All things considered, 72 years is not a long period of time. The Bible allows man only two years less than that. Still, in the history of Canadian business, it's not a bad span. In British Columbia such corporate longevity is rare; only 18 companies (four of them jockey clubs) have been in business longer than 72 years, which is the length of time that has passed since Imperial was licensed in the province on Nov. 23, 1899.

Actually, one could make a better claim than that, and date the company’s start in British Columbia to 1898 when Alex Marshall became Imperial's first salaried employee in the region. If you wanted to stretch a point you could say the beginning was in 1896, the year Imperial set up a warehouse beside the old CPR station at the foot of Granville St. The company needed a warehouse because the commission agent it had appointed in 1890, W. Smith of New Westminster, was doing such a good business. Of course, people in British Columbia knew about Imperial before W. Smith became agent; the company's products had been trickling into the province ever since 1883, coming all the way from Winnipeg.

There was no Vancouver then, of course. There was a place called Coal Harbour and a village named Granville that everybody called Gastown. Vancouver didn't come into being until April of 1886, and two months later it was obliterated in a tragic fire that in 45 minutes burned virtually every building on the site and killed a score of people, including a family who jumped into a well, then suffocated when the fire burned all the oxygen out of the air.

But the city rose on its ashes and a year later the first train from Montreal arrived in Vancouver. You can see that locomotive today - it's at Kitsilano beach.

With the railway, British Columbia's spectacular growth began. When the first train pulled into Vancouver there were only about 50,000 people in the whole province; 30 years later there were half a million, and some of them were tucked away in spots almost impossible for supplies to reach. All oil products - coal oil, candles, lubricants - were packaged in wooden cases and packed by horse and mule as far as 250 miles into remote mining camps by trains of as many as 50 animals. Here's what it
was like around the turn of the century, and even later, according to Imperial's regional manager C. M. Roilston.

Numerous accidents occur in this mode of transportation, the most common being where horses make a false step, become overbalanced, and fall down ravines and into gulches. In such cases, the packer takes his rifle and shoots the horse from the road, very rarely making any attempt to recover either the horse or his burden of freight. Losses occur also in crossing streams. The bridge, if any, usually consists of a fallen tree with the top leveled off with an ax. Often horses overbalance and fall off these bridges and are drowned; or when fording mountain streams they are carried off their feet and swept away in the current.

By 1919 the cases had been replaced by wooden barrels, and these in turn were giving way to steel. Too heavy for a horse to handle, but no trouble for a ship. Imperial began delivering its products by coastal tanker in 1916 to industries with outlets to the sea all up and down the province's spectacular coastline, and a selling trip was quite an adventure. In 1919 a salesman named F. W. Evans reported one of his trips up the coast in an 85-foot launch that had been used previously in missionary work. His trip lasted six weeks and covered 1,200 miles.

Besides himself there were three other salesmen, an engineer and a seaman on board, and they all helped operate the launch. Evans was the cook, and he took along one of Imperial's now almost-forgotten products - an oil-fired New Perfection Cookstove and a supply of coal oil. The New Perfection was advertised as fast and smokeless, and Evans was lyrical in its praise. He took orders for stoves as well as petroleum products. At every settlement he not only booked orders, but he took in the sights as well. At Alert Bay the launch stopped long enough for Evans to witness a potlatch ceremony where, he reported, 'the leading feature is the giving away of presents by the chiefs of the different tribes. Goods to the value of thousands of dollars are distributed to the tribes, and keen competition ensues as to who shall give away most.' He also marveled at the Indian houses - enormous structures big as barns in which 10 or 12 families lived together. At another stop he trudged eight miles back into the bush to visit a camp and 'was greeted with astonishment, so rarely was a traveler seen in these parts.'

In one sense, things haven't changed much in half a century. Travelers are still seen only rarely eight miles back in the bush from Campbell River where Evans made his sale. The Imperial Nainaimo, a bluff little coastal tanker, still travels much the same route as the missionary launch, doing much the same thing. The Nainaimo travels through spectacularly beautiful country, and although the crew sees few potlatches any more, they struggle as purposefully as F. W. Evans did 52 years ago.

For example, on her regular call at Canoe Pass near the entrance to the Portland Canal on the B.C.-Alaska border the Nainaimo must enter the harbour through a 70-foot-wide passage no earlier than an hour before high tide, discharge her cargo, then get out no later than an hour after high tide, or be grounded there. What's more, she must turn around in a bay so small and shallow that she must keep her bows touching the dock while she swings her stern in a semi-circle, or she'll run aground.

With this maneuver completed, she steams out the way she came in. The Nainaimo is 27 feet wide, and that leaves her just 21½ feet on either side of the passage. That's why it's called Canoe Pass.

