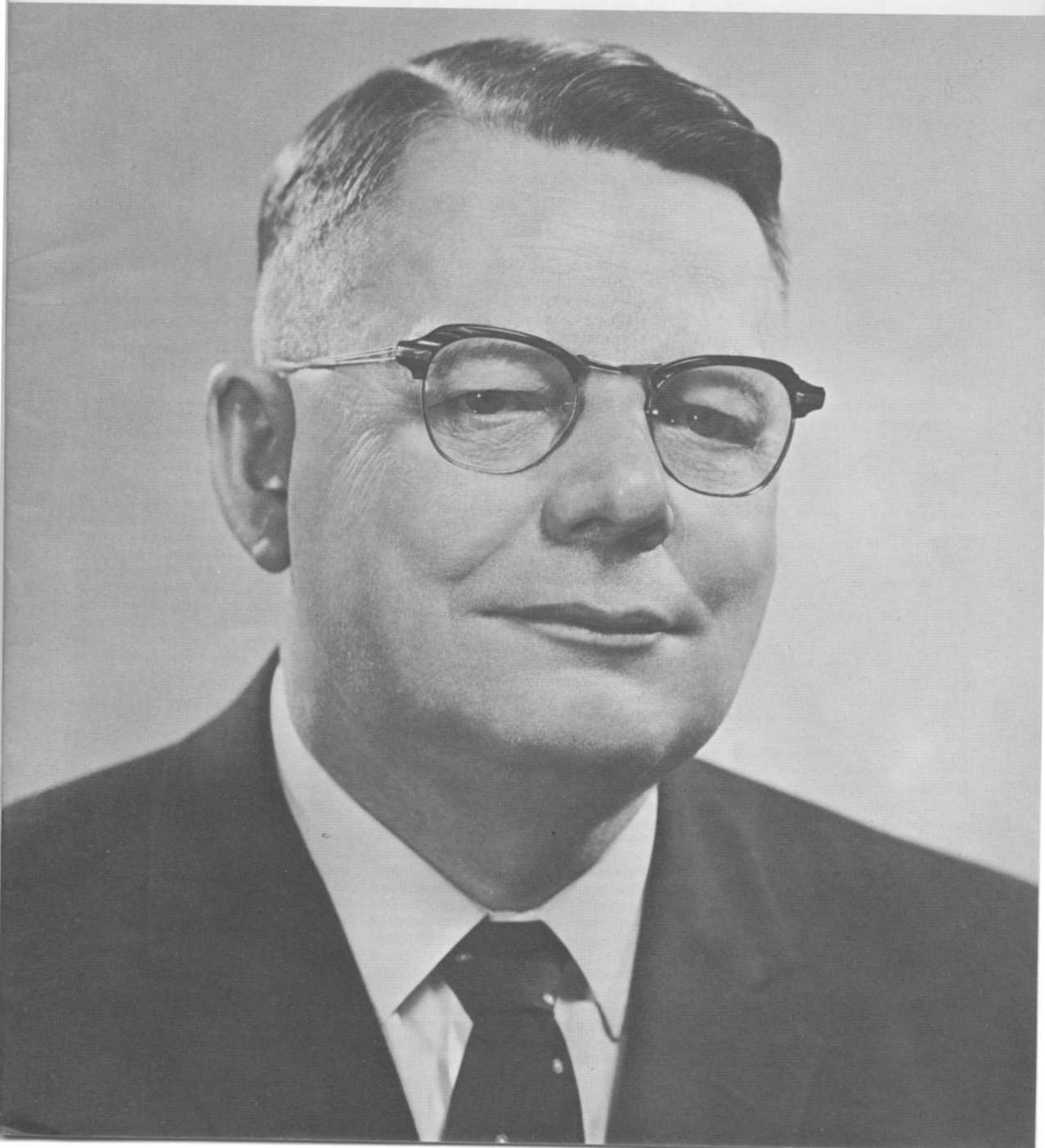
news on the dot

march–april 1964



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news on the dot

CONTENTS

COVER

Honourable J. W. Pickersgill, ninth Minister of Transport.

EDITOR *Yvonne McWilliam*

NEWS ON THE DOT *is a Department of Transport staff magazine published under the authority of the Minister, Hon. J. W. Pickersgill, by the Information Services Division.*

ROGER DUHAMEL, F.R.S.C., QUEEN'S PRINTER AND CONTROLLER OF STATIONERY, OTTAWA, 1964

"We want an answer"

News on the DOT is produced in the department's information services division. But it is only a small part of our work. As the public relations division of the department, it is our job to write articles, prepare press releases, brochures and pamphlets, arrange ceremonies for ship launchings, airport openings, etc. It is also our job to answer queries from the public, which include what seems like bagsful of requests from students.

These students, it seems, are given homework assignments by their teachers and the magnitude of some of these assignments is astounding. Teacher often expects Johnny or Mary to research the history of transportation from the wheel to the space capsule by next Tuesday at 9:00 a.m. And what do Johnny or Mary do—they write to us!

Unfortunately, your editor didn't have the foresight to retain all of these "gems" for your enjoyment but a few received in the last few weeks follow. Read them and then, perhaps, you'll be able to sympathize with this office when News On The DOT is late, when you gleefully spot a typographical error, or when you receive a garbled reply to a perfectly sensible letter you sent us.

JANICE FROM DES MOINES, IOWA wrote:

"Would you please send me all the information on Canada that you can. This is for school. If you can't please send me a letter telling me you can't. Just send me some pictures and a map.

THANK YOU."

MARCEL FROM MONTREAL wanted "*by return mail, publications regarding ship used by prehistorical men up to the most modern ships and their description in French.*"

He thanked us in advance!

ONE YOUNGSTER FROM GHANA wanted to be sure we knew what he wanted:

"Dear Sir/With love and gratitude to put my determination into action today. The reason why words have been pour on this paper is beging you to kindly mail me some of your 1964 catalogues, post-cards and some attractive maps about Canada Aircraft. I should be more grateful if you receive these letter. Please if you receive this letter try as much as possible and send me some of your 1964 catalogues post-card and attractive map. Please I want you to kindly mail me some more pictures about aircraft. Please I have nothing to say but hereing to you soon. Please don't forgot me and send me more catalogues post-cards and attractive maps. Send herewith much hope to you and the best in 1964".

Had we replied to Assiama in Ghanian, no doubt he would never have understood that we have nothing in the way of 1964 catalogues, post-cards or attractive maps, so we wrote to aircraft manufacturers and asked them to send him some material.

But this last request was completely out of our element:

DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORT,
OTTAWA, ONTARIO.

GENTLEMEN:

Please send me the current collection of "Bird Pictures", which I understand your department is offering.

These pictures will be used in a public school, for instructional purposes.

This wasn't from Johnny or Mary—it was from Teacher!

John Whitney Pickersgill

"Those close to him say he has a quick wit, a brilliant and subtle mind, and a great capacity for work. They also say to a man that he is a great guy."

So wrote Tom Ardies, Vancouver Sun parliamentary correspondent, in June, 1963 of Transport's new minister, John Whitney Pickersgill.

Born in Ontario, raised in Manitoba, and representing a Newfoundland riding in Parliament, Mr. Pickersgill has spent almost all of his working years in the service of Canada. He has been Canada's top civil servant, a confidant of two Prime Ministers and, from 1958 to 1962, he shouldered a good deal of the load of opposing the largest government majority in the nation's history.

While doing the latter he also found time to write and publish "The Mackenzie King Record", an authoritative work of the former Prime Minister's years from 1939 to his death. (As the size of the volume grew, Mr. Pickersgill decided to split the period into two volumes. The second has not yet been published.) He is also the author of a 146-page book entitled "The Liberal Party", published in English in 1962, and, in abridged form, in French in 1963.

The King Record has undoubtedly been his biggest non-parliamentary pursuit, and befits his training as an historian and the trust placed in him as one of Mr. King's four literary executors.

It was the former prime minister himself who realized the potential of Mr. Pickersgill, then 32, back in 1937. Awarded the highest marks in the External Affairs examinations on his entry into the civil service that year, the ex-history lecturer found himself seconded to the prime minister's office almost immediately.

The decision to give up eight years seniority as a lecturer at Wesley College (now United College) at the University of Manitoba was a wise one. Typically, Mr. Pickersgill has a no-nonsense explanation of his decision to leave academic life: "I was married and wasn't making enough money."

Shortly after the move to Ottawa the minister's first wife, Beatrice Landon Young, daughter of Dr. F. A. Young of Winnipeg, died on January 17, 1938. Mr. Pickersgill married his present wife, Mary Margaret Beattie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Beattie of Winnipeg, in 1939. They have four children: Jane, Peter, Alan and Ruth and live at 550 Maple Lane East, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa. They have a summer residence at Traytown, B.B., Newfoundland.

During those first years in Ottawa Mr. Pickersgill worked incredibly long hours. Mr. King being a bachelor never really understood why anybody ever had to go home from the office at night. A Press Gallery reporter of another political persuasion has written: "Ottawa civil servants knew better than the MP's the interminable labors thrust upon him by Prime Minister Mackenzie King. . . They (the press) also knew him (Mr. Pickersgill) as an ornament of the public service, his delicate handling of difficult personalities and his ability to get done the things he wanted."

