

# NEWS on the DOT

DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORT STAFF PUBLICATION

APRIL 1955



Environment  
Canada

Environnement  
Canada

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THE DOT.

*M. M. Ford*



See back page for cover story.

## "Obnoxious" The Moose



*This is a story about a moose, related by Mr. Brady, lightkeeper on Battle Island, who watches over a light that guides the pulp boats, oil tankers and fish boats on Lake Superior. "Obnoxious" as he was dubbed by the press was a pet when very young, but later became a big nuisance, snorting and charging anytime the keeper went out. The unusual circumstance of the moose which literally jailed the keeper in his narrow tower on Battle Island, fired the imagination of the United States and Canadian Press as well as radio and TV. Photographers, newsmen, radio broadcasters made the little island hum for a few days.*

The moose was born on this Island a year and a half ago; I never could understand why it remained here as there was no other moose and very little to eat. He was always a nuisance and we continually tried to discourage him coming around the house. His favorite spot was the front porch, however, he got too big to make the porch. He got more destructive the older he got. We couldn't leave anything out or unprotected, such as the wheel barrow or the ladders or he would finish them. He kept us busy repairing the walk to the light, and he made havoc of the garden.

During the summer I asked the Game Warden in Rosspoint what to do about him and he said he would take care of it, however, he never got around to doing anything. This fall the moose got more destructive than ever, as you know this is a game reserve, and the moose was not two years old, two reasons why I couldn't do anything about it myself if I had a gun, which I haven't. The boat was a favorite target and according to the helper, the moose gave him an argument when he tried to chase him away from the boat. I had made a skidway on which to haul the boat out when it was time to put it up for the winter and he knocked that over. I certainly didn't like the idea of leaving the Island with him running around. It is doubtful whether there would have been a window in the house and certainly he would have had a field day with the boat. I asked Jack Brison to wire Mr. Ormsby for advice, and Mr. Ormsby in turn got in touch with the Forestry Department. They sent the Game Warden, a fishing tug and a couple of gunmen. The two men with the guns and the Game Warden had quite a time tracking the moose down. They finally got four shots at him but were unable to hit him. The Game Warden returned three or four days later with the fishing tug and a chap taking pictures for the Toronto Telegram. They finally got the moose into the water and were able to chase the moose over to another Island. It was quite a chase. I hope he doesn't return.

I don't think he will, it is quite a swim.

In the meantime I had become "World famous," or infamous, I don't know which. Every news broadcast I turned on had an account of the "Siege of Battle Island". One Port Arthur news caster was teletyped from Washington, Detroit and several other American stations. It was very dramatic. I was on this isolated lonely Island and being held a prisoner in the light tower by this ferocious beast, which at one time had been my pet. Several other stations had their version of it, and it got more gruesome as it went along. They had me so I wasn't sure whether or not it was safe to go outside. The Lightkeepers around here decided they had better get my autograph. My fan mail has grown in leaps and bounds. My relatives in the States wrote me and told me they thought the story in their local paper about the moose who had taken up Lighthouse keeping very funny, but they were a bit disconcerted when they decided it was me. Someone else had heard I was all cut and bleeding but the Mounted Police were on their way to my rescue. I had a letter from my brother in Ottawa quite concerned about my well being, and one from Charlie Hall with a clipping from his paper in Hamilton.

We all had a good laugh, but to be quite frank with you it got a bit monotonous after a while. I don't think I am the only one who thought so, I am sure the Game Wardens here and in Geraldton, found it quite a pain in the neck and were glad when it died down.



Mr. Brady (R) thanks Ranger for removing "Obnoxious".

DOT officials relaxing at the Seignior Club after a heavy conference with the Navigation Committee of the Dominion Marine Association in meeting with the Lake Carrier's Association, January 17. L. to R.:— W.J. Manning, Chief of Aids to Navigation, L/C W.N. Derby, U.S. Coast Guard; Norman Wilson, Assistant Director Marine Services, W.J. Elliott, Aids to Navigation; Capt. S.C. Williamson, Shell Canadian Tankers and F.K. McKean, Marine Agent, Parry Sound.





MERVYN FLEMING



GERALD MORISSET



DOUG. QUIRT

### "TOMMY" VERGETTE HONOURED

Thomas "Tommy" Vergette, colourful official of Civil Aviation since its inception and prominent in the Capital's sports circles, under whose management the R.A. Girls' Basketball Team won the girls' intermediate championship of Canada in 1949-50 season, was honoured by his fellow workers in the Department on March 16 on reaching superannuation age. In a pleasant ceremony attended by his many co-workers and friends, Mr. Vergette was presented with a well-filled billfold. The presentation was made by J.R.K. Main, Assistant Controller of Civil Aviation. "Bob" Dodds, the Controller arrived at the close of the ceremony from the airport having just arrived from

## Recent Promotions

Promotion of Mervyn M. Fleming, Executive Assistant to the Director of Air Services, to District Superintendent of Air Regulations, Moncton, N.B., was announced January 3. He succeeded R.W. Goodwin, who was appointed District Controller, Air Services, Moncton.

Mervyn Fleming has been with the Department since 1946. As an Inspector he was to a large extent responsible for the drawing up of Canadian Standards for the licensing of personnel and the operation of commercial air service in accordance with ICAO standards. In 1951 he was ap-

The Air Transport Board has announced two new appointments since the beginning of the year.

J.L. Morisset, former Chief of the International Relations Division of the Air Transport Board, was appointed a Member of the Board, January 21, to fill the vacancy caused by the untimely death of the late J.P.R. Vachon.

D.F. Quirt from the Department, was appointed Assistant Secretary, January 1, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of J.M. Robins.

Gerald Morisset, is a native of Lorrainville, Que., and was educated at Ville Marie, P.Q., Ottawa University and Laval University where he graduated in Law in 1940. He served four years with the army in World War II. From August 1950 to April 1951, Mr. Morisset was assistant secretary to the Royal Commissioner on Transportation and in 1952 attended National Defence College.

Gander, W.V.B. Riddell also took part in the presentation.

Always a keen bowler, Tommy organized the Department of Transport's Civil Aviation Bowling League in 1940 and has been re-elected its President every years since.

