

# Chapter 8

## *Small town lifestyle*

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I an Martin Associates had assigned me to a manufacturing company in the small rural town of Goderich located in the County of Huron, Southwestern Ontario. Because of the long distance between Longueuil and Goderich, I made arrangements with my cousin, Don Jr., to stop overnight at his home in Bramalea, just west of Toronto. On Sunday, February 22nd, 1976, and with a suitcase packed for a lengthy stay away from home, I drove to Bramalea in readiness for an early start on Monday morning.

Even though there wasn't any threat of snowstorms, the weather was extremely cold. I remember that the night was very frosty and, when it was time to leave Don's house, my car refused to start. Don had yet to take his daughter, Shannon, to school. His car started without any trouble and, after returning from the school, we manoeuvred my car so I could try a 'push start' using the manual transmission. After two attempts the procedure worked and I left Bramalea knowing that there was going to be a long journey ahead.

The most direct route was driving west along Hwy. 401 to the Hwy. 8 exit near the twin cities of Kitchener-Waterloo, then following Hwy. 8 until it ended at Goderich on the shores of Lake Huron. By the time I reached Kitchener I needed to refuel the car. I noticed a service station with an automatic car wash and, since the Datsun was covered in highway de-icing salt residue, I decided to run the car through the wash. All went well until the rotating brush contacted the driver's side mirror. The force dislodged the mirror lens which fell out of the holder and smashed on the concrete floor. Not a good sign.

After leaving Kitchener, the road became a regular two-lane highway with a speed limit of 50 mph (80 km/h) and I was still a significant distance away from Goderich. Fortunately as the weather remained good I wasn't further impeded and continued to the next major community of Stratford. Time was going by quickly and I still had another 44 miles (70 km) to drive. The journey along Hwy. 8 and through small towns such as Mitchell, Seaforth and Clinton seemed never ending. Finally I arrived in Goderich – population 7,200 – but then I had to find the offices of the Dominion Road Machinery Company Ltd.

I needed to ask for directions and, by chance, found the local police station. This was after I had driven to the town centre and, for the first time, encountered the town's unique Courthouse Square. This was a large roundabout, known locally as "The Square", and consisted of an octagon shaped traffic circle with a one-way system. After securing directions I found the company's office and factory, then entered the lobby to be greeted by the affable receptionist, Marg Miller.

After introducing myself, Marg called the personnel manager, Brian Knights, to the lobby. Brian took me into his office for a preliminary conversation. I found out that I wasn't the only Ian Martin Associates employee working at "Dominion Roads" (the company's informal name; also affectionately known as "DRMCO", "The Roads" or "The Good Roads") since there were several contracted engineering draughts-

men augmenting the company's own design staff. Apparently the company had just launched a new range of machines and the normal workforce couldn't provide adequate product support and engineering resources. Brian explained that my tenure was strictly a temporary position to help provide a set of technical manuals for the new products and once the project was completed my services would end.

The rest of the interview consisted of paperwork completion and a discussion about lodging. Arrangements had been made for me to board at the Cedar Lodge Motel, which was a few blocks away from the office and factory. Next I was introduced to my new colleague, Lloyd Atfield, who was a veteran employee with the company and a fount of product knowledge. Lloyd was a likeable, rotund person with a keen sense of wit. We hit it off almost immediately and his first duty was to show me around the factory and explain the product. This was the beginning of a long association with Lloyd until he later voluntarily left at a time when the company's fortunes were wavering.

As yet I wasn't clear what the company manufactured, except that my Ian Martin contact had described it as 'heavy equipment'. As soon as Lloyd took me into the finished products area I knew what type of machine was being made – a motor grader. My time at International Harvester's Marketing division introduced me to many different types of earthmoving equipment through the press media so I was familiar with the design and function of motor graders. Since these machines were used not only on construction projects but also for snow removal on roads and major highways they had been a regular sight from our Montréal apartment window overlooking the Taschereau Boulevard interchange. Usually three machines worked side by side to clear the multi-lane highway of snow after a blizzard.

A quick tour through the various workshops gave me an essence of how the machine was made from the raw material to the finished product. The company was 'vertically integrated' and, apart from certain purchased parts, was able to manufacture the range of machines using its own workforce and resources.

Before the day was over, Lloyd took me around the offices and introduced me to the head of Technical Services, Mr. John Timbrell. I was pleasantly surprised to meet this well-spoken Englishman, who obviously had come from a privileged upbringing. The office orientation continued and I met the technical publications team of Bob Scott, John Dicks, Graham MacDonald and Bill Barlow; as well as the print room staff of John Sutherland, Vicky Radford and Lynn Crawford. The small department was a complete departure from UACL and Rolls-Royce but, as time went by, I became acclimatised to the reduction in quality standards.

It was now time to find my lodgings and check in. The Cedar Lodge Motel wasn't far away and, after settling into the room, I then decided to make a reconnaissance of the immediate area on foot; in particular, where to eat my evening meal as there were no catering facilities at the motel. I found my bearings to the town centre and located a convenient restaurant on The Square. It was a fish and chip restaurant called "The Brigadoon" that was owned and operated by a Scottish couple, the Hamiltons. The layout was similar to any English 'chippie' and the food was very good. After dinner I continued to walk around The Square taking note of the various stores, then returned to the motel as it was becoming extremely cold for any further explorations. Events during my first day seemed propitious for the immediate future and I was keen to see what lay ahead as this assignment indicated the need for a great deal of personal initiative.

## *A challenging assignment*

The next few days were earmarked for settling in. Because all the available room in the technical publications/print room section had been used up, a desk and chair were allocated to me in a new part of the office. A recent extension had been built that incorporated industrial engineering and production control on the ground floor and three executive offices with future administration space on the second floor. This space was covered by a green carpet and was familiarly known as the 'golf course'. I shared some of the space with three ladies working on parts pricing, Sandra Kisch, Lois Campbell and Patricia Habel. The three executive offices were for Mr. Elmer Squires, vice president of industrial relations and administration; Miss Jackie Moore the comptroller, and Mr. E. Cayley Hill, the vice president of manufacturing. They each shared the secretarial services of Katrina Gawne.

Bob Scott, an amiable Northern Irishman, supervised the work flow through the technical publications/print room section, so I nominally reported to him. He explained to me that the new range of machines – code named '700 Series' – needed to be supported with a complete set of dedicated technical manuals. There was still too much work to be completed for the previous range – or '600 Series' machines – so outside help was required for the new products. Furthermore, the company was still in the transitional stage of production and, with a backlog of orders for the 700 Series, furnishing the appropriate technical manuals was a priority.

However, there was a problem. The marketing campaign to sell the 700 Series had been so successful that a number of initial orders had been placed before the latest models, which had many radically new features, could be fully developed. In fact, research and development (RND) was still happening at the same time as tooling up the production line.

So that I could have a thorough product knowledge, a surplus RND machine was made available to Lloyd and myself. Also helping was a young and talented mechanic/operator, Gord Ferguson. Space constraints at the factory meant that our machine had to be housed elsewhere. Just outside the town limits on the opposite side of the Maitland River was the municipal airport; also known as Sky Harbour Airport. During the Second World War, Goderich Airport hosted No. 12 Elementary Flying School for the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, providing initial pilot training for aircrews using the Fleet Finch. One of the two original large wooden hangars, together with some outbuildings remained. Dominion Roads was renting space in one of the hangars primarily for RND activity, so we were able to squeeze our machine next to the experimental bay. Working in this big barn of a building in the depths of winter, however, was difficult and we had to rely on the efficiency of gas fired overhead heaters to keep the building warm.

A plan was formulated for me to start on two of the three technical manuals with the third being worked on by John, Graham and Bill. To expedite the manuals, their formats were to be based on the current issues of the 600 Series books. This meant that there would be no departure to style and a smooth transition was expected. The manuals were, of course, printed in house, and Bob had made sure that there were adequate means of printing, binding and distribution by investing in an offset printing machine and an Agfa-Gevaert model 20-24 copy camera, together with full dark room capabilities.

Lloyd and I decided to tackle the Operator's Manual, which meant me becoming familiar with the many controls and how the machine was used on the jobsite. Using the 600 Series manual as a template, we busily documented the differences and used a Polaroid Land camera to capture any images worth including. Although old in technology, the instant Polaroid black and white photographs provided an effective and economical means of adding to the manual's pictorial content. Once the information was drafted and the photographs taken, it was time to lay out each individual page as camera ready copy. The copy was checked for accuracy then passed to the print room staff and processed through the plate making stage before being printed and collated into complete manuals.

Our presence at the hangar was noted by the few workers in the RND experimental bay. They were curious, of course, and more so since they all belonged to the hourly paid trade union. This was Local Lodge 1863 of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers (IAM&AW). The shop steward, Ken Crawford, approached us to determine my status, since any contracted worker was viewed as performing a union worker's job. Lloyd was well known, and even though he was considered management, he was able to placate the union representative. As time went by, I was able to mingle with the union men, citing that I had been an active union member at one time and even held office (recording secretary for DATA at Rolls-Royce). We all got to know one another and they willingly shared product knowledge since many of them, like Len Harman, were veteran employees.

The IAM&AW collective agreement not only covered hourly paid shop floor workers but also some of the office employees. Consequently I had to be aware that when asking questions most of the answers came from union members; so tact was the name of the game.

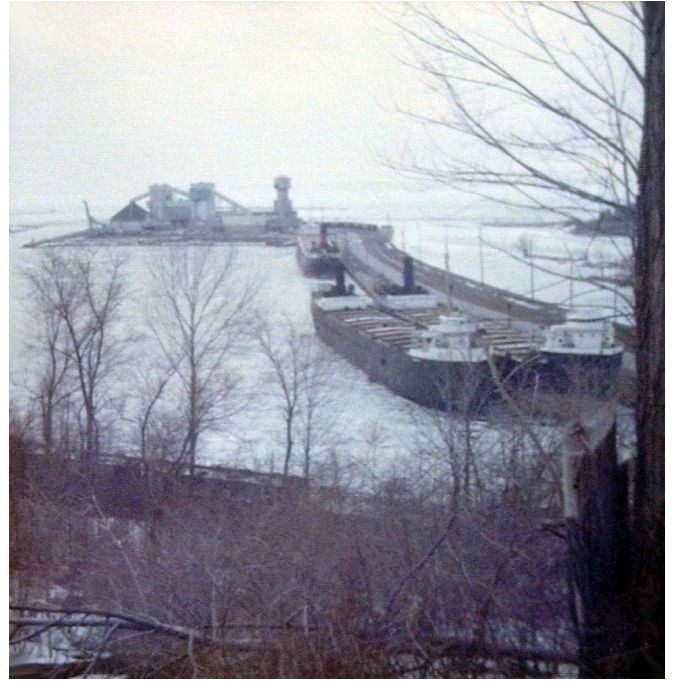
As the days progressed, names and faces became more familiar as I made contacts during my research work. The almost casual atmosphere and relaxed discipline seemed contrary to the tight ship that was run by the management at UACL. I was soon on first name terms with the upper echelon; including the president, Mr. Bruce A. Sully, who was owner and CEO of the company. Dominion Roads was the small town's largest employer and, by November, 1975, employed 1,000 people before tapering off in the lean years. It also had a long history; starting in 1886 in Pennsylvania and moving to Hamilton then Goderich. Its fortunes fell at the end of the Second World War and the company was resurrected by Air Vice Marshall John A. Sully (also known as 'the AVM' or 'the old man'). After the AVM retired, his eldest son, Mr. John K. Sully, took over the presidency until, due to ill health, he abdicated in favour of his younger brother, Bruce. Bruce had the reputation as being something of a playboy, but he was extremely generous and valued his employees.