The culmination of Mr. Pickersgill's career in the civil service was his appointment on June 2, 1952 as Clerk of the Privy Council—the highest ranking job in government service—and as secretary to the cabinet. One year and 10 days later he was invited by former Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent to join his cabinet as Secretary of State. Less than two months later, August 10, 1953, the electors of Bonavista-Twillingate gave him a 7,508 majority and a seat in Parliament. They have given him similar majorities in four subsequent elections.

Mr. Pickersgill is proud of his Newfoundland affiliations, and got to know his constituents by buying a 110-foot schooner for $7,500. This he sailed around the 300 miles of tortuous coastline in his riding, calling on the small fishing villages which dot the shore.

The "Millie Ford" earned her keep by hauling freight, but five years ago she was battered against the rocks at Cape Race when her diesel engine failed.

One observer of these meetings between Member of Parliament Pickersgill and his constituents described them this way:

"It's been several hundred years since they have met a politician like him. When they ask him for something he gives them one of two answers. He tells them 'yes' or he tells them, 'no'."

Mr. Pickersgill is a self-confessed partisan who has won the grudging admiration of his colleagues opposite by being an effective and incisive parliamentary debater. Knowledgeable about parliamentary rules, he plays a sharp, but fair, game within them.

Mr. Pickersgill was born at Wyecombe, Ontario on June 23, 1905, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allan Pickersgill. While he was quite young the family moved to Manitoba; first to Cartwright, and later to Ashern where his father homesteaded in 1911.

The Pickersgills were Conservative. In fact, his father chose his second name Whitney six months before he was born on the strength of Conservative Premier Sir J. P. Whitney's upset victory over the Ontario Liberals. Several speeches by Arthur Meighen changed J. W. Pickersgill's politics: "You might say I was converted to Liberalism by listening to a speech by Arthur Meighen," he has been quoted as saying. "I found I just couldn't understand his Conservatism."

Mr. Pickersgill attended Tache High School in St. Boniface, and graduated with a Bachelor of Arts from the University of Manitoba in 1926. The following year he took his Master of Arts at Manitoba and was awarded an IODE scholarship to Oxford where he specialized in history from 1927 to 1929. During five of the following eight summers he continued his postgraduate studies in Oxford and Paris while lecturing at the University of Manitoba.

Until very recently there was a legend in Ottawa that Mr. Pickersgill owned only two ties: a blue one with white spots and the striped badge of New College at Oxford. But recently he told a reporter that he actually owns a dozen in addition to his old school tie. But all of them are blue with white spots!

His lack of concern for variety of neckwear reflects similar singlemindedness when reading the newspapers: "I never read the comics, the sports pages, or the advertisements. I trained myself when very young never to see them," he has said.

John Whitney Pickersgill

«Ses proches vous diront qu'il a l'esprit vif, qu'il est doué d'une intelligence brillante et subtile et qu'il est un véritable bourreau de travail. Ils sont également unanimes à dire qu'il est un chic type.»

Voilà ce qu'écrivait en juin 1963 Tom Ardies, correspondant parlementaire du Vancouver Sun, au sujet du nouveau ministre des Transports, John Whitney Pickersgill.

Né en Ontario, élevé au Manitoba et représentant une circonscription de Terre-Neuve, M. Pickersgill a consacré la plus grande partie de ses années de travail au service du Canada. Il a occupé le plus haut poste dans le fonctionnarisme canadien, a été le confident de deux premiers ministres et, de 1958 à 1962, il a été un des principaux porte-parole de l'Opposition devant un gouvernement qui avait obtenu la plus grande majorité dans l'histoire du pays.

Tout en poursuivant son travail dans l'Opposition, il a trouvé le temps d'écrire et de publier «The Mackenzie King Record», un ouvrage qui fait autorité au sujet de l'ancien premier ministre et qui couvre la période de 1939 jusqu'à sa mort. (Comme son ouvrage devenait de plus en plus volumineux, M. Pickersgill décida de le répartir en deux volumes. Le second volume n'est pas encore publié.) Il est aussi l'auteur de l'ouvrage intitulé «The Liberal Party» qui a été publié en anglais en 1962 et condensé en français en 1963.

La rédaction du «King Record» a sans aucun doute constitué sa plus importante activité non parlementaire; c'est le fruit de sa formation comme historien et de la confiance qu'on lui a manifestée en le désignant un des quatre exécuteurs littéraires de M. King.

C'est l'ancien premier ministre lui-même qui reconnut les talents de M. Pickersgill en 1937 alors qu'il était âgé de 32 ans. Après s'être mérité les plus hautes notes aux examens des Affaires extérieures lors de son entrée à la fonction publique cette année là, l'ancien chargé de cours d'histoire a été presque immédiatement détaché auprès du bureau du premier ministre.

Sa décision de renoncer à huit années d'ancienneté comme chargé de cours au Wesley College (maintenant le United College) de l'Université du Manitoba s'est avérée sage. De façon typique, M. Pickersgill motive de manière très réaliste sa décision de quitter l'enseignement: «J'étais marié et je ne gagnais pas suffisamment d'argent».

Peu de temps après être déménagé à Ottawa, la première épouse du ministre, Beatrice Landon Young, fille du docteur F. A. Young de Winnipeg, décédait le 17 janvier 1938. En 1939, M. Pickersgill épousait Mary Margaret Beattie, son épouse actuelle, fille de M. et M^me^ J. T. Beattie de Winnipeg. Ils ont quatre enfants: Jane, Peter, Alan et Ruth, et ils habitent au 550 Maple Lane East, Rockcliffe Park, à Ottawa. Ils ont une résidence d'été à Traytown, B.B. (T.-N.).

Au cours de ses premières années à Ottawa, M. Pickersgill passait de très longues heures chaque jour à son bureau. M. King qui était célibataire n'a jamais réellement compris pourquoi quelqu'un devait quitter le bureau pour réintégrer son foyer le soir. Un membre de la Tribune des journalistes d'une autre tendance politique a écrit à son sujet: «Les fonctionnaires d'Ottawa savaient mieux que les députés quels travaux interminables lui étaient confiés par le premier ministre Mackenzie King. . . Ils (les journalistes) le connaissaient (M. Pickersgill) comme un fleuron de la fonction publique car il savait ménager les susceptibilités de chacun et arriver à son but.»

Le point culminant de la carrière de M. Pickersgill dans la fonction publique a été sa nomination, le 2 juin 1952, au poste de Greffier du Conseil privé—la position la plus élevée au service de l'État—et de Secrétaire du Cabinet. Un an et dix jours plus tard, il était invité par l'ancien premier ministre Louis Saint-Laurent à faire partie du cabinet à titre de Secrétaire d'État. Moins de deux mois plus tard, le 10 août 1953, les électeurs de Bonavista-Twillingate l'élirent au parlement par une majorité de 7,508 voix. Au cours de quatre élections subséquentes, les électeurs lui ont accordé des majorités semblables.

M. Pickersgill est fier de ses liens avec Terre-Neuve. Afin de faire connaissance avec ses commettants, il acheta un schooner de 110 pieds de longueur au prix de $7,500. Avec ce bateau il navigua les 300 milles du littoral tortueux de sa circonscription, s'arrêtant aux petits villages de pêcheurs disséminés le long des rives.

Le MILLIE FORD fit ses frais en transportant des marchandises mais, il y a cinq ans, il s'écrasa sur les rochers du cap Race par suite d'une panne de son moteur diesel.

Voici comment un observateur décrit ces rencontres entre le député Pickersgill et ses commettants:

«Il y a déjà plusieurs centaines d'années qu'ils n'ont pas vu d'homme politique comme lui. Lorsqu'ils lui demandent quelque chose, il leur répond très directement. Il leur dit «oui» ou il leur dit «non».»

M. Pickersgill, bien qu'il s'affiche ouvertement pour son parti, a forcé l'admiration de ses collègues des autres partis par l'éloquence et le mordant de ses discours en Chambre. Connaissant à fond les règles de la procédure parlementaire, il les manie avec dextérité tout en s'y conformant.

M. Pickersgill est né à Wyecombe (Ont.), le 23 juin 1905. Il est le fils de M. et M^me^ Frank Allan Pickersgill. Alors qu'il était très jeune, sa famille déménagea au Manitoba, tout d'abord à Cartwright puis à Ashern où son père devint propriétaire d'un homestead en 1911.

Les Pickersgill étaient conservateurs. En fait, son père avait choisi son second prénom, Whitney, six mois avant sa naissance, à la faveur de la victoire renversante du premier ministre conservateur Sir J. P. Whitney sur les libéraux ontariens. Plusieurs discours d'Arthur Meighen ont contribué à modifier les opinions politiques de J. W. Pickersgill. On rapporte qu'il aurait déclaré: «On peut dire que j'ai été converti au libéralisme en écoutant un discours d'Arthur Meighen. J'ai découvert que je ne pouvais tout simplement pas comprendre son conservatisme.»

M. Pickersgill a fréquenté l'école secondaire Taché de Saint-Boniface et il a obtenu son baccalauréat ès arts de l'Université du Manitoba en 1926. L'année suivante il obtint sa maîtrise ès arts à la même université et il bénéficia d'une bourse d'étude de l'IODE pour Oxford où il se spécialisa en histoire de 1927 à 1929. Au cours de cinq des huits étés suivants, il poursuivit des études postscolaires à Oxford et à Paris tout en donnant ses cours à l'Université du Manitoba.

