

## Preface

(To whatever this may be called in the end)

When this book was in the think-out stage before being committed to paper, I was considering the title "The Essence of Insecurity", but another book of similar title was on the bookstands before I had completed the first chapter, which took the unbelievably short time of 3 months to write. Part of the reason for the delay was that a serious treatment of Canada and Canadians deserves a title similar to the one I had first considered, and if I could not use these words, then the whole character of the book might have to change. Hence my first chapter dilemma.

The author of the "other" book was an American, and, of course this mitigated against the use of any thing resembling his title, and ruled out the use of the words 'Security' and all of the words derived from it. The word "Essence " and Canada has its essences would have been very useful, however since Americans seem to have priority, and some of their essences are even stronger than Canadian aromas, it too was necessarily cast aside.

The other author and I had some further things in common though. Firstly we both took on our respective assignments in 1961, he in Washington D.C. and I in Toronto Ontario. In the fall of 1968 there came a great call to both of us, the cry "out you go" was heard in both of these Cities, and it echoed as far as a more important position for him, and relegation to the suburbs for me.

The differences between us are significant too. While he was entrusted with the security of the "free" (How are your taxes?) world, I was entrusted with some of the strangest gimmicks, gadgets and people, most of which was as secure as a rotten totem pole in a 100 mile an hour Gale.

Mr. Robert McNamara is a very strong-willed man whose position made him world-famous, try as I might there just didn't seem any way that I could become famous except among a very small and select group of people who, come spring, heeded the call of the Canadian countryside and took their automobiles as far across the country as they could, considering the conditions laid out before them. Being famous once was thought to be popular, I am certain that any claim to no popularity among this group, for me, would be fatuous. These people looked to me to be difficult, and I obliged frequently, "They wanted an outlet for a whole winterfull of frustrations, and they found it, many times on my hide. And just how could you title this exercise in spring mayhem of man and his financed mechanical conveyance, Shell 4000 car rally can be spat out with the compelling force that short words permit. Yes, the seven year auto-itch has ended now, but come a few more moons and another crop of those mad enough to try it again. Even now the prayers for another sponsor are being echoed in my ear, for some of the rallyists have compared me with the disciple of Jerusalem's father on occasion, but with much less affection than He rates.

Here then is, not an expose of Canada as it is, but as related to the events surrounding a peculiar Canadian happening that took place for a seven year period. The fact that it took place in a mobile and transitory way is important, because it does give a picture of more than one section of the country.

For those who are confused as to what a Car Rally is, let me give a brief hint of the technical detail. An organizer or director lays out a course over roads that are usually not main highways. He locates control points along the route at unspecified intervals and determines what time the contestants must arrive at these points. Penalties are awarded to the crew of the car for not arriving at the specified time. In a Sunday afternoon rally, the instructions to the contestants are frequently designed to confuse. There has to be some way of determining a winner. In a long-distance rally, the instructions are simple and not usually subject to vagaries or open to misinterpretation. Distance and it's attendant logistics are the factors that influence the winning of a 4000 mile event. Or so it ought to be.

Most of what happened could be related only in an offhand way to the 4000 itself, my travels in pursuit of the 4000 brought me to scenes and places that probably take place every day, I was conveyed to them.

## Chapter 1 "There Ain't no Soup..."

"There ain't no soup on Sunday"

"Why not"

"We don't have none, 'cause there's nobody in the kitchen"

"What about some of that in the can off the shelf, there"

"We don't open the canned stuff either, nobody's in the kitchen to wash the dishes"

"Isn't this a Bus Terminal, what if people come in from the bus and want soup?"

"They don't get no soup neither"

"Can we get a sandwich then? "

"Sure, what kind do yuz want?"

"Wha kind do you have"

"Its all up there on the blackboard, yuz can have any kind that's up on there except the ones that's got a line drawn through them"

"It says that you have soup, there is not any line through that"

"Just the same we don't have soup, everybody around here knows that"

"Well we're from quite a long way from here, and we didn't know"

"What kind of sandwich do you want"

"I'll have a ham and cheese on brown bread, what about you Peter?"

"I'll have the same"

"Okay, if we don't have no brown bread will it be okay on white?"

"No, just bring me the ham and cheese"

Momentary silence.

"You fellas' sure kid around alot, where are you from?"

"Toronto"

"Gee, that's along ways from here, didya' come all the way from there just to see the dam?"

"No we're working on a rally"

"Oh"

"It has to do with cars, and they travel across the country from Vancouver to Montreal."

"I aint heard about that. "

"By the way, who washes the plates that the sandwiches are served on?"

"I have to wash them myself. "

"Couldn't you wash a soup bowl too."

"No, because when the bus comes in it would be to much work"

"When do you expect the bus?"

"It comes here every day at 8:40 southbound, and 3:20 northbound, schedule is always the same, see it says so up on the blackboard, right by the menu."

"Oh yes, I see it there, but it's only 1 o'clock now."

"I'm too busy, you see there ain't noboby in the kitchen"

We got our sandwiches, on white, on plates which the waitress washed herself, we presume, and left after a cup of the gut searing coffee that only two days of steady simmering in a steam urn can produce. We did go and see the dam, one of Canada's monumental engineering feats that is tucked away where no one can easily find it. Now the structure itself is named for a Liberal who delivered Saskatchewan votes to Ottawa for many years, Gardiner, and the lake behind it is named for the man held back, at least until 1957, Diefenbaker.

This was a part of Canada in the swinging sixties, 1964 to be exact, and it was on one of our yearly trips to survey the route for the 1965 Shell 4000. Since the fail of 1961 I had been making routes across the country that would eventually tax the skill and endurance of contestants on a six-day grind of 4000 miles over the worst roads that we could find. Peter Bone had joined me in 1963.

To me it was seven years of the most mixed-up life anyone could lead, incident piled upon incident at some times, and at other times, boredom and frustration beyond the

comprehension of those who lead even humdrum lives in a nine to five job in the cities, or the farmer whose existence is a yearly cycle instead of daily routine.

If there is a definition of Canada and Canadians, we can only come to the conclusion that there isn't one, and that this in itself is the definition. It would be possible to explain all this by pointing to geography, differing ethnic backgrounds and rationalizing the whole by a series of explanations as bewildering as they would be lengthy. But this t leave to the same people that have been doing it for years, and rather in my own glimpse of Canada tell you what the individuals are and how they appeared to us.

The incident related above wasn't necessarily related first because it was in the middle of the country, at least the middle of the populated area, but simply because it has a flavour of the independence that still exists among those who inhabit the lesser populated areas and the expectation that these people have, of not desiring changes and of not urging change on others by the simple process of procrastination. The South Saskatchewan dam was being built just a few short miles awry, and yet there was, obviously no desire for such a project to have any effect at all upon the local inhabitants, on the part of the people themselves.

In lesser, and some cases greater, ways this is the basis of a type of thought that now prevails among people from one shore to the other and its root seems to be in the pioneer context where a limited objective once achieved is sufficient, an almost daily thanks giving that nothing went too far. The words that i have chosen to describe this phenomenal state may seem to be harsh and critical and a casual judgment of a vast number of persons with whom we have been in contact over a long period, but this is how I have seen it and damned if I can explain a broad look at Canada in any other way.

Visually, the whole thing is a stretched out exterior- interior psychodedilia which in our trips was never the same, but varied little. The glories and grandeurs of the outside are continually extolled by historians and geographers, the interiors seldom described except in the glossy home magazines that only the photographers and writers know for sure. Our trips were enhanced by the interiors of taverns in the Indian country of British Columbia and the Canadian Pacific exterior of the station in Mcadam New Brunswick, which was built in a loftier time for a greater purpose. On the natural beauties, and ugliness I cannot dwell, photographers can convey these things in truth. Then there are the cities, of which there are only three, Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver, in that order. They too vary inside, but probably the excitement of a Montreal shooting skyward, and a Toronto bursting outward cannot match, for ease of life and dignity the slow climb of Vancouver up the mountainsides and across the Fraser valley. The only thing common to all three is a heartless core, and Vancouver again excels. Canada's other cities have yet to achieve a distinct flavour of their own.

But no one can complain that the small towns lack the character that they are reputed to have, they do have it and for the most part you could be dropped in Swift Current, Orangeville or Cranbrook and with minor variations the people-would be the same, the

building only a little different, in fact not whisker of the country can be said to have a character of it's own with the exception of Quebec. And there it is the people, distinguished not only by language, but in the smug and comforting assurance that they were here first and will be here last. The search for a Canadian identity is fruitless, in each of our individual lives we are subject to differing conditions and economic patterns. How can Canadians be the same from coast to coast? The writers of an earlier generation, mainly out of touch with the realities of Canada, tried to give Canadians a common identity, as did the politicians. Thanks to there feeble efforts, read by only a few, they did not succeed. Now when the cult of the individual is the goal, and the protests reflect the struggle to achieve an independent state for everyone, Canadians can regard the "identity" struggle as one they have passively disregarded for years. An achievement of considerable proportions when the sameness of suburbia and the plainness of the prairie is put into context. Canadians won the battle to be individuals before they, or their forefathers, ever arrived in this country.

