Billeted in Ottawa's Lord Elgin Hotel with a fellow Soviet delegate to the scientific congress, Klotchko waited until his roommate was asleep, collected his razor and toothbrush, and slipped out into the deserted streets. It was after midnight in the sleeping city, but Klotchko quickly found himself talking to the R.C.M.P. (precisely how he got to them, the Mounties refused to say). By 8:30 in the morning, Klotchko's appeal for political asylum was on Prime Minister John Diefenbaker's desk, and by 9:30 the Cabinet met to approve it. That afternoon, Immigration Minister Ellen Fairclough issued a single-page statement announcing the Russian's defection, and Canada's decision to grant Klotchko's request.

Who's He? In Moscow the Soviet Academy of Sciences blandly announced that it had never heard of the defecting scientist. But the Soviet embassy in Ottawa had evidently heard, and hurriedly asked to talk to Klotchko. He agreed on the condition that the embassy hand over his baggage. (When they did, he noted that his notebook and a paperback edition of Edward Crankshaw's *Stalin's Russia* were missing.) For 1½ hours, two embassy men and Fellow Scientist Alex Kost tried to talk Klotchko out of his "mistake," promised him improved working and living conditions if he agreed to return home. Reported the Mounties who sat in with Klotchko: "He saw no reason why he should change his mind."

Secluded by the Mounties in a retreat "near Ottawa," Dr. Klotchko rested for 36 hours from the strain of his decision and then faced a press conference. Soviet scientists are usually considered a pampered lot, so lavishly treated that they would have no motive for defecting. Klotchko told a considerably different story of consuming personal frustrations.

Window on the Park. From 1947 to 1955, he said, he headed the laboratory of Leningrad's N. S. Turnakov Institute, and has since worked in the Soviet Academy of Sciences in Moscow. More and more, he found his works unpublished (including a treatise on platinum refining for which he won a Stalin Prize), his laboratory equipment and his living conditions inadequate. A widower, he was forced to live, he said, in a one-room basement apartment whose window overlooked a truck parking lot from which exhaust fumes poured into his room. "It is the lack of human dignity in the U.S.S.R. that hurts the most," he said. "I was depressed by the lack of contact with the outside world, the falsity of information, and the difficulty of self-expression."

The intriguing question was whether Klotchko had brought any Soviet secrets with him. He said he had not, and Justice Minister Davie Fulton dismissed the notion: "We do not think we have our hands on some hot security, or defense matter, or anything like that." Said Klotchko: "I am now an old man, and I am afraid of nothing, and I do not want my life's work to be wasted. I am quite willing to allow the few remaining years that I have to be placed completely in the hands of the Canadian people."

MURRAY MCKENZIE

THE FLYING LAMB BOYS & OTTER
Do not ask where we fly; tell where you want to go.

FATHER TOM

THE NORTH

Lambs on the Wing

If Tom Lamb, Manitoba's "Mr. North," did not exist, he might seem a wide-screen Hollywood invention. His father was a Yorkshire schoolteacher who turned up at Moose Lake in 1900 and opened a trading post. Growing up on the frontier, Tom Lamb carved out an empire of his own—as a fur trader, muskrat and beaver rancher, and Manitoba's biggest cattleman north of the 53rd parallel. He is also probably Canada's best-known bush pilot, and his Lamb Airways Ltd. ("Do not ask us where we fly, tell us where you want to go") pushes the frontier still farther north.

In a weather-beaten hangar at The Pas (pop. 4,500) one day this month, the radio crackled as six Lamb pilots reported in from missions as far afield as Igloolik in the Fury Straits atop Melville Peninsula, Dexterity Fiord on Baffin Island, and Garry Lake, 525 miles northwest of Churchill. The roll call would have been impressive for any bush airline. For Tom Lamb, it was a memorable first, because all six pilots were Lambs—his sons Greg, 31; twins Dennis and Donald, 28; Jack, 26; Douglas, 25; and Connie, 24. The first five started flying at five, sitting on their father's knee, earned their commercial licenses at 18. This year Connie, originally more interested in his father's ground transportation business (river barges and winter tractor trains), was won over, too. Now, for the first time, Tom Lamb, 63, has all his sons in the air.

Otters & Beavers. Their flying is mostly on charter for government survey parties, mining and construction companies, and sportsmen. For Ottawa's Indian Affairs branch, they also fly a school-bus service from remote Indian and Eskimo settlements to federal hostel schools, as well as medical missions. In 26 years, Tom Lamb's fleet has grown from two Stinsons to 13 aircraft—six Cessna 180s, four Norsemen, two Otters and a Beaver. The brothers operate ten planes in the trackless far north, are building a $40,000 hangar at Churchill to service them. "Those boys of mine are pioneering as I did," says Tom Lamb, "only they're doing it a lot farther north."

Wherever their customers take them, the boys report on a daily radio roll call to reassure their mother Jennie and wives back at The Pas—and to check on one another. The strict rule is that if someone does not call in for two days, the rest will fly in from all directions. So far none of the boys has been forced down by anything worse than bad weather or minor engine trouble. Radioed Dennis prosaically from Igloolik: "Tell Barbie everything O.K., but I want a change of socks."

Up from the Lake. Even so, northern flying is not entirely a breeze. Flying a geological survey team out of Churchill, Greg's Norseman once blew a cylinder, and he came down on a frozen wilderness lake. It was near spring breakup, and before rescue arrived, the Norseman sank to the lake bottom. The Lambs nonetheless raised the craft, replaced a broken spar with a tamarack sapling, patched up torn wing fabric with their shirts, and hauled the plane to a 350-ft. muskeg clearing. A tail rope looped around a rock held the Norseman back while Greg gunned the engine; with full flaps, he barely cleared the boulders at the end of his improvised runway, then limped his wounded Norseman 1,000 miles to home base.

In the past few years, Tom has turned over most of the flying to his sons in order to divide his attention between his 7,240-acre 7-Bar-L Ranch and his 24 grandchildren (15 girls, nine boys). The eldest grandson at The Pas, Greg's seven-year-old son Tom, so far seems more devoted to tractors than planes. Still, Trans-Canada Air Lines might be well advised to keep an eye over its shoulder—the Lambs may yet overtake it as a family project.