Jusqu'à tout récemment, il existait à Ottawa une légende selon laquelle M. Pickersgill n'avait que deux cravates: une cravate bleue à pois blancs et l'insigne rayé du New College d'Oxford. Toutefois, il a confié dernièrement à un journaliste qu'il avait en fait une douzaine de cravates en plus de sa vieille cravate de collège. Elles sont cependant toutes bleues à pois blancs!

Le peu de cas qu'il fait de la variété de ses cravates se réflète aussi dans sa façon de lire les journaux: «Je ne lis jamais les bandes comiques, les pages du sport ni les annonces. Lorsque j'étais très jeune, je me suis habitué à ne jamais les voir», dit-il.

from the Deputy Minister's Desk

J. R. Baldwin

The saga of "R. Flanagan" recounted below in a letter written to a namesake (but no ancestor) of mine in 1893 is not without its merits as an administrative primer.

Unearthed for me by the President of the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority the letter was written by Mr. Flanagan, the paymaster of the Cornwall Canal. It indicates that my namesake was concerned with an always desirable goal—department economies.

The letter also shows the difficulties of operating in the field in a far-flung administration. Headquarters' "chart solutions" —ideal as they are as approximate and quickly understandable models—must give way to practical on-the-spot imagination and resourcefulness.

Perhaps Paymaster Flanagan may not have come up to desired levels of administrative inspiration, but a one-day, 24-mile route doesn't sound too bad!

In any event, if we ever write "from Ottawa" asking about a problem which doesn't fit "the book" because of local circumstances, we hope we won't be met with the reply: you owe me two years and nine months pay!

Cornwall, July 4, 1893

"Sir,

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter dated July 3rd requesting me to explain how it is that I take two days each month to pay the wages of the staff on the Cornwall Canal.

I have to say that on the first day I go to the Bank when the doors open at 10 a.m. and draw the money, for convenience and to avoid errors, I put in each envelope the amount to be paid each man and each account separately. I then pay the men at Locks 16 and 17 pay the Bridge tenders, then the men in the Shop and the accounts about town, which takes the entire day. It frequently happens the parties who have to Rec the accounts are absent and I am obliged to call again.

The second day, I go to the head of the canal and back a distance of about 24 miles and pay all the other Lockmen and in summer the men employed on the scow which takes on other day fully. In the winter I have never paid in two days the men are so scattered.

I have performed the duties of Paymaster for over three years, paid all my expenses and have received up to the present time just three months pay.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant
"R. Flanagan"
Paymaster

John H. Baldwin, Esq.,
Secretary,
Railways and Canals,
Ottawa.

le mot du sous-ministre

J. R. Baldwin

L'histoire de «R. Flanagan», racontée ci-après dans une lettre écrite à un homonyme (bien que ce ne soit pas un de mes ancêtres) en 1893, donne certainement un exemple des complexités de l'administration.

Cette lettre m'a été transmise par le président de l'Administration de la voie maritime du Saint-Laurent qui l'a tirée de ses dossiers. Écrite par M. Flanagan, payeur des employés du canal de Cornwall, elle indique que mon homonyme visait à atteindre un but bien légitime, savoir réaliser des économies au sein du ministère.

La lettre donne également une idée des difficultés auxquelles doivent faire face les fonctionnaires locaux d'un organisme administratif qui embrasse un territoire très étendu. Les solutions théoriques adoptées par le bureau central, sur lesquelles on peut se fonder pour résoudre approximativement la question et qui sont faciles à comprendre, doivent être délaissées au bénéfice de solutions pratiques adoptées sur place selon les circonstances du moment.

Il se peut que le payeur Flanagan n'ait pas trouvé la solution idéale à ses problèmes d'administration, mais le fait d'avoir parcouru 24 milles en une journée n'est tout de même pas si mal!

De toute façon, s'il nous arrive de vous écrire d'Ottawa pour demander des explications sur un problème auquel ne peuvent s'appliquer des solutions théoriques à cause des circonstances locales, j'espère que vous ne nous répondrez pas que nous vous devons le salaire de deux années et neuf mois!

Cornwall, le 4 juillet 1893

«Monsieur,

J'accuse réception de votre lettre du 3 juillet par laquelle vous me demandez des explications sur le fait que je dois consacrer deux jours chaque mois à payer le personnel du canal de Cornwall.

Le premier jour, je me rends à la banque lors de son ouverture à 10 heures du matin et je retire l'argent nécessaire. Afin de me faciliter la tâche et d'éviter les erreurs qui pourraient se produire, je mets dans des enveloppes distinctes le montant qui revient à chaque employé et qui est destiné à acquitter chaque compte. Je paie alors les employés des écluses 16 et 17, les pontiers, et les employés de l'atelier et j'acquitte les comptes en ville, ce à quoi je consacre toute la journée. Il arrive souvent que les personnes qui doivent recevoir les comptes soient absentes, ce qui m'oblige à retourner les voir.

Le deuxième jour, je fais le voyage aller-retour à la tête du canal, soit une distance d'environ 24 milles, au cours duquel je paye tous les autres éclusiers et en été les préposés au chaland, ce qui prend une autre journée complète. En hiver, j'ai toujours dû consacrer plus de deux jours à cette tâche, vu que les employés sont tellement dispersés.

J'ai exercé les fonctions de payeur pendant plus de trois ans, payé toutes mes dépenses et je n'ai reçu jusqu'ici que le salaire de trois mois.

Je vous prie d'agréer, Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments les plus respectueux.

«R. Flanagan»
Payeur

Monsieur John H. Baldwin
Secrétaire
Chemins de fer et canaux
Ottawa

Dr. T. G. How

Walter M. McLeish

Senior Appointments

Director of Meteorological Branch

The appointment of Dr. Thomas G. How as director of the meteorological branch was announced late in February. Dr. How was formerly regional director of air services for the department at Vancouver.

Dr. How, 52, is a native of Vancouver. He graduated from the University of British Columbia with an Honors B.A. degree in 1933. Two years later he received a Master's degree from the same university and then went to Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, to lecture in physics and work on a doctorate. In 1938 a Ph.D degree was conferred on him.

Dr. How joined the department in 1938 as officer-in-charge of the Edmonton weather office, a position he held until 1946 when he was appointed regional meteorologist in charge of both the district aviation forecasting and public weather offices in the same city. Two years later he moved to meteorological headquarters in Toronto as superintendent of public weather forecast services. He returned to Edmonton in 1950 when he was promoted to district controller of air services and in 1954 was transferred to Vancouver in a similar capacity, as regional director of air services. At these two locations Dr. How was in charge of all functions related to civil aviation, meteorology and telecommunications for the Edmonton and Vancouver areas.

Dr. How was selected for a two-year assignment at headquarters in 1959 as part of the department's program to give senior officers special training on a rotating basis. There, as deputy director of air services, he assisted the assistant deputy minister, air, in policy planning and coordination of services and represented him on high level committees and at international organizations. In 1959 he was senior technical delegate for Canada at the ICAO Twelfth Assembly at San Diego and the following year attended the ICAO Conference on Atlantic Weather Ships at The Hague, Holland. Dr. How resumed his position as regional director of air services at Vancouver in 1961.

The new director of the meteorological branch was made a Member of the Order of the British Empire in 1946. He is a fellow of the Royal Meteorological Society; a member of the Institute of Public Administration; and director of the Air Pollution Control Society of Vancouver. In 1963 he was vice-chairman of the Community Chest Campaign, Public Service Division. Dr. How is married and the father of two children.

Chief Aeronautical Engineer

Walter McDonald McLeish, formerly a wing commander in the R.C.A.F., has been appointed chief aeronautical engineer.

Mr. McLeish, 43, joined the department at the beginning of January. In his new position he is technical adviser to the director of civil aviation on matters concerning the design, construction and performance of aircraft, aircraft engines and accessories for government, commercial or private use.

A native of Montreal, Mr. McLeish graduated from McGill University with a Bachelor of Engineering degree in 1950 and from the University of Michigan in 1952 with a Master of Science degree in Engineering. In 1960 he graduated from the R.C.A.F. Staff College.