Now after having made the point that the "individual" is an accomplishment of Canadian merit, I want to quickly assure you that the threads of an overall layering or structuring of Canadian society exists, where, for common interest purpose groups of people are tied together into segments of the total that tend to defeat this individuality. These groups rarely can claim to differing attitudes within themselves. You are aware of these groups, they surround you every day: the farmers, the governments, The businessmen, the labour unions, the teenagers, the senior citizens-- everyone has his or her group, which they only integrate with for a part of the time. Some people are a part of several groups, this is possible in Canada: as in no other country, and this brings us back to the individuality, which in some cases is a split personality in ourselves.

## Chapter 2 In the Beginning They Needed Money

Sometime in the year 1958 or possibly it was '59, the government of British Columbia decided to tread where others had been lacking in that ability. With the assistance of the Federal Government they picked a ripe plum from under the noses of the Easterners and arranged to hold an International Trade Fair. Undaunted by the lack of success that such fairs had enjoyed in the Metropolis of Canada, Montreal and Toronto, the enthusiastic west coasters plunged into a melee of promotional schemes and advertising that turned the west into an ad-mans paradise for a time.

Not the least of the schemes was a Car Rally to run from Montreal to Vancouver, arrival at Vancouver to coincide with the opening of the Fair. Simple enough so you say, and so did they. As far as I know the idea stemmed from the administrative department of the B.C. government, but the concept was worthy of WAC Bennet himself, who probably considered it a step in the takeover of the rest of Canada. Grandiose planning is a necessity in B.C., after all those mountains do things to the brain when they reach into the sky in their own way.

When the idea had been broached to the BC Cabinet they had, as all cabinets do, lots of enthusiasm but no money. Some of the other promotional schemes were in, the same kind of limbo.

The solution, as in many other cases, throw a cocktail party, invite leaders of business and industry, and after they had been proscribed with potables, convince these affluent men that their contribution would be welcome in any way that they could make it. The President of Shell Oil Company of Canada Limited at that time was Mr. W.M.V. Ash, he attended the party in Company with Directors of the Shell Group from Overseas, and when the Car Rally project was brought up, Mr Ash was convinced to produce a sum of money.

Upon his return to Toronto Mr. Ash called in his Public Relations advisor, who, apart from considerable gulping and choking advised against the support of an event that catered neither to motherhood reforestation or safe diving. Mr. Ash was not a dauntable man, his next move was toward the Advertising men, since they were the last resort, and had a bigger budget anyway, this was the horse that got saddled.

ON a September morning in 1960, which had started in a normal way, the call to rally arrived from Gerry Marohesseau, Shell's man about strange projects in the Advertising Department. Gerry, along with many others in Shell had a black leather jacket trauma, and visions of car rallyists were haunting his dreams. At this time I was working at electrical equipment sales, and as an avocation had the position of President of the Canadian Automobile Sport Clubs. This organization is a Federation of motor sport clubs all across Canada, but at that time it's activities were pretty well confined to the southern Ontario and Montreal -Ottawa area. Many car rallies of a few miles or a few hundred miles were being run all over these areas, but across Canada, here was a plot to bug the imagination.

A rally of this dimension had been talked of in rallyists wild dreams, but here it was true and Shell really didn't know what they had their hands on. Nor did he B.C.I.T.F. people.

How to go about it. The inevitable meetings were held. Shell people with CASE people, with B.C. government people, with ad agency people, anyone who had a contribution got their two cents. Hire a man who would work for the B.C. Trade Fair organization, send him across the country to lay out a route, hire a secretary, set-up an office, headquarters Vancouver. Doug Wilson, lately moved from Ontario and a keen rallyist got the job and a monstrous task. Shell would provide the money to the B.C.I.T.F. and advertising and equipment and an airplane, Gerry Marchesseau in charge.

Write regulations, contact possible entries, talk with car manufacturers, visit car clubs, write instructions, drive across the country. Arrange for time clocks, prepare route instructions layout advertising.

In the late spring entries were closed, over a hundred cars, obviously a success-even before it is underway. Now the consultations became more frequent, now Doug Wilson was in Toronto, now the apprehension grew. Could everything, be ready on time. As the weeks before the starting date of April 30 shortened into days the obvious grew clearer. The entire project had been under estimated both in terms of time required and money needed, but once committed, there is no possibility of turning back.

Small problems turned suddenly into large ones, the time clocks needed a power source of 110 volts, control points had to be near a source of power. Almost without exception controls were forced to be located near towns or cities. Much of the element of surprise was defeated. Doug Wilson was overtired, he piled into the back of a car on the Queen Elizabeth Way, near Toronto, unhurt but the car badly damaged, the final run over the route delayed. The car Doug rammed was stopped in the left-hand lane to pick up a hich-hiker. Hazards of the road are drivers not conditions. The final or "dry-run" was finally completed, not without a great amount of difficulty. Now the route book was to be completed, who had time to do it, only Doug's secretary in Vancouver. She had never even heard of a car rally before going to work for Doug. But completed it was.

Arrangements for the start were hastily patched together, Gerry Marcheseau had a good friend at the Peps-Cola company. Their garage could be used for examination of the cars and lock-up overnight. The-start ramp would be erected at a large Shell service station on Jean-Talom St. The headquarters would be at the Capri hotel not far from either of the two important locations. The receptions parties and hi-jinks would be spread all over Montreal.

The Trade Fair had a start date of May 6th, and since the rally had a seven day running time, the start was on April 30th from Montreal. In the week before the start cars and crews arrived, from all parts of Canada and the USA, as well as from Europe. A new venture of any sort always attracts a mixed bag of people, and few exceptions were to be noted in this instance. A more diverse group could hardly be credited to any

situation. Accountants, Doctors, Dentists, mechanics, film producers salesmen, bank executives, and a host of other occupations were represented. Most were Sunday rallyists, a few were semi-professionals some of the Europeans were professionals. The female of the rally world was not lacking in numbers, in fact of the over 100 cars there-\ were six all-female crews, and a greater number of married crews, for the most part husband and wife teams, but not in every case,

The Ford Motor Co. out powered all the other entries by placing ten cars on the list. Chevrolet division of General Motors Detroit had a three car team, as did Mercedes, Citroen, Studebaker and Rootes. All of the teams had their problems, the Ford people couldn't even be kept together in one place for any length of time, the Corvairs of Chevrolet were a constant source of mechanical difficulty, the Rootes Hillmans were prepared in Toronto, and driven by Vancouver based crews, result, neither the crews nor the Rootes mechanics could agree, the Studebaker team had a very astute and controversial manager who knew nothing about rallying, he made the most of every mistake in the public relations handbook. The Volvo crews, most of whom were Scandinavian, with a leavening of Canadians and Americans, seemed confused, but if there was a sign of efficiency and competence in any camp, it was Mercedes. If a vote were to have been taken before the event as to who would win, based mainly on their ability to out-psych everyone else, Mercedes had it in the bag. Their undoing was a piece of out-psyching that would have given them great credit and occurred about half-way on the route, more of that will unfold. Private entrants, who were concerned with preparing their own cars kept conspicuously out of the way except at the parties and other festive-occasions. They had quite a few opportunities.

The publicity rolled out; never before- had an attempt of this sort happened, the auto manufacturers had a ready-made promotional project which someone else was paying for, at least in part. The public relations department of Shell, with motherhood as their chief concern, did not participate in this free-for-all and the B.C.I.T.F. public relations man didn't leave Vancouver. The battle for newspaper space and radio and TV time was left to the wily practitioners from the auto companies, many of whom were imported from New York, Detroit, Toronto and even London England. Ford probably won the contest, Studebaker a close second, before the rally had even started.

On Sunday April 30th, at 7:am, the only people that stirred in Montreal were the contestants, officials, and a very few well-wishers, mainly friends of the drivers. So much for the great publicity build-up, the population of Montreal was not impressed, or were in bed or Church. The ramp sagged as the first car, a Hillman drove upon it. Worried frowns as to whether it would last through a hundred cars. Doug Wilson was there, Gerry Marchesseau was there, some Shell people were there and the Chairman of the B.C.I.T.F. was there. His main concern was that the word Shell on the starting ramp signs was larger than the Trade Flair wording. As the cars rolled off the starting ramp, the confusion that marked the pre-rally activities paled, and the complete disarray began. The cars rolled up and over the structure that creaked more noticeably as the parade went on, until the 1937 Rolls-Royce appeared, the driver refused to even go near the ramp, and he started from the side on-lookers who were themselves

contestants and waiting to start muttered something about protests, and suddenly the tone of the rally was set. Protesting, for those of you who are not informed, is to rallying what the puck is to hockey, or so it seems, the protest is the way to straighten out what happened during the rally, at a desk after the rally is off the road, and entering a protest results in much back and forth passing of paper and verbal comment, with the Steward acting as a referee, and the rally organizer trying to keep goal, which for the most part is his own sanity and integrity. But more of protests later, the cars are still going down the ramp.

