

GODERICH AND D.O.T HONOUR BERT MACDONALD

For the second time in a little less than four months, Bert MacDonald's devotion to duty and his untiring efforts were given public recognition.

Bert is the Fog Alarm Engineer at Goderich for the Aids to Navigation Division of Marine Services.

Last November the Town Council of Goderich presented him with an engraved wrist-watch "for services rendered at the Harbour." This was not without just cause, for ever since 1914, Bert has watched over the lives of the citizens of Goderich, often risking his own to help someone in distress.

Just a few weeks before the presentation, on October 22nd, Bert set out with his brother, Mac, Bill Ruffell, and Ralph Kingswell to rescue the ANNAMAC which was overdue and in distress. High seas capsized their own launch and it was with great difficulty that they managed to reach the shore. They were repeatedly tossed back by the heavy breakers. Fortunately, Albert Leonard of the ANNAMAC reached shore safely, although his boat was lost.

For his fine work, Bert and his three companions were commended by the Director of Marine Services, and presented with cash awards by the Department at a public meeting of the Goderich Town Council, on the 7th of February, 1950.

The editors and readers of NEWS ON THE DOT join in congratulations to Bert and his companions.

OPERATION ICECAPADE

The days of pioneering in Canada are not over, at least not as far as the Arctic is concerned. Recently Percy Saltzman, representing the Meteorological Division, accompanied members of the Joint Intelligence Board, the Defence Research Board and McGill



The Meteorological Division staff in Toronto watch regretfully as Dr. T. G. How prepared to leave Toronto to take up his duties as District Controller of Air Services in Edmonton. Here, Mr. McTaggart-Cowan, Assistant Controller Forecast Services presents Dr. How with a memento of his stay in Toronto, and expresses the Meteorological Division's regret at his departure.

U.S.A.F. SAYS THANK YOU

Mr. D. E. Robinson
Department of Transport
Vancouver Airport
Vancouver, British Columbia

28 Mar. 1950.

Dear Mr. Robinson:

On behalf of the United States Air Force, I wish to express to you appreciation for your participation in the search which resulted in the rescue of survivors of the crew which bailed out of a B-36 aircraft over Princess Royal Island on 13 February.

Your invaluable assistance in the problem of communications was a material contribution to the rescue effort. Please accept our thanks.

Sincerely,

HOYT S. VANDENBERG
Chief of Staff, United States Air Force

University on a two-day reconnaissance flight over Hudson Bay. Contrary to the information included in most text-books and charts, Mr. Saltzman reported that, with the exception of a few minor shore leads Hudson Bay was entirely frozen over.

Similar flights during the past year have also found the Bay ice-covered, in contradiction to the old belief that the Bay did not freeze over. It now appears that the Bay is ice-covered from January to April each year.