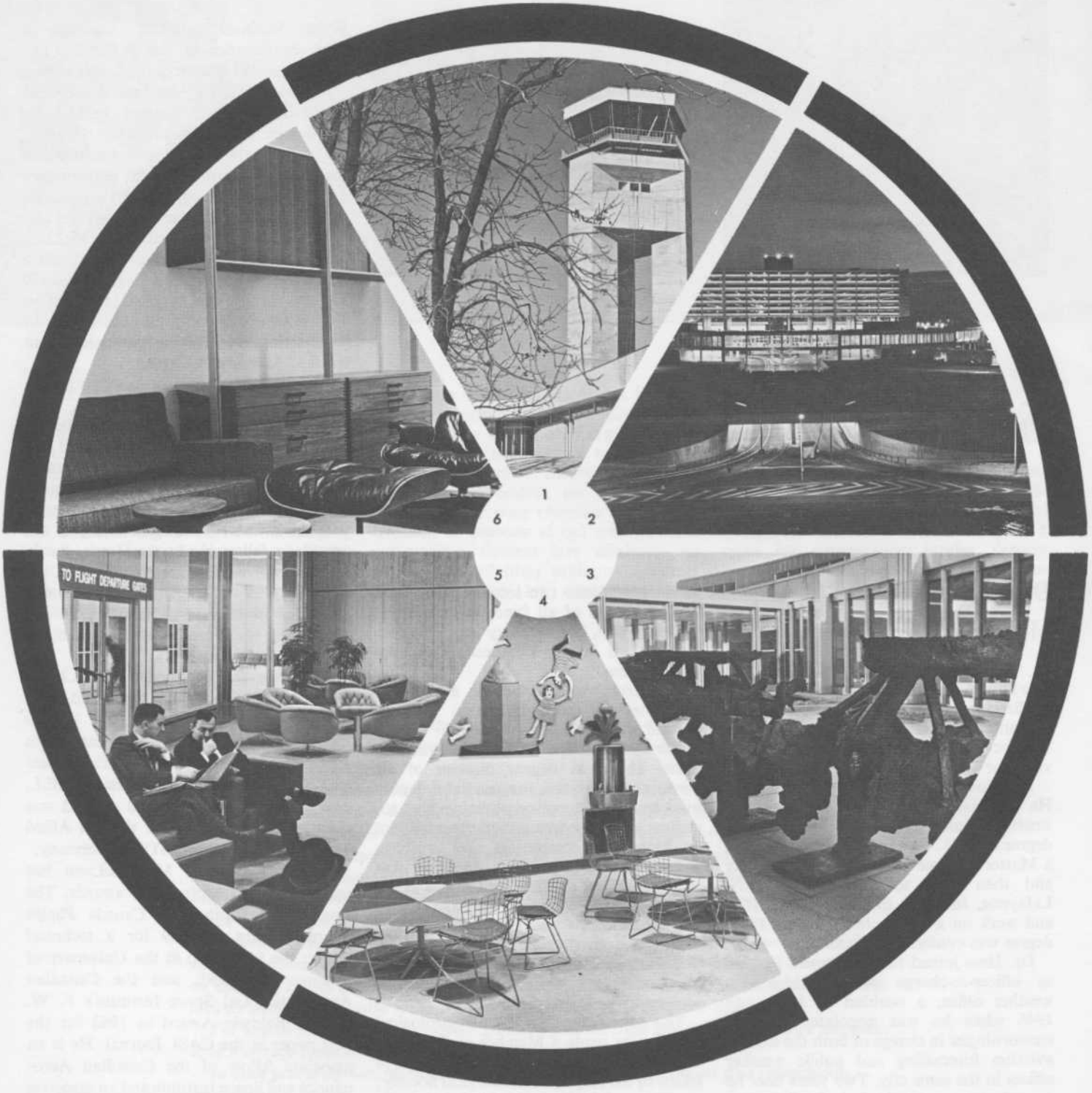
Mr. McLeish's military career began in 1941 when he joined the R.C.A.F. as a pilot. At the end of the war he enrolled in the Faculty of Engineering at McGill and during his undergraduate years worked as a test pilot for Canadian Car and Foundry (Aircraft) Company and, for two summers, with the R.C.A.F. After graduating he was awarded a fellowship by the Horace Rackman School of Graduate Studies at the University of Michigan. There he was employed as a research associate in the supersonic wind tunnel at the Michigan Air Research Centre.

Rejoining the permanent R.C.A.F. in 1952, Mr. McLeish was appointed chief of airworthiness at the Central Experimental and Proving Establishment. From 1960-62 he was aircraft engineering officer at R.C.A.F. Station, Summerside, P.E.I., and from 1962 until the end of 1963 was chief of maintenance with the 4th Allied Tactical Air Force (NATO) in Germany.

During his career Mr. McLeish has received several professional awards: The Engineering Institute of Canada Phelps Johnson Prize in 1949 for a technical paper; the fellowship at the University of Michigan in 1950; and the Canadian Aeronautics and Space Institute's F. W. (Casey) Baldwin Award in 1962 for the best paper in the CASI Journal. He is an associate fellow of the Canadian Aeronautics and Space Institute and an associate member of Sigma Xi Society (for promotion of research).

Mr. McLeish is married and the father of two children, Ian aged 12 and Robin aged 7. The family resides at Manotick, just outside Ottawa.

Efficiency in the Round



1 *Three-legged control tower rises above eye-catching air traffic control building.* **2** *Dramatic night photo shows entrance to tunnel, leading to brightly lit circular aeroquay.* **3** *Armand Vaillancourt's sculpture in cast bronze in an aeroquay courtyard.* **4** *Witty mural by Louis de Niverville brightens nursery.* **5** *Quiet lounge away from main departures lobby.* **6** *Corner of V.I.P. suite for state dignitaries.*

The Department's aeroquay at Toronto International Airport.

by John de Bondt

There's a note of science-fiction-come-true about the $30,000,000 air terminal complex at Malton. No longer does Toronto International Airport mean a crowded clapboard terminal and long walks through draughty sheet metal corridors. Instead, there are a sunken plaza, tunnels under the aircraft ramp, a circular aeroquay, a three legged control tower, reflecting pools, treed interior courts and $150,000 worth of fine art from Eskimo route markers to a Riopelle mural.

But underneath the glamour there's efficiency and functionalism according to a master plan so simple one wonders why nobody thought of it before. Everything not directly connected with travellers has been taken out of the terminal and moved into specialized buildings. Even the airport manager and his staff are no longer in the terminal—they have their offices in a separate administration building that also houses the weather office, the telecommunications staff, airlines executive offices, a bank and other tenants. The air traffic controllers have their own eye-catching Y-shaped building, surmounted by a control tower nearly a mile distant from the other buildings. A separate power plant supplies light, heat, air conditioning and standby power to the whole complex, through a maze of technicolor pipes and boilers.

What is left in the terminal proper is all directly concerned with travellers. One floor serves passengers leaving by plane and contains such necessities as ticket and check-in counters, the main departures lobby, a separate, quieter waiting room, nursery, coffee shop and a shopping arcade. The floor below it is the arrivals lobby. It has immigration, health and customs inspection facilities, baggage carousels and such concessions as car rental agencies. Surmounting the two-storey terminal is a seven-floor, 2,400 car parking garage, while a life-saver shaped aeroquay* with departure rooms and spectator decks surrounds the entire structure. Up to 30 aircraft of 60-passenger capacity can be accommodated simultaneously at the six "fingers" protruding from the aeroquay. On the roof of the aeroquay sits the lounge and dining room building with stepped floor to enable all patrons to view the activities on the main runways and on the aircraft apron which completely surrounds the aeroquay.

The terminal is reached via a tunnel under the aircraft ramp and aeroquay. Emerging from the tunnel, motorists have a choice of ramps leading to the departures lobby, the arrivals lobby, short-term parking or the parking garage. One advantage of the radial design is that the walking time between the spot where a passenger parks his car or steps out of bus or taxi, and the place where he boards his aircraft need never be more than two minutes.

Provision for expansion has been built into the structure. Each of the exterior spectator decks, for instance, could be transformed into one or more departure rooms or additional waiting room space. As well, more aeroquays may be added later and the airport roads system already contains provision for roads and tunnels to such future buildings.

The interiors of terminal and aeroquay are finished largely in white, with black leather furniture often forming the only accent.

Works by some of Canada's most distinguished artists have been used to decorate the administration building and terminal. In the former a mural by Jean-Paul Riopelle graces the main lobby and is the focal point of the whole circular complex. On the large plaza in front of the same building are three Eskimo route markers—the oldest transportation symbol in use in North America. Called Inussuks, the ones at Toronto International Airport were built by Eskimos on Baffin Island and are identical to the ones in use in the Arctic.

Inside the terminal murals and screens by Harold Town, Graham Coughtry, Jean McEwen and Louis de Niverville add a spot of brightness to various areas. In the main lobby two welded stainless steel sculptures by Kazuo Nakamura are suspended from the ceiling.

Louis Archambault has executed a sculpture in cast bronze in one of the interestingly-shaped courtyards separating the terminal from the outer ring. A 32-foot-high sculpture in welded aluminum by Armand Vaillancourt decorates another courtyard.

(**An aeroquay is a dock for aircraft, separate from the main terminal. It contains departure rooms used by airlines to gather passengers just before boarding. At Toronto, the aeroquay completely surrounds the terminal building and gives it its distinctive appearance. That is why the entire structure is often referred to as the aeroquay, although properly only the ring-shaped outer building can lay claim to that name.*)

In December, 1929, on the 28th anniversary of the successful transmission of wireless signals across the Atlantic, Alex Johnston, then Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, gave a radio address on how the Canadian government came to meet and help Signor Guglielmo Marconi, inventor of the first practical system of wireless telegraphy and pioneer in radio. The story that follows is an abridged and paraphrased version of Mr. Johnston's address.

HOW THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT STAKED MARCONI

Barely more than 63 years ago the world waited for the "Telstar" achievement of 1901. It was to be three dots, the Morse Code signal of the letter "S", which was to span the Atlantic and usher in modern telecommunications.

Eventually the signal was heard in Newfoundland by Signor Guglielmo Marconi and his few experts who had erected their experimental station near St. John's. Some said "impossible". But others, more far-seeing, knew what the Italian wireless wizard had accomplished.

Wireless signals across the Atlantic were only a step away from commercial reality. One telegraph and cable company claimed a monopoly to receive trans-Atlantic signals in Newfoundland. Signor Marconi and his experimenters were restrained by a court injunction, and Newfoundland, the site of the first break-through in continent-linking communications, was abandoned as an operations base.

Marconi was deeply disappointed. He made his plans to return to Italy via New York. On the way he would have to travel through North Sydney, N.S. Here, on the dockside, the course of history would change—partly because a member of Parliament wearing another hat, was hot after a story.