A lot has been written about what a car rally really is and to my knowledge no proper definition that embraces all the facets of a rally has ever broken into print. I will not attempt to put down definition either, but I will attempt to explain the reasons for participation in a rally of the type that is represented by the B.C.I.T.F and it's successors. Without a degree of philosophical thought, which probably stems from Thoreau who voiced the opinion that most men lead lives of quiet desperation the cold definitions lack depth and perception.

The clichés that are expressed by many rally contestants have to be examined in a detached sort of perspective to really understand them and my analysis is probably incomplete. You see, in the first instance there is this 20<sup>th</sup> century man and machine syndrome. Then comes the "because it's there" attitude. After that comes the "want to compete" fallacy. All these are regularly employed, in the interview with the uninitiated, or with members of the media and I have heard these trite expressions too many times to make any kind of impression now. The background of most contestants is the 9 to 5 work in an office, uninvolved, frustrating, dull and dreary life. Every man seeks an outlet for these emotions which are built up in a year round routine, year after year. Some of the frustrations can be expended on an automobile. But competition in an automobile offers the ultimate. Pounding a mechanical conveyance through a car rally and then lavishing the tender loving care to repair it afterwards can be very satisfying, and a long distance event gives even greater satisfaction because there is a great deal of preparation required before the event too, and therefore competing in a 4000 mile rally becomes a year round occupation, even if it only takes a week to actually run-off. If this is a definition of a hobby, so far, there is more.

Apart from the simple aspects expressed up to this point, there is a frustration relief factor which is even greater in it's importance than the man and the machine, and that is the very nature of a rally. The organizer or his assistants lay out the course considerably in advance of the event and then commit what they have observed to paper, known as route instructions, these can be complex, as they are in a Sunday afternoon rally of a couple of hours duration, or they can be relatively simple and straightforward, as they are in a long distance event. But by whose interpretation are they one or the other? The organizer has, supposedly, the upper hand here, the traditions of rallying in Canada are, the reverse unfortunately. To imagine the stupidity of rally organizers, in the view of the contestant, is barely possible to comprehend, by the layman.

So there we have all the ingredients for a modern day cure for frustration. The machine, on which both a desire for destruction can be vented, while at the same time a great concern for the health and welfare of this same machine and the opportunity to nurse it back to good health. The personal feelings of animosity can be vented upon the organizer if his route instructions are not to the liking of the competitor, or if the route instructions are reasonable, then some other aspect of the organizers work can be taken apart by subtle hints that his ancestry is in some doubt.

Not to say that all rallyists overtly exhibit these tendencies, but it is significant that many of Canada's best known drivers and navigators do exhibit these traits.

On many occasions I have been asked why some people prefer racing to rallying, The answer I think lies in the fact that the racing fraternity are more mature and the personal element, as represented by the rally organizer and other rally officials, is lacking. In racing there is only the course and the car, and the drivers own ability to drive, the officials rarely enter into the final result of a race. So the racing driver has matured, and this can be backed-up by looking at the racing driver himself, they are, as a group, older men in Canada, a fact noted by visitors from overseas, where most racing drivers are younger men.

Well in the meantime the 1961 B.C.I.T.F. rally is underway. First overnight stop, Toronto. The Parc Ferme is naturally under the Shell Tower in the Canadian National Exhibition grounds. It is a sunny Sunday afternoon, and since most of the contestants are residents of the Toronto area, a goodly crowd is on hand. There were few startling incidents to report, a number of cars had mechanical troubles but in the main the route had given little trouble, and since rallyists expect trouble, there was a poor prospect for the next days on the road. The protests did roll in however, they were pushed under Doug Wilson's door at the Seaway Towers hotel and handed to Don Stewart, who was acting as Steward on behalf of the Canadian Automobile Sport Clubs, the governing body of motor sport in Canada.

The problems were all on the organizing side. The scoring was being done by a computer in Vancouver, and all the information from the time cards that the contestants carried had to be fed by teletype to the West Coast. Scores came back by the same method. The drawback was that corrections to the methods of scoring were practically impossible. Even long distance telephone failed to solve the majority of the changes that were needed to accomplish a rapid calculation of standings. At 5:00 am there was only a vague indication that the standings were available for the first few cars. This situation prevailed, not only at Toronto, but all across the country.

Proven was the fact that one man could not possibly undertake a task of this magnitude and even have a half-chance of making it succeed.

The rally had 6 more days to go.

My own role in the operation was minor, after consultations and advice prior to the rally, all I had the opportunity to do was appear in Vancouver at a finish and judge protests if any, and assist in any of the activities that took place there. Doug Wilson, Don Stewart and Gerry Marchesseau were in charge. Before they left Toronto the worried frowns were on their faces, as a sign of things to come, were only a minor indication.

From Toronto the contestants proceeded up north via Sudbury to Sault Ste Marie, and then onto the next overnight stop at Port Arthur, over main highways for the most part, similar to the first leg in this respect. It had to be a long grinding run, with little to excite the contestants, the early start from Toronto meant a total of 20 hours on the road by the route book. There were delays on the route which added to the time. One of the great examples of delay was the Shell representative who didn't like the service station chosen a control point and refueling stop, and on his own initiative, picked another location, unknown to the rally officials. Confusion created when a hundred cars milled around wasn't easily describable. Ultimate result the cars reached Port Arthur in the breaking of dawn on Tuesday morning to the accompaniment of a thick fog.

It was the fog that made the accident possible, it was the confusion that made it probable, and when it happened, some 9 miles out of the Lakehead city, it was disastrous. The facts will never be known. Police investigations and courts of law were unable to determine the cause. Two cars lay at the side of the road, one driver was dead, one seriously injured, and two drivers slightly shaken up. Over the whole eerie scene lay a pall denser than the fog. Headlines screamed the worst, the telephone lines burned. The worst fears of all, and particularly the Shell Public Relations department, were confirmed.

In a greater regard for one another, and the hand of fate, the drivers arrived at their overnight stop and slept, then departed again. At 10:00 am the first car left for Winnipeg on a 9 hour run. The scoring was a very real difficulty now three days of hard and unrewarding work had made Doug Wilson a walking dreamer. But rallies wait for no-one when they are underway and the morning departure from Winnipeg went as scheduled, but with a difference. By this time the inexperienced team managers and P.R. men were much more alert than the officials. The General Motors man of wisdom was David E. Davis of the tweed hat and RAF moustache. It happened this way. The Mercedes team of three cars held the team lead. All cars were permitted out of the parc ferme only 15 minutes before their time of departure. Tes Chelminski drove one of the Mercedes out of the parc before his proper time right under the waving moustache. Result a great victory for the German team wiped out before half the route had been covered. Davis saw to it. Peter Bone, Chelminskis co-driver has never been seen in such a rage since, and there were 4 more days of close company to be kept by these two.

Without incident does not describe properly the next days, but no outstanding matters are left to record, except a control situation near Edmonton which can only have the word "gimmick" attached to it. Then there was the matter of further delays and changes in the time schedule which made it impossible for most of the contestants to have any sleep at the last overnight stop in Penticton B.C.

Ninety-one cars reached the finish point at the Pacific National Exhibition grounds in Vancouver. There were a tremendous number of people on hand far more than had ever seen a rally finish in Canada before. And some of the contestants put on a show, Gil Christie kissed the ground to the accompaniment of camera shutters, several others sought me out and began the bitter barrage of complaints, others had mementos to present to B.C.I.T.F. officials. It was a flushed moment in bright sunshine, for most, the problems and frustrations were momentarily forgotten. As the last cars arrive a reality began to dawn on the official party. The results were in a deplorable state and the press, which after the accident had been giving extraordinary coverage wanted to know who the winners were. In the later stages either by chance or by a knowledge that we had not been privy to, (I had arrived in Vancouver the day prior to the arrival of the rally) the Studebaker people were claiming 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> places. This fact could not be disputed either. The press gave a great victory to Studebakers, the first driven Jack Young and Reg Hillary the second by Lou Lalonde and John Jones.