Mr. Vergette intends to leave in May for his first visit to England since 1918. He intends, however, to return to Ottawa at the completion of this visit.

Major Dodds, Controller of Civil Aviation and Tommy Vergette (1) at the presentation.

pointed Executive Assistant to Director of Air Services.

Mr. Fleming's flying career started in 1934 when he obtained his private pilot licence at the Ottawa Flying Club. Joining the RAF in 1937 he served with distinction in World War II rising to the ranking of Wing Commander and was awarded the DFC in 1941 and DSO in 1943. A specialist navigator, he held navigation and operation posts at various RAF and RCAF Headquarters and was assistant Chief Navigation Officer of the Bomber Command. From September 1941 to October 1943, he was CO of the "Moose Squadron" (419 RCAF).

Mr. Morisset joined the Air Transport Board in 1946 on retirement from the Canadian Army and has held the position of Assistant Secretary and Secretary. Since September 1953 he has been Chief of the International Relations Division.

Doug Quirt has been with the Department since August 1949 when he entered as a Junior Administrative Assistant. After a year's period of training he was appointed Administrative Assistant to the Director of Canal Services and in April 1952 he was seconded to the office of the Secretary in which position he was in charge of Parliamentary returns and reports to Council.

Mr. Quirt was overseas with the RCAF for five years where he was a pilot with the High Level Daylight Photographic Reconnaissance Unit. After his retirement from the Air Force he went to the University of Toronto where he graduated with honours in Political Science and Economics.

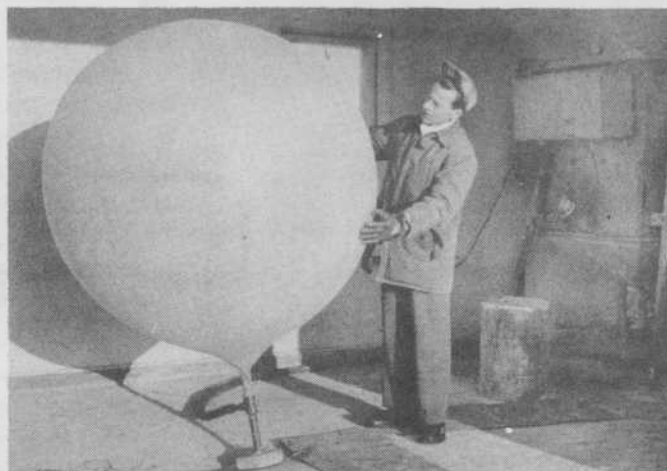


# MEN BEHIND THE WEATHER



Behind the scenes drama of your TV or radio weather broadcasts is enacted in little remote weather observing, radiosonde and rawinsonde stations in Canada. In all degrees of temperature, the men at these stations obtain data, vital for the forecasts. Just as in the familiar saying "The mail must go through" similarly the "weatherman must carry on."

One of the most recently completed rawinsonde stations is at Maniwaki, Quebec, in the Gatineau hills 80 miles north of Ottawa. Regularly, every twelve hours, in all kinds of weather, one of the duties of the Met. personnel there as well as in the other 31 radiosonde and rawinsonde stations in DOT., is to inflate and release balloons, to which are attached radiosonde instruments which transmit weather conditions in the



The building shown houses the special instrument used to record level and upper air weather information. The dome houses radio direction finder which tracks radiosonde balloon. Radiosonde technician L. G. Leslie is shown (inside) getting equipment ready, and about to release the balloon while H. J. McCabe, OIC of station holds attached radiosonde equipment.

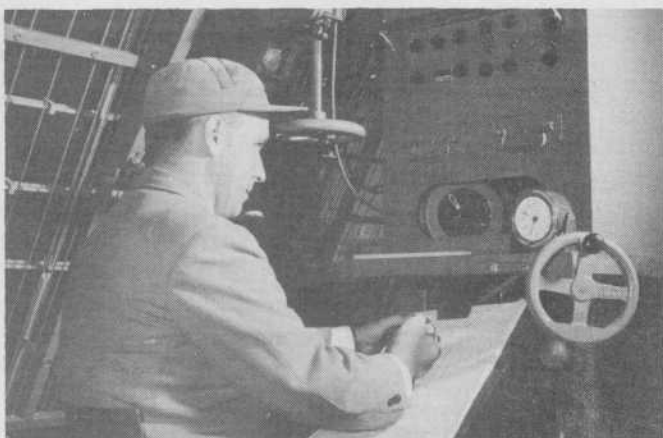


Intricate radio recording instrument takes down radio signals sent by radiosonde technician on three different frequency pitches, each in turn recording the humidity, temperature and barometric pressure. H. J. McCabe records and codes the information.

upper strata of the atmosphere up and even beyond the 65,000' level. A 24 hour watch is also maintained on ground level observations.

Before the radiosonde technician sends the weather halloon aloft, he synchronizes the small transmitter with the receiver in the weather station. As the balloon ascends the compact little instrument transmits humidity, temperature, and barometric pressure at the different levels on a different frequency pitch for each. This information is automatically recorded on a chart by special equipment. Wind velocity and direction at the different levels is obtained by the rawinsonde stations by tracking the balloon and equipment

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In the dome of the weather station, radiosonde technician J.L. LaFranchise, tracks down balloon and radiosonde transmitter by radio direction finder, thus recording direction and velocity of wind at upper air levels. The direction finder and its grill (left) swings around and tilts as required.



J.L. LaFranchise plots out and codes wind direction and velocity from recordings made by means of radio director finder.



When all recordings have been completed and the result coded down to a few meaningless words, Mr. McCabe teletypes information to Montreal and Toronto from which it is relayed to the Met. centres of the world.

## WHAT NEXT ?

A. HUMOURIST

I belong to the large and pathetic group that can't remember names; and the faces aren't always too familiar. The early stages of a conversation with a chance acquaintance on the street often take the form of frantic efforts to follow what he says, reply intelligently, and pop a few questions of my own in the hope of leading him to disclose his name without exposing my embarrassing position. This always entails a few minutes of agony, frequently ends in a stalemate, and occasionally makes me a subject of ridicule when I am caught at it; and the terror of being caught always hangs over me. Like people with leprosy I try to hide my disgrace. And added to all this, the weakness has now exposed me to a form of racketeering.