The late Alex Johnston was, in his words, "at that time engaged in the pleasant—if not profitable—task of running a daily newspaper" (the Sydney Record). He was also one of the members representing what was then the constituency of Cape Breton in Ottawa..

Hearing of Marconi's invitation by injunction to leave Newfoundland, Johnston prepared a warmer welcome for him when the Reid-Newfoundland steamer "Bruce" docked at North Sydney on its way to New York. He knew the story would interest more than the "Record's" readers, and assuming, as he said, "a measure of effrontery which those in search of news, if they are to succeed, must sometimes assume," he went to North Sydney.

The Bruce arrived at an early hour, and the New York-bound train was almost within earshot of the station as Johnston advanced his proposal to Marconi. He not only wanted an interview, but impressed upon the Italian the feasibility of using Cape Breton as his wireless base to Europe. Juggling charts against an east wind and assuring Marconi that no Nova Scotia company had any communications monopoly, Johnston could see that the inventor was becoming interested. This was confirmed when Marconi accepted to stay on in Sydney until the next day. His train left for New York. Marconi never bothered to inquire about it again.

Marconi went on a personal inspection tour of sites between Sydney and Louisbourg the next day—after first hearing forceful and persuasive review of those sites by the Nova Scotia Premier G. H. Murray, who just happened to be in Sydney that day. A special train was gotten together to take Marconi and his experts overland to Louisbourg where a steamer was laid on for the return trip so they could see the area by land and sea. And as the train rode along between Bridgeport and Glace Bay, Signor Marconi remarked quietly, "that looks like a fine location." Immediately the bell cord was pulled and the party got out to see what caught his attention: there, jutting out towards the sea, was a flat area terminating in a fairly high cliff. It was known as "Table Head". On the way back to Sydney by steamer, Marconi was already laying out lines to Europe from the Table Head site.

A small dinner was arranged for that night at the Sydney Hotel at which great enthusiasm for the project developed, affecting even Marconi, a somewhat staid gentleman. The tone of the evening became more subdued after dinner when talk got down to prices. After some figuring Marconi and his team came up with $75,000 for a Cape Breton station. As Johnston said in 1929, the price "looked like a formidable amount in 1901." Someone turned the group's attention to Ottawa. What

would Sir Wilfrid and Mr. Fielding, the Finance Minister, think of such a proposal? If that failed, Mr. Murray suggested the N.S. government might step into the breach.

Marconi and Johnston left immediately for Ottawa. Johnston was to present the case to Mr. Fielding whose "most striking characteristic was not his generosity with public funds" according to the asker.

Johnston promised Marconi's technique would "revolutionize the whole world of communications" and Fielding showed interest. But first go see the Prime Minister, he said. Johnston bounded up the stairs to see Sir Wilfrid. Sir Wilfrid was enthusiastic, but when a grant of public money was broached, he advised Johnston to see Mr. Fielding. When told Mr. Fielding had already sent Johnston to see him, the Prime Minister said he would "interpose no objection" to Mr. Marconi getting the money.

Mr. Marconi was extremely happy about the recognition the Canadian government had given his proposal.

The rest is detail.

An Amherst contractor quickly built the towers at Table Head. Later the Marconi Wireless Telegraphy Company of Canada transferred the station further inland, near Port Morien, Glace Bay, N.S., to make it safe from "attack by enemy at sea".

In 1929 Mr. Johnston could say: "It was from those modest beginnings that has meantime grown to what is today one of the world's great systems of communication both telegraphic and telephonic . . . . I think it is well that when in the years to come the great developments that have taken place are being recounted and reviewed, it would not be forgotten that at the beginning, the Government of Canada played not an unimportant part."

Air accident investigation's biggest job

Canada's worst aviation disaster occurred on November 29, 1963 when a TCA DC 8F crashed shortly after take-off from Montreal International Airport. All aboard —118 passengers and crew—were killed.

Within an hour of the accident, which happened at 6:32 p.m., D.O.T. aircraft accident investigators were rushing to the crash site some 20 miles north of Montreal at Ste. Therese de Blainville.

It may take many months of exhaustive investigation before the investigators will be able to establish the probable cause of the tragic accident. Possibly they will never be able to determine what happened in the four short minutes which elapsed from the time of take-off until the moment of the crash. But, one thing is certain. Nothing will be overlooked; no shred of evidence will be too small to command anything but the most intensive scrutiny. If it is humanly possible to establish what factors caused or contributed to this catastrophic crash they will be uncovered in the months that lie ahead.

This investigation is different from any that has been conducted in Canada before. Because of the magnitude of the tragedy and the difficulty of identification of victims and wreckage, new techniques are being employed.

Over 100 people are involved in the investigation. Of these, some 29 are D.O.T. employees drawn mostly from headquarters and Montreal region, with a few from Moncton, Winnipeg and other locations.

Richard L. Bolduc, chief of the accident investigation division, is heading the probe. His assistant is D. E. McLellan, a civil aviation inspector from Montreal. They are being aided by six groups made up of experts from the department, and from NRC's National Aeronautical Establishment, the RCAF, Douglas Aircraft Company, TCA, the Canadian Airline Pilot's Assoc., the RCMP, the Canadian Army, and the United States Civil Aeronautics Board and Federal Aviation Authority.

The groups are divided thus: structure, systems, human factors, operations, power plant, and records and documents. This latter group performs a housekeeping function for the others by gathering, recording and cross-checking documents and records. In addition it is responsible for a maintenance audit to ensure the aircraft was legally and actually airworthy when it took off.

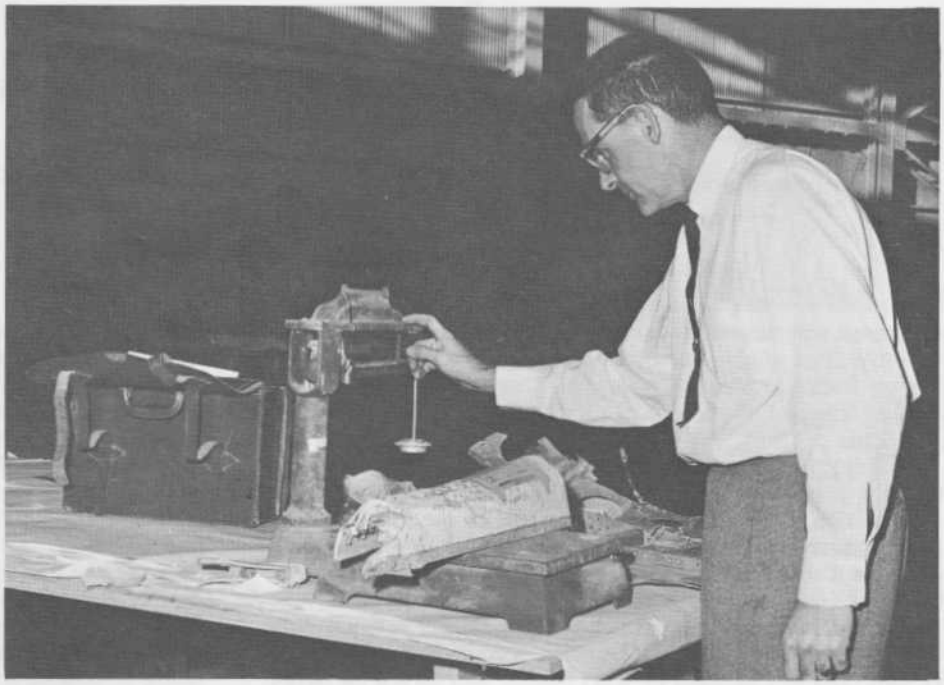
The first phase—most difficult since break-up was so severe—was the recovery of as many pieces of the wreckage as possible, removal of it to a hangar at Montreal Airport for cleaning and identi-

Pieces of wreckage assembled on a hangar floor at Montreal International Airport.

fication and then attempting to reconstruct as much of the aircraft as possible on a full size "blueprint" drawn on the floor.

Although D.O.T.'s accident investigators have never before been confronted with such a gigantic task (the crash of a Maritime Central Airways plane in Quebec in 1957 with a loss of 79 lives was the next most serious), their job is to investigate every civil plane crash which brings death, serious injury or substantial damage within Canadian boundaries.

