in review

Douglas Marshall
The article on page 4 about that 'rather prosaic little business road,' Bay Street, is Douglas Marshall's first piece for the Review. But the 34-year-old University of Toronto graduate is quite used to seeing his by-line. He began his writing career as editor of The Varsity, U. of T.'s student newspaper. After graduation he joined The Canadian Press. Then he spent five years with Maclean's before he took to free-lance. Which is what he is doing now.

Fergus Cronin
Fergus Cronin, who wrote the article on oil spills on page 10, is well seasoned by his connection with Imperial Oil Review. His first article about J. M. Williams, North America's father of oil, appeared in 1956. Since then he's written 26 stories for the magazine covering such diverse subjects as traffic safety, business myths and Kootenay lake boats. A former Montrealer, now living in Toronto, Cronin has travelled all of Canada except New Brunswick.

Robert Thomas Allen
Early in his writing career Robert Thomas Allen sold all his belongings, settled his wife and two daughters into his 1934 Chevrolet and set off south of the border in search of the perfect place to live. He found it, he says, at Laguna Beach, just south of Los Angeles. But 'it was all so perfect it was unnerving' so he headed back to hometown Toronto. It's from there he carries on a prolific free-lance business - his latest book, about the generation gap, We Gave You the Electric Toothbrush, is now in the bookstores - and makes his frequent forays by motor car, the joys of which he talks about on page 24.

Robert Collins
One of the nice things about free-lancing, says Robert Collins, is the variety of subjects you're dealing with at any one time. When this issue was in production Collins was juggling Canadian postage stamps, Maple Leaf Gardens, the dying rural communities in Canada, an astrologer and John Diefenbaker. Such variety keeps your mind alive, he maintains. But it also gives you yearnings you might not otherwise have had. For instance, trailing with the 'stunning beauty in cocktail dress' he mentions on page 22.
Bay Street

by Douglas Marshall
photographs by Ron Cole

It started life as a back lane and grew to be the most-misunderstood street in the country

You don’t have to be a professional agitator to know there’s one sure-fire way of touching off a near riot anywhere in Canada outside of Toronto. Just drop a few kind words about Bay Street into a conversation. I’ve heard the explosion from the Legion halls of the Maritimes (“Upper Canada’s Bay Street boys were gathering gold while we took in German lead”) to the shore of Gimi, Man., (“Bay Street, the old fishermen growled through his Viking beard when I asked him where the mercury pollution in Lake Winnipeg was coming from”).

No other street in Canada—and few others in the world—can generate such an intensity of feeling. When people in the rest of Canada speak of Ontario, they think of Toronto and noon Bay Street. It is pointless to mention the other cities in the province, some almost as virulent as Calgary and nearly as exciting as Fredericton; futile to argue that the commercial glitter of Yonge Street or the antique grandeur of University Avenue are more symbolic of Toronto. The city remains Hogtown and Bay Street is its central thorough.

Bay Street is the fuzzy focus of every Canadian’s residual disappointment. Bay Street supersedes wet wheat, dry wells, played-out mines, fished-out cod banks, the federal bureaucracy—even the Toronto press—in the priority list of national calamities. Herald of Bay Street may be one of the main forces holding this country together.

But what is the real Bay Street like? Perhaps it’s time we all took a closer look. I’m beginning to suspect the street deserves a better deal than outsiders have tended to give it.

At this point I should make my own loyalties clear. While I was born near Toronto and grew to love the city, I hold no great brief for Bay. The reason goes back to my first contact with the street, which came at the age of seven, on a shopping expedition with my mother. Somehow I got swept out through the revolving doors at the west end of Simpsons’ department store. A moment of dizzy bewilderment, a chunk on the back of my head and Bay Street rose up to hit me in the face. Since then I’ve tended to distrust the street as much as any westerner or Maritimer.

At the same time, I’ve often thought it was a rather prosaic little business road to have aroused so much passion in the breast of people who have never seen it. Originally, it was simply a back lane that ran from Queen Street down to the bay. It wasn’t deemed worthy of a monumental name like Yonge Street (after Sir George Yonge, Britain’s Secretary of State for War from 1782 to 1794) or King Street (after George III). King, in fact, has always carried more prestige; it’s significant that the four proud bank buildings quartered on King and Bay all have King Street addresses.

The street became a business district only because of its link with the city’s communications—first the harbor, then the railway. Much of Bay burned down in 1904. It didn’t regain any architectural distinction until the middle 1920s.

To hear Al Savic tell it, the 1920s were a time when Bay Street’s reputation was truly justified. Al is a Cockney immigrant who also hit Bay at the age of seven. He, however, landed on his
The new Bay Street: a girl sells flowers from a stand at King Street’s windy corner.

feet, flogging newspapers on the northwest corner of Bay and Adelaide. That was in 1914. If legends are to be believed, half the corona-smoking caliphats of Bay began in much the same way.

But Al didn’t want to be a legend. It was too risky. He preferred to become an institution. When the Northern Ontario Building went up on his corner in 1924, he took over the cigar-stand concession in the lobby. He’s still there today, a dapper man with gold-rimmed glasses, a neat silver moustache, a lemon gold shirt and a lot of sunny memories.