### *Moving from the city to a small town*

**D**espite the precariousness of contract work – although this stint appeared to be relatively long term – it behooved us to move our home from Montréal to Goderich and, if needs be, relocate again. To this end we made enquiries with various removal companies and eventually settled on North American Van Lines. Monica had the unenviable task of coordinating with the company to ensure a smooth transition. At my end I had to find an apartment and scoured the local weekly newspaper, the Goderich Signal-Star, for prospective accommodation. Lloyd helped me as I was unfamiliar with the town's street



*Huron County Court House on Courthouse Square, Locally Known as “The Square”, Viewed from the Corner of West Street in Downtown Goderich, Ontario, February, 1976.*



*Ice Covered Harbour with Lake Freighters Idled during Winter and the Sifto Salt Mine in the Background. The Maitland River is on the Right of the Causeway, Goderich, Ontario, February, 1976.*



*Ice Covered Harbour with Lake Freighters Idled during Winter and the Grain Elevators in the Background, Goderich, Ontario, February, 1976.*



*View Looking from our Apartment Living Room Window Shortly After Moving in the Picton Street Building, Goderich, Ontario, February, 1976.*



*Exterior of the Picton Street Apartment Building with Snow Accumulation on South Street Corner, Goderich, Ontario, March, 1976.*



*Interior of the Picton Street Apartment Showing Part of the Lounge and Dining Area, Goderich, Ontario, March, 1976.*



*Interior of the Picton Street Apartment Showing Monica in the Kitchen Area, Goderich, Ontario, March, 1976.*



*Interior of the Picton Street Apartment Showing Monica in the Lounge Area, Goderich, Ontario, March, 1976.*

plan, and he pointed out possible pitfalls such as types of apartments to avoid. There wasn't a great deal of promise from the newspaper so I visited one of the town's estate agents (realtors), Alexander & Chapman.

It so happened that Alexander & Chapman was also a property management company and looked after the administration of a small apartment building at the corner of South Street and Picton Street. On the face of it this was ideal since I wasn't keen on renting rooms in a large house and preferred a self-contained unit in a proper block of apartments. I was told that a one bedroom unit would soon be available and, if I was interested, I could arrange with the current tenant for a viewing, which I did. The flat was on the top floor of a 'three-floor walk-up', appeared clean and was well heated – an important point given the harsh Canadian winters. Since it looked like a good starting point, I returned to the realtors and secured the tenancy. I now had a street address and occupancy date to give Monica so she could inform the removal company.

I checked out of the motel and moved into 21-15 Picton Street East at the beginning of March, 1976. The apartment had been recently redecorated and the hardwood parquet floor was well polished. All that was necessary was to clean the surfaces and major appliances. I also arranged for a telephone installation. Of course, it was unfurnished and so I had to find a way of sleeping comfortably. I decided to buy some thick foam rubber mats, but was unable to find anything suitable at the local hardware stores. The nearest community with a large department store was Stratford – a one hour drive from Goderich – and eventually I located and bought two thick sheets of foam rubber. For the next couple of weeks, I lived a Spartan existence until returning to Montréal on Saturday, March 13th, to supervise the move on the following Monday.

In the meantime, Monica had given notice, quit her job and amassed some strong boxes from the removal company when the estimate and agreement was negotiated. The weekend was spent packing the boxes and dismantling furniture for ease of removal. Monica had also negotiated a sublet as we still had several months remaining on the apartment's lease. Fortunately she knew a neighbour in a lower unit and convinced him to take over our lease. The moving truck arrived and a good part of the day was spent organising the physical move and finalising the tenancy paperwork. When we finally left *Domaine d'Iberville* it was getting late and we drove as far as possible given our level of energy; stopping overnight at a random motel in Cornwall, just over the Ontario/Québec provincial boundary.

We continued our journey on Tuesday and arrived in Goderich without delay. The apartment was welcoming regardless of its austerity and we waited in anticipation; although knowing that we would be spending at least one night sleeping on the foam rubber mats. I went to work on the following day while Monica unpacked a few small boxes of basic essentials that we had brought with us and watched for the moving truck. Time wore on and nobody appeared, so we called the removal company to get a status of the truck's progress. We were eventually informed of a major problem. The truck was on a multiple pick-up and drop-off route and, at one point, a problem had happened to the truck's trailer. This meant that the entire contents of the trailer had to be unloaded and transferred onto another trailer. There were logistical difficulties as well as the time consumption involved moving the cargo and delivering at drop-off points before reaching Goderich. This domino effect meant a delay of several days before the truck finally arrived. By the time the furniture arrived we had had our fill of sleeping on the foam rubber mats and were glad to reassemble the queen size bed with its sprung mattress and be assured of a good night sleep.

## *Small town lifestyle and spreading our wings*

In the month or so since arriving in Goderich, I had explored a good part of the community on foot. The small town lifestyle still hadn't taken full effect and I remained in urban city mode expecting quick service and endless choices. It took a while to slow down, but we were indirectly helped by our neighbours; many of whom were senior citizens, including a number of elderly widows. In fact, apart from a few other tenants, Monica and I were the youngest in the block. We gradually met those around us, and on the same floor were Len and Jean Elliot; Mrs. Snazel; Nancy opposite us; Lorna Vincent; Mrs. Glenn; Eugene and Beulah Howey, and Bert and Lorraine Robinson. From the tone of our conversations we started to learn more about local goings-on as such news was often spread by word of mouth in gossip form. We also quickly discovered that it was imprudent to malign anybody, as often the other party of the conversation was related to the accused individual. Therefore, it was important to first ascertain the family relationships of longtime residents. The interweaving of family members over many generations in a small community was a fact of life and, knowing who was married to who; the names of their ancestors and descendents, etc., was a common thread in conversations. Other known facts such as church and service club affiliation, profession and home location were also thrown into the mix. As we acquired more experience living in the community, a natural reduction in the pace of everyday living started to develop.

Lloyd and Dorothy Atfield were good to me in the early days and introduced me to one of the town's popular recreations, 5 and 10 pin bowling. At the "Little Bowl" bowling alley, you could rent shoes and play a few games at a reasonable cost. The bowling league was very competitive as teams vied for superiority. Other types of recreation and sport were available and I was pleased to learn that the town had its own chess club. This seemed to be a low-key recreation that would easily fit into our weekly schedule. Several of the members worked at Dominion Roads and the club met in the basement of Doug and Judy Brindley's house. Later, we convened in the home of Jim and Linda Kingsley; then in the dedicated activities room in the newly-built raceway grandstand. The participants were very competitive and skill levels varied. The foremost player was Charlie MacDonald, with outstanding performances from Doug and Judy Brindley; Jim Kingsley; Darryl Kloeze; Dennis Little; Brian Miller; Owen Moriarty and Louis Stadelmann. The club had an annual round-robin playoff schedule leading up to the championship games and, at the end of the season, a dinner and trophy presentation night. My first award was Level 4 winner 1976-1977.

Working out at Sky Harbour Airport had several compensations. Lloyd, Gord and I operated unconstrained with a practice machine at our disposal and all workshop facilities available. Being able to watch and record procedures in a controlled environment was a godsend, particularly as at Coventry Climax Engines, I was obliged to view things on the production line or in the service workshop often under the watchful eyes of the foreman.

Sky Harbour was a functioning airport with two active paved runways, both of which were long enough for medium sized aircraft, and one grass landing strip. Not only did it accommodate general aviation, but also the executive aircraft operated by Business Air Services (BAS), which was a subsidiary company of Dominion Roads. BAS came into existence as CEO Bruce A. Sully wanted a means to bring potential customers and dealer personnel directly to Goderich. Since the company was looking ahead to expand into the



U.S.A., a direct air connection was considered an advantage. Consequently, BAS invested in and operated one Learjet and two turboprop Beechcraft King Air executive aircraft. The company had recently had its new hangar, offices and technical workshop built on the site of one of the Second World War hangars (which had previously burned down) and it was always a thrill to watch the arrival and departure of the BAS planes.

In terms of general aviation, Lloyd was in his element. An experienced pilot himself, he also worked part time at the airport for Western Air Services as a flight instructor. Western Air Services had had a chequered history involving some notable local aviators such as Keith “Hoppy” Hopkinson and Gus Chisholm. Lloyd was keen to enrol me into the ground school and, as an enticement, took me up in one of the school’s Cessna high-wing monoplanes on occasions; even allowing me to take the controls for a short while. Viewing the town and surrounding country from the air was a rewarding experience.

One of the shortcomings of working for a contracting company was not receiving regular paycheques. Ian Martin Associates’ payroll department was very inefficient and more than once I had to remind the head office that they were delinquent in mailing the cheque on time. Other Ian Martin contract draughtsmen also complained, so I wasn’t the only employee affected. This slipshod attitude started me thinking about the wisdom of staying with Ian Martin; particularly as the benefits were negligible and my rate of pay had decreased to \$582.00 every two weeks from the \$604.00 that I was earning at UACL.

An unusually warm spell of weather coincided with the Easter holiday in April. Most of the snow had already disappeared and the lake ice was breaking up and melting at a rapid rate. We took advantage of the long weekend to spend a few days in Midwestern Ontario’s “cottage country”. However, whilst in the town of Midland, we started to experience problems with the car. The symptoms of sluggish performance and high fuel consumption had been previously experienced on a shopping trip to London, but this time it was more serious. We decided to put up for the night in the commercial hotel in Midland and seek help the following day. Finding a garage with a licenced mechanic on duty was not easy as it was Easter Sunday. However, we were lucky to locate one and asked for assistance. Working on a Japanese import didn’t make the situation any easier, but eventually – more by accident than anything else – the mechanic traced the fault. Apparently during the car’s previous service, two pollution control hoses had been removed then installed incorrectly, thus creating an anomaly with the combustion system.