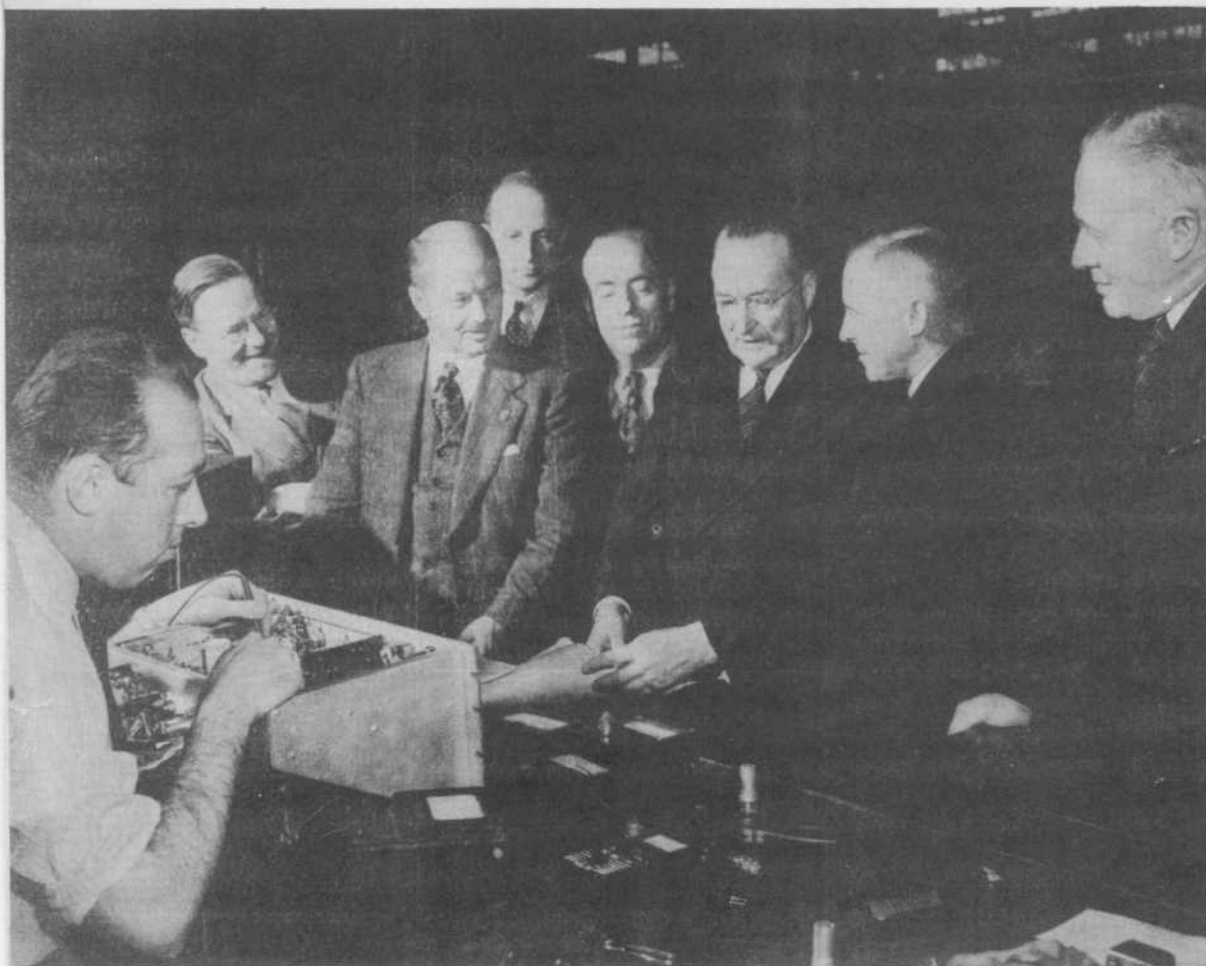
WORLD'S WEATHER MEN MEET IN PARIS

Trees budded and flowers bloomed several weeks early in Paris this year. The phenomena can be explained perhaps by the presence in the city of representatives from twenty-nine nations attending a joint meeting of the International Meteorological Organization and the Meteorological Division of the International Civil Aviation Organization. Among the members attending was Mr. H. H. Bindon, Superintendent of Oceanic Aviation with the Canadian Meteorological Division.

During the six weeks of meetings, much was accomplished in the standardization of aviation meteorological procedures throughout the world. At all times the use of jet-propelled aircraft for commercial use was borne in mind in the drafting of recommendations and procedures. Mr. Bindon was impressed by the spirit of co-operation and friendliness that pervaded the meetings. The truly international nature of weather provided a common ground for discussion and understanding. Although Mr. Bindon was enthusiastic about the hospitality extended by the French Hosts to the conference, he declined to elaborate on the famed Parisian night life, maintaining that the gathering of world weathermen stuck strictly to business. (Ed. note---Even after midnight?)

In a highly entertaining address to the Royal Meteorological Society, Mr. Saltzman recounted his personal experiences in connection with this scientific flight. Despite the discomfort of a crowded aircraft monotonous hours of painstaking observations, and cold blasts of Arctic air, these investigations are filling in a blank space in our knowledge of the Canadian North. All flights have been made by the R. C. A. F.

WHAT IS IT



In this picture the Director of Air Services, A/V/M A. T. Cowley, Montreal's D.C.A.S., A/V/M J. L. E. A. de Niverville, Controller of Radio G. C. W. Browne, and Controller of Civil Aviation A. D. McLean, are examining a piece of equipment which officials of Federal Electric are proudly displaying. If you can identify this piece of equipment, you will be in line for this month's "What Is It?" prize. It's a toughie, but send your answers to the editor of "NEWS ON THE DOT"

WHO WAS HE

The subject of last month's "Who Is He?" photograph has undoubtedly taken a lot of good-natured kidding in the past weeks. In fact, the replies were so numerous and so enthusiastic, that very few of the contestants confined themselves to the terms of the contest. Apparently, it is impossible to describe Don Saunders in fifty words. The prize in this contest goes to P. K. Casey, in No. 3 Temporary Building, Ottawa, Ontario, for his brief and effective description of Mr. Saunders.

However, to fully describe Don Saunders takes more than fifty words, and as long as his sense of humour is still going strong, the following description, submitted by Martin Kenny, probably gives a perfect picture of the man himself.

"This is the 'little man' who is always there. He can aptly be described as 'The D.O.T. Five by Five'. He is slightly over 5' 5" tall, and slightly less around the middle. While it would be unfair to say he waddles as he puffs his way through the corridors to his office, it could be properly said, 'He rolls merrily along'. His humour is contagious and he sheds congen-

iality, like a molting hen sheds her feathers, as he goes about his daily tasks. Indeed, it can be truly said of him, 'The world is a better place to live in because of his presence.'

"His work - well to describe it in his own words - is a pleasure. No, he is not a statistician, although he loves figures (all kinds) and prefers to tell his story figuratively. Actually he is an Air Pilot, and his constant association with this numerous and youthful clan keeps him young in spirit, although he has grown old in experience. His inspection work frequently takes him travelling throughout his District. I am sure he enjoys this part of his duties just as much as the people in his District enjoy seeing him. The Department of Transport is indeed fortunate in having in their employ this kindly, efficient, dynamic officer in the person of Don Saunders, D.I.A.R., Toronto, Ontario."