“This was a beautiful building when it opened,” he says. “Beautiful. With 16 floors, it was the first skyscraper on Bay. The Temple Building, the one they just pulled down on Richmond last year, was the next. There was lovely gold leaf up there on the lobby ceiling. It flaked onto the floor and we went around picking it up. Now they’ve put in fluorescent lights. The atmosphere isn’t the same.

Al’s building has had more than a dozen owners, among them Lord Beaverbrook. Thousands of tenants, including the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, have moved in and out of its thrice-refurbished interior. Al has seen a parade of brokers, developers, traders, bankers, salesmen, corporation lawyers, dollar-a-year men, fly-by-nighters, building operators and promoters with the Midas touch file past his stand. As a non-playing lover of the Bay Street game, he knew them all and was a confidant of most. But he never traded on his inside knowledge.

“Sure I could have been a millionaire. I was given first-class information and I wouldn’t touch it. I’m not a gambler. But we used to have gamblers, promoters who can start things off. Most of the big men worked here and they were my friends. What do I think of Bay Street? I’ve seen millionaires become bums and bums become millionaires. That’s the story of Bay Street. It’s always been a wonderful street.”

It’s also always been a changing street. Little of the Bay that Al first knew, the street of wide margins and narrow horizons, is left now. Over the years they have stretched Bay Street, broadened its purpose and substantially altered its personality.

At the north, it now cuts abruptly on desolate waterfront thatlands beside a lonely drive-in bank — a sort of last-chance saloon for the money-minded. At the south, it flirts with flowery Yorkville before petering out imperceptibly into Davenport Road. In between it stretches (yes, Bay Street is crooked) for 2½ miles through some of the swankiest, wealthiest, dirtiest and most glamorous sections of midtown Toronto. The splendid neo-classical facades of once-established trust companies give way to the bleak backside of an Eaton’s warehouse; the new Sutton Place Hotel, 33 rooms of high-priced status, stands aloof amid rows of ramshackle boarding houses; the provincial government’s imposing new buildings south of Wellesley Street confront a parking lot.

All in all, Bay Street is a curious mixture of surpluses and deficits. There are no schools (Jessie Ketchum Public School from on Davenport), no churches and no movie theatres (although the Toronto-Dominion Centre’s underground cinema might just qualify). Yet Bay is flanked by two city halls, served by at least 30 bank branches, seasoned with a dash of excellent specialty restaurants and decorated by a superabundance of parking garages and automobile showrooms.

The reason for these quirks of character and direction is that modern Bay Street is a bastard. It was cobbled together in the 1930s out of bits and pieces of mismatching back streets to create a relief route for Yonge Street traffic. Robert Brown, who is 76 now, drove a streetcar down Bay for more than 30 years and watched it all happen.

“There used to be churches on Bay,” he says. Hlue One, Baptist at Bloor Street and St. Luke’s Anglican at St. Joseph Street. There was also a Jewish synagogue behind the old city hall. The school for handicapped children at Wellesley has gone, too. It stood where Sutton Place is now. And they had to cut off a chunk of St. Michael’s College playing fields. By golly, you should have heard the bickering while all that was going on. There was as much fuss then as...
Near its northern end, Bay is a street of new apartments and specialty restaurants.

they’re making over the Spadina expressway today.

Robert Brown joined the old Toronto Street Railway in 1919. He remembers when Imperial Oil took over the TSR building at King and Church after the Toronto Transportation (now Tranit) Commission was formed in 1921. He can also invoke visions of a bygone Bay Street that tugged the heart like unrecoverable knires: five-cent fares and summer crowds traumblng down to the ferry docks in open trams; coffee and a piece of pie for a dime in Bowes lunchrooms at Bay and Queen; Premier Mitch Hepburn’s cabinet ministers, an Anglican bishop, a United Church moderator and even merchant prince R.Y. Eaton riding to work on the streetcar just like everybody else; garlands of number-dropping Bell telephone girls swinging aboard at Adelaide after their evening shift.

Closed diesel buses chug up and down Bay Street now. The Bell switchboards are automated. Today, cabinet ministers arrive at their offices in limousines.

Yet enough of the old Bay Street survives to keep the prejudices of the dedicated antiquer alive. Big deals continue to be made in the multitude of boardrooms packed between Queen and Front. The economic pulse of the nation can still be found somewhere in the chaotic cluster of the Toronto Stock Exchange, behind those 1934 Art Deco freaks depicting a future that never was.

And at lunch hour, it is almost comforting to watch how the traditional social pyramid of money and power reaffirms itself.

The top elite gather in twos and threes in private dining rooms, where foreign VIPS (for instance, Richard Nixon before he became President) are frequently cajoled with deft mixtures of braggadocio and bombast, or amused over the slicker Georgian cousins of the National Club to browse through the Globe and Mail’s Report on Business and gossip with their peers. Ordinary brokers crowd into the Cork Room or queue up for the French buffet at the Savarin. Floor traders gulp lunch in the

Bay’s new towers dwarf the Bank of Commerce, once the Commonwalth’s tallest.