By the month of May, I was becoming well recognised in both the office and on the shop floor. I continued to meet different people and make contacts in the appropriate departments. A wealth of knowledge came from the service representatives, Alex Almasi; Jim Doherty; George Vollick; Dave Wallace, and Howard “Kip” White. For engineering expertise, I spoke primarily with the chief engineer, Denver Dickie, although I also conferred with design draughtsmen, Jim Kimberley; Dave Sowerby, and Clarence Taylor. The manuals were taking shape despite being hampered a little with the physical pasting-up of individual pages; having to rely on basic items such as a ruler, non-repro blue pencil and clear adhesive tape (Scotch tape). A quantum leap was made later when I was able to acquire a draughting machine with two scales set at right angles to each other. Also the use of “Letraset” and “Letratone” for graphic design elements, plus rubber cement instead of Scotch tape, improved the layout. The main text, however, was still produced on an electric typewriter by Wendy Smuk, a typist who was assigned by John Timbrell to provide the copy.

The warm spring weather continued to encourage us on exploration trips and we found many historical and cultural destinations within a radius of a few hours driving. The outstanding sites were: Doon Pioneer Village – a collection of buildings and artifacts and re-creation of an Ontario rural community in the mid-1800s; the Oil Museum of Canada in the village of Oil Springs where the first commercial drilling and refining of crude oil in Canada took place (1857); and Fort Malden, the strategic British fortification built in 1796 at Amherstburg, near Windsor, and which proved an important stronghold in the War of 1812.

The furthest we travelled that month was during the Victoria Day holiday weekend. Again, fine weather made for a nice drive and we chose to investigate Algonquin Provincial Park, a huge area of unspoiled wilderness. The highway that traversed the park was well provided with picnic sites and trails leading to points of interest. We saw our first beaver dam there and observed the awakening of the vegetation as spring arrived in the wild forest.

The County of Huron is an area of arable farmland where cash crops and dairy herds are part of the landscape. The main economy of many of the county's communities is based on rural activities and traditions. The spring season is a busy one for farmers as they prepare the fields for sowing and look towards reaping the first cut of hay. Spring fairs provide a break from the chores and are organised as a family oriented festival that prove to be very popular with the rural community. In early June we attended the Clinton Spring Fair for a true taste of the country way of life. The small town of Clinton is 11 miles (18 km) east of Goderich and the events took place in the agricultural park. Following a parade with marching bands and majorettes, numerous side shows entertained the visitors. Included were competitions and exhibitions, such as horse judging, and achievement award presentations to members of rural organisations, e.g., 4H Clubs.

With the approaching summer, air shows at selected airports around the country were starting their season. One of the first to open was the London Air Show with an impressive line-up of various military and commercial aircraft. We were treated to superb air displays on a cloudless day, and among the latest jets to fly was the CF-18 Hornet. A North American F-100 Super Sabre was part of the static display, and Canadair CF-5 Freedom Fighters and Convair F-106 Delta Darts flew across the airfield in close formation. Spectators were treated to a novel demonstration when a C-130 Hercules all-purpose transport took off using the JATO (jet-assisted take off) feature. This was a method allowing the aircraft to clear the runway in a very short distance as eight rockets placed under the fuselage provided additional thrust to help the plane take off. Other highlights of the show were the precision aerobatic routines of three Pitts Special high performance biplanes, and the "Snowbirds" in their distinctive red liveried jet Tutors. The Pitts Specials performed flawless snap turns, hammerhead turns and Lomcovak controlled spin performances. The extended routines by the "Snowbirds" ended in a reverse bombshell routine with lots of roaring engine noise and generous amounts of smoky vapour trails. Following these performances came the vintage plane flypast where we saw an eye-catching formation of four Second World War U.S. aircraft consisting of North American P-51 Mustang, Vought F-4U Corsair and Lockheed P-38 Lightning fighters, and a North American B-25 Mitchell bomber. The show ended with a free fall parachute demonstration by Canadian Armed Forces personnel.

We both recognised that health issues were important and have striven to eat a balanced diet and exercise regularly. Admittedly at the time I smoked a pipe and the occasional cheroot (but not cigarettes), and



*Barry Preparing Camera Ready Copy for the DRMCO/Champion Motor Grader Service Manual, Goderich, Ontario, May, 1976.*



*Aerial View of the Downtown Core of Courthouse Square and its Radiating Roads. Photograph is Oriented with West Street at the Bottom and South Street on the Right, Goderich, Ontario, May, 1976.*



*Aerial View of the Harbour and the Maitland River with Grain Elevators, Lake Freighters and Railway Lines, Goderich, Ontario, May, 1976.*



*Aerial View of the East Side of Town with the Dominion Road Machinery Company Ltd. Factory in the Foreground, Goderich, Ontario, May, 1976.*



*Monica Enjoying the Spring Sunshine in a Field of Flowering Dandelions, Doon Pioneer Village, near Kitchener, Ontario, May, 1976.*



*Deep in the Wilderness of Algonquin Provincial Park, a Large Area of Natural Bush and Lakes East of Georgian Bay and near the Town of Huntsville, Ontario, May, 1976.*



*A Display of Formation Flying by the "Snowbirds", the Foremost Aerobatic Squadron of the Canadian Armed Forces, at the Annual London Air Show, London, Ontario, June, 1976.*



*Monica Canoeing on Fanshawe Lake. Photograph Taken just before Monica was Due to Undergo Surgery in University Hospital, London, Ontario, June, 1976.*

enjoyed a beer or two on occasions. However, Monica didn't indulge in those vices. So it was disconcerting for her to discover a small lump in one of her breasts. After being examined by our family doctor, she was referred to Dr. Passi, a specialist at the University Hospital in London. During the consultation, Dr. Passi noticed a swelling in Monica's throat. His recommendation was that this condition needed to be seen to as soon as possible so immediately admitted Monica into the hospital for tests. This took us completely by surprise, but since Dr. Passi was the foremost expert in his field we didn't argue. The tests established that there was an abnormality in Monica's thyroid gland and surgery was required to correct the situation.

On the Sunday before the scheduled surgery I visited Monica and we secured a day pass out of the hospital so she could benefit from some fresh air. We drove to nearby Fanshawe Park and, on a whim, stopped at the canoe rental concession by the lake. Neither of us had paddled a canoe before, but we took one out for a short while as a novelty. Later in the week, Dr. Passi performed the procedure and surgically removed part of Monica's thyroid gland, together with the offending nodule. She was then admitted overnight into the intensive care unit (ICU) as a precaution against complications. I remember visiting her every night after work and eating my evening meal in the hospital cafeteria. I was given permission to visit Monica in the ICU even though she was in recovery mode and somewhat drowsy. As the days went by, she became stronger until the stitches were removed and she was discharged to recuperate at home. The good news from this episode was that the breast lump was diagnosed as a benign fibro-adenoma (fibrous tissue residue) and, although Monica has had to take regular medication to compensate for the reduced thyroid activity, the sharp eyes of the specialist had helped to eliminate a potentially serious health problem.

Yet another air show was in the offing for June; this one located at Collingwood Airport. The event was more of a low key affair in comparison with the London Air Show, but there was a good representation of different aircraft there, including: a Boeing Stearman biplane; a North American Harvard advanced trainer; a Douglas DC-3 "Dakota" all-purpose transport and a Bell JetRanger helicopter. The helicopter and a tethered hot air balloon were giving joy rides to visitors, and I thought it would be interesting to take a flight in the JetRanger. I sat next to the pilot and was instantly amazed when taking off vertically and effortlessly turning as if on a pivot but in midair. The other incredible sensation was hovering in a stationary position as if just hanging in space. A satisfying and novel flying experience.

The year 1976 was important in the U.S.A. as it signalled the bicentenary of the Declaration of Independence. The Fourth of July public holiday also launched a great number of patriotic events across the country. We savoured some of the excitement when visiting two tourist attractions in the city of Dearborn, which forms part of the Greater Detroit Area. Both the Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village were huge sites to explore. The museum housed not only an array of Ford Motor Company products, but also many other vintage cars of different makes. There was a massive collection of memorabilia depicting the evolution of the automotive industry. Greenfield Village was a living museum of the American way of life with a host of historic artifacts, including a full size 'Iron Horse'-type steam locomotive and passenger carriages that puffed its way around an extensive track layout through the village grounds. Much of the grassed area was occupied by a pioneer camp in which enthusiasts dressed up in frontier-style clothing and lived under canvas as they did two hundred years ago. Emphasis was also put on American ingenuity, and a reproduction of Thomas Edison's workshop where he developed his inventions was a popular attraction.

With the annual summer shutdown at Dominion Roads taken in August, there was little in the way of product support for me during my research work. So, Monica and I decided to once again head towards the Canadian maritime provinces for a two week vacation. This time we planned to drive through the U.S.A. instead of travelling along the TCH through Canada. We had heard of the scenic Finger Lakes area of Upper New York state and headed in that direction. While *en route*, the clouds gathered and a significant rainstorm developed. In the Finger Lakes hilly country the downpour created cascades of water that flooded several places, including the downtown of Canandaigua, a community we had to drive through. We were diverted but it didn't inconvenience us too much. Some of the exceptional scenery was at Watkins Glen on Seneca Lake. The natural feature of the Watkins Glen State Park gorge and its rugged trail was well worth while exploring. The remainder of the drive through Upper New York state was through the Adirondack Mountains natural beauty reserve – an unspoilt wilderness of forests and lakes.

At Ticonderoga, we travelled by ferry across a narrow stretch of Lake Champlain to Vermont. Another scenic drive took us through the Green Mountain National Forest to the Connecticut River and into New Hampshire. The planned route then followed the Connecticut River and diverted into the White Mountain National Forest at Franconia Notch where I once visited with the UACL ski club. The winding road through the park bypassed Bretton Woods, venue of the 1944 conference that considered how to organise global finance and trade after the Second World War, and birthplace of the World Bank. Nearby was Mount Washington, the highest peak in New Hampshire, and its famed narrow gauge cog railway that used a steam locomotive to transport tourists up and down the precipitous mountain.

The remaining part of the route across the U.S.A. was through the state of Maine. The scenery wasn't as spectacular and some parts consisted of monotonous stretches of uninterrupted spruce bushland. The pot-hole-ridden roads, too, were detrimental to a pleasant drive. At last, however, we arrived at the twin border towns of Calais (Maine) and St. Stephen (New Brunswick), and from there took the highway to St. John, the largest city in New Brunswick. We then drove across country to join the TCH and a familiar route through Moncton, Amherst (Nova Scotia) and eventually across the causeway at Port Hastings onto Cape Breton Island where we continued to North Sydney and the terminus for the Newfoundland ferry.