WHAT WAS IT

Last month's "What Is It?" picture produced a number of amazing and wonderful replies as to the identity of the ship plowing through the St. Lawrence River ice. She was credited with being everything from one

of the weather ships to being a part of the Royal Canadian Navy.

However, the prize goes to R. E. Ward (believe it or not, a member of the staff of the District Superintendent of Radio in Halifax), whose brief description is as follows:

"This is what the look-out shows from the Crow's Nest high on the foremast of the N. B. McLean'. She is breaking ice in the St. Lawrence River, a comparatively easy job for this powerful ice-breaker."

BOWLING AT WELLAND

This winter a club, comprising two teams, representing members of the Head Office Staff and the Operating and Maintenance employees, was formed under the capable management of Joe Labonte and Lou Cunningham.

Joe is the only playing veteran of the original Welland Ship Canal League which was formed during the Canal Construction period when Joe captained various teams over some five years, and winning for himself many silver spoons for his high scores and high average of 219; his teams proudly boasting of five silver cups.

The present standing is-

Head Office Staff	23	53
Operating & Maintenance	37	87

Editorial

Elsewhere in this month's "NEWS ON THE DOT" you will see a picture of "the house that Nick built", and another photograph of the home of one of our staff in Winnipeg. Probably you will remember the article telling of Nick Kernatz' long struggle to make himself and his family a home. It was an inspiring story of determination and perseverance.

Today, there are thousands of homes in the Winnipeg area (a good number of them belonging to members of the D.O.T. staff), which are suffering from the ravages of flood waters.

When somebody asks you to contribute to the Manitoba Flood Relief Fund, try and remember these pictures and the courage with which the people of Manitoba have faced disaster.

GIVE GENEROUSLY TO THE MANITOBA FLOOD RELIEF FUND.

This month two of our best stories come from the distaff side of our staff. We think that Mrs. Ritchie's story of the work of a lighthouse keeper's wife certainly rates as the "Job of the Month."

We also think that you will get a kick out of May Murphy's discussion of her trip to California, the first installment of which appears in this issue. Obviously she enjoyed it, and we think you will.

"NEWS ON THE DOT" is back again this month, somewhat delayed, but still a thoroughly healthy infant. The editor must apologize for its late appearance. He has had two weeks in the hospital, and thereby held up the issue.

SMALL FRY I



Just to show that life can be interesting up north, this photo shows W. Melnyk, O.I.C., Radio Range at Coral Harbour, supporting a polar bear cub. Tame, did you say? But pictures are deceiving; after the above was taken, the bear snapped our hero's thumb.

SPRING SEASON MAKES WHITEHORSE BUSY SPOT

Military manouvers, coupled with a gigantic search for a missing aircraft, made February a very busy month. Operation "SweetBriar" with its associated air-lift plus "The Largest Air Search in the History of North America" made the Northwest Staging Route seem like old times.

Whitehorse served as the base for the search for the missing American transport and also as one of the primary bases for the joint military manoeuvres. The skies were full of planes, the telephone lines were congested and everyone finished the shift with that tired feeling that follows a hard day.

The Whitehorse Winter carnival introduced February with a flourish, and despite adverse weather conditions, approximately \$11,500 flowed into the coffers of the Civic Centre Fund. One picturesque and often humorous aspect of the Carnival was the "Days of '98". Beards were very much in evidence and this year the Kangaroo court really cracked down on delinquents. Among those arraigned before the court and charged with various crimes under the Kangaroo Act were Ron Buss, Jimmy Smith, Charlie Goodbrand, Bernie Funston, and Jimmy Marr. One of the more novel excuses for having no beard was,

"My wife wears the pants in the family, so she should grow the beard!" Joe Wasylyk also appeared. Nothing was found wrong with his beard, but he was fined one dollar for neglecting to remove his hat in court. The court, by the way, was in the open, on Main Street, with a brisk wind whipping around the corners, and sub-zero temperatures prevailing. They nicked Joe another buck for smoking in court, which just goes to show that in a Kangaroo court the defendant is always guilty!

The Whitehorse staff are family men--and the families keep growing. As proof, the new arrivals in recent months are recorded here. To Bob and Mrs. Anderson, a daughter, Linda Ray, December 13th; to the Wasylyk's a daughter, Patricia Reay, December 17th; to the Williamson's, a daughter, Carol Helen, November 26; to the Barret's a daughter, Sylvia Natalie, January 8th; to the Dickson's a daughter, Donna, March 5th.

We extend our sympathies to Mrs. Frank Grant and Mrs. Stew McLean, who have both been indisposed, but are making a nice recovery.

Transfers await Ron Buss, Leo Seltzer and Ernie Andrews. Ron was successful in CSC Technicians competition, and is awaiting further news re his move. Leo is scheduled for Victoria and Ernie is awaiting developments on a move back to Winnipeg after eight years at Whitehorse.