Emerald Room. Secretaries skip across to the Woodworth’s cafeteria at Adelaide, which is celebrated for the best hot dogs in town.

What is missing from the old days are the overt signs of rapacious capitalism at work. For one thing, the street-level crowds are thinner. As the new bank towers go up, the stores are vanishing underground—closely followed by the girls and the girls-waiters.

The brokers themselves are thinner, too. More and more of them spend their lunch hours jogging around the asphalt track on the roof of the National Buidling. Built three years ago at a cost of $25,098, the track has a roof supported by extra steel stanchions and has been doused up with red, white and blue paint to resemble the deck of a luxury liner. It has paid off. Dalton Camp jog a regular mile-and-a-half a day there. So do many other businessmen willing to pay the club’s $300-a-year membership fee. Is there another inner-city roof-top jogging track in the world?

Back at his cigar stand, Al Saven mourns the passing of an era when promoters were proud of their paunches, when newboys sometimes kept the change from $100 bills and when AI would hold the sidebots in $1-a-point gin rummy games. ‘Bay Street was the centre of the country once,’ he says. ‘This was the only place the brokers were. Now they spread all over the city. The street has changed absolutely.’

In my opinion, for the better. There may be fewer brokers along Bay these days but there’s more humanity. The scene may be less orientalistic but it’s a richer place. What finally won me over to Bay Street was a fascinating example of cross-pollination. The brokerage firm of Doherty, Roadhouse and McCuaig now has a branch office at the north end of Bay on the edge of Yorkville. Meanwhile, a delightful dark-haired girl from Yorkville spends her days selling roses at $1.56 a bunch on the corner of Bay and King. I asked her how business was going.

‘Only so-so,’ she told me cheerfully. ‘I take in about $100 a day. Movie’s pretty tight right now. But the market will pick up soon.’

For the new Bay Street, that seemed as good a tip as any.
Grounded!

Nobody even felt it when the Esso Kobe touched bottom at Mont Louis, Que., but she suffered a gash 32 feet long in one of her oil-filled tanks. Here is what happened afterwards.

by Fergus Cronin/Illustrations by John Mardon

A small cargo ship, the Monica L., was at the jetty at Mont Louis, Que., just before 11 a.m. Oct. 30, 1970, when the Esso Kobe hove in sight. It was a beautiful Friday, visibility was good and when Capt. S. de Felice of the Kobe sounded his deep whistle, small boys on bicycles darted along the main street of Mont Louis to see "le grand bateau."

The Kobe isn't very big as tankers go—21,000 tons, loaded with 133,335 barrels of bunker fuel for Gaspé Copper Mines, Ltd. For several hours it had been anchored out in the Gulf of St. Lawrence waiting for the high tide that would allow it to clear the bottom of the dredged channel.

Now the pilot had come aboard to help with the landing. When he left the jetty it was empty, waiting for the Kobe, and the Monica L. was tied up at another quay. In the interval, the smaller ship had moved to the main jetty, right where the tanker was scheduled to tie up.

The Monica L. was loading lumber from a stake-bodied truck, and three more loaded trucks were parked along the jetty, blocking the 300-ton ship from the view of the tanker.

Neither Capt. de Felice nor the pilot could see the Monica L. until the Esso Kobe was only 150 yards away from it. He blew several blasts on the Esso Kobe's whistle, warning the Monica L. to leave the dock and get out of the way. He swung the wheel hard to the right, letting go the anchor on that side at the same time. His action averted a collision but it also took the Esso Kobe out of the dredged ships' channel and into a shoal area. She hit bottom, ripping a 32-foot gash from two to 12 inches wide in her hull along the bottom of No. 1 tank, one of the 15 compartments in the ship. But so smooth was the grounding that nobody on board heard or felt a thing.

On hand to witness the docking and unloading of the Kobe was Capt. John A. Hunt. He is one of Imperial's six pollution control inspectors—five retired tanker captains and one chief engineer—hired back by the company to be present whenever product is being unloaded or loaded into charter ships. Their job is to
make sure that all anti-pollution measures are observed and to start emergency action if necessary.

Capt. Hunt embodied Imperial’s belief that prevention of accidents is a more promising way of avoiding oil pollution than clean-up afterwards. The company’s attitude is that spills result from errors of procedure or deficiencies in equipment, and therefore they can be prevented. This belief has been translated into a number of policies and practices, among them a navigation policy stressing that speed and economy come second to safety, and requiring ships’ officers to work from voyage plans prepared and documented in advance – rather like the flight plans filed for aircraft. Masters and chief mates of very large tankers in the Esso fleet also receive training in the handling of their cumbersome vessels by operating carefully-scaled models as big as 40 feet long on a lake at Grenoble, France, and in a simulator at Delft, Holland, that duplicates the kind of training pilots of aircraft receive.