Why would she risk it? Well, part of the reason lies in the fact that the Nainaimo's cargo is essential to the well-being of the people who live and work at these remote places. The ship is a virtual general store of petroleum products, carrying every product that could be needed on the coast. The crew are jack-of-all-trades, prepared to repair a pipe line to a storage tank, or to lay one. They can put the tank in, too. She carries furnace fuel oil, the furnaces to burn it in, and the tanks to store it, and she makes calls like a sea-going milkman might. The Nainaimo will steam into a remote port, spend half an hour unloading, then steam on to another spot half an hour up the coast. Her log is full of folkly notations like this one, after a quick stop at Whalen Creek, about 80 miles south of Prince Rupert last June 24, at 11 p.m.: 'Stove warm, but nobody around.'

For years the Nainaimo regularly called at Mrs. Farmer's hotel near Tofino on the west coast of Vancouver Island at the north end of Long Beach with a very small order. Mrs. Farmer needed two barrels of diesel fuel to run her generator, and a couple of barrels of stove oil. She sold the hotel a few years ago, and now a road runs to Tofino, and that account is closed. The smallest delivery Imperial made on the coast last year was an order of 215 gallons of diesel oil to the Baptist Bible camp on Keats Island in Howe Sound. It was made by Barge 10, a fuel delivery barge that carries products to customers within 200 miles of the Imperial refinery at Ioco.

Imperial operates a third ship on the Pacific.
coast, the 37,000-barrel Imperial Skeena, built in Vancouver last year at a gross cost of $3.3 million and delivered in April, 1970. The Skeena's function is to take product in large amounts to distributing points on the coast, from which the Nanaimo can load up for local delivery.

The Nanaimo is something of a legend on the coast by now (she has been sailing up those inlets and among those islands for 34 years and plans are in the works for a replacement to be built next year). Hardly a day goes by that she doesn't get involved in at least one dramatic rescue of a shipwrecked crew or a stranded fishing party. Perhaps the most dramatic incident she was connected with was the grounding of the Alaska State Ferry Taku off Prince Rupert in August last year. The Nanaimo took all of the Taku's 220 passengers aboard (she normally carries a crew of only 15), fed them all sandwiches and gave them coffee, and landed them safely at Prince Rupert. The tourist bureau there passed a vote of thanks to the ship.

Imperial has kept that letter on file in its Vancouver offices, but no special record is kept of the Nanaimo's rescues, on the theory that the occurrences are too commonplace. Most are quickly forgotten, although they still talk about the day the Nanaimo rescued the settlement of Alice Arm from freezing to death. It happened in the fall of 1932 when an Arctic cold wave descended on the region and choked the cove with ice. Supplies of heating oil were completely exhausted in the unaccustomed cold weather, and when the Nanaimo arrived to replenish the tanks the ice kept her from reaching the port. The men of Alice Arm decided to dynamite a path for the ship; it took them a whole day and used 60 charges of dynamite. The Nanaimo eased up to the dock, unloaded her precious cargo to the shivering villagers, and slipped away again to her next wilderness port.

But derring-do and tiny deliveries don't keep the Nanaimo running; it's the forest camps with their needs for large amounts of fuel that keep her on the seas, along with the Imperial Skeena and Barge 10. The forest industries are the biggest single factor in British Columbia's economy; 50 cents of every dollar earned in the region originates in this one industry.

The industry is Imperial's second biggest customer in British Columbia (the motorist is the biggest, as he is everywhere in Canada) and Imperial has been meeting its needs since Mica Axle Grease came over the mountains from Winnipeg in 1883. Fifty years ago F. W. Evans walked eight miles through the bush to sell Skid Grease to loggers who needed it to lubricate the skids over which their teams of horses pulled the enormous logs. Today, statisticians labor over complicated analyses of woods operations to give each company tailor-made service based on such things as the kind and amount of machinery it operates, the distances
involved, the number of 'sides' the company is working on (a side is a forest area served by dragging line that can bring felled logs to a loader). With such information, Imperial can provide a contract that lets the logging company forget about its fuel needs completely; Imperial figures out what its needs will be, when they must be met, and where to meet them, then goes ahead and does it. It is the first oil company in the region to provide such a service.

Imperial works in other ways to ease the logger's lot. One project it has in hand is a campaign to convince equipment manufacturers and forest companies to install adequate fuel tanks on their big machines. The standard 200-gallon tank will serve a yarder only about 3½ days; Imperial has helped convince them to use 800-gallon tanks instead— a yarder can run the better part of two weeks on a tank that size.