I was recently summoned to Capital City to confer on certain policy matters affecting my department, for I am a civil servant. All went well. I was treated quite civilly, and indeed with enough deference to my views on certain subjects to tickle and stimulate a tiny seed of conceit that had long lain dormant in the dry chilly atmosphere of the Service. By a little good staff work and bribing of secretaries and stenographers, I managed to get the names in advance of people I was to meet. I was pleased with myself. The world was my oyster. And then,--

I was walking down Commerce Street when the Minister and some of his staff stopped me. The Minister was cordial. He shook me by the hand and enquired, "How are you Ernie? We've missed you these last few years. When are you coming to see me?" and more to the same effect. I shook hands with his staff who followed the line set by their leader. But one of them had me stumped. I couldn't remember his name. However, he caught me muttering indistinct sounds, told who he was and made a joke of my well-known weakness.

We had been pushed into a large recessed store window by the crowds on the street; and I noticed that several other people, too, had been swept into the backwater by the relentless flow of traffic. Some of them were staring. Well let them! I was not ashamed to be found in the Minister's company and be called by my first name.

It was all very pleasant, but eventually the Minister broke away. I proceeded on my way walking on air. It was a nice place, Capital City, and there were a lot of nice people in it. The higher they stood, the nicer they were. And it was a nice day. A glorious day! I felt good. I loved the world and everybody in it. Then suddenly there was a quick step behind me. Someone called, "Ernie!", caught me by the arm and pulled me around.

The speaker was elderly and a mite seedy; his face was vaguely familiar. He grasped me by the hand and pumped. "How are you Ernie?" he said, "How are you boy? Gee am I glad to see you. But gosh! it's nice to see you again." I'm not proof against such warmth of feeling; my cup of happiness was full; even this nondescript whom I couldn't place, loved me. I gave his hand a hearty shake and mumbled something about being overjoyed. Translated into intelligible language, it would have been the rough equivalent of "I love you, too." Then the old bugbear leered at me. Who was he? huh? What his name? So I waited, hoping he would carry the conversational ball. He did.

His seediness was even more apparent on second inspection, but I didn't attach much importance to that. I'm no Beau Brummel myself; and a lot of my friends would hardly qualify for the diplomatic corps on the grounds of dress and appearance. However, he gave me no time to pursue my meditations.

"Say! It's a lucky thing I met you," he continued. "You know, the wife and I came up town to do a little shopping and

she's forgotten her handbag. Hal! Hal! Just lend me five dollars will you? Like a good chap?"

The suddenness of the attack left me speechless. I squirmed and fidgetted, trying to think of some painless way of saying no. He forestalled me. "Come", he said, "Let's get off the street" -- and he led me into a nearby florist shop. That gave me time to get my breath back and I stuttered something about not having change. The florist - damn him! - beamed obligingly and split a ten spot. My pal flicked one of the fives out of my fingers, shook me by the hand perfunctorily and started for the door. That brought me to life. "Here!" I said. "When do I get that back?"

"Oh yes!" he said. "Where are you staying?" I gave him my hotel and room number. He had a hard time suppressing a giggle as he took it down on the back of an envelope. "I'll have it there by nine tonight", he said, as he breezed out into the crowded street.

I continued on my way, dazed and depressed. Who was he? He had given me a name, of course, but it meant nothing to me. Who the dickens was he? That face! I'd had some association with it, but where? Some pal of World War I? Not likely, for my memory of that period is fairly clear. Events of the hurried intervening years of peace are more hazy. I had a horrible feeling that I'd been played for a sucker. This looked like someone else's turn to laugh. I remembered Ed Sparks and the quick talking youngster who made him turn a crank on a box to recharge the lightning rods on his house and barn at two dollars and fifty cents per rod. And old Aunt Ellen, who tried to equal the exploits of King Tut by preserving her numerous and prominent bones to all eternity by putting them in a glass coffin, bought on sample, which turned out to be a coffin shaped cigarette holder that some macabre minded glass manufacturer was selling cheap to get off his shelves. The

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## The Duchess of the North

*There are kings of the sea and queens of the fleet,  
And princes of noble birth,  
But the greatest of these in all the seas,  
Is "The Duchess of the North".*

*Her title she earned and her title she holds,  
And none may say her naye;  
For early and late she rules the Strait,  
And the whole of the Hudson Bay.*

*She rules her sea and she rules her land,  
And her voice is mighty and clear,  
"In the Northern Sea I'm the D.O.T.,  
You need now have no fear".*

*She's old and tough, though not too old,  
And her heart is strong and true;  
She's really no lass, alas, alas,  
But she's dear to her captain and crew.*

*She is friend of white man and native alike,  
And serves them equally well;  
She'll charge you no fare to go after the Pere  
To save you from going to hell.*

*So she makes her rounds, good weather and bad,  
Plowing her own frigid sea,  
And showing her keel to walrus and seal,  
And merely a sniff for the old H.B.C.*

*She holds her own, and a good bit more,  
With Arctic ice and floe;  
By night or day she makes her way,  
Where some others dare not go.*

*Thus guards she all her vast domain,  
From spring until the fall,  
With haughty mien, (though tanks are lean),  
She watches over all.*

*Mayhap some day, though far from now,  
We'll know her for her worth,  
When folk acclaim her work and fame,  
"The Duchess of the North".*

*Ah Shades of Hudson, Davis, Foxe,  
Frobisher and Payne,  
Get on your feet, prepare to greet.  
The old "N.B. McLean".*

# D O T REPORTERS

## GLEANINGS FROM GANDER

Number one in the list of social and sporting activities at Gander during the winter is bowling. More teams than ever were entered in the two leagues this year and the total now stands at twenty in the men's league and twenty-four in the mixed league. Typical of the expansion were the seven Met. teams up from last year's six. Commercial Caterers made their presence known with an application for three teams as against none last year and the Elks who were also unrepresented during 1953-54 now have two entries. As a result of all this interest the playing season has been extended and a new roll-off set up.

Basketball is again in season at Gander and this time five teams are competing. The fact that, under RCAF auspices, the former drill hall will now be heated all winter has proven very advantageous to this league, since formerly the season had to be split up with a recess during the coldest months. Badminton players are happy, too, since they also had to discontinue activities during the heart of the winter last year whereas they now plan a full season's play.