The navigators of tankers today are taking another leaf from the book of aircraft experience. Aircraft cannot yet be made strong enough to withstand crashes and still get up in the air; consequently, aircraft are equipped with devices to avoid accidents. The lumbering tanker is in a somewhat similar position: its size and inertia make it slow to respond – a 250,000 ton tanker has 140 times the momentum of a Boeing 707 – and despite its steel hull it is no match for the unimaginable power of rocks and sea. Here too, the sensible course seems to be to avoid collisions and a number of guidance systems are under consideration. Some of them plot the courses of other ships in crowded channels, others attempt to spy out underwater obstacles; all show promise, although some of the more sophisticated devices suffer from a kind of electronic sea-sickness. The vibration and salty humidity of life at sea makes them unreliable, at least so far. Yet work on a reliable system goes steadily forward, for methods that will prevent accidents are of much greater value than cleaning up after a spill.

But while improved operating procedures can reduce the incidence of accidents virtually to zero, their possibility still exists and the damage to the Esso Kobe was an example.

Capt. Hunt had seen the near-collision but neither he nor anyone else knew that the Kobe’s hull had been holed, in part because water flowed up through the hole and prevented the oil from escaping.

The Kobe began discharging the cargo at 1:40 p.m., pumping out her tanks one by one. It was not until about 6 p.m. that No. 1 tank was reached. As the pumps began to work there, they agitated the contents at the bottom of the compartment and oil and water began escaping from the gash. At the same time a sample showed there was water in the tank and unloading was shut down immediately. And several things began to happen all at once.

The Kobe’s captain put in a call to her owners’ representative, Esso International in New York; Capt. Hunt called Imperial’s marine management in Toronto; the department of transport was alerted; planes were prepared at New York and Toronto to speed experts to the scene; a gang of Mont Louis men was organized and work was started on a wooden plank boom to try to contain the oil and prevent its spread along the shores. A diver was summoned from Rimouski: a flexible boom—1,100 feet of 43-inch deep, tough plastic-coated nylon fabric, so constructed that it could float vertically, partly in, partly out of the water — was ordered from Montreal; a rush call was made for a vacuum truck to suck up the oil.

By 8 a.m. Saturday the boom, the vacuum truck, oil-dispersing compounds and two pumps were on their way to the scene and at least 10 people were converging on the Gaspé by plane, car and truck from Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Rimouski, Gaspé and New York.

Roberts Fern, Imperial’s assistant coordinator of environmental protection was one of those called from Imperial’s head office in Toronto. He arrived with several others by air about 5:30 p.m. on Saturday. From the plane he could see the plank boom in place, stretching from the bow of the Kobe to a rocky point a short distance away; and holding most of the oil in a small area in front of the ship. But the tide and the waves had best the boom in places, and a faint slick of oil was escaping the boom and drifting towards the east shore of the harbor. The flexible boom was already being installed, a job that took most of the night, illuminated by floodlights and a generator loaned by Gaspé Copper Mines, Ltd. It took 11 men until 3:30 a.m. before Fern could record in his care-
fully kept log. 'Ship completely encircled.' About 6 a.m. dawn broke. Fern examined the area and found that about half a mile of the shingled shoreline had been lightly contaminated with oil. Six tractor-trailer loads of peat moss were ordered from a plant near Rimouski.

Sunday afternoon Bernard Brouillet of Imperial's public affairs department in Montreal called on the mayor of Mont Louis, Jean Louis Lapointe, as well as the parish priest, Father Richard, and conducted them on a tour of the tanker and the shoreline, explaining what had happened and what was being done about it. The mayor was quoted the next day in the area's newspaper Le Voyageur de la Gaspésie as saying, 'The company has done its civic duty by making available in Mont Louis all possible measures which will clean the pollution from the town's beaches.' Representatives of the ministry of transport and the department of public works inspected the operation and, satisfied, left it in Imperial's hands. In fact, when the clean-up was finished, people in Mont Louis said the shore never looked better – the crews picked up all the trash and litter as they went along.

For the next few days a team of men that numbered 30 at its peak, most of them hired in Mont Louis, worked at spreading and collecting the peat moss, tending the floating booms and other chokes. The Esso Kobe, which normally would have gone within 24 hours of her arrival, had to wait four days while the oil was removed from the damaged tank. It was not until 4 p.m. Wednesday that she sailed, heading for drydock and proper repairs.

Before Fern left on Nov. 3 — a day before the Esso Kobe — he was able to record: 'South shore clean except for minor spots on rocks ... gulls in area are clean ... offshore wind (and) faint sheen of oil passing by stem of Kobe ...'.

The cleanup of small patches of oil went on for another week under the direction of L. J. Orr, environmental coordinator of Imperial's refinery in Montreal East.

It was estimated that from 100 to 200 barrels of oil had escaped. At $3 a barrel, the lost oil was worth only a few hundred dollars — but the entire clean up operation, including the hiring of men and equipment, transportation and accommodation, cost more than $80,000.

The spill at Mont Louis went relatively unpublicized for two reasons: it was a small spill, and the equipment and techniques to cope with it were quickly available.

Because of two previous accidents involving oil-carrying ships, something had been learned about coping with marine oil spills.

