

that they can provide the needed utilities for the entire town. When the steam lines enter each house or building they will, through heat exchangers, provide the heat that is needed to keep all the schools, offices, and living accommodation warm. There is no other town like it in Canada and it will be a centre of which Canadians can well be proud when it opens, probably about 1960.

The school, too, will be something novel. It has twenty-five rooms and it will be attended by Indians, Eskimos, white children and children of every mixture of blood that the north has to offer. There will be no colour line in Inuvik and the children will grow up thinking of one another, not as Eskimos or Indians, but as fellow Canadians doing a job in the new north. The Indian and Eskimo children may come as much as one thousand miles away to live in two new hostels that are nearly complete—each to be the home of 250 children as they go to school and receive the training that will equip them for the future.

From Inuvik it was with genuine regret that I left the Arctic Circle and flew "up south" to Norman Wells where the first producing oil wells in Canada's northern territories provide the supplies for all the lower Mackenzie and the Arctic coast. From there we flew south to Fort Simpson—perhaps the most attractive settlement in the entire Northwest Territories.

Anyone in southern Canada who thinks of the north as a land of ice and snow should visit the experimental farm at Fort Simpson. Mr. Gilbey, its energetic and able superintendent, grows over seven hundred varieties of plants. The day I visited the farm they were picking plums—believe it or not. Mr. Gilbey has trained the trees to grow close to the ground—only twelve or fourteen inches above it. The winter snows cover them and protect them from the biting cold. In the warm summer, with the almost constant sunshine, they grow rapidly and the plums were superb. Other crops too have been grown and more and more is being learned about the possibilities of agriculture and gardening throughout the entire area.

That night—the night of September 15, only one week after my arrival in Whitehorse—I reached Hay River and was once more back on a highway. It felt like the deep south. Hay River, on the shore of Great Slave Lake, is the northern terminus of the Mackenzie Highway and out of it every year are shipped some 7 million pounds of lake trout and whitefish to the markets of eastern Canada and the United States. It is a thriving community—but one wonders just what the future will hold after the railway reaches Pine Point, some seventy-five miles to the east. Will it help Hay River or will it mean that its greatest days are past? I do not think it should worry. In the growing north there will be plenty of room for Hay River and Pine Point too.

From Hay River one of the new development roads the government has under construction leads around the west end of Great Slave Lake to the Mackenzie River—from there north and east to the mining town of Yellowknife. When the road is completed in the autumn of 1960 it will be possible for the first time to drive to the largest community in the Northwest Territories.

Yellowknife is a thriving city—with cement sidewalks, paved streets, an excellent airport, two large, producing gold mines and some of the most energetic people to be found anywhere in Canada. It is, moreover, the jumping-off place for development in the entire mineralized area north of Great Slave Lake. No one in Yellowknife has any doubts about its future.

At Yellowknife there is one of the most interesting symbols of the new approach by the government of Canada to our northern territories. It is a new school that has been built for the specific purpose of combining high school education with commercial and technical training for children and adults from all parts of this area. Beside it is a hostel where 100 people—youths or adults, Indian, Eskimo or white, male or female—can live while they are educated and trained. Until now there has been no place in the entire Northwest Territories