In the late afternoon Bill Wordham, then Editor of Track and Traffic magazine, who had been retained by Shell's advertising department to assist in handling the press relations, and I decided that Doug Wilson could not possibly handle the scoring and results himself, so we pitched in to the fray. Each time card was re-examined, adjustments were made, corrections were rushed over to the IBM offices in another part of the city. Dinner was consumed in haste, and back to the scoring ( Gerry Marchesseau fell asleep at the table). Arliegh Foster had earlier confided in a loud voice that he didn't know what it was all about, but it was a hell of a good thing. He had the position of Shell Vice-president, Marketing. Bill, Doug and- I agreed, almost, with the first part of the remark, but were having grave doubts about the second part. The more we dug into the scoring, the more disaster it seemed the later it got. Tomorrow, Sunday, was the day for the official protest meeting at the P.N.E. grounds. Before protests could be heard the results had to be available, many times during that long night, which ended only shortly before dawn, we considered taking the easy way, but in more serious moments decided to carry on, until there seemed to be a sense to the whole thing, and they were printed..

Sunday came in a beautiful blaze of warm sunshine and we arrived at the grounds to find that there wasn't enough room in the area allotted to contain all the protesters and us, Doug, Don Stewart, and myself, constituted the protest board. We were moved to a larger room, next to the bar. The protests were piled up before we could take our seats. There was no penalty attached to entering a protest! If we had considered that things were in a sad state the night before, we now had to reconsider our definition. While the former contestants, now bitter enemies of ours, and of all the others milled around between the protest table and the bar, we had to sit and listen to some of the worst drivel I have ever been pained to hear. Were these grown men? Were we too close to the bar? Could all these stories be true? On Monday the day on which the awards were to be presented, some arbitrary decisions had to be taken. Young and Hillary confirmed in First place, Lalonde and Jones Second, confirmed. Grant MacLean and Bill Leatham, Volvo third. No one could dispute these because they had no better facts than those available to us. Some months later a careful study of the time cards told who actually

won, but the time cards were soon destroyed and the official results, issued finally on May 12<sup>th</sup>, showed the results as I have given them.

The most notable thing about the banquet in the hotel Vancouver was a coldness on the part of most of the rallyists, which even the ample bar failed to warm up. The dream of the B.C.I.T.F. was barely fulfilled, the publicity which they received was negligible. Shell now had to account for a vastly overspent budget, and Doug Wilson could get some sleep.

The rally and rallyists did get publicity, it wasn't about the rally necessarily, but the personality of the rally types was something new to the press. Alice Fergusson smoked a cigar at the banquet, something daring back in '61, and her picture appeared on the front page of many Canadian newspapers. Jean Steagall knitted a sweater as she navigated across the country. "Winkie" Winkworth had an english-style picnic basket, complete with 2 bottle of wine every day, and lunched at the side of the road, in style. These stories of colourful people were great boons to the press and reported in great detail. The results were given too, when they were available. The great accomplishment of the media was in changing the name of the event, it became, despite the best efforts of the Shell personnel and the B.C.I.T.F., the "Trans- Canada Rally". This nickname haunted the event for many years to come and caused consternation in the Tourist Bureau at Ottawa.

Even before the rally had concluded, and despite the endless confusion, it was obvious that a spectacle of some proportions had been created out of very little and maybe these could be a continuation of a similar contest on an annual basis. Crowds had come out to see the cars go by, especially in the smaller centers in the West. The total newspaper lineage had been tremendous when finally added up. Where to go from here, how to go from here?

### Chapter 3 Pursuit of the End

Many people, have little realization that the start of anything is the, end of it as well. My own enthusiasm for Canada and the sport of rallying made me well aware of the beginning but unaware of the end. I didn't want to be aware of the end for many reasons which, if they were present in my mind, were pushed into the deeper recesses where we all keep our own silent council. Those of us who have the perception required to see the end at the same time as the beginning are usually classed as astute men, but frequently those who accomplish nothing because the actual accomplishment of something new means nothing to them, most if not all businessmen, so called, are in this category, civil servants are definitely in the group. Perpetuation of the current status, with minor, variations, do to day, are the chief aim, and so we have the so-called stability factor built into our society. But not all men are built that way. Stability was my aim in life to this time, I fell into that class of businessmen, civil servant. I had always worked for large corporations. In effect there was no beginning and therefore no end. A new beginning I was able to see, an end was in the misty future, I would admit nothing but the fact that there was an ending, somewhere, what interested me was the route to the end.

During the time, that I spent in Vancouver I talked with many of the Shell management, mainly with Gerry Marchesseau and Jack Benson. They had been drawn out of their, lives. by the Rally and its attendant excitement. They could always seek the haven of their normal lives again though, and would do at the first opportunity, which usually arrived on any Monday morning. At the various social functions which surrounded the end of the Rally, dinner at Dex's Rib House, Volvo cocktail party at the Georgian Towers and Banquet at the Vancouver, the conversation went round about the continuation of an event of this type. Who would be prepared to organize it, could the CASC take on such a task, would the event be recognized by International motoring authorities, and many others. With little of the basic considerations being established in my own mind I mad a some suggestions. I would take a contract for the organization, hire a small staff, take offices within the Shell building and make an effort to develop the program as a Shell promotional project. All this was verbal and not firm by any means, but the businessman and the man who wanted not to be a businessman, in the accepted sense, had come to an understanding of sorts as we left Vancouver.

Of all the experiences I had, one that cannot be erased from mind, is the flight back. Air Canada had conveyed me in safety and comfort from Toronto to Vancouver in what was then a new sensation, a DC-8 jet. The smoothness and efficiency was as sterile as boarding as bus, without the inconvenience of have diesel fumes forced down to the recesses of the lungs. The return journey was courtesy of Shell via DeHaviland Dove. This small executive aircraft carried four in luxury and comfort, with bar, lounge chairs and personality.

The take-off was at a reasonable hour, not originally meant, to be, because of a weather system over the eastern part of British Columbia, and as the May sunshine warmed the dampness from mist sprinkled cover, we took off. Flight plan, east to Hope, then

up the Fraser River Valley to Prince George in the deepest B.C. interior, too east again at Prince George to Grand Prairie Alberta, and stop to refuel. This indirect maneuvering was to avoid the weather and meant a two-day trip.

The appearance of the Fraser between Vancouver and Hope belies its reputation as one of Canada's great scenic beauties. It's meandering sluggishness with a brown consistency is a sickly sight. Only the mountains on each side give any hint of what lies ahead, and as the speck of an airplane crawls along the valley the mountains become closer and higher. Finally, the dot of a town that is Hope marks the abrupt end of the flat valley, and the Fraser canyon begins. Some years later I drove the same valley, but the sight that the canyon gave on that day remains forever a memory. The pictures of the B.C. mountains so frequently repeated in tourist literature are static, but they moved on this day, aided by clouds swirling about the peaks against a sky so pure and ethereal that word description is futile. Mile after mile of juts and crags unlikely to have an impression made on them by man, no matter how long he might toil. Oh yes there was the occasional scar of the lumbering people, and the ugly but almost microscopic pile of mine tailings, but no effect was evident when the whole panorama was surveyed. We flew below the highest peaks, and were thus enveloped in the scene, below above and to both sides.

The other passengers were bridge players, Bill Wordham, Don Stewart and Gerry Marchesseau. The talent for the game couldn't be matched by mine, a fourth is a fourth though and I was enticed into a low stakes game. As if trying to match the scene outside, I made a six no-trump hand and committed a crime of almost equal proportions by only having bid five.

As the day drew on and the patterns of the cloud and mountains continually changed, the way ahead began to flatten and at Prince George we emerged into the roll of the foothills below and ahead lie the prairie. Our landing at Grande Prairie was without fault, gas-up and off again. Shortly afterward the sky darkened and slowly but perceptibly night fell.

A D.H. Dove is not large inside and the conversation that took place included the crew who had thrown the cockpit door open. Their conversation included the control towers of the various centres that we passed and we observed a respectful silence when this became necessary. The clipped monotone of the tower replies came through to us. No bridge now, just a comfortable settling into the seats and a recounting of what had taken place in the past week. Incidents, jokes, the talk of men who were cooling out from a new experience in an intimate and cozy environment made closer by the darkness outside. Next stop Saskatoon, and a good meal and a bed. Comfort and relaxation were ours.

The only intimation of it was a slight crackle on the radio and then, with a compelling force the words tumbled out one after the other in quick successions of twos "Mayday-Mayday".