Most of the petroleum products Imperial sells in the Pacific region come from its refinery at Ioco, 11 miles up Burrard Inlet from Vancouver. Refineries are all no-nonsense places, bewilderingly full of pipes and boilers and jets of steam weighing the high towers. You expect to find them in the industrial section of town, down by the tracks, and you usually do. But not the Imperial refinery at Ioco. It sits on a plateau at the top of a steep grassy hill 340 feet above the water. Behind it the land drops away before rising to join the mountains of the Coast Range. It is surely the prettiest refinery setting in Canada, perhaps in the world, and is so close to nature that deer, bears, even shy foxes frequently amble through.

The refinery was begun from 87 acres of cut-over bushland 57 years ago and was ready to open in December of 1914. But war intervened; a German raider captured the tanker bringing Ioco's first charge of crude oil from Peru and the refinery didn't start operating until Jan. 20, 1915. It was the first oil refinery on the Canadian west coast, and it was so remote then that the only ways to reach it were by the rail spur line or by boat. Almost everybody went by boat, and the refinery maintained an express launch named the Royalite to keep in touch with Vancouver. It wasn't until 1917 that there was so much as a wagon road to connect the refinery with the surrounding country, and not until 1918 that it was possible to drive all the way to Vancouver. Possible it may have been, but comfortable it was not. It was to be another two years before a connection was made with the main highway to Vancouver. There's a good road to the refinery now.
but it's still a long haul from Vancouver. The haul was made unnecessary, at least as far as most of the products of the refinery are concerned, in May of 1956 when a 4.9-mile pipe line was completed from Ioco to Burnaby. It dips 49 feet to get under Burrard Inlet and climbs 450 feet to get over Burnaby Mountain.

The isolation of Ioco made everybody feel like a pioneer and to an extent they lived a pioneering life, first in tents then in bunkhouses and cottages. Mind you, there was electric light, steam heat and telephones, but the refinery’s location left the people there pretty much on their own as far as their social life was concerned and the result was rather spectacular. Life revolved around a company-built recreation building named Imperial Hall, a two-storey, half-timbered structure of 60 by 30 feet with ‘ample space for parties, meetings (and) concerts and . . . a place for the boys to play indoor baseball during the winter months.’

The ‘boys’ in this quote from the Imperial Oil Review of May, 1919, refers to the Ioco refinery boys, the single men who worked at the refinery and lived in bunkhouses. Married employees lived in cottages at the refinery or, later, in Imperial-financed houses in a townsite of 43 new houses and 15 cottages moved from the adjacent refinery. All year long the ‘boys’ would receive invitations to dinner or an evening at the married men’s houses, and once a year they got together early in December to repay their social obligations. The occasion was the annual Refinery Boys Dance. It was the social pinnacle of the Ioco season. In 1919 the dance was held at the Port Moody recreation hall, where a crowd of 350 danced to Lesser Court’s seven-piece orchestra (‘Vancouver’s best dance musicians’), and the opinion afterwards was that it was getting so popular the committee would have to book a larger hall.

The Refinery Boys Dance isn’t held at Ioco any more, alas. In fact, the townsite of Ioco is gradually fading away. The Ioco refinery is at the edge of a large tract of land zoned for parkland, and the company’s intention is to leave it in a natural state those parts of its property that are not required for industrial purposes. The townsite of Ioco will eventually be part of the park, and Imperial is buying up the houses as they come on the market one by one, then tearing them down and preparing the sites for a return to forest. One of the first to go was the Refinery Manager’s House, a semi-official edifice built in 1935. It was sold at auction in July, 1970, to Ivar Rannala. He lifted it off its founda-
tions and barged it to a new site at Port McNeill on the northern tip of Vancouver Island.

Other Imperial installations in British Columbia have disappeared without a trace, but at least one that has gone is commemorated with a bronze plaque. The first service station in Canada, perhaps in the whole world, was opened by Imperial Oil at the corner of Smythe and Cambie Streets in Vancouver in 1907 in the wake of a wild broodaha in the Imperial Oil warehouse that used to be there.

In those days, motorists had to make their way to the warehouse to get gasoline for their wheezing, sputtering cars. One day a car drove right inside, clanked to a stop and emitted a final, deafening backfire. The horses in the warehouse snorted and reared, skittered sideways in their shafis and backed up with their heavy wagons. Piles of cases began to topple, barrels fell and rolled across the floors, draymen pulled manfully on their reins, and the warehouse superintendent roared a mighty oath banning cars from his premises forever and cursing their idiot drivers.

Well, maybe it didn’t happen exactly like that, but something of the sort occurred and as a result a 13-gallon kitchen water tank was installed outside the warehouse with a garden hose attached. The tank was filled with gasoline and Presto! the first service station was born. It was still operating in 1912 and, according to a report of Imperial’s region manager, was one of the best-paying stations in operation.

The site is now occupied by a warehouse once again.