WAGNER, ALBERTA



WAGNER MET. STATION

Perhaps many employees of the D. O. T. have never even heard of such a place. Well it is by no means a brand new station nor an out of the way station. It is situated on the south shore of the east end of

Lesser Slave Lake, latitude 55° 21' N., longitude 114° 59' W., and is only a stone's throw from the railroad and highway. This highway is the only one linking Edmonton with the Alaska Highway and although it is not a modern one it is a very important one.

The Meteorological Office along with a Repeater station was built by the Americans during the year 1943, and was manned by their Army Air Corps and Army Signal Corps, respectively. The Weather Office gets its electric power and running water from the Repeater Building.

The Meteorological Office was officially transferred to the D. O. T. on 1700M January 15th, 1946. It has since then been staffed by four Meteorological assistants, Grade 2. The Repeater Building eventually was turned over, in 1947, to the Canadian National Telegraph Company, which still operates it.

We enjoyed their company, and wish them every success in their new locations. Pete Urbanovitch, Bob Harper and Fred Petersen are looking hopefully forward to early construction of D. O. T. married quarters. Curt Hart has been busy nursing his furnace through the winter, and Clarke Robinson has been kept busy shoveling snow off his walk, and everyone looks enthusiastically toward an early spring.

Our weather transmissions are sent out directly on circuit 103. To all stations having a map of the Meteorological teletype Communication System our location will seem quite prominent. The two main local occupations are lumbering and mink ranching. For the enthusiastic hunters this district offers its share of deer, moose, and black bears. Needless to say, the lake forms a summer's fun in boating, swimming and fishing.

The picture shows Wagner as it appeared in February, 1946. The lake can be seen in the background, with its north shore forming the horizon. The railroad and road are a few yards from the front of the Meteorological Office.

If plans do not fail, a picture taken in February, 1950, will show Wagner Meteorological Office as a brand new building.



"--and he wants to cruise ten thousand to Whitehorse, twelve thousand to Gustavus!"



S. J. Ellis, superintendent of Radio, Toronto, points out a particular feature for the Minister during his visit to the department's exhibit at the Canadian International Trade Fair at Toronto. This view displays the Cathode Ray Direction finder, as the work models of the vessels move around the harbor, and attracted a lot of attention. G.C.W. Browne, Controller of Radio, shown, at left, introduced the Minister to all the staff assembled at the exhibit.

**CANADA'S TRADE FAIR
WORLD SHOWCASE
FOR RADIO DIVISION**

The Radio Division literally told the world about Canadian advances in the science of telecommunications and electronics last month at Canada's International Trade Fair which was held in Toronto.

S. J. Ellis, Superintendent of Radio, Toronto, had under his charge, a magnificent exhibit which covered almost every phase of the operations of Radio-transport.

Occupying some 600 square feet of space in the Coliseum, the display included such models as an airport scene with all the fixings for instrument landing complete with model aircraft coming in on the beam; moving ship models telling of CRDF capabilities in Radio Marine; radio station monitoring and spectrum scanning; equipment showing interference detection, and a host of other highly technical features of the Division.

Opening day saw the Minister, the Hon. Lionel Chevrier, take a hand in seeing to it that everything was in ship shape and congratulated those responsible for erecting the exhibit. G. C. W. Browne, Controller of Radio, was on hand and introduced the

minister to the staff on hand.

Many feature demonstrations took place during the Fair, which lasted nine days, and perhaps the most outstanding was the audio-demonstration to the public of the instrument landing system on the arrival of the Prime Minister of Pakistan and his wife, the Begum, who were transported on the Canadian tour by Department of Transport aircraft.

Piloted by G.T. "Scotty" McLean, the aircraft bearing the Prime Minister, made contact with the "Radio Booth" at the Fair, some 30 miles out of Toronto, and the conversation between the pilot and the booth was amplified for the assembled crowd. The Prime Minister was welcomed to the Fair as the plane flew overhead by R. H. Dayton, Trade Fair Administrator, and the Prime Minister replied over the two-way communication system and paid tribute to the facilities of the department.

As Scotty McLean brought the aircraft in at Malton, he described the landing by ILS, this again being amplified for the visitors on hand at the exhibit, with the play-by-play description capably demonstrated on the model by J. R. Robertson, district controller of air services at Toronto.

Many important visitors took time out to look over the various facilities on display at the booth, and on one occasion the Minister for Civil Aviation, Australia, the Hon. T.L. White paid a visit and spent considerable time, accompanied by Rt. Hon. F. M. Forde, Australian High Commissioner.

WHO IS HE?



A laddie who can kick the spectrum around, dissect the ozone, and also a "Smithy". A regular workhorse for the display at the Trade Fair.... answered at least 1000 questions daily from Trade Fair visitors.



The Instrument Landing System display at the Department International Trade Fair exhibit caused a lot of favorable comment. Earl English was on the job explaining the system to Fair visitors, but when this "shot" was taken he was out of coffee??? Dan Hunka, who ably assisted in the Interference display, volunteered to point out the aircraft approaching the photographer, which is exactly what he is doing in the picture.



