants most is to hold in his edited mind the incredible.

In another way he has done it before. As a youngster in New York, his pay cheque bought motorcycles for hill climbing and truck racing until he became a professional stunt rider with his own show touring Europe and Britain. Mildred was the featured dancer in the Blackpool Winter Garden when she joined him as wife and partner in the Restalls’ famous Globe of Death, an act involving two looping motorcycles which has never been performed by anyone else before or since. But international changes in show business gradually put the Globe of Death in storage leaving the Restalls in need of a new adventure.

Restall chose Oak Island because he was charmed by 40 years of newspaper and magazine stories about the place. Ever since boyhood in his native Toronto he had dreamed of hunting for treasure.

But, if there was ever a pinch of glamour in the current Oak Island venture, it has disappeared for the Restall family. Regardless of the shiny possibilities of the future, the routine after four years of unrewarded enterprise is unexciting.

Day after day in jeans and shirt, carting water to do the family wash out in a neighbour’s unregistered washing machine, Mildred Restall feels more like a pioneer woman than the English ballet dancer she was in the 1920s. Mendig her younger son Rickey’s dungarees she emphasized her points with that of the old fiddle.

"I was the leading dancer in a small ballet troupe playing the Winter Garden in Blackpool when this guy came over wanting girls to pose with his motorcycles for publicity shots."

"He made a big hit with my mother who was an actress and later, when he wanted me to tour Europe with his motorcycle set, she persuaded me not to go."

"Oh, so long ago, and that’s how I came to Oak Island."

But the hardships of housekeeping are a small part of the difficulties of the treasure hunters’ domestic lives on Oak Island. For example, it’s almost impossible to plan even for the immediate future because, win or lose, she says, they cannot imagine what the future will be like.

"Today we are diggers. Tomorrow we may be broke or we may have a few million dollars. Either way the experience for us will be unique."

Though the Nova Scotia Tourism Bureau calls this part of the country Canada’s Ocean Playground and for thousands of summer vacationers from the United States and central Canada it is just that, the Restalls are at best indifferent to the tourist life. For Mildred’s fondest desire is for a dress-up evening of dinner and theatre but she makes do with the Philharmonic receiver on transistor radio from nearby CKUB Bridgewater.

On summer weekends she and Rickey show up to 150 visitors a day around the site of operations and try to keep them reasonably satisfied with the work.

"Some of the visitors are interesting, but they won’t talk about where they’ve been," Mildred says. "All they want to talk about is Oak Island."

It is the same with local residents, she adds. "The people here have been very kind and helpful, but no matter who entertains or visits us, the conversation always gets around to the same old thing, Oak Island. There’s no escape."

For her son, Bob, life is somewhat better. With the help of the family car, which is kept ashore, and the family outboard to speed them to the island, two nights a week he does the rounds of dances and parties with his age group in Chester and Bridgewater. But both boys, like their father, are un- moved by the lore of the woods and the sea.

Instead of snaring rabbits and belling pothole when there is time to spare from assigned chores and his correspondence with the Nova Scotia Department of Education, Rickey prefers building model airplanes and playing baseball. "Bob and I used to play cards with them," Mildred says, "but we stopped when we all got to know one another’s next moves."

In the looting of the Restalls read voraciously—history, adventure, geology—and Mildred has started learning French. Twice a week, winter and summer, they go into Western Shore or Chester to shop for food, pick up the mail, and when necessary arrange with Virgil Mader, Chester Esso agent, for supplies of gasoline, stove oil and diesel fuel. Their meals are plain but good. So far they have had no ill effects or accidents.

Yet living in self-appointed exile amid an insufficiency of sand and brine and lonely manual labor, Mildred believes is more than average middle class families could bear, despite the possible fortune.

However, Oak Island continues to fascinate many men in many places. Mel Chappell has at least one would-be treasure hunter standing by for his chance if the Restalls fail to conclude the contract, reserved last January, and it requires that he show Chappell tangible proof of having found the treasure by December 1963. If he does, he can have whatever time he needs to unearth the gold. Even if he doesn’t find gold he will be able to reorganize the contract if he has made acceptable progress.