When Imperial invented the service station all of British Columbia’s petroleum needs were met with imported oil. It wasn’t until 1953 that Canadian crude oil became available in quantities on the Pacific coast, when the Trans-Mountain Oil Pipe Line was completed. Imperial Oil was the moving spirit behind construction of the line, and still owns 8.6 per cent of it. The first crude arrived at Ioco refinery on Oct. 20 of that year. In its first full year of operation the line carried 2.4 million barrels of crude oil to British Columbia refineries; its throughput for 1971 is expected to be more than 116 million barrels. Almost 85 per cent of that crude comes from Alberta.

Not that British Columbia doesn’t have any oil of its own. The province has a sedimentary basin with an area of nearly 53,000 square miles and 764 producing oil wells have been drilled. The first oil field in British Columbia was established at Boundary Lake, which is near Fort St. John in the northeast corner of the province. The region’s first oil discovery was made there in 1915 although exploration in the province dates back at least as far as 1906 when the first was drilled near Steveston, which is now part of Greater Vancouver. It was dry.

Imperial brought in the first gas well in British Columbia, near Pouce Coupe in the Peace River District. The time was 1921 and the driller was a man named E. R. Parr. In those days it took two days and two nights to make the 400-mile train trip from Edmonton to Grande Prairie; when Parr got off the train he was still 80 miles from Pouce Coupe and he went the rest of the way in a Model T Ford. Pouce Coupe then consisted of a hospital, a police post, a store and some log cabins, and Parr continued on to Rolla, another 28 miles north, according to his reckoning. At Rolla he got a horse and wagon for the last 14-mile lap over a rough trail to the drilling camp—a cookhouse, a bunkhouse, and a warehouse.

Drilling went on throughout that summer and well into December before the camp was closed for the winter.

The crew returned to the search the following March, and drilled 12 hours a day, six days a week. In September they struck gas and were jubilant because it indicated the presence of oil. In those days, gas was of no practical use, Parr wrote later, because there was no economical means of transporting it. Parr says they closed the mouth of the hole, but used the gas to fuel the rig and heat the camp, and drilled deeper for oil.

On Dec. 27 disaster struck. The pressure of the gas burst the line that ran to the bunkhouse through a cellar dug out beneath the cookhouse, which traditionally serves as the centre of camp life. Gas in the cookhouse caught fire and set the room ablaze with the men inside. Then the gas in the dug-out exploded, blowing the men out into the yard in five-below-zero weather and setting the camp on fire.

Their hands and faces burned, their clothes on fire, the men rolled in the snow and slapped at their clothing. The cookhouse was completely destroyed, and the food supplies with it, although the men saved the bunkhouse. But seven of the men were severely injured; their hair burned off, their faces and hands blistered, their eyes swollen shut. Two passing ranchers helped load them into a sleigh, and a painful journey out began.

Parr himself was badly burned, but he mounted a horse and rode ahead to a farmstead six miles away. When he got there he couldn’t enter the
warm cabin; the heat increased the pain of his burns, so he stayed outside in the snow. The farmer got fresh horses ready for the sleigh for the remainder of the journey to Rolla. Parr rode on ahead and when he got to the settlement he telegraphed to Pouce Coupe for a doctor. Until the doctor and a nurse arrived at midnight, the druggist in Pouce Coupe gave the men first aid. All night the doctor and nurse worked on the men’s burns, and next morning made them as comfortable as possible in a sleigh for the 28-mile trip to the hospital at Pouce Coupe.

‘It was the longest journey I ever took,’ Parr reported, but the men all survived and were put in hastily-installed beds in the Red Cross hospital at Pouce Coupe, swathed in bandages made from cut-up bed sheets. Six weeks later Parr’s burns had healed sufficiently to permit him to leave. On the morning when he came out of the hospital the temperature was 28 below zero, ‘and the air was still and clear as crystal.’

Thirty-five years later, in 1957, the gas that Parr and the other men in the crew discovered finally found its market in Vancouver and the United States, transported there by a pipe line. Parr, retired by then, returned for the ceremony that marked the completion of the line.

Gas production in British Columbia amounted to 340 billion cubic feet last year, from fields stretching all the way from Dawson Creek to the boundary with the Northwest Territories. Gas from these fields makes British Columbia Canada’s second largest producer of natural gas, behind only Alberta. Together, they produce 97 per cent of Canada’s natural gas.

There is oil in British Columbia, too, in reservoirs in the same area where the gas is found – the northeast corner. The region produces a little less than six per cent of Canada’s total crude oil production, about 30,000 barrels per day, a little more than half the oil British Columbia needs. Most of the rest comes from Alberta. Imperial produces nearly seven per cent of the region’s crude. Since Imperial began exploring in British Columbia in 1921, it has drilled 266 gas and oil wells; over the years it has spent more than $90 million exploring for oil and producing oil and gas in British Columbia. Imperial’s gross investment in property, plant and equipment for all its operations in the region stood at $104 million on Dec. 31, 1970.