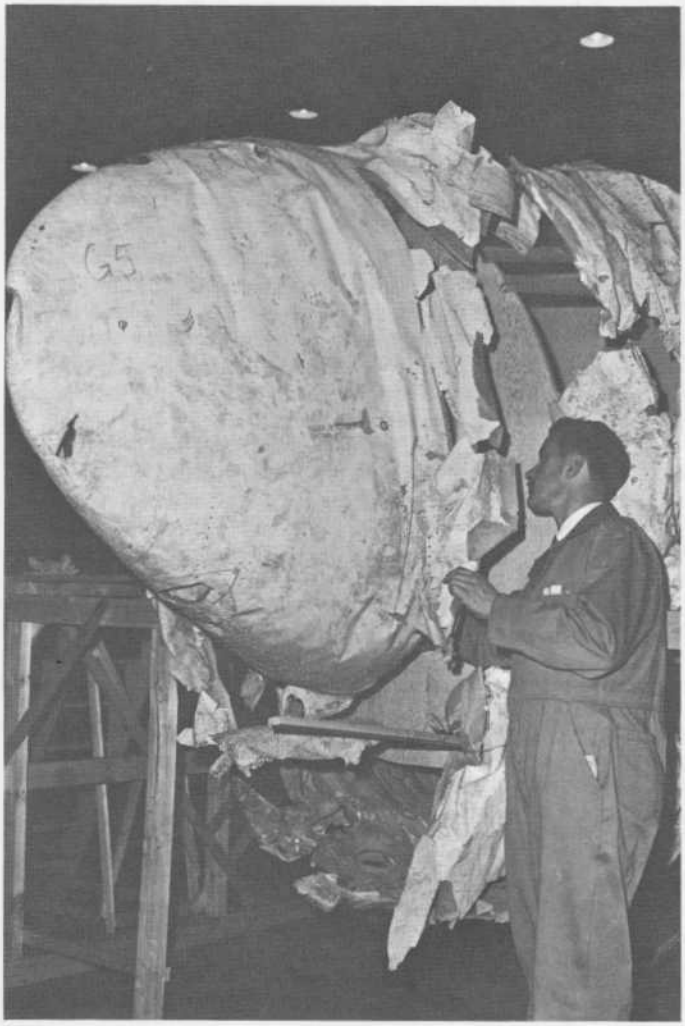
Other key D.O.T.'ers involved in the DC 8F case, besides Richard Bolduc and "Mac" McLennan, are A. N. LeCheminant, who heads up the technical section of the accident investigation division; A. J. McDonell, a former commanding officer of the RCAF unit at Dartmouth, N.S.; Wallis Larocque, who is in charge of flight simulation for D.O.T.; Stuart Grant, a member of the operational research and development division; and Tony Beak, who joined the department as a civil aviation inspector and is now a member of the same division as Mr. Grant.



Checking a piece of wreckage.

Every piece of wreckage is carefully marked for identification purposes.

This the tail cone—
the largest piece of wreckage found.



Article timbré de Merry Island, (C.B.)

*par G.H. Potts, gardien de phare

A l'heure actuelle, on entend beaucoup parler de bilinguisme et il m'a donc semblé que quelques-uns de nos compatriotes de langue française s'intéresseraient à savoir ce qui se passe à ce sujet autour d'un phare perdu sur un îlot de la côte de l'océan Pacifique.

Vu que nous demeurons dans une île, toutes nos études doivent se faire par correspondance, par l'entremise du ministère de l'Instruction de la Colombie-Britannique, ce qui représente un certain surcroît de travail pour ma femme, car c'est à elle qu'il incombe d'enseigner nos enfants. Toutefois, je ne crois pas que cela leur fasse tort, car il me semble qu'ils en obtiennent une instruction bien plus poussée, et peuvent étudier à l'allure qui leur convient, et, en outre, ils bénéficient des leçons particulières et sont rarement distraits de leurs études, sauf lorsqu'un navire du gouvernement accoste à la jetée. Il va sans dire que dans ce cas, il est impossible de les retenir. Je vous assure qu'il est surprenant de constater ce qu'ils arrivent à faire comme études au cours de la journée.

Tout dernièrement, nous avons ajouté un cours de français à leurs études. Ce cours est excellent. Il se compose de textes d'instruction ordinaires et d'un jeu de disques à utiliser de concert avec quelques-unes des leçons. Une chose m'a vivement frappé: au lieu d'avoir des phrases sans bon sens, telles que la fameuse «Où est la plume de ma tante?», qu'on utilisait lorsque j'apprenais le français à l'école, on apprend des choses bien plus pratiques, ce qui rend le cours bien plus intéressant, au point qu'à l'heure actuelle, autour du phare, on entend presque autant de français que d'anglais.

Ma fille surtout s'intéresse vivement à ses leçons, peut-être parce qu'au cours de nos vacances, nous nous sommes rendus une année à Québec en auto, et avons passé une dizaine de jours à nous promener à travers la province. Non seulement avons-nous fait un voyage magnifique, mais encore nous avons rencontré une foule de gens charmants et eu un nombre d'expériences agréables et amusantes. C'était notre première visite au Canada français, bien que je sois allé en France il y a bien longtemps.

Le premier problème que nous ayons eu à surmonter a été celui de demander de l'essence pour ma voiture. J'avais jadis appris à dire «Donnez-moi cinq litres d'essence, s'il vous plaît» en France, et il nous a fallu demander «cinq gallons» mais ceci ne présentait aucune difficulté. Le problème était de dire «Fill 'er up!» Par hasard, c'est une dame qui est venue vers nous et tandis que nous étions en train de nous demander comment on pourrait le lui demander, voilà qu'elle met le nez à la fenêtre de la voiture et nous lance un «FILL 'ER UP?». Nous en sommes restés bouche bée et avons éclaté de rire. J'ai donc dû lui expliquer, en un français qui ne ressemblait guère à celui de Racine, ce qui se passait. A son tour, elle éclata de rire et insista pour que nous entrions chez elle afin de prendre une tasse de café. Nous avons passé un après-midi fort agréable, au cours duquel nous avons essayé de lui dire que j'étais gardien de phare et que nous demeurions dans une petite île, mais impossible de trouver le mot français pour «lighthouse». Nous avons essayé d'en faire un dessin, mais impossible de le lui faire comprendre. Elle nous a donc priés de rester jusqu'à ce que son fils rentre de l'école, car il étudiait l'anglais et elle serait contente de voir s'il faisait des progrès, mais sur ces entrefaites, son mari rentre et comme il parlait un peu d'anglais, nous n'avons pas tardé à découvrir que «lighthouse» était simplement un phare. Tous les deux croyaient la situation plutôt drôle, car ils nous ont laissé entendre que la plupart des gens qui travaillent aux postes d'essence comprennent l'anglais et, par hasard, nous avons choisi un endroit où le seul anglais qu'on connaissait était le fameux «Fill 'er up!»

C'était un merveilleux commencement de notre voyage dans la province et si j'avais peut-être craint que les gens se montreraient un peu froids, mes craintes ont vite disparu et surtout nous n'avons rencontré que des gens aimables et charmants. Nous avons toujours été fort bien accueillis et on nous a posé une foule de questions sur la Colombie-Britannique et sur la vie d'un gardien de phare et sa famille sur une petite île.

Nous sommes presque toujours descendus à l'hôtel d'une petite ville afin d'entendre le moins d'anglais possible, de nous faire l'oreille et de parler français tout le temps. Mais cet aspect de notre voyage a aussi produit son côté drôle. Un jour nous nous arrêtons à un petit magasin général de campagne et, en mon meilleur français, je dis: «Bonjour, madame, il fait beau aujourd'hui» et à ma grande surprise, elle me répond: «I am sorry, I don't speak French, as I come from British Columbia»!

Je pourrais raconter plusieurs anecdotes de notre voyage, mais je peux dire, en toute sincérité, que notre randonnée dans La Belle Province fut une des plus belles et des plus agréables que nous ayons jamais faites et je suis convaincu que c'est à cause de cela que ma fille a tant à cœur d'apprendre à parler français couramment. Il n'y a qu'une chose qui me chagrine, c'est que la province de Québec soit si lointaine pour nous!

**M. Potts, gardien de phare, a rédigé l'article ci-après en français pour s'exercer à écrire dans cette langue. (Nous avons fait traduire l'article pour que nos lecteurs de langue anglaise puissent aussi en bénéficier.) M. Potts et les membres de sa famille, les seules personnes qui demeurent à Merry Island à longueur d'année, étudient le français en suivant des cours par correspondance. A la lecture de son article, on constate qu'ils font de véritables progrès. De fait, M. Potts a certainement plus de facilité à apprendre une langue seconde qu'un certain gardien de phare dont nous avons lu l'histoire l'autre jour.*

On y racontait que le gardien d'un phare sur le littoral de France avait traduit des avis à l'intention des visiteurs de langue anglaise. Un de ces avis était ainsi conçu: «To visit to apply for the nobody at ground floor». Il a au moins le mérite d'avoir fait un effort pour se faire comprendre!

Les rédacteurs de NEWS ON THE DOT ont été enchantés et étonnés à la fois de recevoir un article en français de Merry Island. Nous avions demandé à plusieurs reprises à nos lecteurs de nous faire parvenir des articles en français, mais nous nous attendions plutôt d'en recevoir du Québec, du Nouveau-Brunswick ou même du Manitoba.

M. Potts commence ainsi son article: «... à l'heure actuelle, on entend beaucoup parler de bilinguisme. . .» A notre avis, ce sont des Canadiens comme lui, d'expression française ou anglaise, qui en s'efforçant d'apprendre l'autre langue officielle, donneront éventuellement au Canada sa véritable physionomie bilingue.

Postmark: Merry Island, B.C.

**by G. H. Potts, Lightkeeper*

These days there is a lot of talk about bilingualism, so it seems to me that some of our French-speaking compatriots would be interested in knowing what is going on in this regard around a lighthouse on a small island on the coast of the Pacific Ocean.

Since we live on an island, all our studying has to be done by correspondence through the British Columbia Department of Education. This represents a certain added burden of work for my wife, for it is her responsibility to teach our son and daughter. However, I do not think this is a disadvantage. It seems to me that they are getting more intensive instruction, and they study at the rate that suits them. Furthermore, they have the benefit of private lessons and are rarely distracted from their studies, except when a government boat docks at the jetty. (It goes without saying that, when this happens, it is impossible to restrain them.) I can assure you it is truly surprising what they manage to accomplish in the way of study in the course of a day.