Originally we had intended to take the car by ferry to Newfoundland, but as we hadn't made an advanced reservation there was no room for an additional vehicle. We wanted to visit Newfoundland anyway and compromised by spending the following day as passengers on the ferryboat. The voyage from North Sydney started fine, but a slight swell on the ocean made things uncomfortable for me and, together with the smell of the diesel exhaust, most of the outbound trip was of the seasick variety. Lasting the six and one half hour crossing was a test of endurance, but eventually we hove to at the government wharf at Channel-Port aux Basques, Newfoundland. The small community embodied everything of a Newfoundland outpost with the multicoloured houses perched on rocky outcrops; yards surrounded by picket fences, and boats either tied up at the wooden 'stages' or on the move to the rich fishing grounds of the Grand Banks. We wandered around taking in the unique character of the town and making a point of visiting St. James Anglican Church, by far the largest structure and a marvel of wooden architecture. This brief introduction to the province encouraged us to consider a return visit in the future, and this we eventually fulfilled more than once. Later in the day we returned to North Sidney and were treated to a spectacular sunset *en voyage*.



*Watkins Glen State Park Gorge, Finger Lakes District of Upper New York State, August, 1976.*



*Steam Locomotive and Narrow Gauge Cog Railway, Mount Washington, New Hampshire, August, 1976.*



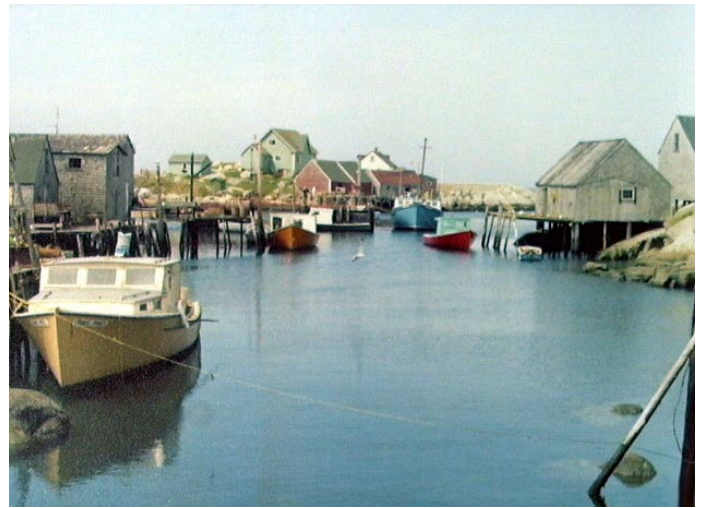
*The Nova Scotia to Newfoundland Ferry Terminus, North Sydney, Nova Scotia, August, 1976.*



*Oceanside Houses and a Dory; a Typical Scene at Channel-Port aux Basques, NL, August, 1976.*



*St. James Anglican Church, a Prominent Landmark, Channel-Port aux Basques, NL, August, 1976.*



*Idyllic Outport and Photographers' Paradise at Peggy's Cove, Nova Scotia, August, 1976.*



*Olympic Games Stadium, Montréal, Québec, August, 1976.*



*Barry at Sunset Beach on Lake Huron Just North of Goderich, Ontario, August, 1976.*



*Monica at Sunset Beach on Lake Huron Just North of Goderich, Ontario, August, 1976.*



*View of Downtown from the Observation Deck of the CN Tower, Toronto, Ontario, August, 1976.*



*View of the Cinesphere and Exhibition Grounds of Ontario Place, Toronto, Ontario, September, 1976.*



*Canadair CL-215 Water Bomber Demonstration, the CNE Air Show, Toronto, Ontario, September, 1976.*



Newfoundland was the furthest point on this vacation. However, the return drive took us to some of the more scenic parts of Nova Scotia and included a stopover at Halifax, the provincial capital. Here we had an interesting conversation with a cab driver who, as a child, received an injury caused by the Halifax explosion of December 6th, 1917, where the *SS Mont-Blanc* loaded with ammunition bound for the war in Europe accidentally collided with another ship. The resulting explosion killed up to 2,000 people; injured 9,000 and levelled large parts of Halifax and the immediate area. A short drive from Halifax brought us to the tourist attraction and photographer/artist paradise of Peggy's Cove, a maritime fishing village having all the characteristics one associated with the Canadian East Coast; including an iconic lighthouse.

The TCH was the quickest way for the journey home and so we continued on the familiar route through New Brunswick, Québec and Ontario. At Montréal we stopped to visit our old friends Nick and Liz Avery, only to discover that they had moved away. However, we decided to re-acquaint ourselves with the city and visited several old haunts, such as the "Bali-Hi" cocktail bar, and new venues like the now completed Olympic Games Park and Stadium. We arrived home shortly after and reflected on an exceptional vacation.

Summer could also be pleasant in and around Goderich; largely because of the town's location on the shores of Lake Huron. Before the future expansion of the waterfront, access to the lake and stretch of sand for recreation was primarily at the Main Beach. Further to the south was an area of undeveloped shingle called St. Christopher's Beach where impromptu picnics could be accompanied with a small open campfire. We discovered another, unspoiled stretch of sand at Sunset Beach. This was public/private land outside the town limits but ideal for a day's outing and picnic virtually 'away from it all'. Building a small open fire in a pit lined with stones then cooking hamburgers became a ritual, as well as the obligatory dip in the clean, fresh water of the lake and stroll along the deserted sandy beach.

With the resumption of full production after the annual summer shutdown, additional pressure was put to bear on the Technical Publications Department to ensure current manuals were available for the machines as they were prepared for delivery. The quality wasn't the best, but interim manuals were better than none and improvements would gradually evolve once the initial editions were completed. To compound matters there were additional publications added to the roster, such as Service and Parts Bulletins and, since Dominion Roads was aggressively penetrating into the export market, it was necessary to provide all publications in foreign languages; at least French and Spanish. Co-ordinating with translation agencies, therefore, became an additional challenge.

Whenever the opportunity arose we would leave for a weekend mini-trip. One destination was Toronto where we visited some of the highlights of the city. Foremost was ascending the CN Tower to the observation deck far above the city's downtown. The tower, which at the time was the world's tallest free standing structure, also has a revolving restaurant. The panorama from the observation deck was awe-inspiring and even made the high skyscrapers in the financial district look diminutive. Other places of interest were the ultramodern city hall where guided tours over the building included viewing the Council Chamber, and the Toronto Islands – an archipelago just off the city's waterfront, accessible by a vintage steam driven ferry-boat. We wandered through the islands' parks at dusk and lingered to see the lights of the city come on as daylight faded. It was wondrous to see the CN Tower illuminated by ever-changing coloured searchlights.

A short while later, Monica's parents arrived for a three week visit. Part of the time they stayed with Ted and Nancy Plummer, who were distant relatives living in the town of Grimsby near Hamilton. Their visit also coincided with the Labour Day public holiday and the Canadian National Exhibition (CNE or "the Ex") in Toronto. The CNE is a huge festival spread over several weeks leading up to the Labour Day long weekend. It is held at the CNE Exhibition Grounds and Ontario Place on Toronto's waterfront. The landmark at Ontario Place is the Cinesphere; a geodesic structure in which visitors view a movie that's projected on the entire inside globular surface giving the impression of a completely surrounding image. Another important event at the CNE is the air show, which we attended and observed flypasts of vintage aircraft that included a Supermarine Spitfire, an Avro Vulcan, and a flight of North American AT-6 Harvard advanced trainers. There were also demonstrations of a simulated air-sea rescue using a Boeing CH-47 Chinook twin-rotor helicopter, and the method used by Canadair CL-215 water bombers to extinguish forest fires.

As late summer transformed into early fall, we continued to explore Midwestern Ontario and, in particular, the northern counties of Bruce and Grey. Hwy. 21 follows the coastline of Lake Huron and skirts the electricity generating plant that, at that time, was called the Bruce Nuclear Power Development located at Douglas Point near Tiverton. Visitors were encouraged to tour the facility, which included the heavy water manufacturing plant, power house, control room and limited access to the reactor hall. Over the decades, the installation has expanded and changed. Now known as Bruce Power, visitors are no longer allowed to tour the facility due to security concerns, but a comprehensive understanding of both nuclear and wind power electricity generating is exhibited in the modern Visitors Centre building overlooking the site. We felt privileged to have been up close to the heart of the operation when such accessibility was not compromised.

We pushed further north following Hwy. 6 through the middle of the Bruce Peninsula; a spur of land jutting into Lake Huron and separating it from Georgian Bay. Much of the peninsula is wild forest and the natural scenery lends itself to cottage development. At the tip of the peninsula is the community of Tobermory, or more affectionately know as "Tub". During the spring, summer and fall, the village is a hive of activity and caters for boaters, scuba divers and hikers. It is also the southern terminus for the ferryboat *MV Chee-Chemaun* – Ojibwa for "The Big Canoe" – that plies between Tobermory and Manitoulin Island. From the island, a highway leads to the mainland on the north shore of Georgian Bay. Scuba divers can charter small craft and visit the many wrecks in the bay; and the northern end of the rugged Bruce Trail, favoured by seasoned hikers, starts at "Tub".

October was a propitious month. Since late February I had been working at Dominion Roads under contract with Ian Martin Associates. With the launch of the new product line and the company's aggressive thrust into new markets, it occurred to me that Dominion Roads was on its way to a profitable future. Therefore I discussed the possibility of becoming a full-time company employee with the personnel manager, Brian Knights. If approved, there were certain conditions; for example, a new position had to be created and agreed to by both company management and the office union bargaining unit, and the Ian Martin contract had to be annulled.

With support from Bob Scott – who was soon to leave and become a freelance illustrator – and agreement from all parties, the technical writer's position was posted for ten working days on notice boards

(bulletin boards) throughout the company. This followed the collective bargaining rules to allow other unionised employees to apply for the job, as seniority counted. The notice listed the job description, qualifications and expectations. After the time period had elapsed and with no applications, I was offered the job. Negotiations with Ian Martin concluded with a technicality known as a “client transfer” and on October 6th, 1976, I was released from their employ. This provided a seamless transition from one employer to another and, although faced with another drop in salary (\$282.00 as opposed to Ian Martin’s \$291.00 per week), the considerable benefit package made up for any shortfall. Knowing that paycheques were handed out every week also overcame the problems I had with Ian Martin’s spasmodic remuneration.