No oil company has made a greater commitment to the province, and few companies of any kind have a longer history here, or deeper roots.
THE WESTERN MOUNTAINS

The Rockies are only part of this vast cordillera of towering peaks and spectacular valleys

by Jon Ruddy

'There are no Rocky Mountains,' travelers on the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads assured George Grant. He and Sandford Fleming were heading west in 1872 to survey the route of the CPR and in those days most eastern North Americans just didn’t believe reports filtering in from Indians and fur traders of an ice-capped stone wall rising sheer off the prairie. Fleming and Grant found the mountains, all right, 'the scarp as clear as if they had been hewn and chiseled for a fortification.'

Today another mountainous misconception is common among Easterners, who can’t see past the fabled Rockies to the vast ranges that lie beyond: the Purcells, the Selkirks, the Monashees and the Caribooes, all of which comprise the Columbia Mountains, and the Ominecas, the Cassians, the Skeenas, the Cascades, the Selwyns, the Ogilvies, the St. Elises, the Hazeltons,

The rising sun gilds the Rockies along the Kicking Horse River east of Golden, B.C.
the Ricardas, the British Mountains, the Coast Mountains, the Island mountains... and more.

This great western barrier is 400 miles wide and 1,600 miles long, most of it in British Columbia and the Yukon. The Rockies themselves are not predominant, being only about 50 miles wide for most of their length, which is just under 1,000 miles, ending at the Liard River south of the Yukon. Nor are the Rockies our highest mountains. The highest Rocky is the 12,972-foot main attraction in British Columbia's Mount Robson Provincial Park. Mount Fairweather (15,300 feet), British Columbia's tallest peak, is in the rugged St. Elias range in the northwestern corner of the province, just across the border from the Yukon's towering (19,850 feet) Mount Logan, the country's highest point.

But the Rockies, which march northwest from the 49th parallel along both sides of the continental divide, were the hardest to traverse. After 100 years the Canadian range has been breached in just five places by rail lines and highways. The first conquest, as every schoolboy knows, was a condition of British Columbia's entry into Confederation. That story started in the 1850s when John Palliser found the Crownest and Kicking Horse passes – only to report to Her Majesty's Government that 'knowledge of the country... would never lead me to advise a line of communication from Canada, across the continent to the Pacific, exclusively through British territory.' Less prudent minds prevailed, and between August and December, 1885, the CPR punched through the Kicking Horse, 5,291 feet above sea level. In his 1894 history of the Northwest, Alexander Begg called it 'the greatest achievement of human labor the world has ever seen.'

It was certainly a big job. But it was the work of ants compared to the mountain building that made it necessary. The Rockies are a part of the Cordilleran chain, the spine backbone of the Western Hemisphere. They are young as mountains go, only about 60 million years old, and being young

The clouds part on a dull August day and suddenly the 11,636-foot peak of Banff Park's Mount Temple appears.
they are raw and violent, not roundshouldered and submissive like such remains of ancient ranges as the Pre cambrian Shield. The modern Rockies were born as dinosaurs died in their shrinking swamps during a period when the climate became drier. Subterranean pressures lifted masses of rock high into the air along fault lines. Glaciers later sculpted the peaks and scratched alpine lakes while glacial rivers cut valleys and gorges. The glaciers are still in retreat and such earthquakes as the one at Yellow stone in 1959 are a sign that God has not yet stopped making mountains.

To the west of the Rockies mountain building came earlier. Most peaks of the British Columbia coast and interior are about twice as old, the products of upward movements of molten rock, sometimes in volcanic eruptions, followed by prolonged erosion. By chance Canada has no active volcanoes, but there are some in Alaska, and there are recently extinct volcanoes in British Columbia and the northwestern United States.

The mountain barrier is an area of geographic complexity and confusion, in which the well-defined Rockies occupy only the eastern flank. Within the mountainous belt are regions that are gently rolling except where the rivers have made sharp incisions: for example, the interior plateau of central British Columbia. But this is part of the mountains, too, for plateaus have been pushed up thousands of feet above the sea by the same forces that built the Skenes and the Cariboo. The ranges themselves tend not to differ markedly from each other except in height and accessibility, but within each range there is an astonishing variety of landscape.