The first was the wreck of the Torrey Canyon in March, 1967, off the southwest coast of England. She was carrying 119,000 tons of Persian Gulf crude oil, and the consequent fouling of English beaches warned the world of the growing danger of pollution from accidents involving tankers; growing if only because every year more oil is moving to meet energy needs of the world.

Ships are bigger, too, but all of the new supertankers carry equipment that makes them safer to operate. The chances of a supertanker having an accident are extremely small.

In 1968 Imperial created a special environmental protection department; among its responsibilities is the coordination of anti-pollution efforts that date back to the 1930s. The department faced its first major test four months later when the ill-fated Arrow was wrecked in Nova Scotia's Chedabucto Bay in February, 1970. It was Imperial's first experience with a major spill at sea.

"Among the things we learned from the Arrow," says Harvey Clare, Imperial's coordinator of environmental protection, 'is that no matter how much effort you put into prevention — and we do our best to avoid accidents — you have got to be prepared in case you should have a spill. You've got to be able to respond fast and effectively. To do that you need a good organization.'

It was this organization that helped with the Esso Kobe. 'It's very much like fire prevention,' says Clare. 'You have to act fast, you have to have the equipment at hand to fight the problem, and you have to have people handy who know how.'

By the time the Esso Kobe affair, the company had already organized its facilities across Canada into eight regions with an oil spill committee in each. The
What Happens to Oil at Sea

Petroleum is a substance of organic origin: it comes from accumulations of plants and animals that flourished when the earth was much warmer than it is now. Except for materials added as impurities, all petroleum consists of carbon and hydrogen combined into chemical compounds known as hydrocarbons.

By itself and vegetable in origin, so to speak, petroleum is a food for microorganisms. Eventually all spills disappear as they are gobbled up by microbes. Much remains to be known about this biodestruction of oil. It takes too long. Given a quarter century to go through the food chain, for example, or how it differs with changes of temperature and other conditions. A study made by three University of Alaska researchers in Cook Inlet, Alaska, in 1969, with a temperature of 41 degrees Fahrenheit, concluded that microorganisms reduced the concentration of an oil spill by 90 per cent in a year. In warmer climates, the process is probably faster.

Oil spilled into the sea will, at least initially, float on the surface, its movement largely determined by tides, waves, winds and seiches—a sloshing form of oscillation. The speed and direction of an oil slick is usually the same as that of the surface current, but so many other factors affect it that prediction is extremely difficult.

It is generally believed that oil and water do not mix. However, it has been established that in the case of oil spills, the oil floats on the water, and the water can penetrate into the oil slick. This process, known as the "oil-water interface," can cause the oil to become more dispersible and to spread more quickly over the sea surface. Oil can also become mixed with water under certain conditions, such as when oil is spilled in the presence of waves or currents. The oil-water interface can be an important factor in the dispersion of oil spills, as it can affect the rate at which oil is dispersed and the distance it travels offshore. Thus, it is important to understand the behavior of oil-water interfaces in order to predict the spread of oil spills and to design appropriate response strategies. The work of Dr. Tom van der Vaate at the University of Washington has shown that understanding the behavior of oil-water interfaces is crucial for predicting the fate of oil spills.
Rolling Home

Close to 700,000 Canadians will hit the road this summer, and home will go right along with them

by Robert Collins

Long after, the five couples from London, Ont., were still gloating over their 35-day prowl through Mexico. They had bought silver at Taxco, swam at Acapulco, poked through Guadalajara's famous market, listened to mariachi bands, watched a bullfight and sampled the brew at Tequila Sauza's bottling plant.

Some nights they'd dined sumptuously in Mexican restaurants. Sometimes, for variety, they barbecued steaks and finished off with coffee and liquor. Every night, even in the smallest villages, they'd have clean comfortable broadoomed rooms with shower, toilet, sink, stove, refrigerator, electric lights and comfortable living room.

What's special about all this? Only that they never once had to make advance reservations and the trip cost them about half what it would have cost room travelers. The 2,352 miles of touring-including food, lodging, shopping and entertainment-for a typical couple averaged about $27 a day. By now you've probably guessed it: they traveled by trailer.

The Londonesians were part of a vast and growing fraternity—Canadians who've licked the holiday accommodation problem by rolling their homes along with them. 'Trailer people,' we once called them. That's a misnomer because a trailer is only one of several kinds of recreational vehicles on the roads.

'When we started trailering 15 years ago it was a novelty,' remembers Beverley McEwen of Whitby, Ont., whose husband Forbes is secretary-treasurer of the Travel Trailer Clubs Association of Ontario. 'Whenever we met another trailer we'd honk and wave and flash our lights! Now I guess every fifth vehicle we see is some kind of trailer.'

More precisely, an estimated 700,000 Canadian families own some kind of house on wheels, from tent on two-wheeld trailer, worth about $400, to luxurious motor homes at up to $30,000. About 200 Canadian firms with plants in nearly every province are making such vehicles, plus 'mobile homes.' The latter are often confused with recreation vehicles in fact are semi-permanent dwellings, moved from place to place by heavy truck, and set down for months or years at a time. They are popular and relatively inexpensive housing for such transient occupations as oilmen, soldier or construction worker, but they don't belong in a discussion of recreation vehicles. However, the oilman's long-time fantasy for trailers probably accounts for the fact that Alberta, with 15 plants producing 9,000 recreational vehicles...
and mobile homes per year, is a leader in the Canadian industry.