The RCAF has contributed greatly to the social life at 'The Crossroads' by their numerous dances and bingo parties. One well attended event was the semi-formal they recently sponsored in the drill hall. The hall lost much of its usual drabness under the colorful decorations the boys worked so hard at arranging.

A press club has recently been formed in Gander. Members include the reporting staff of the St. John's papers and the staff of the local CBC station. Also active is a dramatic group which has had considerable success with its radio plays and readings.

Completing the round-up of activity in the Gander Met office is bridge. Enthusiasm for this game had reached a new high in the office. Even those few who are not yet devotees are constantly hearing of THE HAND last night. Most addicted are Con Sutherland, Alec Chisholm, Al Evenson, Steven Nickleva, Al Parry and Gord Gee.

Plans are underway to convert the drill hall to a hockey arena complete with artificial ice plant and all the trimmings. This move was necessitated by the imminent destruction of the hangar presently known as Gander Gardens. It will make way for the new terminal to be erected next spring. Many other buildings will also be removed from that site and their occupants are expected to move to the new town. The Royal Bank, the Drug store, the Radio Shop, the Co-op, and a new outfit called the Red and White stores, all have plans for spring construction in the town. Meanwhile the dry goods store has already opened its new branch there, and a garage conveniently located where the town touches the new Trans-Canada Highway is rapidly nearing completion.

## CHRISTMAS

Christmas parties especially for the children were well attended this year as usual and any child who attended them all found himself caught up in a junior social whirl rivalling that of any metropolis. Santa managed to attend most of these events but the pressure of his numerous commitments must be telling on the old boy for on at least one occasion he abandoned his reindeer to arrive by helicopter.

The Met Office didn't let the season go by without at least a few decorations in the office the center of which was a miniature Xmas tree displayed to full advantage on a rotating platform. The fact that the same platform did not relinquish its normal prosaic function as whirling dervish and file did not detract too much from its Christmas look.

R. T. Duquet

## MONTREAL



Mr. Blondeau, DCAS., cuts the tape at the ceremony which officially opened the Cartierville Garage.

### CARTIERVILLE GARAGE - Official Opening.

The Airport Manager, Paul E. Boileau, and his staff at Cartierville are to be congratulated on the impressive ceremony which they staged for the official opening of the Cartierville Garage on December 28 last.

Mr. Boileau opened the proceedings by welcoming the guests and paying tribute to those who made the new garage possible, after which he called upon J.L. Blondeau, District Controller, to cut the ribbon and declare the garage open.

Following this ceremony, the assembled group, which included the garage and airport staff, representatives from District Headquarters, Canadair, and other tenants of the field, were treated to refreshments, supplied by the employees themselves, with contributions from Canadair, Curtiss-Reid Flying Services Ltd., Laurentide Aviation Limited, and the Montreal Flying Club. The table, complete with Christmas tree, was set up and arranged by G. Laurin, Senior Airport Mechanic.

Mr. Blondeau also drew the names of the two lucky prize winners, G. Deslauriers and Mrs. P. Legault.

## CHRISTMAS

The annual Christmas Party, put on by the Montreal District Air Services Club in the Fire Hall, was well attended by the members and their guests. Under the guiding hand of Mme. d'Avignon, the Hall presented a festive appearance, and there was lots of space for dancing.

The Chairman, Paul Labelle, was able to collect an impressive array of attendance prizes, including a turkey, which was won, very appropriately, by Mme. d'Avignon. After the drawing and distribution of the prizes by District Controller J.L. Blondeau, the crowd proceeded to spoil the beautiful appearance of the tables of food, provided by special arrangement by Air Chef Ltd., who also provided the turkey.

The spirit of Christmas was everywhere, but particularly in the vicinity of Stan Hall, who presided over the bar. Thanks for the success of the party go to the hard-working Chairman and Committee, to the Chief Security Officer for the use of the Fire Hall, and to the friends of the Department of whose good wishes there was tangible evidence on the prize table.

C.H. Skelton



Club President Frank Hale keeps a watchful eye on the prizes.

## EDMONTON

HOME OF THE EDMONTON ESKIMOS FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS OF CANADA

The District Office and Airport personnel thoroughly enjoyed the annual Christmas Party held on December 23rd. The DOT Social Club and the office girls who assisted are to be congratulated on the success of the party where "Chef" George Tingey served a turkey supper, and "bar-tender" Jack Morris served refreshments. Good music was provided. Altogether it was a wonderful party.

A letter, written by a Chinese from Shanghai, in applying for a job with a Canadian advertising firm, was received as follows:

"I am Wang. It is for my personal benefit that I write to ask for a position in your honourable firm.

"I have a flexible brain that will adapt itself to your business and in consequence bring good efforts to your honourable selves. My education was impressed upon me in the Nan King University in which place I graduated number one. I can drive a typewriter with good noise and my English is great.

"My references are of the good, and should hope to see me they will be read by you with great pleasure.

"My last job has left itself from me, for the good reason that the large man had died. It was on account of no fault of mine.

"So honourable Sires, what about it? If I can be of big use to you, I will arrive on some date that you should guess."

## W.M. DOWLING

W. M. Dowling, Technical Officer, Air Services, died in his sleep at his hotel in Red Deer, Alberta, on the morning of December 1st. "Bill" was working at the Penhold Airport at the time. His untimely death ended service with the Construction Division dating back to 1940 and the wartime rush of airport surveys and construction in the old Lethbridge District.

Bill Dowling was born at Gays River, Nova Scotia, on January 17th, 1892; coming West at an early age, he was associated with several prominent railroad engineers in the survey and construction of early Western railroads. He served in England, France, Belgium and Russia with the Canadian Army during the first World War. On discharge from the Army in 1919 Bill remained in Nova Scotia where he was employed on miscellaneous survey and construction projects until he returned West in 1936 to work as Instrument Man with the Department of Mines and Resources at Banff, Alberta. From there he transferred to the Department of Transport in June, 1940, and since then he has run surveys and supervised construction on the vast majority of airports in the Edmonton District. He was married in Nova Scotia before returning West and is survived by his wife, Susan, one son Wayne 17, and one daughter Margaret 13, all living in Calgary.