No Canadian has better described this splendid—and unexpected—diversity than R. M. Patterson in his books Trail To The Interior and The Buffalo Head. Here is Patterson’s farewell to a tiny range in northwestern British Columbia which he had partially explored in 1948: ‘In the early morning of that day the Horse

Ranch Range lay blanketed in heavy cloud. But as I drew further away from it the clouds slowly lifted, and for a little while the sun shone. I beached the canoe and got out the glass for a last look . . . And a simpler-looking range of mountains, I thought, it would be hard to find. In fact, the whole thing looked like a long, low hill, one that would present no obstacles or hazards . . . Who would ever imagine that there were lakes concealed up there—and rock-walled amphitheatres and dangerous cliffs? And a view that seemed to reach beyond the confines of the known world—and caribou with wide-branched, majestic horns?’

On one foray into rugged country on the British Columbia side of the continental divide, south of the Kananaskis River, Patterson had the unique joy of finding—and naming for his wife Marigold—an unknown and sizeable lake hidden behind a natural limestone dam between two remote peaks.

In a geological perspective the history of man in all these mountains is as brief as the blink of an eye. The Rocky Mountain Trench—a flat-bottomed trough between two and 10 miles wide running the length of the Canadian Rockies and separating them from the older British Columbia ranges—may have been the route south for prehistoric man after he crossed the isthmus that then linked the present Siberia and Alaska. At any rate his descendants settled on both sides of the continental divide following the last ice age, which ended only 10,000 years ago.

When the first Europeans arrived, there were about 25,000 Indians in the mountains: Athapaskan people in the north; Salish in the south. There were smaller tribes, too. The coastal Tlingit and Tsimshian had followed rivers inland, and a people, the Kootenays, had pushed west into the Rocky Mountain Trench. Today, their descendants number more than 46,000 in British Columbia.

The first European to see the mountain barrier was probably a fur trader named Anthony Henday, who

Meltdown from Daly Glacier surges over the lip of Yoho National Park’s Takakkaw Falls and drops 1,200 feet
adventures could have occurred today in a landscape scarcely changed in a century. This is especially true of the Rockies, where there were no major gold strikes to encourage and finance development. There is some coal and sulfur, gas, oil and wood and a superabundance of water—the last a national treasure of growing importance. But many of these mountains are without history: unnoted alps, shading into myth. Climbers still dream of discovering a major peak in one of the still-unmapped ranges in northern British Columbia and the Yukon, although chances are slim of such a find. But there are many peaks in the 10,000 to 11,000-foot range in the more inaccessible areas yet to be climbed.

Today only a fraction of the 10 million tourists who annually visit the Canadian mountains venture far from their cars. The tourist action is mostly in the national parks, four of them in British Columbia: Kootenay and Yoho on the west slope of the Rockies and Glacier and Mount Revelstoke in the Selkirks. A visit to these lovely spots is by no means necessary a comfort-lover’s compromise, for beyond the lawns and pavement the parks present all the rugged glory of the mountains. In the United States ranges the salient feature is lava; in ours it is ice. The timber line is at 7,000 feet. Above 6,000 feet some snow falls in every month of the year. Between the peaks are green valleys set with gem-like lakes, glaciers, gorges and alpine meadows.

Kootenay National Park, traversed by Sir George Simpson and James Sinclair of the Hudson’s Bay Company in the 1840s, includes the valleys of the Vermilion and Kootenay rivers, with spectacular canyons and waterfalls, and Radium Hot Springs, where a thousand at a time soak in 113-degree water that’s slightly radioactive. Some of them come here in wheel chairs and walk away. Yoho, a Creek word expressing wonder or astonishment, is an especially beautiful area bisected by the Kicking Horse River. The park contains the most familiar peak in Canada: Mount Burgess, depicted on

Rain forest in a valley on Vancouver Island just east of Port Alberni about noon on a rainy December day
the back of the $10 bill. Glacier National Park has one of the biggest annual snowfalls in the world: up to 800 inches in the higher areas. Some of this comes down in avalanches, if the Royal Canadian Artillery doesn't shoot it down first. Howitzers break up dangerous accumulations in 15 spots along the Trans-Canada Highway. Concrete snowsheds shelter the most vulnerable parts of the road. Mount Revelstoke, at the Big Bend of the Columbia River, is the site of a gold rush and some famous explorations by David Thompson and, later, Major A. B. Rogers, who found a feasible pass through the Selkirks in 1881.

Virtually all the animal life of the mountains can be seen in and around the national and provincial parks, although wolves and the endangered mountain caribou have retreated from most areas and such species as cougar and wolverine, though common, are rarely seen. Big-horn sheep (except in the Selkirks), coyotes, mountain goats, moose and deer (whitetailed and mule) are variously in evidence along with an ar-locload of smaller creatures. The sage hen, a large grouse, may be the only extinct species of the mountains so far. Many are in decline, including old Ursus horribilis, the grizzly bear, which still can be seen on the high screes at Glacier National Park.