The origin of the word is said to be French, which was corrupted into English in the early days of aviation, the change of language has strengthened it and not lessened the impact. 'Come to my aid' has less appeal. The pilots were concerned, we in the cabin electrified. The clipped voice of control assumed greater authority, when it asked for all except emergency messages be held. Then the words came again, unmistakably a United States origin in the voice. The commanding voice then went through the request to the distressed plane to send a continuous transmissions for fixing. The order was followed again and again without result. It was explained during there transmissions that there were no maps of the area in the plane and that darkness had come down too quickly, along with a host of other less relevant details. All planes within a certain area were asked to stand by, this included us. Maintaining our course the thoughts of warm beds and hot meals vanished. Gasoline supply was checked, radio silence maintained and a different atmosphere took hold of us. The blackness below was broken by the occasional single oil well flare, and then several in a line would appear in the distance. Radio silence ended momentarily while all aircraft in the district reported their locations. Then the words were exchanged between the ground and the lost. Gas low, any lights visible, floats or wheels, emergency supplies-none, landing lights-no, familiar with territory-no, and finally, just keep talking.

Half an hour, an hour I don't know of an erie helpless by standing role that left a dry taste. Pilots knowing and fearing but not saying kept the Dove on course. Fix now certain, directions given, lights seen, false alarm only oil flares, at least some view of civilization, new course by ground, aircraft of local airline diverted to intercept, very experienced pilot in charge.

'Thank God" a town sighted, yes they are electric lights, local aircraft spots unidentified plane, no landing strip here, follow me to next town, gas almost gone, only a few miles, yes more lights ahead we'll make it. Back to routine.

Pilots call in position of Dove, Saskatoon in an hour or less, nine- o'clock now. The lights visible in a few minutes, the touch down before expected. Taxi to the Bessborough, a monolithic pile on the-river bank. Practically deserted, have to go out to eat. Taxi again to Chinese restauernt, steak, rare please. Nothing to drink? Saskatewan you know. The pilots were more relaxed now and as the food was eaten and relished the stories that hadn't been told, and the ones worth repeating, unfolded. Then to bed in that, above-ground dungeon on the river bank.

The day came round soon, and the bright sun with it. Take-off uneventful. The four of us in the cabin more relaxed and talk eventually struck a philosophic tone. When a small group of men with varying back grounds are closeted together without any demands on their time reminiscences inevitably flow in a tumbled profusion. Women, war, politics, family, ambitions and more about women. The prairies flowed beneath us in huge rectangular lumps, some light green, some dark green, a sprinkling of brown ores, broken only occasionally by a gouged irregular river valley. I suppose the length arid breadth alone were the impression, sky to sky in all directions. As the May day heightened and brightened our own part in such a vastness seemed to represent the

shallow effort of man to cope with an environment that alternated it's moods between productivity and a cold inhospitality. Now the mood was-promised bounty in the colour of gold a few-short months away, just before the blanket was spread to protect for the long season of inactivity.

Winnipeg, touch down, refuel, eat, take-off and an almost immediate change of scene. The darkest green patches appear, then spots of water, flat and silvery in an afternoon sun. The forest finds dominance, pushed aside by larger patches of water as we progress, until the lake of lakes draws us nearer and nearer stretching a blue-like prairie with an occasional dot on it's surface. Superior had a fascination at the shoreline for artists of the south that is found now in many of our museums and galleries where the public can and do catch a rare glimpse of a corner.

Sault Ste Marie gives the first glimpse of the industry that commands the Ontario view. Landing is routine now, and the more wearisome because of home proximity. Off again in a late afternoon of patchy cloud and a little rain. The landscape has no homogeneous character at all and its irregularity is threaded by roads and, rails, dotted by towns and broken by uneven hills and valleys, lakes and streams. A bright dusk in blue-red is the background for the landing at Toronto. Welcomes, questions, kids, goodbyes. The unique is history. The taller tales yet to be all told.

The whole experience left me with an uneasy feeling, a brief taste of Canada wasn't enough. In all of the country there were people and the environment of such variety and dimension that the people must vary too. What to do about the uneasiness,

After a recovery of short duration and back to the working routine, a death in the family and a further searching of the mind I had the decision. Talk with the people at Shell, follow -up the conversations started in happy glow at Vancouver.

A disagreement with my employer hastened the inevitable, the bug that had bitten me now required immediate treatment for the disease it had left.

## Chapter 4 The 4000 is reality

Negotiations took place on several occasions during the summer of 1961, the most pleasant and productive of which was over a bottle of Gin at Gary Masesseau's home. Contracts were signed in late August. An office in Shell was put a my disposal, I hired a Secretary and Doug Wilson was to be my employee in Vancouver. Contracts with Doug were completed, and now we had to get with it. In order to save time and utilize some of the arrangements of the previous rally, the route would again be from Montreal to Vancouver.

Canadian rallying, as in many other things was a compromise between the American and European. Exact measurement of the route was a necessity, and exact timing resulted from the combination of the route measurement and precise average speeds. The American style was more precise and less exiting and European the reverse. Could we in Canada combine the interest of the Americans and the Europeans, in the great Canadian compromise? In my optimism I thought we could, but of necessity it would have to be a long term approach, and since the contract was a one year trial on the part of Shell and myself, this rally, the 1962 Shell 4000, would have to stand on its own with only minor variations on established practices. Canadian compromise again.

The details of rallying are boring to most people. Suffice to say that contestants are to be put to a test and if the test is inadequate, the result is unsatisfactory. It had been in 1963. First principle, find a route that offers a challenge. Second principle, to establish enough control points. There weren't enough in 1961. Third make certain that everyone connected with the event knew exactly what their role was to be. To do these things adequate communications had to be established, not only during the rally but from the time that the route plot had been started.

On October 18<sup>th</sup> Doug and I started on our first trip to survey the route. By the time we had reached the first stopping point we both knew that the car we had was inadequate for the task and our equipment practically useless, and that we had started out too late to do all the things that we needed to do, if there was to be an improvement in the rally route. The car needed repair, Doug was sent back by air to Vancouver. He arrived back a week later and we started off again. Blown piston before we got to North Bay.

On the last day of October we were called back to North Bay, the car was ready again. Our spirits were low and the reservations that we both felt didn't need to be spoken. Information from the local sports car clubs was inadequate, route-finding would have to be our own concern.

The back roads of Canada are known only to a few, usually the residents of the immediate area and not strangers, in fact strangers are treated more suspiciously than a man with a gun on a city street. The short days of early November meant that working at night, even though it was unsatisfactory was a necessity, and we did so with great reluctance. Just East of Sudbury we had heard that there could be found, provided one was diligent, some gravel roads of interest.

We searched for them, it got dark, we went up farmers lanes, we reached dead ends, we got more discouraged. Suddenly a flashing red light of authority forced us to the side of the road, A single occupant in blue uniform slowly and suspiciously emerged from the black and white car now parked in front of us to effectively block a hasty exit. There was no one else in sight, not a lighted farmhouse, nor any movement.

"May I see your license?"

"Do you have the car registration."

"What are you doing here."

The wait between questions seemed an eternity, and finally, "Please get out of the car."

"Open the trunk."

We had not said more than a mumbled word all this time, "I guess you're clean."

"Clean of what."

"Well there are people around here who go into the farmers fields at night and slaughter the cattle, stuff them into the trunk of the car and sell them in Sudbury, or maybe they keep them, I don't know."

"Never had this trouble until they got these home freezers. Cattle rustling is still a pretty serious offence."

"Where are you going?"

"Vancouver."

The expression of you must be nuts was left unsaid.

We hastened on our way to Sudbury with a great deal of guffawing, and a better sense of proportion. The 20<sup>th</sup> century has only changed the form and not the substance.

The first of many times that we were suspected of some illegal, not to say immoral, activity, in some people's minds the rally ;itself was suspect and we as the perpetrators, had several strikes against us.

So on to Sudbury for the night. Early away the next morning on the long highway trip around the lakehead.

The road around the lake Superior had only been opened to traffic a year earlier and there were still long stretches under construction, widening or repair, in fact the whole Trans-Canada highway system had been declared open at the same time. In two days

we reached Winnipeg, Three more days and we were in Edmonton, having coped with an early fall of snow every day.

We realized that we had another dull rally on our hands. What can be done with miles of flat prairie? However the mountains still offered a challenge, we hoped. On to Calgary and then into the hills. Everywhere we went the inevitable question "Where are you going?", "What are you doing" and disbelief at the answers. Probably the greatest disbelief was expressed by Shell people and service station operators, only a sort time ago Shell had taken over the North Star Oil Company.