Though quiet and unassuming, he made friends wherever his duties carried him, and was highly respected throughout the District generally as well as among his colleagues in the Engineering Section. He was buried in the "Field of Honour" in Calgary on December 3rd with members of the Engineering Section acting as pallbearers and the D.C.A.S. and other staff members attending.

As Bill's flag-draped coffin was lowered to the grave the "Last Post" was sounded and the sun dipped behind the Rockies from whence came a gentle chinook wind on a perfect winter afternoon. Those who attended were awed by the grandeur of the setting, a fitting resting place for one whose unsung contribution to the development of this land was to spend a lifetime tramping far and wide through it with a transit on his back.

Wesley Stanton

## WINNIPEG DISTRICT

Jim Rauscher, President of the Winnipeg DOTRA, who has spent the best part of seven months in hospital, is expected home shortly and, if all goes well, will be back on the job shortly thereafter.

Jim has been in Deer Lodge Military Hospital most of the time.

## WINNIPEG STAFF PARTY BIG SUCCESS

The second annual staff Xmas party held on December 15th at the Legion Hall, St. Vital, saw approximately 150 persons join in the entertainment, under the direction of Sir William Saniuk, Master of Merriment and Good Cheer. Numerous spot dance prizes were presented, recipients included DSA Dave Glen, Engineer Mark Gordon, Jim Care and wife.

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Winnipeg continued from page 7

**CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY**

Another large gathering of children, 297 in all, attended the annual Xmas party of the Winnipeg DOTRA, on December 11th.

To the strains of "Jingle Bells", old Santa bounded into the room and proceeded to capture the imaginations of the little folk with his hearty manner and of course -- gifts of all kinds, plus candy and oranges.

Santa made a presentation of a gift to Miss Alice M. Foster in appreciation of her efforts to make this annual affair the great success it has always been.

Movies were shown to the kiddies and refreshments were later served.

**REGINA RAMBLINGS**

The Regina DOT curlers got in 2 or 3 fine exhibition games before Christmas, and things are shaping up for a good league in the New Year. The four rinks that played in December were skipped by: Al "Boom Boom" Groombridge (Engineers) Ernie "Eagle-Eye" Brown (Radio Rangers), Charlie "Hot-Shot" Hunt (Meteos), Burleigh "Bonspiel" Townsend (Civavn).

**OTTAWA**

Instead of a large DOT Christmas party this year, various branches held their own little intimate get-togethers. A photographer was around the Canals Services party to give us a few of these shots of merry-making. Photographer was Harry Pyle.



**HAVING FUN!**

Mary Gordon, Harry Pyle  
Mrs. Burnside, Mr. Betournay

**FOR A CHRISTMAS SING SONG.**

- Paulette Hupe
- J.N. Betournay
- Mrs. H.M. Campbell
- Mrs. R. L'Heureux
- Mrs. A. Laverdure
- Frank Reynolds
- Armand Laverdure
- Rene L'Heureux



Mrs. L. Clark  
Doug. Quirt  
Larry Clark  
Don Farmer  
Audrey Ketterer



← Mary Gordon and Harry Pyle

Radio Op. Greg Leitch is back in Regina Range, after his tour in the Arctic. He came out of Coral Harbour this summer to take his leave and do a short term at Lakehead before coming to Regina.

**NORTH BATTLEFORD**

North Battleford may not be the only Radio Range office to boast an outside Xmas tree but we sure had a pretty one. The idea was hatched in the inimitable brain of one Op. A. Begg. The project was undertaken by Alex of the Radio Range, Bob Beattie and Andy Quinn (Civavn) and our great man Fred Storshaw (CPA); these boys scrounging lights and shiny do-dads from every conceivable place. Very nice work, chaps ... it really added colour to the Xmas cheer. Now if we could only have that "bad-weather" man, Mitchell, turn on a little snow we could have had a white Xmas. We'll rile Mitch up to this next year.

Joe McNeice of Winnipeg Met Office recently completed a course in Human Relations, and when his chief, Mel Robertson (D. Met) was being asked about said course, he remarked that it was unnecessary to take the course himself owing to the fact that most of his relatives were human ....

from "Spotlight" Winnipeg District News Sheet

**Ottawa cont'd**

The Civil Aviation Bowling League finished the first half of its schedule in the middle of December, with the Vampires, Bob Glass - Captain, on the top of the league. Members of his team are Misses B. Alexander, and P. Maloughney; Mr. L. Logan, H. Smith, D. Griffin.

Margaret Turnbull took all the honours for the women winning the high cross 742, the high single 289 and high average 189.

Mr. L. Brunette won the high single for the men 365 and tied with M. Blonar 819 for the high cross. P. Pemberton, 233 won the high average for the men.

**VANCOUVER DISTRICT**

**PRINCE-GEORGE**

The Airport Sports & Social Club held a most enjoyable dance in the Clubhouse, on Saturday, February 12. Eighty members and friends enjoyed themselves in the attractive dance hall, which was decorated in the Valentine motif.

Guests of honour were Mr. & Mrs. Ken Thomson, Mr. & Mrs. R.G. Savage and Mr. Earl Zilkie.

Ken Thomson, our Airport Manager, left on February 14, to accept a position as Superintendent with the City Construction Co., with headquarters in Victoria. Ken and Mary received a gift of two lovely blankets from members and friends, and they were wished every success in their new venture.

Bob Savage, of the nearby Experimental Farm, will leave soon to become Superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Farm at Smithers, B.C. Bob and Edith were presented with a silver serving tray, and the good wishes of Club members and friends go with these former Club members.

Earl Zilkie, who leaves the end of February for Vancouver, is with the Meteorological staff, and will be missed by his many friends around Prince George. Earl received an electric shaver as a remembrance from his working associates.





W.H.McDowell WRW.Smith J.P.Lumb M.R.Jensen G.Vallance N.Hadley JWA.Robertson M.Martin F.Keller R.Thicke



A staff of 18 operators in Vancouver Aeradio, maintain round-the-clock operations, keeping the circuits humming with broadcasts, morse code operations and teletype machines singing out their strange noises to many parts of the land. This all combines to give the on-looker a mystic weird feeling of wonderment as these mystery men give direction and instruction to the men who fly the airways.