Looking for somebody? The guys and gals of the Licence Section on Ottawa's Rideau Street can lay claim to the title of super-sleuths. Deciphering some of the names on carbon copy slips present quite a problem sometimes, but they have a formula, and are shown here at work in their "laboratory"..... Scratching the cranium is A.E. Ellard seated, Miss A. Paquette seated, and on the right A. Schinzel seated. The clue for Mrs. A. Campbell seated.



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bit caused a lot of favorable
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y assisted in the Interference
out the aircraft approaching for
actly what he is doing in this



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R. H. Dayton, Administrator for the Canadian International Trade Fair, is shown here at the booth of the Department of Transport welcoming the Prime Minister of Pakistan as he flew over the Trade Fair Grounds at Toronto in CF-DOT piloted by G. T. "Scotty" McLean. The Prime Minister replied over the "two-way" and his message amplified for the assembled audience. S. J. Ellis, Superintendent of Radio, Toronto, is shown on Mr. Dayton's right, while J.R. Robertson, District Controller of Air Services, on his left is tense for the inevitable which didn't happen -- everything clicked like clockwork.



Moncton District Office, 1949-50 Hockey Team "DOTJEIS". Front row, left to right: Forbes, White, Gougen (mascot), Butler, and Miller. Back row, same order: Tilley, Machum, Taylor, Fitton, Holohan, Prescott and Nelson. Team Members missing from the picture are Vaughan, Garland, Fraser, Branscombe,

Steeves and Brown.

Despite the handicap of a late start due to the lack of ice in the Community rink, this team had a very successful season.

Mirth and companion accessories so evident in the picture could give the impression that the team are celebrating

in the wake of a hard-earned victory, however, the contrary is true. This picture was taken by Ray Goodwin at a staff party given in honour of Len Fitton (team captain) on the eve of his official transfer to Headquarters, Ottawa. With his departure the team lost a good hockey player and a "Good Scout."

LIGHT UP TIME-- SATURNA ISLAND B.C.

(by Kathleen Ritchie)

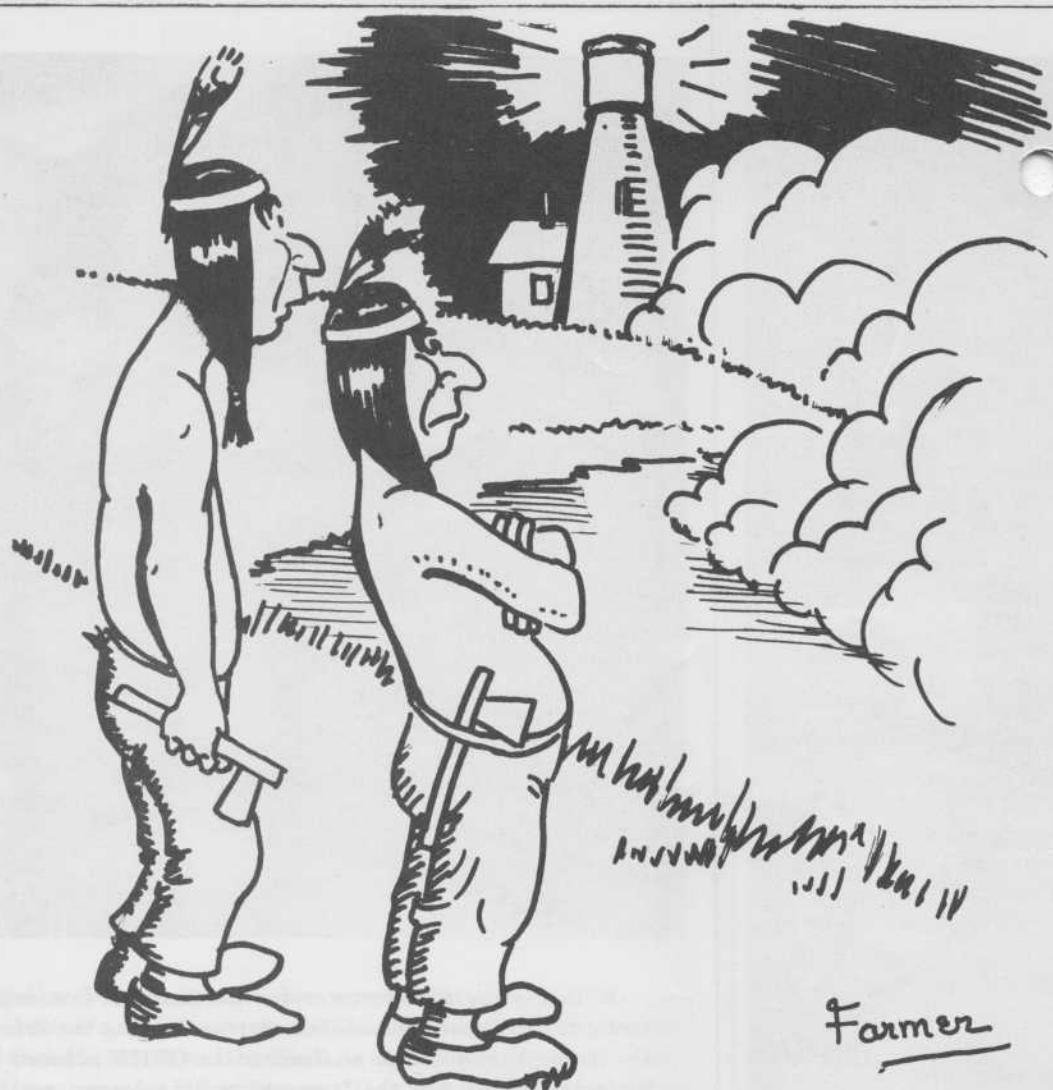
"What's the correct time again, 8 minutes to the hour? O.K. I'll light up, then I put in the various switches and record: East point Lightstation time of lighting--4:55 weather--S.E. gale with rain, any other remarks--i.e. filled gas tanks or oil change, etc.