Where to go through the mountains, the recently completed Rogers pass on the Trans-Canada or to the south on old Highway 3, through the Crowsnest. The latter offered more off highway driving, we took it. Forestry roads in Alberta wander along forests and through valleys and were to have a lasting part in the history of the rally. Snow already covered the area to a depth of more than a foot several feet in higher places. For the first time our driving ability was really tested. We ditched it once flattened a tire in the process, changed it, and as we were doing so a forestry department truck came along and stood by, silently, No words exchanged at all, the look on the faces of the two inside didn't need words, the obvious was easterners; what do they know about driving on these roads. The car was about 20 feet off the road down a bank in a wide ditch nose into a snowbank. Tire changed how to get out, our silent audience made no move, it was about zero degrees F. Winch? No. Push? No. Drive it out? Possibly. Discussion is necessarily cut short at low temperatures. Doug stood by after we had tracked down the ditch to where depth was least maybe only six feet, no rocks or irregularities. Easy on the pedal, let the clutch in with care, reverse out of the snowbank, back partway up the side of the ditch, first gear quickly selected, swing the wheel hard over, into the bottom of the ditch straighten it out, gather speed, swing the wheel hard at the shallow point, up on to the road.

The look on the Forest rangers faces as they drove slowly by as I waited for Doug was one of sheer disbelief. Easterners maybe, lucky too.

On to the coal country of the Alberta-B.C. border. Stop at the Turtle mountain Hotel, Frank. In the morning go and look at the slide. It is still a raw scar on the side of the mountain 50 years later, no vegetation has erased the power of the tumbled rock.

Then through the Crowsnet itself, Natal Michel and Fernie. Slums in the city are described with regularity, the media have easy access to the examples of our classed society. Not many of the reporters have had the opportunity to describe the paintless darkened grime of these towns that deface the valley bottom of the pass that bears one of Canada's most picturesque names. We saw it on a rainy Saturday afternoon. Where in all the world can you see anything so wrapped in the beauty of mountains and yet so ugly as to make a mockery of planning and dignity of the residents. Only recently has a move been made to alter this sordid scene, and it took coal contracts from Japan to make it possible. The pass will be cleared and a new town erected on a small plain a few miles away.

To the west the valleys are larger flatter and more fertile, on to Creston and Cranbrook, then up the Kootenay lake road to the Ferry at Crawfords bay. We were late the ferries depart at odd times and we only had three-quarters of an hour to do more than 40 miles on a winding road glued to the side of a cliff. Doug knew the road, I didn't so he drove. Our import car which at first had given so much trouble was now going well. It got driven within an inch of it's life that day. Despite every technique I knew we missed the ferry by only a couple of minutes. The army game hurry up to slow down, the chance was ours or more rightly mine to see what this B.C. really was. A myth constructed by public relations people from the Capital, in the pay of the Government or a living atmosphere. The latter as a half-day of waiting for the ferry proved British Columbia has everything in my opinion, except possibly maturity and sophistication, but that will come all too soon. The entire Province has a naivety and parochialism, even in it's big city that is almost refreshing. The sunshine at Crawfords Bay that day was one of the things that had driven me to be here and I found a bit of the fulfillment of my decision to take on the job of organizing this odd-ball rally.

After we finally got across on the ferry, this unspoiled Saturday afternoon was almost over, and we bedded down in Trail. This industrial oasis in a mélange of green forest and dark rock on the Columbia river is on the fringe of the Doukabor country and the rampages of this fanatical sect were at their height in 1961. Wholesale arson for supposedly religious purposes, dynamiting of public buildings and other acts of grown-up vandalism where ordinary first-hand conversation among the towns people.

Sunday mornings early start brought us to a part of the route that was to become fabled in the annals of the 4000 as the years went by, the Cascades, or as it was known at that time, B.C. Provincial Highway No 3. In order to be aware of the odd highway arrangements in the most westerly province it is best to look at a relief map, and note that the mountain ranges, of which there are several, not merely the Rockies, which are really in Alberta anyway run roughly parallel to the coast line. There are several ranges having lush green valleys at their base on the building of highways north and south and interconnecting on the valley floor where necessary. But to cross these ranges is an engineering task that is enormous, let alone the money that is required at astronomical construction costs. It is really just the last ten years that have seen a fully integrated highway system become, reality in the province, where it is possible to use first class roads, in a reasonably direct way from Vancouver east to the Alberta border, a distance of little more than 400 miles.

Well here we were at he start of the Cascades, a rallyists dream of what a road should be to test his skill completely. The height above sea level at Rossland, the easterly end of the Cascades, is about 1500' to 2000', as the climb begins there is a sudden awareness of a very rapid rise in height, accompanied by a desire to cling to the inside cliff and stay as far away as possible from the sheer drop on the other side of the road, which for the most part is one lane, and gravel, from start to finish of it's 35 mile length. To the European it is a little bit of unpaved home. No other road in the length and breadth of Canada even faintly resembles this, but it is similar to the Alpine roads of

Switzerland and other alpine countries. So here we are, Doug at the wheel, he had driven this before, while I sat a little terrified in the other seat, I can't properly say navigators seat in this case because there isn't an intersection for 35 miles. Most parts of the road are at some kind of an angle, and several parts are at several angles. In climbing a shear face, the cut into the side is upward, and when unable to proceed any further, the road builder, just made a "U" turn and kept climbing until by a series of reverses he reached a peak. These hairpins are never on the flat as a present day, highway engineer would build them, but on a twisted angle that defies a capable drivers skill to negotiate smoothly. It takes an expert of great judgment to corner in the Cascades at all properly, there were some experts to follow in later years.

As the climb progresses and the car has greater trouble breathing, the concern becomes greater that you could be stuck up on any part of the road, and never be able to be towed out. The first peak reached is about 5000' above sea level, and then its downhill at a breakneck pace to the floor of a valley, and the only sign of civilization for 35 miles, a quiet ranch in a green watery solitude. Then its away up again to the second or Santa Rosa summit, just over 6000', and down the other side to Christina Lake, at less than 2000'. Hair raising, and we took well over an hour to do it, the exact time isn't a matter of record but Doug didn't rush it, possibly something to do with my green colour.

Local residents who know the road well try to make this run in less than an hour. Whether any of them have succeeded I don't know. Travelers from other parts of Canada who by choice or by force of circumstances travel the Cascades are a menace that keeps the locals on their toes, you can swing around any blind corner and find an out-of-province car proceeding at a pace that would make a speed fiend out of a turtle, sometimes stopped, and sometimes with a green regurgitating face hung over a widow. Many inadvertent travelers, of European extraction have been subjected to the ordeal due to the United States immigration laws. If they cannot be allowed to enter the U.S.A. by the authorities, there was, at that time no alternative to the Cascades, fortunately there is now. You see the normal way before a highway was built in Canada that circumvented the Cascades was to use a highway through the U.S.A. which ran through a valley just to the south of the border and allowed a half hour trip for the same distance, between Canadian points! But no self-destructive rallyist in his eager-for-challenge state of mind would ever want a route that took the easy way, so they didn't get one.

More, much more, of the Cascades later.

By the time we arrived at Grand Forks, we were well aware that we were in the Doukabor country. The communal houses were unkempt and ugly, with black roofs and an unappealing yellowish brick exterior covering. Some could be seen that had been in a half-finished state, and only a weathered board covering to face the elements. Wrecked cars littered the yards and an air of economic depression hung about a very one of them. We rarely saw anyone in the fields or even outside the houses. We were never unfortunate to see any of the nude parades either, but we were shown pictures

which without benefit of movement were ugly enough. Probably some of the great achievements of the government and the police in law enforcement was the suppression of the acts of violence in the Kootenay area, when they could finally act against these misguided people. It took many, years and courage of a high order to obtain convictions.

The Okanagan valley presented an entirely different picture, this arid land with great potential had been brought under irrigation and lush fruit farms greeted us in a setting of lakes backed by craggy mountains. It is completely understandable that there are people from all over the country, and from outside the country too, that retire to the Okanagan. In summer it has no equal for sunshine, and in winter the snow stays in the hills usually, and skiing as just a few minutes away, from the dry downtown streets of Kelowna, Penticton or Vernon. We found some interesting roads in the area too, B.C. was proving to be the place where the rally would be won or lost and it was near the end too, a good combination.

From the Okanagan area to Vancouver was a relatively easy trip, and after four weeks on the road both Doug and I were tired as we had never been before. Detouring off main roads and re-running suitable sections to be certain of our mileage recordings had to be tough work, and we didn't look forward to the re-run of the entire route, which had to be done before winter closed in completely across the prairies and in the mountains.

I flew back to Toronto. Doug stayed, temporarily, in Vancouver and saw to servicing of the car, which proved to be adequate for the job after all.

Return to Toronto meant preparations of all kinds. Drafting of regulations, planning of accommodations, preparing of entries, attempting to set-up a satisfactory public relations program and the hosts of other details. We had completed the first trip in the second week of November and by the third week he was back again, ready to go again on our second safari into the countryside. We left Montreal on the 20<sup>th</sup> of November, almost too late to complete the trip.