Later in the month, Monica found a job as a part-time general bookkeeper at McGillivray & Co., a firm of chartered accountants. It now appeared that we had put firm roots down in Goderich and entered the second phase of our projected journey across Canada, province by province, until reaching British Columbia and retirement – according to the master plan.

Following our explorations north of Goderich, we now set our sights on the southern reaches of Southwestern Ontario. Hwy. 21, otherwise known as “Bluewater Highway”, connects a number of Lake Huron coastline communities; including Bayfield, St. Joseph and Grand Bend. Bayfield is a small, seasonal resort village with picturesque buildings such as the Albion Hotel and the Little Inn, and an historic main street that branches off from the verdant village square. St. Joseph, a mere hamlet, was once destined to be a thriving metropolis if the grandiose plans of Mr. Narcisse Cantin had been successful. The scheme, to construct a canal for commercial shipping, eventually collapsed for want of financing, and St. Joseph remained a quiet backwater community. Far from quiet in the summer is Grand Bend where the wide, sandy beach and amusement arcades act as magnets to city holidaymakers. Nearby is Pinery Provincial Park, which is a vast expanse of pine and oak woods with an extensive network of hiking trails – that become cross-country ski trails in the winter – ideal for recreational walking. The extensive sandy beach beckons day-trippers and the occupants of several campsites in the park where barbecues by day and campfires by night are part of the “great outdoors” culture.

Penetrating further south towards Lake Erie, we visited Rondeau Provincial Park where hiking trails wound through one of the last unspoiled vestiges of the North American Carolinian Forest. The park is also noted for the many bird species that inhabit the woods, and its location on one of the continent’s busiest bird migration routes. Not so attractive on the return journey was passing through the border city of Sarnia and its proximity to a complex of oil refineries known as “Chemical Valley”, where toxic emissions could be seen for miles.

Canada’s cosmopolitan diversity can be found in its cities where immigrants from all over the world settle. Waves of various diaspora arrived in the nineteenth century, including German-speaking Mennonite people from Pennsylvania, U.S.A., who put down roots in Waterloo County and its principal community known at that time as Berlin. During the First World War the city’s name was changed to Kitchener because of anti-German feeling, but it continued to retain much of its German character. The Teutonic culture is still evident especially when the city hosts the largest *Oktoberfest* celebration outside of Munich. That year we attended some of the outdoor events, including the brass band concert under the traditional maypole.

With the onset of winter, we were of the opinion that this part of Canada would not be subjected to the same severe deep freeze conditions as we experienced in Montréal. For example, regarding geographic latitude, Goderich is further south of Montréal by two degrees. The previous winter in Goderich hadn't been too bad; although I must admit that snow 'whiteout' conditions were disconcerting when driving on the open road – something not prevalent in Montréal days. This was primarily due to 'lake effect' and we were soon to learn that Old Man Winter was equally as ferocious in this part of Canada as elsewhere.

Indeed, the first full effect of winter started at the beginning of November with a significant blizzard that left a deep accumulation of snow. We had brought all our ski paraphernalia from Montréal and although there weren't any immediate opportunities for alpine skiing, the local golf course was ideal for the cross-country version. Unfortunately, I tumbled when misjudging the angle of a slope near the Maitland Country Club golf course club house and broke the tip off one of my skis. At the time I was enrolled in an evening recreational woodworking course at the high school (Goderich and District Collegiate Institute, or GDCI) and was able to repair the ski in the woodworking shop. The instructor, Mr. Glen Machan, showed me how to splice a piece of wood using scarf joints to effect the repair, and it turned out very successful. Other wooden items I made in the shop were steak platters, a cheese board and a candlestick. Both the laminated wood platters and cheese board were fashioned using a router (a completely unfamiliar tool) and the buttonwood candlestick was turned on a lathe.

Another recreation that helped to while away winter was trying our hand at the sport of curling. The Maitland Country Club was a multifaceted facility with a championship golf course, tennis courts and a curling rink. We had been told that the club provided a good meal at reasonable prices on Friday evenings. This turned out to be true and, when visiting the club's restaurant for the first time, we were greeted by the amiable Jim Kincaid, a stalwart member of the club. Jim showed us around and mentioned the curling activity. This piqued our interest and we watched some of the curlers practicing the sport. Eventually we entered the Sunday night draws and played as novices since we were unfamiliar with the rules and techniques. Eventually we enjoyed the sport so much that we joined other leagues that played on different days and also participated in the occasional competitions, or 'bonspiels'.

Curling is a rigorous sport demanding a certain amount of athletic skill when throwing the granite curling stone (36 in. [91 cm] in circumference and weighing up to 50 lb. [23 kg]) from the starting position (hack) according to the signal given by the team leader (skip). The other three team members in order of descent are the vice-skip, second and lead. Two teams oppose each other and the object of the game, which extends for eight sessions (ends), is to place as many of your team's stones as close to the centre of the target area (house) as possible. Much of the game consists of offence/defence strategy, acquired through practice and observation. Signals indicate whether the stone is thrown as an 'in-turn' or 'out-turn' delivery, and the speed (weight) of the rock is controlled by two team members with brooms sweeping the ice surface in front of the moving stone. Vigorous broom action accelerates, and no action decelerates, the speed.

Towards the end of 1976, Dominion Roads' new 700 Series motor graders was evolving into a successful machine as engineering changes continued to improve the product. There had been some hiccups – for example, the Teflon bearing was an expensive mistake – but, in general, the machine held its ground against



*MV Chee-Chemaun, "The Big Canoe", Entering the Harbour at Tobermory, Ontario, October, 1976.*



*German Brass Band Playing Under the Maypole, "Oktoberfest", Kitchener, Ontario, October, 1976.*



*Interior of the Maitland Country Club Curling Rink, Goderich, Ontario, November, 1976.*



*Mum, Monica, Dad and Honey at "Elizabeth's Oak", Hatfield Park, Hatfield, England, December, 1976.*



*Jean Marlatt, Shirley and Norris MacEwen and Monica at Sully's Cabin, Goderich, January, 1977.*



*Extent of Snowbanks Following a Severe Blizzard, Picton Street, Goderich, Ontario, February, 1977.*



*Monica Indicates Height of Snowbank on Highway 8, Taylor's Corners, Goderich, Ontario, February, 1977.*



*Niagara Falls in the Winter. Photograph Shows the American Falls, Niagara, Ontario, February, 1977.*



*Barry Simulating Procedure for Champion Service Manual, Goderich, Ontario, February, 1977.*



*Taking Delivery of New 1976 Model Datsun 710 from Gerald Groothuis, Seaforth, Ontario, February, 1977.*



*Monica and Ron Westlake at Ron's Sugar Shack near Bayfield, Ontario, March, 1977.*



*Return of the Tundra Swans as they Migrate through Grand Bend, Ontario, March, 1977.*

the competition and started to be more accepted abroad. On December 21st, 1976, the company celebrated the manufacture of its 10,000th motor grader, which was to be delivered as part of a large order to Nigeria. This occasion was recognised by CEO Bruce Sully as a significant milestone and he requested all the employees to assemble in front of the machine where he congratulated them all for their loyalty and hard work. Following this address, everyone shared in a glass of sparkling wine, compliments of Mr. Sully.

The Christmas and New Year's holiday was now upon us. We followed the familiar format by spending Christmas with my parents in Hatfield and New Year with Monica's parents in Coventry. This time we travelled using a different airline. "Skytrain", an independent carrier operated by Sir Freddie Laker, offered a cheaper and more encompassing service than the national airlines. The DC-10 jetliners were comfortable and we had superior catering, which was a definite bonus. Unfortunately, bad weather in the UK delayed our arrival. Dense fog enveloped the southeast of England and, following an aborted landing at Gatwick Airport, we were diverted to Manchester's Ringway Airport. Once the fog had dissipated we were cleared to land at Gatwick and continued the holiday on schedule. We did the usual rounds of visiting friends and family and generally spent an enjoyable time.

As usual, though, it was tough to say goodbye, but our parents were aware of the improvement to our lifestyle and that allayed any notions of us permanently returning to England. The new year held promise and, now we were away from Québec, there was the consideration of starting a family.

The return journey from Toronto provided us with a reality check of Canadian winter weather conditions as we approached Perth and Huron Counties in the rented limousine. Evidently the blizzards hadn't abated while we were away, and sizeable accumulations of snow greeted us when we arrived home. This was going to be a familiar scene and, at one point during this winter, the blizzard conditions were so bad that all three major highways connecting Goderich to the outside world were blocked solid. This situation prevailed for several days and, without any goods being delivered, the supermarket shelves soon became empty. Eventually there was a break in the stormy weather and heavy-duty snow clearing equipment was needed to open a single track to allow a police escorted convoy of trucks with food and fuel into Goderich. The single track access – the worst section on Hwy. 8 at two bends in the road called Taylor's Corners – was treacherous as snow, whipped up by strong winds, continuously built up high banks and it was like driving through a tunnel, hoping you wouldn't meet any oncoming traffic.

There was a bright side to the abundant snow as we were able to take advantage of cross-country skiing opportunities beyond the Maitland Country Club golf course. Monica had befriended her colleagues at McGillivray & Co., some of whom were cross-country skiers. They were also familiar with other trails around town and so we often made up a party and headed for venues such as the popular Naftel's Creek Conservation Area. Several private properties abutted the conservation area, including those belonging to John K. Sully, the Hoffmeyer family and Norm and Marg McHolm. These landowners had no objection to skiers passing through their property, and parts of the trail, such as "Sully's Lane" leading to Sully's Cabin were spectacular. Later, when we became better acquainted with Norm and Marg McHolm, we were invited with other like-minded visitors such as Tom and Marg Eadie into the McHolm residence – an exceptional square-cut log house – for refreshments. Certainly, every fall around Thanksgiving there would be a trail-

clearing blitz where users voluntarily helped maintain the track by removing all overgrowth and potentially dangerous obstacles before the snow fell. Following this exercise, we would congregate at the McHolm's house for a potluck supper, courtesy of the ladies, and indulge in some of Tom Eadie's homemade wine.

Norm was the epitome of the congenial host and liked to reminisce about his RCAF wartime experiences as a bomber pilot. The culmination of his flying exploits resulted in the accidental crash-landing of a plane following an aborted takeoff. He survived the impact but was permanently disfigured as his nose was wrenched from his face. He became a candidate for experimental plastic surgery pioneered by the legendary Dr. Archibald MacIndoe, who reconstructed the bodies of severely burned servicemen. Because MacIndoe's methods had no precedent, his patients formed themselves into an élite group known as the "Guinea Pig Club", of which Norm, now with a false, lifelike nose, was a member.