Very recently we added a course in the French language to their study list. It is an excellent course, composed of ordinary texts for instruction, and a set of gramophone records for use in conjunction with some of the lessons. One thing has struck me forcefully; instead of having senseless phrases like the famous "Where is the pen of my aunt?", which were used when I learned French in school, they learn more practical things. This makes the course more interesting, and, right now, around the lighthouse, French is heard almost as much as English.

My daughter especially is keenly interested in her lessons, perhaps because during our vacation one year we went to Quebec by automobile and spent about 10 days travelling through the province. Not only did we have a wonderful trip, but we met many charming people and enjoyed a number of agreeable and amusing experiences. It was our first visit to French-Canada, although I had visited France a very long time ago.

The first problem we had to solve was how to ask for gasoline for the car. I had learned to say: "Donnez-moi cinq litres d'essence, s'il vous plait", in France, but in Quebec we had to ask for "cinq gallons". That, however, did not present any difficulty. The problem was to say: "Fill 'er up"!

At the first gas station we tried, a woman approached us and, while we were busy wondering what to say, she poked her head in the window and said: "Fill 'er up?". We were flabbergasted and began to laugh. I tried to explain, in a French that bore little resemblance to Racine's French, what was going on. She laughed loudly and insisted that we go into her home to have a cup of coffee. We spent a very agreeable afternoon, during the course of which we tried to tell her that I was a lighthousekeeper and that we lived on a little island, but it was impossible to find the French word for "lighthouse". We tried to make a sketch, but still we could not make her understand. She asked us to stay until her son came back from school, for he was studying English and she would be glad to know whether he was making progress. In the meantime her husband returned. Since he spoke a little English, we soon discovered that "lighthouse" was simply "un phare". Both of them thought the situation rather funny, for they led us to understand that most of the people who work at service stations understand English and, by chance, we had chosen a spot where the only English they understood was the practical phrase "Fill 'er up!".

It was a marvellous beginning to our Quebec trip and if I was perhaps afraid that the people would be a bit cool, my fears were quickly dissipated. Everywhere we met only amiable and charming people. We were always well received and asked many questions about British Columbia and what the life of a lighthousekeeper and his family on a little island was like.

We nearly always chose a hotel in some small town, to hear as little English as possible, to sharpen our ears and to speak French the whole time. But this aspect of our trip also had its comic side. One day we stopped at a general store in the country and, in my best French, I said: "Bonjour, Madame, il fait beau aujourd'hui", and to my great surprise, she replied: "I am sorry, I don't speak French. I come from British Columbia!"

I could recount many such anecdotes, but suffice it to say our tour of "La Belle Province" was one of the finest and most agreeable that we ever took. I am convinced that it is because of the trip that my daughter has her heart set on learning to speak French fluently. If there is one thing that saddens me, though, it is that the Province of Quebec is so far from Merry Island!

**This article was written in French by Lightkeeper Potts as a practice piece. (We had it translated so our English readers could enjoy it, too.) He and his family, the only year-round residents of Merry Island, study French by correspondence. From the "sound" of his French it appears they are learning their lessons well.*

Mr. Potts obviously is more adept in a second language than one lightkeeper we read about the other day: Apparently the caretaker of a lighthouse on the coast of France has translated notices for the benefit of English-speaking visitors. One reads: "To visit to apply for the nobody at ground floor." At least he tried!

News on the DOT was delighted to receive a French article from such an unlikely spot as Merry Island, B.C. We have asked readers on several occasions to submit French material, but we fully expected any to arrive with a Quebec postmark, or a New Brunswick one or maybe even one from Manitoba.

Mr. Potts says in his opening sentence—"these days there is a lot of talk about bilingualism . . . ." We feel it is people like him, English or French, who take the trouble to learn the other official language, who eventually will be responsible for making Canada truly the bilingual country it is.

Head table guests, left to right: Jim McTaggart-Cowan, Richard Baldwin, Mrs. McTaggart-Cowan, Deputy Minister J. R. Baldwin, guest-of-honor, Mrs. Baldwin, Gillian McTaggart-Cowan and Richard Penner.

$6,000 Science Award Fund Honors Former Met Branch Director

January 10 was meteorological family night when some 290 people gathered in the Great Hall of Hart House, University of Toronto, to honor Dr. P. D. McTaggart-Cowan, the departing director of the meteorological service. Along with members of the met branch, representatives from government scientific services, education, and a good sprinkling of experts from the meteorological field of the United States attended this farewell dinner for the man who was leaving to become president of the new Simon Fraser University at Burnaby, B.C.

Highlight of the evening was the announcement made by Deputy Minister John R. Baldwin that contributions to the McTaggart-Cowan Science Award Fund had reached almost $6,000. A complete surprise to the guest-of-honor, the fund was established and subscribed to by members of his staff from all over Canada and by his friends in education and government.

The fund will be administered by Simon Fraser University to provide awards to students in the physical sciences to foster an interest in meteorology.

The evening was a gay one. The guests assembled and then the skirl of bagpipes announced the arrival of Dr. McTaggart-Cowan and family and Mr. Baldwin and family, the head table guests.

After the dinner the "speeches" began. Rube Hornstein, the Maritimes "Mr. Weather", in his best CBC manner, praised Dr. McTaggart-Cowan's manifold gifts to Canadian meteorology. He reviewed the former director's life from his early days in Scotland through the University of British Columbia, Rhodes Scholar days at Oxford, his career in the meteorological services of Canada, and finally, predicted "sunny skies" for his new career as president of Simon Fraser.

Mr. Hornstein's remarks were interrupted frequently from the floor by members of the staff recounting humorous stories and anecdotes of Dr. McT-C's (as they fondly referred to him) career. The "interrupters" included Bill Ganong, Keith McLeod, Morley Thomas, Bev. Cudbird, Percy Saltzman, Hugh Bindon, Larry Campbell and Des Kennedy.

It has long been a tradition in the branch that former directors' pictures are hung in the director's office. On this occasion Don Archibald, chief of the basic weather division, presented a framed photograph of Dr. McTaggart-Cowan to him and he in turn presented it to the branch to be hung alongside his predecessors.

Mr. Baldwin then announced the establishment of the Science Award Fund and Harold Hutchon, regional meteorologist at Montreal, presented a scroll which read:

IN COMMEMORATION OF
THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE
PATRICK DUNCAN MCTAGGART-COWAN
SCIENCE AWARD
ON THE OCCASION OF THE FAREWELL
DINNER GIVEN BY HIS COLLEAGUES
IN THE METEOROLOGICAL SERVICE
OF CANADA
GREAT HALL OF HART HOUSE
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
JANUARY 10, 1964

The scroll was decorated with school colors (chosen for the occasion since, as yet, none exist); they seemed particularly appropriate to a fledgling university in British Columbia—salmon pink and forest green.

Dr. McTaggart-Cowan warmly thanked his friends for gathering in Toronto and indicated his appreciation of the cooperation he had received, not only from the branch staff, but from his colleagues in weather services throughout the world. He and his family—wife Margaret, daughter Gillian and son James—then formed a reception line to receive the many guests wishing to say goodbye and extend their best wishes for future success in his new career in education.

Suggestion Award Winners

Two D.O.T.'ers came up with $100 ideas recently, while another was "rewarded" with $40.

J. T. Burns, supervising clerk at Dartmouth Marine Agency, submitted a set of drawings to show how a short circuiting contact could be built into the lamp carriage to protect the lamp change mechanism of units on electric navigation buoys and unwatched lights from being damaged. The suggestion provides an economical solution to a problem that occurs to some extent at all marine agencies, so Mr. Burns received a $100 award.

V. Peter Mittens, a marine signal mechanic at Prescott District Marine Agency, was granted a $100 award for suggesting a method of salvaging the Wallace and Tiernan changer coil.

His idea was to secure a small strip of brass to the changer arm to provide a bumper for the unit. This provides economical protection and prevents costly repairs.

Dartmouth District Marine Agent F. Weston (centre) and Robert Schnare (right) listen to an explanation of J. T. Burns $100 idea.

Robert W. Schnare, a storeman at Dartmouth District Marine Agency, received $40 for recommending that only one size of beret with adjustable strap be stocked for CCG personnel.

It was felt one size was not sufficient, but by using adjustable straps as Mr. Schnare suggested, the number of sizes stocked was reduced from nine to three.