The photos shown on the page are from a Christmas Card made up by the staff of Vancouver Aeradio.

**N. Hadley** is Officer in Charge of the Vancouver Aeradio Station. Norm has been with the Department for about 30 years and has served both in Radio Marine and Radio Aviation. His services as a radio operator, radio technician and Officer in Charge fits him very well for the present position. Efficiency is not a by-word with Norm, it is a must at all times.

**Glen Vallance, Martin Jensen and Jack LUMB** are wizards on the technical end, servicing netarious types of strange equipment in order to keep the "gear" on the air at all times. Their job can be mighty interesting, except when they get sporadic calls to turn out from their warm beds to service equipment in the small hours of the morning, due to a breakdown. **Bob Thicke and Bill McDowell** are lending a hand with the technical duties at the present time.

**J.W.A. Robertson**, best known as Robbie (a Scotchman with a good bur-r-r) is a shift supervisor. His eagle eye and longstanding experience around the station makes him the veteran operator of the station. "Robbie" is good-humoured and has a friendly word for all. He likes to talk of "the old days" when on the ships and past service in the Radio Marine and when Vancouver was a five man station.

**Maurie Martin**, a shift supervisor, brother to Hon. E. Martin, Minister of Health in the BC Government, will impress you with his affable manner and skill in performing his duties. Maurie formerly served in the Ferry Command, Radio operating on ferry bombers across the Atlantic.

**Freddie Keller**, shift supervisor, young and cheerful looking has plenty of whiskers (seniority) in the Air Services and can be depended upon to carry his weight with the rest of the staff in the performance of their duties. Freddie has a great yen for watch repairing and makes sure things are right on the second wherever he goes.

**Operators Davis, Miller, Trafford, Carter, Lot, Lockett, Lawler, Bromley, Saunders, Strong, Rogers and Smith**, can boast a total of about 50 years service at Port Hardy Radio Range. The least we can say of their experience at that station was that they came out a whole lot wiser than when they went in. Jack Trafford is wearing his earphones "cans" to show us how much he loves morse code. "No foolin" he is a genius, both sending and receiving. He is also a photographer of no mean worth.

**Pierre Guinness**. This staff member is a live wire. To him goes all the credit for the print, having taken time out to get the boys together for the picture episode. He is a man of many callings though never gets away from the original calling of a radio operator. Pierre is a rather unique character since he can play "tunes on balloons". After blowing up a fair sized balloon at the District Office, he amused us all by playing "Home Sweet Home" by controlling the release of the air. Pierre's ambition is to become a Personnel Officer - someday. Pierre also has his Medallion Instructor's First Aid Certificate.

**Maurice Mercer** has a Commercial Pilot's Licence and likes a good fly in the air for relaxation and a change of altitude to that of the stuffy radio range office. He likes to work with model railroads and can give you a few pointers.

**Operator Partington** has several years service and is looking forward to a transfer to the new Terrace Range. Actually, he can't figure out why we have not let him out of Vancouver before this. He'll have to learn that Ranges don't grow like mushrooms, they take many months to build especially when the weather and road conditions are against you up in that part of the country. He was a former deepsea operator, sailing latterly on the oil tankers out of the Persian Gulf, but he finally swallowed the anchor for a more "reserved and dignified" job as radio operator in the DOT.

**Tommy Lawler** will be transferring to Patricia Bay Radio soon and it will be just another one of the routine transfers for Tommy, since joining the DOT in 1942. This time he will be bringing his wife with him.

**Jack Davis** is a steady operator, married with two children. He is conversant with world affairs and can give you a great deal of information along these lines. Served on a troop carrying ship in the Mediterranean during the war.

Altogether, the staff go to make up an ambitious group of lads who are there to do a good job and do it with the least trouble to all concerned as they keep tab on the aircraft movements over CPA routes to the interior of British Columbia and Alberta, to Honolulu, to Tokyo, to Mexico and elsewhere, as well as other airlines that use the Vancouver Aeradio facilities.

W. A. Boyd



J.Rogers J.Davis D.Miller J.Trafford H.Lathwell E.Robb P.Guinness F.Carter M.Mercer W.Doherty



D.Lot K.Lockett C.Horn T.Lawler C.Bromley J.Waybourne H.Adams R.Saunders J.Partington H.Strong

# When the Lights Go Out

When the ice gathers on the St. Lawrence river, closing it for navigation, lights are no longer needed to guide the mariners. The lightkeepers can then go home for several months. This is a story in pictures of their homeward journey in the "d'Iberville", powerful icebreaker.



1 & 2 The "d'Iberville" sends out a tender to bring the lightkeepers in from Bricquette Island. The tender is drawn to the deck of the icebreaker by the ship's derrick. Keeper Ernest Thibault and his two sons Jean and Maurice bring back with them a collection of rabbits. It was bitterly cold and the three men greatly appreciated the warmth of their duffle coats.

3 & 4 A four-months stay at Red Island ended for Gilbert Fraser when the tender set out across the water to pick him up. Inside his comfortable cabin on the "d'Iberville", Mr. Fraser proudly shows his growth of hair which has accumulated during his stay at the lighthouse. He said the long hair was quite comfortable in the wind which has been sweeping across the island.

5 & 6 Last call before arriving at Quebec City. At Cape Dog, the "d'Iberville" tender picks up Kelly Guerin.

## RETIREMENT

On January the staff of Marine Services, presentated A.B. Carswell, of Aids to Navigation with a leather chair to honour his retirement. The Director of Marine Services made a presentation speech and the chair was presented by his immediate chief W.J. Manning, chief of Aids to Navigation. Mrs. Lalonde presented Mrs. Carswell with a corsage.

Mr. Carswell first entered the Department of Railways and Canals in 1930 as a draughtsman, becoming in 1943 engineering assistant in

the Aids to Navigation Branch of the Marine Service. He retired in August 1954 on deferred superannuation to go into business for himself.

WHAT NEXT? continued from page 5

salesman did a brisk business in the community and then moved out of our lives to let his victims meditate on the vanity that would snatch even at eternity. Was I going into that class?

