

and oil companies engaged in exploration work in the Canadian Northwest. There were planes from Yellowknife, the great mining centre on Great Slave Lake, from Fort St. John on the Peace River, from Aklavik at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and from Dawson City, the gold rush capital of the Yukon.

An "old-timer" whom he met in the airport lounge showed him some photographs he had taken on the Alaska Highway, built by American and Canadian engineers during the Second World War. The Highway was financed by the United States, but is now completely owned by Canada.

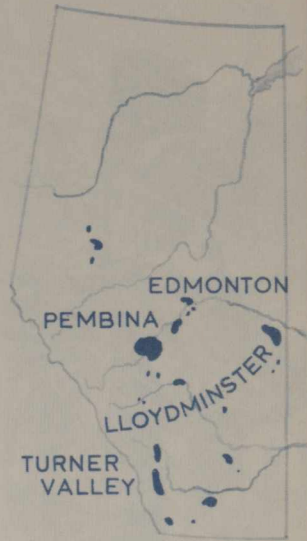
"I drove a truck up there," he told Paul, "for five years . . . and I wish I was still up north. It's the finest country for a young man, these days. And mark my words, before long there'll be cities built there where thousands of people will live."

Paul had been told by Mr. Simpson not to miss seeing what he could of the oil and natural gas refineries at Edmonton. In the evening he drove out in a taxi, about four miles east of the city, to "Refinery Row" where at dusk the brilliance of plant floodlights on the weird cylinders and spheres of steel made the whole area look like a fairyland. Paul was lucky enough to see an oil well where the surplus oil was being burned off from its gusher, a smoky torch whose glare could be seen for miles around.

His genial taxi driver told him of the thousands of miles of pipelines which carried the "black gold", as he called the oil, and natural gas, east as far as Ontario, south to the northwestern American States, and westwards across the Rockies to the Coast.

EASTERN ADVENTURE

From Edmonton back to Toronto, Paul's flight took only four hours, and Paul had much to tell Uncle Jim about his adventures in the West.



OIL FIELDS
OF ALBERTA



THE "BLOW IN" OF AN OIL WELL IN ALBERTA