There were only a couple of incidents worth mentioning. The first of which was one of many incidents that took place over the years, in Saskatchewan. Many are the odd places where we are forced to eat. This one was in Lumsden, a town somewhat north of Regina. It was about zero degrees F. and we hopped out of the car with some alacrity and ran across the street to a cafe, or at best that was what it said outside. Once inside, we noticed that the patrons had their coats and hats on, and that the once tiled floor was worn through to the boards in most places. A second thought entered our heads to flee this place, however, there wasn't another town on our devious route that would even be likely to have a place labeled 'cafe', so we stayed. The waitress that appeared from somewhere out of the back had been pregnant for some length of time and when she came up to the table, she rested the child-to-be on the table and heaved very large sigh. The only thought that we had was for god's sake don't leave it here. A bowl of soup and a ham sandwich for both of us, and coffee. The soup was canned variety, safe enough, but what the ham had been doing for the past few months was beyond me. I

have never been unable to eat a sandwich in all my life before or since. We managed to get away from the place before the child was born, and oh yes we found out why everyone wore their coats inside the cafe, there was no heat. If possible, we confined our eating to the larger centres from that time on, and even that was no guarantee of cleanliness and edibility.

The second incident requires only a few brief words. I ran the car into the side of a mountain in the Cascades. Damage considerable, route survey ended abruptly. I have always related how another car was coming the other way, and since he had the outside and was skidding and how I had to... oh well it was only a half truth and you don't want to hear it. Yes I drove the Cascades, or at least a part of it.

In the intervening months before the rally took place, the enormous amount of detail that goes into any country-wide event in Canada were worked out and put into motion. Schedules and timing were the things that occupied our minds for the most part, everyone needed to know when the cars would reach certain points, whether they were press, support crews, service station operators or the pilots of the Shell DC-3, not to mention the control point personnel of the multitude of Sports car clubs in every town and city along the route. Moments of panic seized us as deadlines for the dispatch of material and information arrived and in some cases were not met. Doug, working in Vancouver and I working in Toronto, spent endless hours on the telephone and resolved things of every conceivable nature, while the Shell management hovered close by ready to pat a foot into our arrangements if they found space to do so. Fortunately we didn't sit still long enough to permit much interference, we were back and forth across the country and out to promote the event frequently

It was during this period that we had the first of many brushes with bureaucracy, this time with the Federal government. From the beginning of the publicity on the 1961 rally, which was officially known as the British Columbia International Car Rally, the reporters and broadcasters had wisely discarded the title, and for simplicity had used the much more descriptive term "Trans-Canada Rally". It suited the conditions, and had a romantic air about it, not only within the country, but in other parts of the world as well. As we planned and released publicity material for the next rally these same words came up time and time again. Shell had not determined what the event would be called, and, in fact several heads, including mine had been knocked together to select a name, finally the creative power of Shell's advertising agency came through and Shell 4000 was born. The then chief of the Canadian Government Travel Bureau in Ottawa had, during the previous few months been touting the "new" Trans-Canada highway in print and other forms of publicity all over the world. When pictures and descriptions of conditions along the route of the rally were given in the media and the words Trans-Canada attached to them, the chief saw his campaign to educate the potential tourist trade along his new highway dashed. In order to relieve himself of a burden of guilt if his plans were unsuccessful, he wrote a long nasty and threatening letter to the President of Shell, accusing the Company of destructive publicity against the highway.

Large companies are caught in traps not of their own making on many occasions, but here was one that had a double edge, not only had Shell a promotional project which someone else had given a name to, but out of the other side of the mouth, the promotion of touring had a prominent place in the public relations scheme. Now comes this petulant man from Ottawa with his two-edged sword to complain to Shell because of a lack of confidence in his own, and his departments ability to promote and develop an entirely unrelated matter, which had air appeal to a much larger segment of the public. The name Shell 4000 was officially attached to the rally as of that time, and the media, in an effort to thwart Shell in some cases, and for a more apt description in other cases, used Trans-Canada for the seven year history of the event and I could never, inside myself, blame them, and I often felt that another nail was driven into the ridiculous wall that bureaucrats build around themselves to isolate from reality.

## **Chapter 5 Mud and Mountains.**

To avoid some conflict with the other important International rallies, the dates for the 1962 Shell 4000, we ran in the second week of April. Road conditions would obviously be the determining factor in the final scramble to a win for who knows. Factories had not really been able to determine whether the sports in image was of any value in 1962, and put out feelers in the form of entries, just to check the temperature of the public.

Studebaker, whose flagging sales were bolstered by their 1961 win entered three cars again, Gorries, a Toronto dealer entered three cars on behalf of General Motors (they were willing to use someone else to test the water and come off without a speck of tarnish on the company image if it didn't work). Renault assembled the most formidable team of rallyists then existent to drive their Dauphies. This group, all Motrealers and none of them of French-Canadian background were to have true tales, and a few untrue, told about there exploits for many years afterward. Rootes had a West-coast team again, and Volvo, the only manufacturer who had a definite commitment to a sporting image completed the manufacturers contributions tm the entry lists. The remainder of the 42 cars were mainly in the hands of private entries, with a few dealers of greater courage than wisdom trusted their cars and their reputation to unknown drivers. No overseas entries, but several from the U.S.A.

The start itself gave the indication of what was to follow, rain, on a dark Saturday night. Casualties came fast. Denise McCluggage the sharp tongued female rallyist from the U.S.A. had trouble with the lights of her Corvair before the start, had shortly after getting on the road ran over a loose piece of Montreal pavement and holed the gas tank. One down and a lot more to go.

First overnight stop Toronto. No major incidents the roads of Southern Ontario were muddy but passable. Next stop Sault Ste Marie. On this leg road conditions worsened and one of the funniest incidents in the history of rallying took place. General Motors had only recently introduced the Chevy II and Acadian compacts. To say that they were untried was a Remark of considerable substance. A number of them were entered, presumably because of the G.M. reputation for reliability, and the string of dealers along the route that could give service.

North of Toronto, and not far off the main highway, a cottage access road in Muskoka was included in the route. During the Fall previous it had been under construction, and at the time the rally used it the frost was heaving. The consequent "surface" had eroded to the point of being barely passable, several large mud-wallows had made themselves obvious to cars and crews, until at last there appeared one that extended for many yards and had a drop of a couple of feet at the beginning. Tony Wilson and Red Lemieux, late on their time hit with a crunch and a splash, and half a mile later came to a halt. The force of the crunch had torn the gas tank from it's mountings, and as they returned on foot to the scene to effect a rescue, Alice Fergasson charged into the water and demolished the tank buried in the mud and water. Not expecting to find metallic

objects in such a situation, Alice stopped to examine her car, and was informed by two tearful men that the object had been inadvertently placed there, and that its fluid of life was now mingled with the mud, and that they were now stranded. Commiserations exchanged, Alice went on.

Behold another car appears on the horizon, hell bent for the battle area. It's a Chevy II, warn him quick, too late, no time to brake on slippery mud into the wallow, out with a crunch and on down the road. Red and Tony, brushing mud from their persons had a double take, there in muddy isolation sat a gas tank. Wade in, almost full of gas, carry it down the road, struggle it under the car, lift it, put rocks under it, wire it in place, connect it up, drive on.

The guardian angel that had dropped the tank had an extra tank installed in the trunk, and so was unaware of there loss. At North Bay, they become forcibly informed when the service station attendant began to put gas in the normal filling point and found to his horror that the flammable fluid was going all over his shoes!

From North Fay on the story was of frozen highway surfaces, snow storms, snow banks and prairie gumbo. The foothills of Alberta claimed several victims and tired crews and cars pulled into Calgary, fewer in number, by far than those polished and well-prepared cars that left Montreal.

As the rally neared the finish, the Renault team, the only team of three cars that had a chance to survive almost came to disaster when one of them ran a set of engine bearings. Again some angel took a hand, the support truck for the team came along just a short time after the incident, and on the side of a mountain road the mechanic, driver and the crew made the delicate repairs and allowed John Charters and Ian Worth to finish within the time limits and Renault did take the team prize. Probably the French-speaking mechanic was the most confused man at the prize presentation when the trophy was handed to him by the entire team.

That about the 1962 Shell 4000, could it be classed as a success, would Shell reap the publicity that was needed, were the rallyists satisfied? Would Shell renew my contract? A weary yes on all counts.

John Jones and Lou Lalonde won, an honour that they should have had in 1961, again it was Studebaker that benefited, their sales took a temporary boost again, despite the dubious antics of some of the people connected with the team.

The greatest suffering and punishment was heaped on the officials as previously and many rough edges had to be smoothed off in the organization and we were now well aware of the tremendous task that lay ahead of us for 1963.