As I am pressing these buttons and pulling switches I am thinking, "A pleasant good-evening to all other lightkeepers who are doing the same at the same time!" This evening and morning, 'light up' and 'light out' at sunset and sunrise, I feel a closeness to all lightkeepers at our duties are the same. Although our routine is different, the principal is the same. We, as guardians of the sea-lanes start our nightly vigil.

Just about the time the office worker is thinking, "Whew! Another day done!" as he closes the lid of his desk and reaches for his hat and door handle at almost the same time. After his leisurely dinner he then thinks "Where do we go tonight?" Not so his brother the lightkeeper; his work is only starting again on a different watch and his duties keep him always alert. No nights out for him, no problem-1 Where do we go tonight?" Right on the job all the time.

In clear weather he can curl up in a chair with a book, or pursue his hobby; punctuated with repeated trips outside to check his equipment and weather. The light could become faulty without any warning and we realize that lives and valuable cargo depend upon our vigilance.

Formerly this light required a three-hour wind-up and air pressure maintained--this wasn't done from the ground floor by any chance, you climbed four flights of stairs. As I toiled up these draughty steps I used to try and think 'stairs are supposed to be good for the waistline' but, at three o'clock in the morning even this was hard to find comforting, and even harder still as you stood on the iron floor and wound the light rotating mechanism by hand. This required about three hundred turns of a fairly large handle, first your right hand, then your left while the wind all but blew your slippers off! During the long winter nights we were required to make six trips up these stairs and attend the light. Then there were the bad days when either faulty oil or improper cleaning brought it's



White man's lighthouse no good! Shine Light - Ring Bell - Blow Horn! Fog come in just same.

trouble, causing a flare-up, if it was a serious one we would be a week or more scraping and cleaning paint. Those days are gone forever, I am thankful to say.

Today this light is one of the most modern on the coast and the first of it's kind situated on East Point of Saturna Island, B. C. This beacon stands on a structural steel tower 125 feet above high water, streamlined

lenses put forth a beam of 1,700,000 candlepower, a rotating flash every 15 seconds. Mariners are high in their praise of this modernized light.

We, as keepers, feel very proud of our new light, the electrical equipment can be kept with greater ease and efficiency in operation. Two little Kohler plants supply the electrical power, their compactness and neatness is a joy to see as they

sit shining and clean in the little engine room. They run alternate nights to keep their hours of operation and gas consumption about equal.

There is a secondary light attached to our tower, a further aid to navigate this treacherous reef corner, a red sector that shows an arc of red light covering the reef area. As steamers pass our light it shows white and flashing (it's normal characteristic) but as the mariner watches closely beneath the white light, and approaches the danger arc the red light is visible. This, as well as the white light remains in view until the ship has passed the reef danger, then it is closed to his vision and only the big white flashing light continues to help him on his way. The lightkeepers day is a 24 hour vigil with the help of an assistant, one or other is on duty any time of the day or night.

As you sleep comfortably in your beds at sunrise there is a small army of lightkeepers on duty to put out their lights and to start another day of normal routine. There are probably other lightkeeper's wives who share this routine as I do, however, they perform duties equally important and one and all I bid you, "GOOD MORNING!"



"Like to Cool Off?"

Inspectors J. D. Craton of Winnipeg, and G. C. Upson of Vancouver, attended the R.C.A.F. Arctic Survival Course in April to study survival conditions in the far north, and found themselves on their own in the Cambridge Bay area. Inspector

Craton reports that he slept comfortably for fourteen hours in this "fighter trench" they were taught how to construct on the course. Inspector Upson reports that he lost fifteen pounds and felt wonderful.

**CALIFORNIA I
HERE I COME
DREAM TRIP PROVES
TRANSPORT GIRLS
CAN TRAVEL TOO**

(by May Murphy)

After months of lively planning, and laden with the good wishes and lovely "bon voyage" gifts of my family and friends, plus such spirited request from my fellow employees as - "Bring me back a luscious blonde!", "Bring me back Lana Turner," and "Bring me back some rum," I was off on the first lap of what has turned out to be the best holiday I have ever had - five glorious weeks of it!

Naturally, my trip to California created quite a sensation as the ordinary civil servant, like myself, does not usually plan such a wonderful trip and everybody thought I was so fortunate as evidenced by such questions posed to me as - "How do you rate so much leave?"; "Did you inherit a gold mine?"; "How can you afford such a trip?"