Niagara Falls is one of the world's natural wonders and attracts millions of tourists every year. Most of the visitors see the cataracts in spring, summer and autumn. However, some also come in the winter to see the falls in a frozen state, and we decided to witness this phenomenon. Although there isn't the characteristic boom of the falling water, the ice sculptures created by the freezing spray have a beauty all their own. At the base of the Horseshoe Falls is the 'sugar cone', a conical build up of frozen spray. Altogether a different perspective of this tourist destination.

### *DRMCO expands, re-brands and I become a Canadian citizen*

**D**ominion Roads was now entering a new phase and, early in 1977, the board of directors decided to re-brand the company. The firm would be known as Champion Road Machinery Company Ltd., – simply, "Champion Roads" or "Champion" – a name that better reflected the original trade mark and commonly known identity during the early days of the company. Furthermore, in order to penetrate into the U.S. market, the wheels had been put into motion to build a sister factory in America, so that the product could be sold as 'Made in the U.S.A.' to secure orders from possible customers such as the U.S. government, municipal authorities and patriotic contractors. Although in the beginning a large part of the machine would be manufactured in Canada and transported across the border, the complete machines would be assembled using American labour with many of the purchased parts also being made in the U.S.A. Later, it was envisaged that full-scale manufacturing and assembly would take place in both factories.

Plans for the American factory were being co-ordinated by a consultant, Mr. Stan Orien, who was a familiar figure around the office. Originally, the factory was going to be built in the city of Owensboro, Kentucky. However, after negotiating with the state of South Carolina, a better deal was reached for industrial zoned property in the municipality of West Columbia where ground was broken to construct the plant. It was decided to assemble the giant model 80-T road grader here and the factory building included a special section with a higher headroom to accommodate this machine.

At the same time as the ambitious plans to expand in the U.S.A. were unveiled so, too, a major investment in the Goderich facilities took place. The vertically integrated company already occupied satellite plants on Huckins Street in the Goderich Industrial Park. In 1972, the Gearco subsidiary – responsible for all



gear cutting, heat treating and transmission/final drive assembly – had been established. Nearby, the former Textral Fibres building had been acquired in 1974, which added 24,000 sq. ft. (2230 m<sup>2</sup>) to the subassembly activity in hydraulics, together with the design centre for the machine’s drive train. In 1977, just a block along Huckins Street from the Gearco building, construction started on the new Distribution Centre with its state-of-the-art parts warehouse, service training facility and offices for sales and marketing.

When the new Distribution Centre building was ready for occupation in 1978, personnel and infrastructure were gradually transferred from the overcrowded main office at Maitland Road. Bruce Sully’s eldest son, Mr. Mark Sully, had been appointed vice president, marketing, and headed up the workforce in the new building. Under him were sales and marketing, technical services and spare parts distribution. Technical publications was part of this organization and, with the exception of the print room, we moved to our new quarters. Despite being away from the factory, the previously fragmented team was now together in one room. There was a bonus as the service training facility – large enough for mechanics to work on a complete machine – was available for maintenance and repair simulations. In the early days I had the opportunity to ‘pull a few wrenches’ under supervision and photographically record various procedures for the manuals.

**E**arly in the new year I had considered looking for a replacement to the Datsun 710 car which was now nearly two years old. It was still reliable and retained good value for trading with a new vehicle. There was a Datsun dealer in the town of Seaforth, not far from Goderich, and I looked at the inventory. One of the new 1976 cars on the sales lot was a bright red, two-door Model 710 coupé that looked very sharp. I spoke with the dealership’s owner, Mr. Gerald Groothuis, and we came to an amicable deal. I took delivery of the new car on February 26th, 1977.

I made the occasional visit to different areas of the factory as part of my research exercises. Now that I had become a full time and unionised employee, I felt more comfortable roaming around the plant whether in the manufacturing areas or on the assembly line. The workers, who once eyed me with suspicion, were now keen to help answer my questions, and I started to memorise names and join in their everyday banter. One fellow I had to keep in mind, though, was the assembly line foreman, Ross Millar, affectionately known as “The Bear”. Ross was a gruff individual and took no nonsense from anyone. He challenged me on more than one occasion for disrupting production, even though I had tried to gain permission from him beforehand ... “A lot of these guys just love to talk”, he would say to me. Implying that idle conversation was not to be encouraged.

Many of the workers were also part-time farmers. In this mainly agricultural area, it wasn’t unknown for local farmers to work during the day and operate their farms at other times. In some cases, farmers rented their land to full-time tenants, or just maintained hobby farms, and earned a living at Champion. Others retained the family farm that had been handed down over several generations, and local Huron County names such as Brindley; Jewell; Austin; Durnin, and Fisher were common, with siblings and cousins working under the same Champion factory roof.

One day I was drawn aside by one of the assembly line workers. This was Ron Westlake, who was also a part-time farmer and small scale producer of maple syrup. Ron knew that I was involved with the grader’s

technical manuals and he had a dilemma that he thought I could solve. He recently bought a new farm tractor. The make was “Belarus” and was manufactured in Russia. Unfortunately all the maintenance literature that came with the tractor was printed in Russian, and Ron wanted to know if I could decipher the oil change information. I borrowed the operator’s manual and, eventually worked out the procedure in English; even supplying Ron with a list of instructions and a basic illustration.

Ron was most pleased and invited Monica and I to see his maple syrup operation near the village of Bayfield just south of Goderich. Ron, his father and a helper ran the business throughout the maple sap running period. He showed us how the sap was collected from the trees through lengths of plastic tubing connected to a holding tank; then continuing to the evaporating pans inside the sugar shack. The pans were heated by wood fires and, after the required amount of evaporation, the final product was bottled for sale. After the tour, we met Ron’s wife, Pat, and they treated us to a delicious barbecue as a thank you. We’ve been friends ever since and often reminisce about this incident.

We were approaching the end of March and signs of spring were appearing, including the return of the tundra swans. The swans were flying to their summer breeding grounds in the Canadian North, and one of the rest stops on the migration route was just south of Grand Bend. From various vantage points, observers could watch hundreds of birds flocking to the marshland.

A bird sanctuary, started in 1904 by the naturalist Jack Miner, is located near Kingsville on the shores of Lake Erie. The sanctuary’s land straddles a main migration flyway and food is scattered onto open fields to attract great flocks of Canada geese. An aviary at the sanctuary houses a collection of some unusual birds, including a golden eagle mighty bird of prey. Not far away is Point Pelee National Park, which is the southernmost part of mainland Canada and a sandy promontory reaching out into Lake Erie. The extensive wetlands portion of the park incorporates a long boardwalk through a reed marsh where many species of birds and animals indigenous to the park can be seen. The park is also well known as a migrating stopover point for birds and monarch butterflies.

Closer to home, we discovered and explored a few conservation areas; including Hullett Provincial Wildlife Area and Saratoga Swamp. It was a good time to hike as the annoying and biting insects hadn’t yet hatched, and wildflowers were starting to bloom. Chief among them was the trillium, which is the symbol for the province of Ontario, and we also looked out for jack-in-the-pulpit and May apple blooms. The trees were starting to wake up and the occasional wild apple, plum and hawthorn blossoms were to be seen.

After the Easter break, the next main public holiday was Victoria Day – sometimes referred to as the ‘May 24th Weekend’ – signifying the unofficial start to summer activities such as opening the cottage or taking the first major camping trip of the year. We took advantage of the good weather to make a driving trip along the southern shore of Lake Erie. The journey took us over the Queenston Heights Bridge to the border crossing, then we bypassed Buffalo with its industrial suburbs of Tonawanda and Lackawanna. The road became more scenic as it skirted the lakeshore to the New York/Ohio state line. The picturesque drive soon changed to an industrial landscape as we drove through the cities of Cleveland and Lorain, but improved in the Sandusky area where Cedar Point, the huge fun fair (amusement park), is located. Across Sandusky Bay



*Monica Views the Migrating Canada Geese at Jack Miner's Reserve, Kingsville, Ontario, April, 1977.*



*Boardwalk through the Marshes at Point Pelee National Park, Leamington, Ontario, April, 1977.*



*Trillium Blooms at Hullet Provincial Wildlife Area, Clinton, Ontario, May, 1977.*



*Reuniting with Old Friends, Nick and Liz Avery at their Condominium, Clarkson, Ontario, May, 1977.*



*New 1976 Model Datsun 710 Two-door Coupé, Goderich, Ontario, June, 1977.*



*Picnic at Sunset Beach on Lake Huron Just North of Goderich, Ontario, June, 1977.*



*Champion Office Bed Race Team with the Welder's Nightmare, Goderich, Ontario, July, 1977.*



*One of the Bed Races in Progress around The Square Goderich, Ontario, July, 1977.*



*"Jubilee 3" Steam Locomotive at the Historic CPR Railway Station, Goderich, Ontario, July, 1977.*



*"Jubilee 3" Parade, Shriners Colour Party and Kazoo Band, Goderich, Ontario, July, 1977.*



*"Jubilee 3" Parade, Champion 80-T Motor Grader, Goderich, Ontario, July, 1977.*



*"Jubilee 3" Parade, Shire Horses Pulling a Steam Calliope Organ, Goderich, Ontario, July, 1977.*

more nice scenery greeted us, together with the historic Marblehead lighthouse – one of several similar structures on the Great Lakes – at the tip of the peninsula. We were now heading back to Canada and, after connecting with Interstate highway I-75 at Toledo, the drive became somewhat mundane as we progressed through Detroit and joined Interstate highway I-94 taking us to the Port Huron/Sarnia border crossing and the final stretch home.

The spring weather continued to improve, and the occasional hot days enticed us to spend time on Sunset Beach for a paddle in the lake and barbecue hamburgers over a camp fire made from scavenged driftwood. We also heard from our old friends, Nick and Liz Avery, who had returned to Ontario from British Columbia and settled in a condominium apartment in Clarkson (Mississauga), a suburb just outside of Toronto. So we paid them a visit and reunited.

Monica's parents had made a point of visiting us for three weeks at the beginning of summer and this included a trip to Monica's distant relatives, Ted and Nancy Plummer. A side journey was made to see Niagara Falls illuminated at night by searchlights highlighting the two sets of falls in a sequence of colours. The Skylon tower was also floodlit, and the evening activity at the side shows and amusement arcades was free entertainment for onlookers.