Two blocks further on the truth stung me. I remembered who he was. Yes! That was where I had seen him! Skulking in the shadows of the recessed store window ten minutes ago, while the Minister shook my hand and called me Ernie, and his secretary kidded me about my bad memory.

I laughed and swore in one breath, yet I felt important too. I had discovered a new racket - new to me at least. What a nerve the man had and what a born actor! I envied his ability and ready wit and even more of his brassy courage.

Yet, ruminating later in the hotel lobby as I waited forlornly for my five spot, I took some consolation from the thought that, dumb as I was, I could afford the trifling loss, and clever as he was, he undoubtedly lived in a chronic state of need. Even at that, I could spit in his eye cheerfully.

But what really worries me is, what next? At this rate I could easily spit in the eye of the wrong man, say a cabinet minister, who might not be so nice to me thereafter.



## "BALLOON LIFT"

Feeding a man on top of a 150 foot chimney by means of a weather balloon "lift" is not exactly in the list of duties for DOT's meteorologists but this may be experience classed as "other related duties".

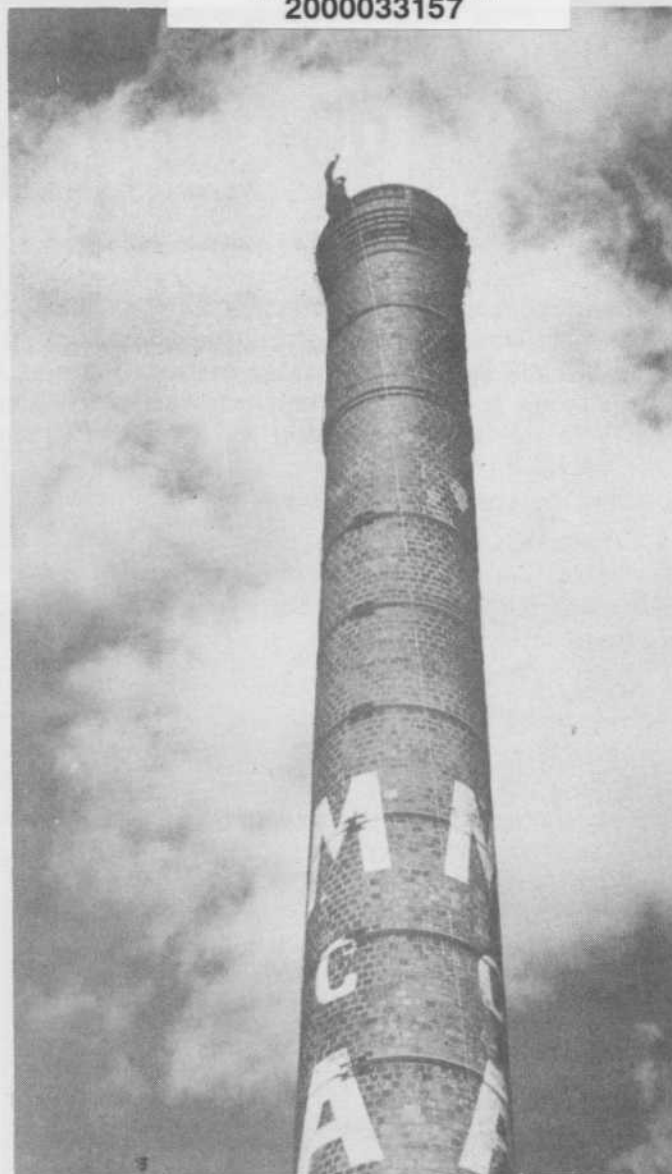
About nine o'clock on a hot August morning, Fred J. Esson of a Toronto firm of chimney inspectors began his ascent inside a tall chimney at the industrial plant of McAvity and Sons, Saint John, N.B., to inspect the brickwork reported in poor condition. One thing he forgot to inspect before he started was the metal ladder. As he neared the top, the ladder began to give way at his feet and he was barely able to scramble to safety on a ledge at the top of the chimney.

After several hours, it became a bit uncomfortable on top of the chimney sitting on shaky hot bricks without any protection from the fly ash and the heat of the sun. His eyes were swollen and burning. Mr. Esson's serious situation soon attracted the crowds and many ideas were explored to find a way to get him down from his perch. Policemen and firemen appeared helpless, the ladder of the fire department being only 80 feet. A "lift" of some description seemed the answer. It was here that DOT's weathermen came to the rescue with a balloon lift, possibly the first time the weather balloons have been used for such an emergency. A new phrase "balloon lift" was added to those now widely used in mercy operations, "air lift" and "airdrop".

J.B. MacPherson, meteorologist OIC Saint John airport considered a balloon lift a very likely method of helping the stranded man. With aid from the fire department, the weathermen moved the hydrogen equipment for filling the balloons to the scene. After several experiments to determine the proper weight and number of balloons required, a nylon cord was attached to the balloons and was raised to Mr. Esson. From the weather balloons he was able to get his lunch, received a set of goggles and a helmet to protect his eyes and also his head from the heat of the sun.

The rescuers then prepared a means of descent by attaching a large cord to the balloon and a safety belt by which he could lower himself to a ladder half way down the chimney. Word then came that a helicopter was flying to the rescue. Although it meant another two hours aloft, the condition of the brickwork at the top made Mr. Esson leave the rope for use only as a last resort.

At five o'clock the helicopter arrived and the inspector scrambled into a basket lowered from the 'copter. From 9 to 5 Mr. Esson had been perched on a hot brick with a fine view of the city but not in a position to appreciate it.



Mr. Esson on chimney, with nylon cord from balloon lift visible.

(Photo left below)

Chief of Police J.J. Oakes and Firemen assisting the Met. sending the balloons up the chimney.

**MEN BEHIND THE WEATHER** continued from page 4  
with a radio direction finder, located in the dome of the station building. From observations taken, the position of the jet stream is located and velocity recorded. When recordings are completed, the radiosonde technicians compute the information, code it and relay it to main centres. The forecaster carries on from there.