The rolling-home revolution is a response to longer and longer annual vacations, the city man's increasing year to travel even if only on long weekends, and many people's resistance to high-priced hotels and restaurants. The things that have their drawbacks, of course. They cut about 10 m.p.h. from one's highway touring speed, which frustrates hot-headers of all ages. They somewhat reduce gasoline mileage; 10 to 15 miles per gallon is about average. The best of them is smaller than a motel room, and therefore bad if you have claustrophobia or 10 children. The initial investment will pay off only if you can favorably balance it and off-season storage costs against the amount you'd spend on motels and restaurant meals over five or 10 years of holidaying.

But the investment will repay itself if you're a frequent holiday traveler. It's also a sure way to make friends. The people are a gregarious lot, fond of traveling in groups, and of meeting and greeting around their rigs at the end of a day. For many old people, a trailer is the difference between a happy retirement with friends at every trailer camp in North America and slow death from loneliness in a single room.

Recreation vehicles may even save that faltering institution, the family. "It's a pastime that keeps families together," declares Beverley McEwen, whose 17-year-old twin boys travel with their parents. "Children like the outdoor life that goes with trailering. And it gives the entire family a chance to play and play together. I've seldom known a trailering family that had serious problems with the children."

If the rolling-house world intrigues you, there's bound to be something on the market to suit your budget and tastes. The camper-trailer is simplest, cheapest (from $400 to $2,000) and easiest to tow—a good choice for beginners if you don't insist on all the comforts of home. This is really just an advanced version of the early wooden trailers piled with the camping gear that wouldn't fit into the car trunk. Today's camper-trailers are of steel, light metal and you camp right on the trailer body instead of the cold, wet ground. Some tents pop up at the push of a button. Others are fitted with stoves and sinks. But there's no indoor toilet, and the general atmosphere is closer to camping than to trailering.

The travel trailer, which is what most people regard as a recreational vehicle, costs between $1,200 and $12,000. Ex- tras can run the price much higher and give you the luxury of a house on wheels. The McEwens of Whitby own a 20-foot aluminum trailer (light and strong, of aircraft-style riveted construction) that could be lived in the year round. Broad-loomed throughout, it has an ample living-dining area with picture window, stovetop, electric lights and propane heater. There's a four-burner stove with oven, a kitchen sink with a modern hot- and-cold mixer tap, a large refrigerator, a toilet, shower and bath. Quantities of ingenious storage space and comfortable beds for four.

Less roomy but easier to manipulate on the highway or in campgrounds, the truck camper costs between $1,300 and $4,000. It fits on a pick-up truck with a sleeping area projecting over the roof of the cab. (You can also buy truck and camper as one unit.) A variation of this vehicle is the automobile camper: it fits on the back of a car whose trunk lid has been removed, and extends a sleeping area over the car roof. Space is even more limited, but it's adequate for a couple.

Finally there's the motor home, from about $6,000 to $30,000. The smallest of these is much like a panel truck with a pop-up roof that provides additional headroom. The biggest is like a bus torched into a house. A motor home has slightly less interior space than a trailer of the same overall dimensions because it must accommodate engine, driver's seat and steering wheel. But with power brakes and steering it's easy to handle and park and its layout permits others in the family to sit up beside the driver for a while, then wander back for a nap, a game or a snack while the motor home rolls on.

Within these general categories you can find a rig to suit your wildest dreams or most exacting specifications. There's an amphibious model that you simply un hitch from the car, push into the water and voila!—a motor launch. A Sherbrooke, Que., man drives something dubbed "The Pregnant Elephant": a trailer bus that carries his small automobile in its innards. Getting into the realm of the exotic— you've heard of the executive suite, the executive jet, the executive washrooms? Well, now there's an executive motor
house. A Vancouver trucking executive owns one, as does a warehousing man in Quebec. Toronto industrial photographer George Hunter has another, fitted with dressing room and an aerial ladder for photography. Hunter was so captivated by his motor home that he formed a company to make others for firms that have high-priced cars on the move, who can't afford a company plane, find train and airline schedules inconvenient and, anyway, don't want to risk putting all their eggshead in one aircraft for fear of a crash.

The prototype of this executive coach has seats that make into five double beds, conference and dining areas, stereo and AM-FM shortwave radio, kitchen with microwave oven, bar, washer and shower, unit conditioning, and hook-up for mobile telephone. At around $100,000, however, it is somewhat beyond the reach of the common man.

Nor will your average family ever recreate the beiging scene shown in a recent trailer advertise once. It features a gleaming aluminum rig gliding into a shady blue night while, beside the picture window, a stunning beauty is cocktail dress waiting at a dinner table set with candles, flowers and wine glasses. Presumably, she's ready for an evening of Gracious Living By Trailer. A more realistic scene would show a flustered man in a rumpled sport shirt lacking his trailer toward a narrow campsite and cursing.