Well, you see, it was this way - I had had fifteen days of my 1949 holidays left over which, according to Civil Service ritual, had to be used before the end of the fiscal year (March 31). Then, on April 1, I drew my eighteen days annual leave for 1950. All this, of course, with the usual approval.

Then, it is a big relief having a big brother like mine, who is an American and now being retired from the United States Navy, so, with absolutely no living expenses while there, this eased the heavy strain on my not too bulky pocket-book. However, it might be well to mention here that a little insurance policy came due. I did not realize, when I took out this small policy almost twenty years ago, (now I am giving out secrets of the trade), with the idea lodged in the back of my mind of taking an extended trip some day, that same day, pursuing with intensity a cherished childhood ambition, I would be on my way, after all those years.

Filled with excitement, I was trembling miss on the 3.30 train that pulled out of the Union Station on Tuesday afternoon of March 14. The day was beautiful and sunny, the nicest day Ottawa had seen in several weeks as if the gods were showering their blessings down on me. Leaving behind me about five feet of snow and a temperature which had been hovering between 12 and 21 degrees below zero for the previous few weeks, my journey began

FLOOD WATERS IN WINNIPEG



Remember "The House that Nick Built"? Well, here it is under unusual circumstances - surrounded by the rampaging Red River - or shall we call it "Kildonan Lake". (Photo taken May 11th, 1950).

BEFORE -- AND AFTER



Here is another view of the flood - the Riverview district. A glimpse of Inspector R.E. St. John's residence on Maplewood Avenue would lead one to believe

there is: "Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink" as in the poem "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner".

"Sunny California, here I come,"

Comfortably seated in the chair car and with an eagle eye on my wallet and a yard long account of tickets, I got my first pleasant surprise of the trip to find my chair companion was one of our ushers from St. George's, my parish church. He was going to Chicago and my childish nervousness left me at that moment. Meeting a friend on a train is like a shot in the arm - my spirits were buoyed up to the pitch of excitement at seeing a familiar face.

First stop, Toronto - where we transferred to the Chicago train. All I can remember of that part of the journey was the feverish excitement of trying to grab the Chicago train. We were fifteen minutes late getting in to Toronto and our other train left almost immediately.

Once on the Chicago train, I settled down in my berth, that little two by four contraction

where the slightest movement results in a bump on the head, and one has to be nothing short of a contortionist to try and dress in one! A friend of mine had the embarrassing experience of tumbling out of one while trying desperately to wiggle into one of those unmentionables! Fortunately for me, though, I had reserved a standard lower for my complete train trip. How anyone can be happy or comfortable in an upper berth is beyond me! It's bad enough trying to walk the straight and narrow along the aisles but up and down the ladder for every little personal convenience - heaven forbid! Lucky for me I don't have to live in a tree!

My first encounter with the Customs and Immigration Officials took place shortly after we left Toronto. With butterflies in my tummy, I awaited them. Why was I so nervous? Didn't I have my Form H duly signed, sealed and

delivered? Did I not have my maximum allowance of those precious American dollars and nothing more? I wasn't smuggling any contraband into the U.S.A. In spite of all this, those butterflies persisted in fluttering inside of me. "What's your name" and "Where are you from" were the first questions posed to me by one official. After lifting my Form H, he departed. Didn't even bother to look at my already bulging cases. I was fooled, though. I did not know two others were to follow the first one, repeating the same questions. By the time I was well on the way to Chicago, I knew my name and where I was from, to say the least! I was beginning to see the light - both Customs and Immigration for Canada and the United States were giving me the old one-two. After the third official departed, I was allowed to finish my night's rest without interrupt- except, of course, for the coughing, hacking, jerking and stopping of the train and the laborious wood-sawing of my companion across the aisle, but with the relieved feeling that the first hump of my long journey had been satisfactorily hurdled.

Early the following morning, we arrived in the Windy City. Chicago, to me, has always meant Al Capone and machine guns - and Marshall Field's. Having a three-hour wait between trains, a lady companion and myself walked to Marshall Field's and visited this wonderful department store from top to bottom. It was one of the loveliest I had occasion to see on my whole trip. Sorry to say, though, did not even hear one rat-tat-tat of a machine-gun. I could have been walking down Sparks or Bank Street in Ottawa, except that perhaps the latter streets are somewhat cleaner in appearance. Here, also, began the first of the programme of doffing winter garb - I doffed by galoshes. Along the route, as the weather got warmer, I was relieved of
(continued on page 8)

CONSCIENTIOUS !!

Albert Edwards is lighthouse keeper of the "Masset Range" lights on the northern end of Queen Charlotte Islands, and lives in his own house in the Indian village.

He sent the following telegram to the Prince Rupert office
"HOUSE BURNED DOWN LAST NIGHT STOP LOST ALL STATIONERY STOP PLEASE SEND SOME DAILY REPORT SHEETS."

"ALBERT EDWARDS"

A most conscientious man, indeed!



CALIFORNIA ! HERE I COME

(continued from page 7)

various pieces of winter wearing apparel so that by the time I arrived in Los Angeles, I was carrying my fur coat on my arm - the last reminder of the Ottawa weather I had left behind.