Black bears are everywhere, occa-
sionally biting the hand that feeds them. Park officials emphatically advise leaving them alone. This is difficult because the bears seem so tame, trundling along the highway or sitting on the fairways of golf courses viewing with mild interest the arcana rites of the players. But big animals are unpredictable. Once a bear pulled out all the water pipes from under a park dance hall; when they were fixed he came back and pulled them out again. And a moose, enraged by itschester, once charged the CPR's trans-
continental train. The Canadian, coming off second best.

The mountains affect British Columbia and Canada in many ways. Barriers to travel and communication, they still cause territorial divisiveness and may be responsible for the commonly-held view that Ottawa is seldom attuned to the far west. One could also argue that they helped give the nation purpose by posing a challenge and constituting an inspiration. Certainly the Easterner loves to contemplate these ranges. Their exuberance shocks a vision dulled by the sear and shattered contours of the shield. Tex Lecor, a Quebec singer, folk hero and separatist, hitchhiked across English Canada. His reaction to the mountains, he told me, was 'a feeling that this was my country, more beautiful than France or Sweden. And for a while I didn't want to be a separatist'.

The mountain area is a jumble of climates. The coldest spot in Canada is Snag, on the Yukon Plateau between the Kluane and Dawson mountains; the warmest is at Kamloops, on the plateau between the Columbian and Cascades mountains; the wettest is at Prince Rupert where the Coast Mountains meet the sea and the annual average precipitation is 94 inches, or nearly eight feet.

In the mountains, climate is a local and transitory condition dependent on such factors as aspect, elevation, soil, latitude and slope, and complicated by weather phenomena like the famed Chinook, a southwest wind that can raise the temperature 40 degrees in 10 minutes and melt snowfields overnight. Some valleys, like the Thompson near Kamloops, are virtual deserts with nine or 10 inches of rainfall a year, while mountain slopes nearby may receive 50 inches or more. Generally speaking, rain and snow are heavy on western slopes, light on eastern slopes and in their valleys. A mountain ridge running northwest typically has a lush forest facing south and west and a dry, grassy slope on the opposite side. Man's influence on the mountains has been sporadic and spotty. The vast timberlands in central and southern British Columbia have been most affected, first by fires that roared out from the rail lines and the gold fields, more recently by the forest industry, a vital mainstay of the Pacific economy. Farming has been limited to such areas as the irrigated Okanagan Valley, where fruit trees are a major resource. The Cariboo gold strike caused a demand for beef, which attracted ranchers to the southern grasslands. But most of the soils will always be poor, best suited to the cropping of trees. There are other incursions: large power dams on the Columbia, Peace and elsewhere have created lakes where there were once valleys, and minerals worth $500 million are extracted annually from the interior ranges.

In the Rockies the Peace is the only river that cuts all the way across, and north of this cut is the wildest frontier of all. Less than a decade ago the Geological Survey of Canada started working on the first detailed map of these northernmost Rockies, 260 miles of blue-grey peaks in northeastern British Columbia reaching almost to the plateau of the Liard. Grizzlies, black flies, flash floods, forest fires and cold plagued the 16-man party. Here the timber falters in alpine meadows where Stone sheep lift their black heads and barren slopes climb swiftly to icy summits lost in cloud. The Terminal Range, they call it. At its end an un-
named rounded peak bulges from a mantle of spruce: it's the last mountain, the end of the Rockies.

Other ranges — the Selwyns, the Ogilvie's, the St. Elias — have never been fully explored. Carrying their packs of snow, these mysterious giants march off beyond the horizon, beyond the known.
Norris on the environment

It may rain a bundle, but I’ve got to confess that Len Norris is a publisher’s dream; a jewel. Contentious. Unflappable. Loyal. A man of quiet dignity. A busy publisher.

Most newspapermen tend to be irreligious, prickly and rambunctious. Some drink too much. Others wear beards and lose their jobs. Some throw handkerchiefs at waitresses, without separating the parties from the plate.

Cartoonists are no different. I know one who got so mad at a motorist who slipped into a parking space the cartoonist was trying to enter that he charged the offender like a startled bull, and did $700 damage. I’m related to one who was photographed taking a circular pie full in the face at the age of 59. I know another who makes drawings of life in Toronto from his home in Kew Beach, 2,500 miles away.

The Value of LEN NORRIS

as appraised by the man most likely to know it, his boss Stuart Keate, the publisher of The Vancouver Sun

Norris lives in a modern, $20,000 house perched on a rock in West Vancouver. His working day begins there at 7:15 a.m. when he arranges, brews a pot of tea, and indulges what he calls his ‘quiet hours’. This is the period of cartoon illustration. He reads the morning paper, goes through the newsmagazines, listens to the news, grooping for the idea that will come alive on page four of The Sun that night.