Over the years, individuals, syndicates and companies incorporated especially for the search have probed the island. There were expeditions of Texas and New Jersey millionaires, engineers, professors, contractors, manufacturers, hard-rock miners, groups of Nova Scotia businessmen and the like.

Although Restall’s contract gives him sole rights to dig for the treasure it does not discourage a wide variety of amateur investigators. One day last summer while CBC television crews were shooting film sequences, scuba divers plunged offshore, a lady diviner was practising in the bush, and an unknown party elsewhere on the island explored small changes in the soil.

The serious expeditions of the past, however, have all had extensive financing—at least in the beginning. Local residents think more money has been sunk in Oak Island claims than ever will be taken out of the land, and that private interests have not been money but interest enthusiasts and a way with machinery.

By now, however, his supplies, machinery and living costs for over four years, total about $70,000. This includes funds put up by friends who in return will receive half his percentage of the treasure. Restall splits evenly any discovery with the owner of the island, after the Nova Scotia government takes its five percent under the treasure trust law. This means that if he succeeds, after paying his back- ers, Restall will have 23.75 percent or about $7 million.

It’s a fair entrepreneur’s profit considering the chances.

And the Restalls have made some important finds: remnants of the tons of West Indian cocomatting, originally used as filters over the water intakes, and a paving stone inscribed: "1704." He believes this is the date that pirates, probably employing slave labor, built their North Atlantic Fort Knox. Far from being a fly-by-night pirate’s cache, he thinks Oak Island was a stronghold of pirates or privateers for more than 20 years. Similar systems of underground tunnels and pits, flooded at will by seawater, he says, were used for the safekeeping of treasure in Panama and the West Indies during the 17th and 18th cen- turies. He believes such an elaborate construction would not be left unattended and has discovered three stone piles, possibly the ruins of early sentry stations.

The immediate practical importance of rediscovering the intake tunnels, however, is that Restall was able to pump in concrete and partially curtail the flooding that has been going on probably for more than 250 years. In addition, he is operating gasoline and diesel-powered pumps of 1,000 gallons a minute capacity to build his shaft which was down to nearly 100 feet last January. Before then, the engineering solutions earlier expeditions were unable to apply.

The success the Restalls expect, however, is pinned at present to a close reading of the records of some spectacular 19th century expeditions, rather than recent ones. Restall’s lengthy studies and explorations indicate that drilling slips—which, in the island’s bedrock, were common in the 18th century—were actually made by treasure hunters in the 1870s—were actually made by treasure hunters in the 1870s—and that the vault lies between 15 and 25 feet north of the present shaft.

If they do succeed in recovering the treasure this summer as they thoroughly expect to do, Mildred Restall insists on a good two-month holiday, maybe in Australia. After that, her husband says, "with the experience we’ve gained treasure hunting on Oak Island, we might try somewhere else."
"WHEN WE ARRIVE AT THE SCENE OF AN ACCIDENT AND PEOPLE ARE SO GLAD TO SEE US THAT THEY BURST OUT CRYING, THAT'S WHEN IT'S THE MOST WONDERFUL THING IN THE WORLD JUST TO BE A COP,"

says Constable Yvon Lafontaine who rides with Montreal's MERCY SQUAD

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en cold sleet-buffeted night in January 1956, a badly injured man lay near the curb on Montreal's Sherbrooke Street East, the victim of a hit-and-run driver. Spectators were standing around shivering and a policeman was trying to comfort the injured man with borrowed blankets and soothing words when the welcome sound of an ambulance was heard, approaching at high speed. Instinctively the crowded parted. But to their amazement the ambulance swung off just before reaching them, and careered away into the night.

"He has to go to the hospital to get the doctor first," the policeman told the crowd apologetically. "He'll be back soon."

By the time the ambulance returned with an intern, however, the victim was so weak that it was problematical if he would survive the trip to the hospital. He did, but died the next day.