Trailer handling is an art. Most people can learn it, but it takes to begin by renting. That way you'll find out, modest cost, whether you can get the feel of it, whether all members of your family can tolerate small spaces, how long a vehicle you need and whether your car can pull it.

Rent for an average trailer (less elegance than the McEwens' but big enough to sleep a family of six) might run $30 to $70 a week, plus a fee for installing a hitch, plus a deposit refundable if you return the rig on time. A truck camper could cost $125 a week plus four ears as a rule. Motor homes are coffered around $200 a week and are becoming more widely rented in Canada.

If renting encourages you to become an owner, you should shop for one as carefully as you would for a house or car. And if you happen to be in the market for a car as well, it's wise to have one equipped to pull the trailer of your dreams. The major automobile manufacturers sell an automobile 'crowning package' usually an extra cooling system, heavier suspension, heavy duty alternator and battery, and a proper roof side ratio. (A rule of thumb for trailers: the trailer should be no heavier than the car that is pulling it.)

Read the latest available library books on trailering (there are many published in the United States) and try to find a local trailer travelers' club. A trailer dealer can tell you if there's one in your area; if so, ask the members for advice. These cautious people are brimming with information and the desire to share it. They are a unique breed. 'They're developing a kind of folklore,' says Charles Clay of Bewley, Ont., editor and publisher of the leading trade journal, Mobile Home and Recreational Vehicle Industry. What Clay means is that they are building their own little world. They have club histories and newsletters. The clubs call themselves the Busy Bees or Eager Beavers or Voyager's. They ramble away in groups, organized by a man called the 'wagonmaster.' They have weekend mystery tours, long trips or 'travels' into the United States or across Canada, or local weekend jaunts to places like Niagara Falls or Banff. They see the local sights, stage contests (Which kid has the dirtiest face? Which was sand locked in a trailer for 20 minutes without advance warning, can come up with the funniest hat made of available materials?) and they eat. They have flapjack breakfasts, corn roasts, Alberta barbecues, and P.E.I. clam bakes.

At night, sitting in their folding chairs, maybe by a campfire, they talk trailering. Who's found a good new campsite?

Where's the best place to get repairs? What's happening about new camps and standardized government regulations? The novice soon learns that hospitality is part of trailering. In Canada the hours are far ahead of laws and facilities. For example the permissibility of cooking (you pay for a special permit) of a trailer in Manicouagan is 40 feet which is five feet longer than Ontario law allows. Regulations differ from province to province (Chay's publishing company sells a list of them all).

There aren't enough trailer parks in Canada, either, and anyone networks would do well to find a good camp in a popular, well-travelled area. (If he wants to be really popular, he'll provide a rain tent. A Jeep gives 'valet parking' for visitors, as does one California camp.) The joys of trailering suddenly sour if there's no place to camp, or if available camps have no electrical plug-ins, water supply or sewage dumping facilities. A number of Eso stations in Ontario, Quebec, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia provide dumping facilities.

The Canadian Government Travel Bureau publishes a guide to camps in National Parks, and each provincial travel bureau gives a listing of provincial and private camps. Unfortunately some of the guide books don't include phone names or mailing addresses addresses, so that travelers can book in advance, and without a reservation it's impossible to get into the popular parks on a holiday weekend. Space isn't necessarily high priced (about $2 to $4 a night, on the average); it just isn't available. Parking by the main road is illegal in most parts of Canada, but sometimes service stations will permit overnight parking.

Sooner, though, the lure of life on the open road transcends these current annoyances. It's not just that travelling is cheaper and freer. Most of all, perhaps, the appeal is human companionship the companionship of one's family, or of new friends along the road. In an increasingly impersonal world of snappy clerks, haughty headwaiters and social-climbing neighbors, there's something comforting about the amiable church social atmosphere around a trailer camp at night. It's the kinship of strangers who speak a common language.
BUT I LIKE MOTOR TRIPS

by Robert Thomas Allen
sketches by David Annesley

Mention that you like motor trips and some world-traveler just back from Dubrovnik or Malaga looks at you as if you went out with inner tubes and side curtains and asks with kindly amusement, "How can you enjoy just sitting in a car all day doing nothing?" I can't help wondering if they take the same highways I take or, for that matter, if they're in the same world. It's hard to explain my feelings without getting a dreamy sound to my voice. It's as if I'm in a seance trying to explain irrational feelings, subtle moods and even lighting effects.

I love motor trips. I started making them in my father's 1927 Ford and went on making them in my own '53 Chev with the luggage lashed to the running board and I haven't missed making at least one trip a year ever.
since I like the feeling of being detached from my fellow man. I like those lonely roadside conversations with gas station operators who appear out of dimly lit caves of fan belts and batteries, impart some fragment of information while filling my tank. (That dog there? That's a genuine Australian coconut hound. The only one north of the equator.) and disappear into the night leaving me alone in the night wind. I like lying in bed in a tatty motel reading the Gideon Bible and listening to the truck shift gears and the distant bark of a dog, trying to figure out things like why the first shall be last and the last shall be first. I like, once on a trip, going out of my mind and spending $26 on a motel that looks like the Taj Mahal with a room 46 feet long, wallowing voluptuously in decadent luxury and crass materialism and romping mother-naked over an acre of broadloom in the breeze of the air conditioner while calling out things to my wife like "Remember that bloody awful hotel we had in Athens?"