The following D.O.T.'ers have won awards-in-kind valued at $30 or less:

NAME	CLASSIFICATION	LOCATION	VALUE OF AWARD
Jean-Claude Ares	Met Technician	Montreal International Airport (now on a posting to Leopoldville, Congo)	$20 (two $10 awards)
Herbert Adrian	Radio Operator	Princeton, B.C.	$10
Rene Belanger	Clerk	Ottawa headquarters	$10
Mrs. Pauline Bragg	Clerk	Toronto Regional Air Services	$15
Ian Crockett	Met Technician	Meteorological headquarters, Toronto	$20 (two $10 awards)
W. E. Freeman	Radio Electrician	Montreal	$10
Harold N. Fryer	Radio Technician	Vancouver	$15
Andre Gaudet	Met Communicator	Montreal International Airport	$10
John F. George	Stationary Engineer	Halifax International Airport	$25
W. A. Haigh	Radio Technician	Winnipeg	$30
Ronald D. Hughes	Radio Operator	Bull Harbour, B.C.	$15
John Johnson	Typist	Vancouver Region Air Services	$10
C. C. McLachlan	Mechanic	Edmonton International Airport	$25
W. G. Normington	Carpenter	Trent Canal System	$10
Malcolm R. Pope	Radio Operator	Vancouver Marine/Aeradio	$10
Roland M. Richards	Met Technician	Sydney N.S. Airport	$20
C. J. Schneider	Fire Lieutenant	Edmonton International Airport	$25
Dorothy E. Terry	Clerk	Vancouver Regional Air Services	$10
Thomas M. Young	Aircraft Mechanic	Ottawa Airport	$30

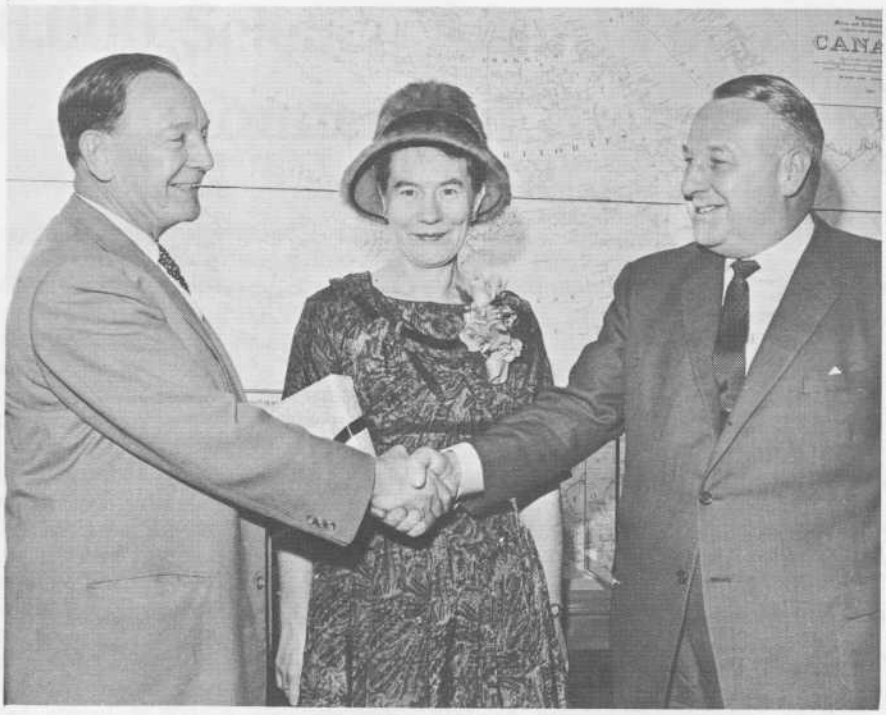
Retirements

MR. MERVIN WATSON retired early in January after 28 years with the meteorological branch. To mark the occasion a farewell luncheon was held by his many friends in the branch. Mr. Watson received a radio and Mrs. Watson a bouquet of roses.

"Merv" Watson joined the met branch in 1935 in the instrument shop. In 1960 he was appointed superintendent of the shop.

In addition to his skill in the instrument field, Mr. Watson is well known in amateur rifle circles. In the thirties he was Ontario Smallbore rifle champion for several years and was runner-up in Canadian championships. Mr. Watson was a founder of the Canadian Civilian Association of Marksmen and is the inventor of the well-known Watson gunsight.

In the photo Mr. Watson receives best wishes from, Frank Harris (left), acting superintendent of the instrument shop, and Dr. P. D. McTaggart-Cowan, former director of the met branch.



MR. VICTOR B. GLOVER, supervisor of ship construction for the Great Lakes area, retired from the shipbuilding branch on December 13.

A native of Southampton, England, Mr. Glover looks back on a lengthy marine career. He was a Lieutenant Commander in the navy during the Second War, serving on Atlantic convoy duty and in the Normandy landing.

In 1954 he joined Saguenay Terminals S.S. Co. as chief engineer of the S.S. Sun Prince sailing between Montreal and the West Indies. Prior to joining D.O.T. in November, 1956, Mr. Glover spent some time as chief engineer aboard Northern Tramp Co. diesel tugs on Great Bear Lake in the Northwest Territories.

His first D.O.T. post was that of relieving engineer aboard the vessels Alberni and Alexander Mackenzie operating out of the Prince Rupert district marine agency. In 1958 he was appointed supervisor of construction for the Great Lakes area.

In the photo Mr. Glover receives a warm handshake and best wishes from J. R. Strang (right) director of shipbuilding. Mrs. Glover was present for the occasion.

DOT's Interesting

Grindstone Island, N.S.—A severe storm blew up on the evening of December 19. At 8:00 p.m. Grindstone marine radio station received an S.O.S. from the Lebanese steamer "S.S. Corfu Island".

The steamers Coxon and City of Bath radioed that they were proceeding to her assistance but, with engines broken down, the crippled vessel drifted throughout the night. At 11:17 a.m. the next day she went aground on Grindstone Island.

The crew stayed aboard until December 21 when land parties assisted them in reaching shore.

On December 23 the Corfu's first officer and radio operator visited the D.O.T. marine radio station to personally thank officer-in-charge R. D. Buck and radio operators C. Y. Turnbull and Joe Johnston. Mr. Turnbull was on duty when the distress call was received and Mr. Johnston relieved him at 8:00 a.m. on the 20th. In fact, Mr. Johnston put in a 16-hour shift that day because roads in the area were impassable and no relief could get through to him.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—J. H. Kay, chief

of steamship inspection, has the distinction of being the first honorary associate member in a newly-formed American boating association.

When the National Association of State Boating Administrators held their first annual meeting in Oklahoma City last November they bestowed an honorary membership on D.O.T.'s Mr. Kay.

In the photo (top right) he is seen looking at a variety of state licence decals with Rear Admiral O. C. Rahnke of the United States Coast Guard.

Ottawa—Students, currently studying public administration at Ottawa's Carleton University under the auspices of the Colombo Plan, visited several headquarters' offices recently.

The 18 students, who represent as many countries (Pakistan, British Guiana, British Honduras, Grenada, Ghana, Sarawack, Swaziland, Philippines, Malaya, Thailand, Trinidad and Tabago, Indonesia, Montserrat, Saint Vincent, Dominica and Antigua), are civil servants in their homelands. Before leaving Canada each will spend six or eight weeks working for Canadian government organizations—at the municipal, provincial or federal level—across Canada.

In the photo (centre right) the students, accompanied by Mr. Howard Scarfe of Carleton's Faculty of Public Administration, listen to John Walls, training and welfare officer, describe the unique features of the new Toronto aeroquay.

Station "Papa"—Captain F. G. Nesbitt, master of the CCGS "St. Catharines", which spent Christmas at ocean weather station "Papa" 900 miles out in the Pacific, gives an account of Christmas aboard the vessel.

"It would seem to me that the most important incident of patrol No. 59 was the wonderful display put on by the catering staff on Christmas day.

"The chief steward had borrowed long trestle tables from a cricket club in Victoria. He erected these in the recreation room and laid a place for each person. Instead of the usual supper we had a buffet dinner. Food was set out on the ping pong table. It was a wonderful spread. Everybody helped themselves and then sat down at long tables.

"After dinner, entertainment was provided by members of the crew. Chief Engineer played his bagpipes, Second Cook performed a number of magic feats and others sang and danced. Everyone was in good humour and the whole thing was a huge success."

Montreal—Christmas, 1963 is a thing of the past and few of us have turned our thoughts to Christmas 1964, but the staff of the Central Analysis Office at Montreal are exceptions. They are "working" on their next Christmas project even while they remember the success of this past Christmas one. Each time one of them buys a soft drink from the dispenser the small profit realized is earmarked for charity.

In past years the "givers" sent a cheque to an agreed-upon organization. But in 1963, with higher profits to donate, they felt they would like to take part in the "giving to children" that is a traditional part of Christmas.

They arranged a party for the children of Montreal's Ste-Justine Hospital and gave $150 to the hospital to buy clothing and favors. When the party day arrived, the CAO staff turned out in numbers to play with the children and enjoy Christmas goodies. They were touched by the gratitude of the young patients and resolved to try to repeat the day in 1964.

Perhaps other D.O.T.'ers may be encouraged by this fine example to do something similar in their own locality next year.

In the photo (bottom): Youngsters at Ste-Justine Hospital enjoy the hospitality of the staff of Montreal Central Analysis Office. With the young patients are, left to right: Mrs. G. Marcella, met technician; F. Lemire, meteorologist; R. Beaudoin, computer programme; R. Stoutjesdyck, meteorologist; and Madam Beaudin, a volunteer worker at the hospital.

Canadian Coast Guard ALBUM

CCGS D'IBERVILLE

The icebreaker "*d'Iberville*" was the first Canadian Coast Guard ship to steam as far north as Eureka. She visited the Joint Canadian-U.S. Weather Station on the north-west side of Ellesmere Island, 80 degrees north latitude, in 1954. The "d'Iberville" was completed at the Davie Shipbuilding yards at Lauzon, Que., in May, 1953, and has since been based at Quebec Marine Agency and has served regularly in the St. Lawrence River, Gulf of St. Lawrence and Arctic waters.

LENGTH: 310 feet

BREADTH: 66 feet, 6 inches

DRAFT: 30 feet, 3 inches

POWER: Two six cylinder Skinner Uniflow steam engines, each developing 5,000 shaft horsepower at 145 rpm; twin screw

GROSS TONNAGE: 5,678