

common. Such fears were groundless. Immigration of doctors to Canada is up and the output of Canadian medical schools has increased, while losses to the U.S. have tended to decline. Consequently, Canada, overall, has one of the best supplies of doctors in the world: There's about

one doctor for every 600 Canadians.

Doctors' incomes have risen considerably, particularly in those provinces which had fewer insured people prior to medicare, and there has been improved distribution between urban and rural areas.

Oak Island is shaped like an exploding pork chop and it may (or may not) be fairly full of buried gold. Men have been digging there since 1795 and they are digging there now. In December, 1972, we reported on the treasure hunt. Mr. M. R. Chappell, who owns the island, is a lively eighty-seven and he is now gathering data for a book about the island, its treasure and its prospects. He tells us that since the 1972 report, which we reprint below, another shaft, twenty-seven inches in diameter, has been started. Bad spring weather held things up, but as this is written it is 90 feet down and a bore has struck something solid at 110 feet. Another shaft, eighteen inches across, which is mentioned below and down which a TV camera was lowered, awaits further exploration this summer.

Oak Island

FOR 177 YEARS the treasure of Oak Island, Nova Scotia, has inspired greed and adventure, killed men and ruined fortunes.

The island is a small one in a place where islands are many — there are by myth 365 in Mahone Bay, one for every day in the year.

In 1795 there were more islands than men. The men were fishermen and boys were boys. Daniel McInnes, sixteen, rowed out the hundred yards from shore to hunt birds. There, on top of a hill, he found a twelve-foot-wide saucer-like depression directly under the sawed-off limb of an oak. There may or may not have been a ship's block and tackle hanging from the limb.

The hanging block is the first element of the mystery. If it existed it established a paramount point—blocks are made of wood, tackle is rope, and wood and rope rot. If a block did hang from the limb it must have been used to lower treasure into the ground. And if it was there in 1795 the

treasure must have been buried not too long before—years, even decades, but not centuries.

The block is still at the heart of the mystery.

But whether or not Daniel found it, he did see the depression and he dug. He dug ten feet down and came to a spruce platform. He rowed home and got two other boys to help, Tony Vaughan and Jack Smith. They dug and discovered a shaft, expertly made, then carefully filled, with a platform every ten feet.

Two of the boys, McInnes and Smith, settled on Oak Island. In 1804 a local rich man, Simeon Lynds, backed them in a new effort and with the best of what was then modern machinery they dug down to ninety feet. They found, as expected, a spruce platform every ten feet and they also found a mass of coconut fiber, some charcoal and ship's putty. They found a stone, chiselled with mysterious signs. A cryptologist, whose qualifications are lost in the years, read them to