I never feel more alive than when I check out of a rumpled motel room with a feeling that I'm leaving an old campsite, and head down the highway with the sun coming in on my knees and a thermos top of coffee perched on the dashboard (steady as a rock because I happen to be rather good at making smooth turns). You don't have to know a Giotto from a get-well card to enjoy things like the smell of timber or the old wild wet wind of Niagara Falls or the sight of a coyote loping across the highway in the pink light of dawn. You don't need a guide to tell you where to look when the hard-rock forests of the Canadian shield suddenly open up onto the Canadian prairies like the opening bars of a symphony, or when the Rockies appear, no higher than ant hills, on the horizon west of Calgary.

I know all about those highway signs — 2.5 Miles To The TING! — and the souvenirs shops with funny gifts like miniature toilets, but I have no trouble steering past these things to my kind of tourist attractions. Like the board walk out over the swamp at Point Pelee on Lake Erie where you can lean on a rail and look down at a tangle of reeds with the sun on your back and get the feeling of what it's like to be a turtle; Or the nature trails through Algonquin Park where you can stand in the sombre gloom of a hemlock forest being bitten by black flies and getting some idea of what the explorers and missionaries and brendy traders went through when they pushed their way through this wilderness from the St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes; Or, if I'm out West, pulling to the side of the road and watching a distant group of working cowboys and just sitting there with the engine off listening to their faint whispery floating, light as thistledown, over the clear prairie air. On a trip like that I like to get down into a wash and build a fire about the size of an ash tray just to listen to the twigs sizzle and to the surrounding silence, so complete that I can hear my wrist watch tick or, if it starts to rain, listen to the scattered drops hit the land sounding the way they must have when the rains began to cool the rocks at the very beginning of the world.

My wife packs a green plastic bag with food and, for a couple of days, at noon, we pull off onto some track across the rocks or sand. We spread snacks of olives, sardines and cheese on the front right fender like a smorgasbord, and wander around having lunch and beaming euphorically in the bright sun, sometimes stopping half way through a bite to stare dotingly at some rock or bird or blade of grass, as if we just discovered something, like the meaning of life. Croissants in bed in Paris just give me itchy feelings between the sheets and a vague sense of guilt, but give me a lunch like that and my tensions soften up like old shock absorbers.

We travel in the spirit of the early days of motoring when the automobile was a marvellous device that made it possible for you to move across the land while sitting down, with apparently nothing pulling you. We head in the general direction we want to go, but not very accurately. Sometimes we take long lovely looping side routes, like one evening when we drove along Ontario Highway 737 which cuts west to the shore of Georgian Bay from Highway 69, over a road that clammers over and around rocks the size of tennis courts and through more than forty miles of bush. We came out on a maze of low, pink granite islands, some no bigger than a coffee table, just in time to see a surprised looking great blue heron standing on one of them, feet awash. Sometimes not having a very accurate schedule and not worrying too much about maps has given us some of our most memorable experiences. I still remember a night spent in the bush north of Lake Superior when our daughters were young. We ran out of towns and just pulled off the road and tried sleeping in the car, all of us wide awake, listening to a wolf call to a Husky across a lake. We came out in the early morning at Lake Nipigon as a cool wind was raising white caps on patches of dark purple and lime green water, everything bright and fresh and blown clear of night worries.

I've done my share of jetting around the globe, but nothing will ever replace setting off in my peaked cap with a map in the glove compartment and luggage stowed in the trunk, with no passport, no currency converter, no foreign phrase book or Hints on How to Tip, and no experience more complicated than looking at an elm emerging from the morning mist down around Trenton like something rooted in a dream. I've driven down lovely Canadian roads on still and primitive mornings when the salt crystals hang in the air and there's only the boom and hiss of the sea and the sound of a mourning dove sobbing on a frayed telephone wire like something bypassed by evolution, while I smiled contentedly at memories of Italian porters scrambling at me and tearing up little pieces of paper in my face and jumping on them. I've sat comfortably in my car listening to a girl play the bagpipes in Nova Scotia, adding to the enjoyment by recalling bags that were sent to Stockholm instead of Lisbon. And although I can enjoy visiting European sites like the Arc de Triomphe, I still like sitting in my car visiting places like the spot where Champlain first glimpsed the Great Lakes, and knowing that I can just turn my ignition switch and go visit some other site, maybe the French River where it cuts through a slot in the rocks just as it did when the French slipped down its black waters in birchbark canoes on their way to explore North America. I like knowing that I can turn the wheel over to my wife and have a snooze and that when I wake up we'll be up near Mantouline and maybe if I'm a bit peckish and there's an egg salad sandwich left from lunch, I'll have a snack, as I sit there watching the Canadian landscape, the rocks and rivers and wilderness and towns, enjoying one of the most pleasant of all forms of travel.