This sort of tragedy is exacted with surprising frequency in larger cities across Canada. But it no longer happens in Montreal. A crusading editor, named Jacques Francœur, and an aroused public opinion in Montreal forced the creation in 1959 of the Police Emergency Ambulance Service, the only one of its kind in Canada and possibly in North America. Now there is no life-endangering delay to pick up a doctor. The constables in the city's 17 patrol ambulances are themselves specialists in the art of first aid, but even greater specialists in the art of rushing the injured and sick to the nearest hospital in the shortest possible time.

Instead of the average 10 minutes it used to take for private ambulances just to reach an accident victim, the Police Ambulance Service does it in 2½ minutes, has the victim into a hospital in less than 12 minutes. This accent on getting the victim to the doctor instead of the doctor to the victim has pleased no group more than the doctors themselves, who often depleted the old system but could do little to remedy it.

"The men of the ambulance service are about the finest gifts Montreal has received in a very long time," says Dr. H. F. Mooley, head of the Accident Centre at the Royal Victoria Hospital. "I send our internes out with them at every opportunity to study emergency procedures at first hand."

Under the 3½-year-old system, Montreal is divided into 21 police districts, with theoretically one ambulance on 24-hour patrol in each district and at least one hospital ready to receive emergency patients. But since budget considerations permit only 17 machines to be in service at one time (four being kept as spares in case of breakdowns) several ambulances in the small but congested downtown areas patrol no districts apiece.

Even so, since police ambulances move out of their own districts only in dire emergencies, they are rarely more than a few blocks away from the scene of an accident or sick call. Often they get there before the caller has hung up the phone.

Several other factors contribute to the efficiency of the Montreal method. One is the so-called "blue box" phone system. About 35 phones, connected directly to the police switchboard, are spread throughout each district. Blue boxes are open to the public, replacing the old police boxes which could only be opened by officers possessing the necessary key.

A second speed factor is the simple code system used for identifying ambulances. All ambulances have the suffix "7," prefixed by the district to which they are assigned. Thus the ambulance in District No. 2 (Notre Dame) would be called 2-7, while the one in District No. 17 (Hotel Dieu) would be 17-7.

All this speed and efficiency costs surprisingly little. Outside of the initial expense of the machines themselves—which are received as stripped-down, ordinary eight-cylinder station wagons and converted into ambulances in the Montreal municipal garage—there are few extra charges. The two-man ambulance teams are ordinary constables who take—in addition to the regular St. John Ambulance Corps first-aid training, compulsory for all policemen—the special three-week emergency ambulance course given at Notre Dame Hospital. If they were not on ambulance patrol they would be an ordinary patrol work, at the same rates of pay.

To date some 330 patrolmen have already volunteered for and passed the stiff course at Notre Dame, and are available for ambulance detail.

Theoretically, to avoid the charge of unfair competition with private ambulances, the police are supposed to handle only cases involving injuries, critical sicknesses or sudden mishaps which occur on the street. But often as not they arrive at a given address to find the outside deserted but bedlam and hysteria reigning inside. From there on, they have to rely on their own judgment.

If the patient is in deep shock or pain, there is no hesitation. Since the patrolmen carry no drugs, their first thought is to get the injured one to hospital as soon as
The new system gets an accident victim inside a hospital in less than 12 minutes.

The system works by delivering oxygen to the patient's face, which helps to improve their breathing. The patient is then transported to the hospital in a specialized ambulance, where they receive immediate medical attention. The system was designed to improve the efficiency of emergency response and reduce the time it takes to get injured people to the hospital. The system has been shown to be effective in reducing the risk of death and improving the chances of survival for accident victims.

Other benefits of the system include reduced hospital stays and lower healthcare costs. By reducing the time it takes for patients to receive medical care, the system helps to reduce the overall cost of healthcare. Additionally, by reducing the need for hospitalizations, the system helps to reduce the burden on the healthcare system and free up hospital beds for other patients who may need them.

In conclusion, the new system is a valuable addition to the emergency response system. Its effectiveness in improving outcomes for accident victims has been well documented, and it has the potential to save lives and reduce healthcare costs. As such, it is important that we continue to support and invest in systems like this to improve the quality of healthcare for all.