At nine o’clock he hops into his Mercury Cougar, used across the Lions’ Gate bridge, through Stanley Park, across Granville Street bridge, and south to the sparkling new Pacific Press plant.

In the midst of all this magnificent luxury, Len Norris stands out as a type of Pacific Coast born of sanity. For 20 years now he has been grinding out his award-winning cartoons for The Vancouver Sun, earning in the process the love of his city and the accolade of Wally (“Poopy”) Kelly as the greatest in the business.

No fuss. No sweat. At 9:30 each morning the 5’10”, 144-pound Len Norris enters his office on the third floor of the Pacific Press building; at 4 p.m. he leaves with his brief case under his arm, dropping off the day’s cartoons at the engraver’s en route. Just like a banker, or a broker, or a bricklayer – except that the work he has done during those seven hours comes far closer to genius.

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Elaborate protests were mounted. Bitter speeches were made. Downtown was decorated with wall-to-wall police. And what did Norris do?
He drew a picture of three people in a living room, two women and a man. The man was standing, an indignant look on his face, wearing a sports jacket and slacks. The caption, one woman to the other:
"As an orderly and polite, yet firm protest during Mr. Kanygin's visit... Peter is wearing his golf club-crest jacket."

Norris and I chatted about the cartoon over a cup of coffee.
"I read all about the preparations for the Kanygin protest," he recalled, "and decided that I would come at it sideways. I felt the point would be underlined if I moved as far away from violence as possible. Hence the guy with the Capilano Golf Club cress on his blazer."

This quiet, understated approach to editorial-page cartooning may well be Len Norris' unique contribution to the art in Canada. He was certainly the first in this country to adopt the technique, although others followed. He thinks the concept is "essentially British -- or continental."

This, in turn, may stem from some hazy boyhood memories of London, where Norris was born in 1913. His family emigrated in 1926 to the Lakehead, where his father took a job as a stationary engineer in a pulp mill.

Came the depression. The pulp mill shut down and the Norris family moved to Toronto where, along with millions of other Canadians, they suffered some very hard days. Son Len weighed coal at dockside for $12.50 a week, but the experience had at least one useful side effect. A man named Frank Dowsett, recognizing some artistic traits in his griny apprentice, steered him into some commercial illustrations for the Elias Rogers Coal Company.

Later came a brief joust with the Ontario College of Art, which Len says "did me no good at all" and in some arcane manner stirred in his youthful breast a lifelong distrust of those who "play the art game." The subject of avant-garde art turns up frequently in Norris cartoons and, although he has had several one-man shows of his work, remains for him a subject of amusement.

After a short spell with the Stanfield agency in Toronto as art director and production manager, Norris joined the Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers as a lieutenant and spent the war "fighting the battle of Ottawa". I was editing a magazine called CAM. It was great fun, full of cartoons, comics and a sports-writing style.
"Our editorial policy was preventative maintenance. They sent the damn thing to every unit that had any kind of equipment: motorcycles, jeeps, tanks, you name it. I never heard of they sent..."
...on hockey

around. I had no political purpose and no interest in the subject.

'I still a few illustrations and even staged a comic strip for the Sun maga-
zine, called "Filibert Phelps." I was the guy who drew maps for adventure stories reading "N marks the spot where body found."

'It was 1950 before I tried my idea of what an editorial cartoon should be. I was a complete failure. There were four meanings to each cartoon, instead of one.

'So I asked myself. "Why not try the English approach?" I was greatly in-

trigued by the styles of Giles, Ernest and Trog, fellows like that.

"Relate the things to characters. I felt my aim should be to illustrate social events.

'I just about went back to Toronto after six months. But I hung on, and after 18 months I began to feel comfor-
table. I seemed to know where I was going.'

Where Norris was going was straight to international stardom. If The Sun was rising, first to 200,000 copies a day and thence onward and upward to third place among Canadian dailies, its eeriest bees swarmed around the new digital tower.

A Christmas collection of Norris cartoons was published, and quickly snapped up by admiring readers. Today it is a sell-out at 27,000 copies.

One year after he started on the editorial page, Norris won the National Newspaper Award for "best cartoonist in Canada." (He no longer enters the contest.)

Malcolm Muggeridge, then editor of Punch, came to town and looked Norris up, saying that he had heard of his work and was soliciting material for his magazine more.

He offered me $50 for a cartoon and paid me $56; Norris recalls, wryly. "I never forgave him for that.

The Duke of Edinburgh came to Van-
couver in 1954 for the British Empire Games and was confronted with a Norris cartoon that showed some Games officials poring over a scaling plan and remarking:

'I know you wouldn't think it to look at him... but he has a good job in the Montreal head office of an airline, government-sponsored, young Canadian company.'