The main event of 1977 in the town of Goderich was the Sesquicentennial Celebrations. The town was founded in 1827 and so a huge 150th birthday party was organised by the "Jubilee 3" committee. There were many novel aspects to the celebrations including the unveiling of the official flag of the Port of Goderich; the minting of a commemorative "Tiger" Dunlop dollar token; composition of the "Triple Jubilee" song, and special 'themed days' incorporating such events as an air show and the arrival/departure of a special steam locomotive. This massive, year long celebration was organised by dozens of enthusiastic citizens and started on an extremely blustery night when Mayor Deb Shewfelt lit the "Jubilee 3" flame outside the Huron County court house building.

The town was well represented at the annual St. Patrick's Day parade in Bay City, Michigan, U.S.A., which is the community 'twinned' to Goderich, and joined with the neighbouring city of Guelph – also celebrating its sesquicentennial. The festivities began in earnest on Founder's Day, June 29th, 1977, with the official proclamation; then citizens and visitors engaged in a gamut of activities. These ranged from patriotic services; soap box derby; bed race; air show; special steam train excursion; fun fair (midway); musical events; marine component; agricultural exhibitions; church events; fireworks; school reunion, and the largest parade ever held in Ontario.

My participation in "Jubilee 3" was as a member of the Champion Office bed race team. There were two relay races around The Square. Our team included squads of runners – one squad for each of the two laps per race – and was organised by John Timbrell. The bed, itself, was a welder's nightmare and consisted of all kinds of mismatched parts supported on three frail bicycle wheels. I provided the paint job and some of the decorative slogans. On the day of the race, I was selected for the second squad. One team member had to lie on the bed and, in our case, steer the device. We had two heavyweights – Chuck Reid and Wayne Debolt. After some practice runs everything seemed to work well, including balance, which was a concern because

of Chuck and Wayne's size and weight. The competition was fierce with some elaborate units and muscular participants. An estimated 15,000 people watched and, as both races reached the relay point, the second squad took over. In the first race, I was ill prepared for the handover and stumbled twice before catching up with the bed – almost losing my hat in the process. During the race we failed on strategy and got boxed in between opponents. However, we placed 2nd and 3rd in both races respectively and had a huge amount of fun. Trundling down West Street towards the “Park House” pub was the final straw for the bed and the front suspension collapsed. We just left it at the side of the road and continued to enjoy a few well earned beers.

Of special interest to ourselves was the outdoor Citizenship Court held on “Jubilee 3” Heritage Day. In those days, before a landed immigrant could apply for Canadian citizenship, he or she had to reside in the country for three years or more. As soon as I reached my third anniversary in November, 1976, I applied for citizenship status. The application process included being interviewed by a citizenship judge. I had to convince him that I was proficient in one or both of the country's two official languages (English and French), and that I had a good grasp of the country's geography, history, political structure and other sundry facts. As it turned out, the judge was an amiable person and we had a meaningful, if casual, conversation. In the spring of 1977, I received notification that my application was successful and that I would be required to attend a Citizenship Court in London, Ontario.

The court convened in the Federal Building, 400, York Street, and I congregated in the court chambers with the other applicants. We rose from our chairs when the judge entered, together with an RCMP constable dressed in his ceremonial red serge uniform. There was a stack of bibles on the judge's desk, and he started his preamble to the ritual. One by one, each applicant approached the judge and, with left hand raised and the right hand resting on a bible, read the Oath of Allegiance. I was called upon first and so paved the way for the others. We each received one of the bibles as a token of the occasion. This was the culmination of my ambition to become a Canadian citizen and the official certificate hangs proudly on the wall.

The most unique event of “Jubilee 3” was the arrival of steam engine No. 1057 from Guelph, the other community celebrating its sesquicentennial. The train pulled five vintage passenger cars and rode on the Canadian Pacific Railway (CPR) rails; entering the town over the historic trestle bridge that spans the Maitland River and stopping at the CPR terminus station built in 1907. Thousands of visitors crowded the station area and other vantage points to see the locomotive's activity, which included three short runs to nearby McGaw Station and back, before its return to Guelph. A remarkable sight, indeed, as it steamed away from the CPR station and over the trestle bridge.

The main highlight of “Jubilee 3” was the huge parade. Organised by Police Chief Pat King, the parade consisted of 480 units, including 23 bands, and took two hours to pass any given point. There were floats of every description entered by businesses; schools; churches; service clubs and organisations, and individuals with unique entries such as steam traction engines and antique cars. Many of the bands, including the one hundred pipes and drums of the Ontario Massed Legion Pipe Band and the Shriner's kazoo band, came from long distances. The star of the show was the giant 80-T motor grader – the world's largest – which had to have special permission to travel on the town streets due to its weight in excess of 160,000 lbs. (72 576 kg) and height of 17 ft. 8 in. (5.4 m) for clearance under power lines.

The three day Civic Holiday weekend was spent on the road touring around Upper New York state and, in particular, visiting the beauty spot called Letchworth State Park. This scenic park was recommended to me by John Timbrell. He and his wife, Audrey, often spent short vacations there as the park had accommodation in the form of rustic cabins and a square-timbered lodge with visitors centre. We travelled to Batavia by way of Niagara Falls then, on the following day, drove along the picturesque road through the park. The natural beauty of the park lent itself primarily to the valley carved through the landscape by the Genesee River. At one point, a significant steel trestle railway bridge spanned the gorge.

We continued to the city of Corning, famous for the Corning glass industry. The Corning Glass Works had a large facility, and some of it was open for public viewing. Visitors passed through the glass industry museum where many artifacts, including intricate cut, moulded and coloured items, were displayed. In the glass works, guides showed us the automatic processes for mass produced heat-resistant cooking ware. We then saw the traditional manual glass blowing techniques. From the “Glory Hole” (furnace), craftsmen accumulated a globule of molten glass on the end of their blow tubes. By blowing through the tube, the molten glass ballooned into a hollow shape that was carefully fashioned by the craftsmen using special tools. At the end of the tour, visitors entered a retail outlet where Corning ware could be bought. After looking at the price list, we reckoned that there were few savings buying directly from the manufacturer. However we did buy two small heat-resistant bowls, and they are still in use.

In 1977, Monica became eligible for Canadian citizenship, having fulfilled the basic three years waiting period. Following her successful interview, she was asked to attend a Citizenship Court that was to convene in the town hall of the neighbouring community of Kincardine. We both went to the ceremony that was essentially a repeat of my own in London, Ontario. In due course, Monica’s official certificate arrived and it also hangs proudly on the wall alongside my own.

### *Fall vacation and end of year activities*

We had planned a September vacation when, following the Labour Day Holiday weekend, the roads would be quieter and accommodation less expensive. The route was to take us through parts of Northern Ontario, before navigating around Lake Superior and returning home by way of the U.S.A. through the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan.

The first leg of the journey took advantage of the fast, multi-lane Hwy. 400 to Hwy. 69 (part of the TCH) and a stopover at Sudbury. Once again, we witnessed the spectacle at night when the rivers of white hot slag illuminated the mine tailings. From Sudbury we made a side trip to Manitoulin Island, which is the world’s largest freshwater island, and visited the community of South Baymouth – the northern terminus of the *MV Chee-Chemaun* ferryboat that plies between Tobermory and Manitoulin Island. This part of Northern Ontario is very rich in mineral deposits and many of the communities along the TCH (now Hwy. 17) started as company townsites. Among the more successful is Elliot Lake, a small town that grew as a result of the uranium ore mother lode prospected in the Canadian Shield rocks. At that time, the Elliot Lake mine and mill were working to capacity. Since then, however, the mine has been worked out and the town is largely a retirement community. A tour of the uranium mill showed how the ore was processed before enrichment for

use in nuclear reactors. The mine, itself, was a substantial facility with a massive headframe and outbuildings. More company towns, such as Blind River, Thessalon and Bruce Mines straddled the TCH and we then entered the city of Sault Ste. Marie, or more affectionately known as “the Soo” – from the English approximate pronunciation of the old French word, *sault*, meaning rapids or to leap over.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario and its twin city, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, lie side by side across the international border where the St. Mary’s River connects Lake Superior and the North Channel arm of Lake Huron. A difference in the lake water levels meant constructing locks for the huge number of freighter ships that navigate the Upper Great Lakes, and the one Canadian and four U.S. locks make up the world’s busiest such facility. Apart from grain products from the prairies, considerable cargoes of iron ore, coal and limestone are shipped to the Algoma Steel Mills; the blast furnaces and gantries of which dominate the Soo’s waterfront.

We stayed several nights in the Soo largely to ensure a side trip on the Algoma Central Railway excursion to the Agawa Canyon. The canyon is a well known beauty spot deep in the rocky and forested Canadian Shield and is particularly picturesque during the fall when the maple trees are ablaze with colour. Before taking the excursion, we explored other historic sites within the city. These included the stone Ermatinger House dating from 1814, and the *MV Norgoma* floating museum that provided details of the maritime component of the Soo. We also visited the Department of Natural Resources’ Ontario Air Service forest fire fighting headquarters where float planes and water bombers were on standby in the hangars. Another highlight was a tour of the Sault Locks. Our tour boat, *MV Bon Soo*, took us first through one of the four U.S. locks, then returned through the only Canadian lock. The loudspeaker commentary described the development of the city around the original North West Company’s canoe lock, built in 1799, that enabled the *voyageur* freighter canoes to circumnavigate the river rapids.

The Agawa Canyon trip was a full day excursion. Starting early, and furnished with a box lunch, we boarded the train, hoping that the morning mist that hung in the air would dissipate and provide us with favourable weather conditions *en route* and at the destination. It wasn’t long after we had left the city limits and entered the wilderness that the wisps of fog hanging in the air were burned off by the sun. Ponds and small lakes, with mirror-like surfaces that perfectly reflected the surrounding hills, appeared between stands of maple trees – some already tinged yellow or orange. The train started to make a steady climb to the higher elevations, and soon the ever changing landscape beckoned me to look out of an open window at the end of the passenger car. This was ideal for photography.

The Algoma Central Railway provides a direct link to transport forestry products from the Northern Ontario town of Hearst to Sault Ste. Marie. The trackbed is built on rugged terrain and has to cross many watercourses. Most spectacular is the curved steel trestle bridge that spans the Montreal River. From a vantage point in the end passenger car, you could see the entire length of the train crossing the bridge. Beneath the trestle is a small hydroelectric dam and generator house that harnesses the river’s rushing water.