My main task during the running had been to keep ahead of the rally, flying by commercial airlines and briefing the press. My contact with the rally was only at overnight stops, briefly, then on ahead again. As the rally progressed across the country

it took a toll of sleepless nights for Doug Wilson and Gerry Marchesseau, a situation that couldn't be tolerated on future events. Doug's main task revolved around the scoring and transmission of information to the computer in Vancouver. He was so tired at Calgary the figures that went over the wires were far from accurate. Gerry Marchesseau had a heavy responsibility for the press, particularly in the French language and he spent hours on the 'phone giving reports to news media, not only in Canada, but other countries as well.

It is possible to call upon people to give more than their utmost on some occasions, but obviously this cannot be allowed to go on year after year. Dependence on an individual, whose mental and physical capabilities are severely tested, is not satisfactory business practice. From this point on, my main task would be to produce a smooth-running organization operating with mobility, rarely demanded in any enterprise. The only question was, how long would it take to do it, how many changes had to be made and how to make them. In the first establishment of any enterprise there are certain things that develop in an unplanned way. This was evident in 1962, those things which had not been planned were automatically done in the same way as that previous year, when they had also been unplanned. Now there were years of making changes ahead.

Altering a pattern in method is never easy, but when a thing is only done once a year, changes take on a new aspect. Try a plan one year, if it doesn't work you have to wait till next year before substituting a new one.

For the most part the people with whom I dealt were not amenable to change even though it became a necessity. This applied to those within the framework of Shell and those in other areas. If we had used a procedure once and it proved unsatisfactory, there still pervaded a reluctance to change. If there was any reaction to my work in a non-specific way, it would have to revolve around this particular point. I am not sure that this is a particularly Canadian trait, or if all nationalities are possessed of some of this attitude, it is more evident here than in some of the older countries, or so I have found.

In my experience, a situation will often produce a wish to examine what was done "last time", not with a view to changing and improving, but to take the safe way and be reasonably certain of obtaining the necessary approvals and elimination of the need to use the brain for any purpose.

In running the event it would have been an easy course to use the same basic route every year, accommodations could be booked years in advance, the same people could run controls that were in approximately the same location, a permanent kind of official set-up could be utilized.

At this time I had to take a long hard philosophical look at where the rally could be changed for several reasons. I wanted to involve as many people as possible, vary the route when practical, see as much of the populated area of Canada and make the 4000 known to those who rarely had the opportunity to see international sports personalities, except on the off-square screen. How would we ever determine whether we were

successful or not depended on the widest variety of individuals; amateur motor sport enthusiasts, hard-nosed businessmen, farmers, service station operators, and most of all the gentlemen and ladies of the media,

A minimum of time was wasted between the end of the 1962 rally and the signing of a two-year contract to organize for 1963 and 1964. Shell, at my urging sent me overseas to visit the automobile manufacturers in Britain and Europe and to talk with Shell Companies as well as some of the famous rallies on the continent. A three week tour of several countries convinced me that we could never match the atmosphere in which motor sport was operated in Europe for many years, partly because of a lack of interest in rallying by the North American auto manufacturers, and partly because of the continuous development of the sports aspects of the automobile along with the development of the automobile itself. Here and in Europe an "old-boy" arrangement between the contestants, the organizing clubs and the manufacturers of long standing, and it would take years to create this in Canada, or North America as a whole.

The "system", something that is prevalent in Europe in every facet of life can be criticized by Canadians, but it has it's usefulness and if Canadians do criticize, it smacks slightly of jealousy and lack of understanding. While we here in Canada point with pride to what we have accomplished in the development of our country, much of that accomplishment has been European in concept, and paid for by American dollars. The European is the true promoter, much more facile with ideas than we are and we tend to create enormous physically grandiose projects, we lack the capacity to understand ideas and those things that do not have a great physical impact. A 4000 mile rally across Canada is an idea, and hard to sell in this "Canadian" context.

There I was in a position to sell an idea to North Americans, and a sound financial position to support it. With one successful, or at least partly successful rally under my belt, and a two year contract to enable a sort of plan to be developed, we were underway with the 1963 "4000" .

First major change, reverse the route, start in Vancouver; finish in Montreal. Second put every possible idea on paper, plan to introduce these ideas over a period of time, provided they are acceptable to Shell. An important factor in European rallies is the "Selective" or "Special Stage", a part of the rally designed into the route, which is in effect a race against the clock for each individual contestant over difficult mountain passes or little-used roads. Could these things be introduced in Canada where the normally accepted practice was to set average speeds on any section of road at least 10% lower than the posted speed limits. Could a major alteration in thinking be approved by Shell and by the CASC, the answer in both cases-No.

Unthinkable, revolutionary, contrary to all the precepts of the safety committees and to the image of Shell. Not only that, there were laws about speeding in every province, city, town and hamlet. But, there were areas where Provincial law did not apply in some provinces, and there were race circuits too, could these be used to satisfy the urge for speed that is inherent in every motorist, whether rallyist or not? Yes, these things could

be arranged, but not now, lets wait and see, please do not disturb the status, we have regulations you know.

The groundwork was laid in the fall of 1962 as we planned the 1962 event, for closed-sections in the 1964 4000, regardless of the problem people. Since I was President of CASC, there was a way out there, Shell would be more difficult, but they had been warned, and would not react as violently the second time around. The law, with the possible exception of Ontario could be circumvented, and the 4000 could become what everyone wanted, an exciting experience rather than an exercise in map-reading and mathematics.

The dates for ]1963 were again April with the hope of less-reliable weather and more mud to make up for our inability to include closed sections in the rally. Route work started at a reasonable date, the first run to be made out of Vancouver in September. A car was supplied from Gorries in beautiful downtown Toronto, and prepared to our now known requirements. It was a Chevy II, and allowed us a little more carrying capacity and power than our first route survey car. To reach Vancouver I attempted, for the first time on my part, a long distance drive single handedly. Get to Vancouver as fast as possible, planned time three days, go across the US, total distance 2800 miles, Toronto to Vancouver.

In the flash of scenery a few incidents stick in mind. First it would be necessary to plan sleeping times carefully, eight hours if possible, secondly drive as close to eighty miles per hour as possible, some of the states through which I would pass had no speed limits, but some had very low limits, notably Michigan. Leave Toronto at noon, first stop Makinac Michigan. Accomplished. Start early next day. Traffic in upper Michigan heavy, not able to maintain the high average demanded by the schedule. Speeds up to 90 needed where possible. Patrol car spotted during one of the periods, what to do, speed up of course, traffic still heavy enough to make use of it in a dodging maneuver. I eventually out drove the eager fuzz, and crossed the state line with his rooftop light still flashing two miles or more behind me. Across Wisconsin without incident and into Minnesota. Now the monotonous flatness, featureless prairie lad out ahead, traffic suddenly diminished to nothing, a car became a rare sight as the noon-hour passed and afternoon advanced. Surely there was an answer, a brief stop in a roadside cafe provided the answer, the world series was on TV and everyone, in particular the lawmen, were inside viewing the great American spectacle. On the road again I knew I was safe for a few hours at whatever speed I felt like, and I felt like 90 to 100. In order to protest myself I was forced to listen to the old ball game too, and slowed to a more respectable speed as the last batter was struck out!

Overnight at the romantically named Fargo North Dakota. On an evening stroll I looked over the banks of the Red River whose flat placidity only emphasized the same feature of the surrounding land, and watched the sunset underline the name, with a few clouds to lend shape to the reddening disappearance. The pioneer could be understood in his enthusiasm for the country.

Now in the early morning, the day to make time was at hand. No speed limits for most of the day. At Bismark I fell in behind a state patrolman, and we sped along in the 80's as silent uncommunicating partners on roads that demanded concentration of the highest order because of their monotony. He cleared the way through town and country without hesitation to the border of Montana and then slowed with a wave-on and our brief partnership ended. Nightfall and Bute Montana gave the day a rest tomorrows drive would be the best part of the trip.

Descriptions of the Rockies are in every book written about the West, and pictures abound in all the travel publications, the only thing that can add is that they must be driven by car to be able to take in the full grandeur and to be able to stop as fancy hits you to engrave a particular scene on the mind.

At nearly every stop for lunch or dinner along the route pea soup was the special of the day, and I reflected as I neared Seattle that the only men who out drive rallyists in the west are the soup salesman! The coast had suffered a windstorm of epic proportions in the day or two preceding my arrival and progress was slowed where enormous trees were being removed from roads by obviously weary crews. Up the road in fog and finally into Vancouver as the dawn reached tentatively into the sky.

I can't really recommend driving across the continent in this way, but I do things that are unusual for my own brand of excitement-seeking. The most distracting occurrence of the trip, was the peculiar thumping that rattled the whole car occasionally, we later found out that strips of tread had peeled off the tires in the high speeds, and that the car was probably unsafe after the first day or so new tires were fitted in Vancouver.

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