Around 12.30 Wednesday, we left Chicago for a through trip to Los Angeles, via the Los Angeles Limited. The colourful decorations of the American trains present quite a contrast to our sober, Canadian theme. Their beige and tomato coloured walls and spring-like yellow tablecloths and napkins all blend into a very pretty picture - very stimulating to the appetite to say the least, as evidenced by the increased poundage acquired on my trip.

Making full use of the Club Car, where different kinds of liquefying spirits are available (an innovation on the American side only), I met some lovely people among whom was a gentleman who acted as a sort of a father to me.

Varied interesting scenery along the way took up most of our attention. In quick succession, we passed through Omaha, Nebraska, where we stopped long enough to get a breather and to stretch our legs. I also managed to get a peek at Omaha's lovely, large station, but nothing more, as it was around 9.30 in the evening. The next day, the hills of Wyoming kept us alerted, then Salt Lake City, Utah, and a glimpse of the beautiful Mormon Temple, in the distance. We skirted the huge Salt Lake which was one of the main attractions on my trip westward, then darkness set in. The next morning, Friday, March 17, was A. day for me. (Arrival day in Los Angeles from where I was to motor in to Long Beach, my destination). Quite an auspicious occasion for me - arriving in Los Angeles on St. Patrick's Day, with a name like Murphy! With continued excitement, I felt like a hen on a hot griddle and sleep that night was out of the question. Bright and early the next morning, I lifted the curtain and looked out, knowing we were now in the State of California - here was Old Man Sunshine himself greeting me! - And how much warmer the sun did feel! Now, I'm talking like a native Californian! My first sight of California was a lonely cactus tree standing in the desert. However, I wasn't disillusioned as I had read of the swaying palms, the blue Pacific, the Cadillac cars and mink coats.



12:45 A.M.



12:55 A.M.



1:05 A.M.



1:15 A.M.



1:40 A.M.

THE BOWLER'S RETURN

My nervousness and excitement increased in tempo with every turn of the wheels. At the conductor's cry of "Los Angeles - Union Station," I was practically jumping out of my skin. My knees were knocking together like a pair of cymbals, even though I am bowlegged, and I could hardly keep myself under control. I had arrived!

After bidding the proper adieux to my travel companions, I searched the sea of strange faces for a familiar one and there, beaming bright as day, was my brother, looking every inch the prosperous Californian, even to the Cadillac car he owned and which was to be our faithful companion for the month I spent with him. Did you ever

experience that feeling of greeting a loved one after an absence of so many years? I had seen him but several times in the last twenty-three years, and it was a welcome reunion. Sweet shades of nostalgia!

Motoring into Long Beach, about twenty miles away, where my brother had his apartment, I tried to keep up my end of the old-fashioned gab-fest but, even for one of loquacious gifts, this was quite a feat as I was busy craning my neck from one side to the other, not wanting to miss a trick.

Now we were in Long Beach, the largest of California's seaside resorts and, as the souvenir booklet says - "A residential city of refinement and

charm of about 265,000 population," where, for the next few weeks I was to luxuriate in an atmosphere of fun, gaiety, sight-seeing and - Hopalong Cassidy. My brother, whose retirement had been pending for over a year, did not even have to report to the office, so we had absolutely no commitments on our time. Ate, when we felt like it, and slept when we felt like it, and practically lived in the car. We add-over 2,000 miles on the car while I was there and, better still, it did not cost me a penny. Could anyone expect a better "made-to-order" holiday?

Our days were spent sight-seeing and in the evenings I was introduced to the cocktail lounges - natch! (Say, by the way, does anyone know the address of Alcoholics Anonymous?) We made the rounds of such places as The Pampas, The Clipper, The One-17, The Sky-Room of the Wilton Hotel, which gives a panoramic view of the whole city - a beautiful kaleidoscopic bird's-eye view of neon lights blazing forth like a jewelled setting; and the Lafayette Hotel piano room having the unusual arrangement of a grand piano set up like a bar with about a dozen stools grouped around it and a pianist playing request numbers for the pleasure of the guests. A welcome change to the blatant music of a juke-box. Maybe this idea could be sold to some of our own cocktail lounges - Quite a novelty!

One evening, as we were walking along the famous "Pike" - a second Coney Island, where one can find every conceivable form of diversion and entertainment - I had the pleasure of talking with some Canadian Officers from Vancouver, who were in port for a few days. Long Beach is quite the naval centre. Later on, I had the privilege of visiting a submarine - "THE SAWFISH" - from stem to stern. How do they keep track of all that intricate machinery! Every nook and cranny held some sort of gadget. My brother, an ex-submariner, was able to explain everything in detail to me but all I can remember is the escape hatch - in case I needed it - and the torpedo chambers. I learned this though, never try descending into a submarine attired in a dress - slacks would be the proper wearing apparel! After climbing out into the open, I tried to visualize what it would be like, being submerged with the full complement of sixty men on board - all right for a member of the fair sex, sez you!! (to be continued)