The Maniwaki rawinsonde station is staffed by three radiosonde technicians who live in a nearby housing development, located on the banks of the Gatineau river. They are:-

Harry J. McCabe, Officer in Charge, a native of Cork, Ireland, whose home town is St. Catharines, Ont. He has had wide experience in Arctic stations and his tour of duties include Frobisher, Clyde River, Fort Smith and Gander as well as the more populated centres of Toronto, Ottawa and Edmonton.

J.L. LaFranchise of Montreal. He has helped to establish the joint Canada-United States Arctic weather stations at Alert and Isachsen and has seen duty at weather stations located at Frobisher, Resolute, Great White River, Baker Lake and The Pas.

J.L. Leslie, a native of Paisley, near Lindsay, Ont., has not had any Arctic experience. His tour of duty has taken him to Whitehorse, Ottawa and Toronto.

# Patterson Honoured Wins His Own Medal

Dr. John Patterson, O.B.E., 83, who retired from the position of Controller of the Canadian Meteorological Service in 1946, received the award of the first Patterson medal at a presentation dinner in Hart House March 1 attended by more than fifty of his former staff and colleagues. The medal was specially designed and cast in silver by the Royal Canadian Mint. It will be given annually to the Canadian resident who is judged to have made the most outstanding contribution through distinguished service to meteorology.

Dr. Patterson is internationally known for his many improvements in meteorological instruments, but he is best known in Canada for his long record of effective and untiring service as Canada's leading Weatherman.

Doctor Patterson became Controller of the Canadian Meteorological Service in 1929; and, when he retired in 1946 at 74, he had guided Canada's Weather Service through an unprecedented period of growth and strain. The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan placed heavy demands on Canada's Weather Service, forcing the number of



Dr. Patterson reminiscing about his experiences in meteorology in Canada and India. Mrs. (Dr.) Patterson wears the "Kaiser-e-Hind" medal awarded to her by India for her splendid work in fighting the plague in that country.

forecasting meteorologists up from fifty in 1939 to over three hundred by the end of the war, while the number of forecast offices grew from six to almost fifty.

In presenting the medal, Andrew Thomson, who succeeded Dr. Patterson as Controller of the Canadian Meteorological Service, spoke of his active membership in many international and Canadian societies, and of his keen, personal interest and leadership in the World Meteorological Organization.

The award is given, Mr. Thomson said, for work done at any time during the life of the recipient in any field of meteorology, such as instrument design, communications, research, forecasting or public relations. He told his listeners how Doctor Patterson had made contributions in each of these fields, and that his work had been internationally recognized by the granting of life fellowships in both the Royal Meteorological Society and the American Meteorology Society.

Doctor Patterson joined the Canadian Weather Service in 1910, where his inventive genius and organizing ability led to the design of a series of instruments able to perform under rugged Canadian weather conditions. His Patterson barometer became the Canadian standard; the four-cup anemometer formerly used has been replaced by the present three-cup type largely as a result of his studies, and instruments for measuring and recording the weather aloft were designed and developed for attachment to kites and balloons.



Andrew Thomson ( L ) presenting medal to Dr. Patterson.

### AT THE BANQUET TO HONOUR DR. PATTERSON

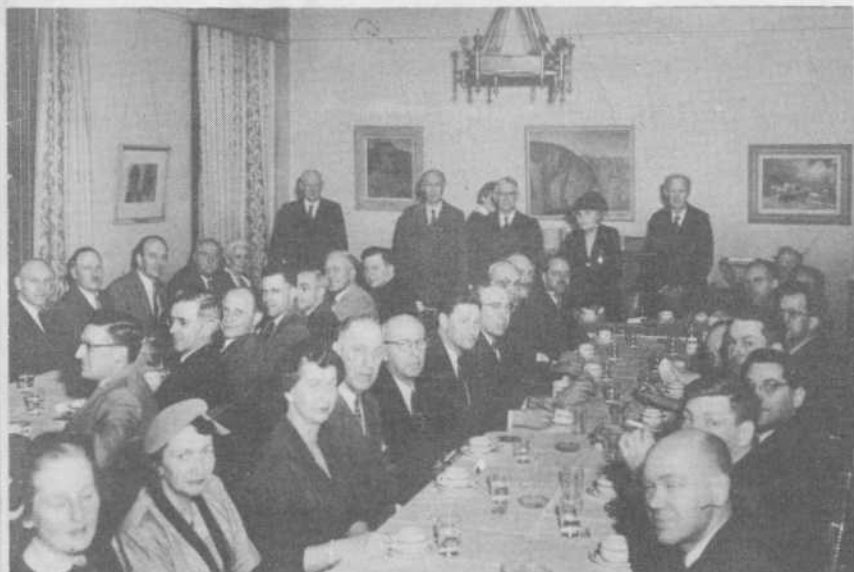
Head Table—Standing—L. to R.  
Dr. L. Gilchrist, Dr. John Patterson, Andrew Thomson, Mrs. J. Patterson Dr. John Satterley

Seated by rows L.toR.  
1. Dr. A.E.R. Westman  
P.D. McTaggart-Cowan  
Dr. J.T. Wilson  
Dr. H.J.C. Ireton  
Mrs. E.M. Walker

2. K.A. Hignell  
D.G. McCormick  
D.G. Black  
A.H. Lamont  
P.T. Upton  
P.W. Benuw  
H.H. Bindon

3. Miss M.D. Stephens  
Miss E.M. Kelly  
Miss M.M. Skinner  
E.B. Chilcott  
K.B. Fox  
G.A. Fozard  
A.J. Childs  
C.C. Boughner  
T.B. Elliott  
J.R.H. Noble

4. J.G. Potter  
G.R. Kendall  
B.V.S. Cudbird  
M.K. Thomas  
F. Turnbull  
C.M. Penner  
K.T. McLeod  
Mrs. A. Thomson  
Dr. E. M. Walker



### COVER STORY

Little Candy Lantinga, two year old daughter of Saba Lantinga, Inspector of Airways, recently arrived at headquarters from Edmonton, stands among the skis and ski poles outside the lodge at Camp Fortune in the Gatineau Hills of Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. Lantinga are both skiers so perhaps it won't be long before Candy tries out her own.

Camp Fortune is only an hour's drive from Ottawa. Unusually heavy snowfall this year has made conditions on the ski trails excellent almost every week-end, gratifying to the many enthusiasts in the Department.

Dominion Wide Photo.