When we reached our destination, Canyon Station, high clouds started to gather. However, in the two hour liberty we were given we ate our lunch and explored the immediate surroundings, including ascending to a lookout point far above the canyon floor. Here we could see the railway crews uncoupling the locomo-

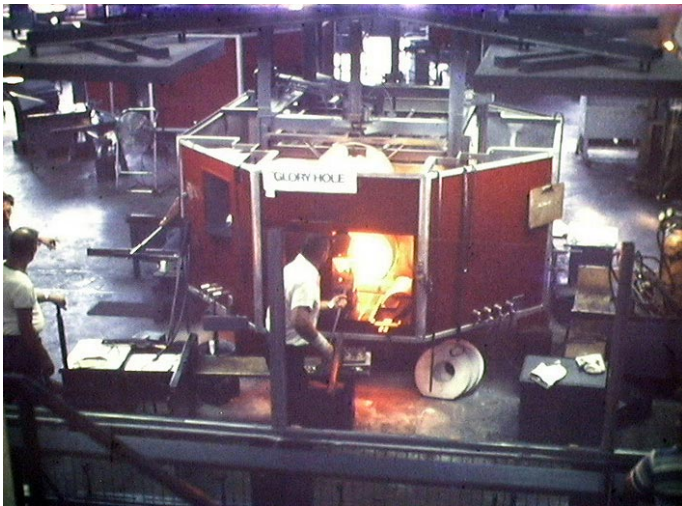




*Family Group Ready to Go out on Monica's Mother's Birthday, Goderich, Ontario, July, 1977.*



*Genesee River Valley in Letchworth State Park, Upper New York State, July, 1977.*



*Corning Glass Works, the "Glory Hole" Furnace for Hand Glass Blowing, Corning, N.Y., July, 1977.*



*Pouring White Hot Slag from Rail Hoppers at the INCO Mine, Sudbury, Ontario, September, 1977.*



*South Baymouth Lighthouse, Manitoulin Island, Ontario, September, 1977.*



*Headframe of the Uranium Mine in Elliot Lake, Ontario, September, 1977.*



*The Old Stone Ermatinger House Museum, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, September, 1977.*



*MV Norgoma Marine Museum, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, September, 1977.*



*Approaching U.S. Sault Locks on the MV Bon Soo, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan/Ontario, September, 1977.*



*Leaving Canadian Sault Locks on the MV Bon Soo, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, September, 1977.*



*Agawa Canyon Tour Train Crossing the Steel Trestle Bridge, Montreal River, Ontario, September, 1977.*



*Agawa Canyon Tour Train at Canyon Station in Northern Ontario, September, 1977.*

tives and shunting them along the sidings so they could be attached to the passenger carriages (cars) at the other end ready for the homeward journey. To add to the spectacle of the beauty spot, nearby was the Bridal Veil Falls – a double cataract that fell from the canyon rim into the Agawa River below.

Despite the overcast sky on the return trip it didn't rain, and some of the majesty of the fall colours was retained. Again, the ride over the Montreal River trestle bridge was amazing as seen from the rear of the train. Eventually we arrived back at the Soo and reflected on a successful venture into the wild country.

The following day was virtually cloudless and ideal for resuming our drive along the Lake Superior shoreline. The crystal clear sky emphasised the knife edge of the horizon, and we passed coves with such names as Batchawana Bay and Pancake Bay. The TCH (Hwy. 17) was now twisting and turning as it entered Lake Superior Provincial Park. Before we stopped at Katherine's Cove for lunch cooked on the beach barbecue unit, we first explored the Indian pictographs – images indelibly made on the vertical rock face of a cliff overlooking the lake. Reaching the pictographs was not for the faint hearted. Access was by a trail and then a narrow ledge to the rock face. Taking photos was an act of contortion, but they were well worth it. At the end of the day, we arrived at the gold mining town of Wawa – the wild goose of First Nations' legends – symbolised by the huge steel statue of the goose at the entrance to the town.

Heading west from Wawa, the TCH turns inland before once again hugging the lake shoreline. Midpoint on this stretch is the community of White River, which has a claim to fame – at one time the coldest spot in Canada: 72 degrees below zero Fahrenheit (minus 58 deg. C). Nearby was ample evidence of widespread forest fires as huge swaths of blackened and skeletal trees littered both sides of the highway. From Marathon to Nipigon – where the northern and southern routes of the TCH (Hwys. 11 and 17) converge – the shoreline scenery was at its best; especially under the clear, sunny conditions. A little further on we stopped at the Ouimet Canyon Provincial Park to see the remarkable valley. From an outlook, we admired the vertical sided canyon that stretched for a considerable distance.

We then entered Thunder Bay, the name given to a city amalgamated from two previous neighbouring towns: Fort William and Port Arthur. Strategically located at the Canadian lakehead, the city is an important centre of the Canadian pulp and paper industry, and the terminus for iron ore and prairie grain that is bound for eastern and overseas markets by freighter ship. Enormous grain elevators loom over the docks.

There is considerable history attached to the area and, because of its strategic position, a frontier fort and trading post was established by the North West Company. Today, a replica of Fort William is a popular tourist attraction and hosts special events – known as “Voyageur Days” – that draw huge crowds. We had hoped to visit the fort, but due to heavy rain that had fallen several days previously the nearby river had burst its banks and water had inundated the fort. For reasons of safety and inaccessibility, the fort was closed to visitors. This was disappointing, but the floods provided a benefit as the famed Kakabeka Falls of the Kaministikwia River were in full flow and offered a unique sight.

The continuation of our trip brought us to the U.S. border (state of Minnesota) and, on another picture perfect day, we drove along the scenic highway that followed the lakeshore. We stayed overnight in Duluth,

a port at the extreme western end of Lake Superior. While searching for a nice place to eat downtown, we watched Duluth's famous aerial lift bridge in operation and then discovered "Grandma's" restaurant. Inside the pub/diner was a huge collection of 1930s and 1940s memorabilia, including many posters, enamel signs and vintage neon signs. It was a pleasant dining experience, and our waitress was particularly amiable with her lively conversation.

The next day took us over the Minnesota/Wisconsin state line to Superior, the neighbouring city of Duluth, where we went on board the *SS Meteor*, a decommissioned 'whaleback' lake freighter that was drydocked as a maritime museum. This design of freighter was common before the introduction of the much larger vessels seen today. A secondary highway followed the lakeshore and, when we were passing down the main street of Washburn, we stopped in our tracks. Outside the City Hall there was a maple tree in full foliage and every leaf was crimson in colour as if painted with a giant brush. It certainly was an eye-popper of a sight. We then passed from Wisconsin to what is known as the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and decided to rest for the night at the lakeside community of Ontonagon. After checking into a motel, we walked along a short trail towards the lake. At the end of the trail we were amazed to find a completely deserted and wide expanse of sandy beach that stretched on both sides as far as we could see. In the low evening sunlight it was a paradise-like setting and we enjoyed a short stroll along the sand by the gently lapping waves of the lake before returning to the motel.

The Keweenaw Peninsula juts out into Lake Superior and is rich in mineral deposits. Not far from Ontonagon is the hamlet of Greenland, which is the site of an old worked out copper mine. There were conducted tours of the ancient galleries – since the ore had been extracted from earliest times – and we noted the primitive mining methods used. Place names on the peninsula, such as Copper County State Forest, Copper City and Copper Harbor indicated the principal metal mined in the area. At the summit of Brockway Mountain – a local beauty spot – visitors could see the peninsula stretching far into the distance.

After leaving Copper Harbor, we continued across country and eventually found a scenic highway that followed the Lake Michigan shoreline to the city of St. Ignace at the Straits of Mackinac, which is the strategic waterway between Lakes Huron and Michigan. After crossing the impressive Mackinac Bridge that spans the Straits, we visited Fort Michilimackinac, a replica frontier military and trading post which is a principal tourist attraction. We had now entered Lower Michigan and made our way south on Interstate highway I-75 to the town of Frankenmuth with its pseudo-German architecture and tacky tourist traps. Busloads of visitors from all parts of North America converge on this community, largely because of its unique roast chicken dinner and also for the bargain 'outlet mall' type shopping. One of the more pretentious stores was "Bronner's", an emporium specialising in Christmas-themed merchandise. We ate a chicken dinner at the "Bavarian Inn", one of two restaurants catering to the busloads – the other being "Zehnder's" – then browsed around some of the artists' galleries where an original oil painting caught our eye. Signed by "A. Falconer", the colours in the beach/seascape complemented our bedroom décor and so we bought the unframed work of art.

The final leg of the journey home took us to the motor city of Flint, then Interstate highway I-69 to the Port Huron/Sarnia border crossing. We arrived home hugely satisfied with our trip "North of Superior".



*Ancient Indian Pictographs in Lake Superior Provincial Park, Ontario, September, 1977.*



*Barbecue at Katherine's Cove in Lake Superior Provincial Park, Ontario, September, 1977.*



*Canada Goose Statue at the Entrance to the Town of Wawa, Ontario, September, 1977.*



*Highway Sign Indicating the Once Coldest Spot in Canada, White River, Ontario, September, 1977.*



*View of the Lake Superior Shoreline not far from Nipigon, Ontario, September, 1977.*



*Ouimet Canyon Provincial Park, a Vertically Sided Valley near Thunder Bay, Ontario, September, 1977.*



*Storm Flood Water Plunges Over Kakabeka Falls near Thunder Bay, Ontario, September, 1977.*



*Inside "Grandma's" Pub/Diner, Duluth, Minnesota, September, 1977.*



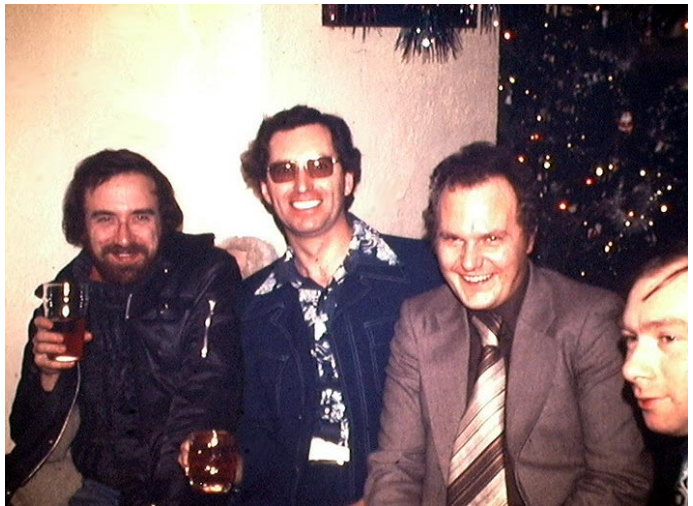
*Perfect Red Maple Tree in Full Foliage, Washburn, Wisconsin, September, 1977.*



*Fort Michilimackinac Tourist Attraction near the Straits of Mackinac, Michigan, September, 1977.*



*The Bavarian Inn Restaurant, Frankenmuth, Michigan, September, 1977.*



*Michael, Barry, Philip and Ian Enjoy a Beer at "The Compton Arms", London, England, December, 1977.*