



DENNIS, GREG, CONNIE & TOM AT THE PAS
Capping a legend.

with the help of a book called *The Art of Kissing* reads like a Portnoy who occasionally got to go out with girls. In the raffish, ethnic confusion of St. Lawrence Main, Richler rejoices in the memory of a sign which read:

PART-TIME BOY
WANTED FOR EXPANDING BUSINESS,
EXPERIENCE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY,
BUT NOT ESSENTIAL.

The driving ambition of ghetto parents is painfully summed up in the story of Benny, a dim-witted son who returned from the European fronts of World War II so shaken that the sound of summer thunder reduced him to tears. When Benny is struck and killed by a truck it is "Shapiro's boy, the doctor" who reports that death was quick.

Since 1954, Richler has made his base as an expatriate in London, writing television and film scripts (*Life at the Top*, *No Love for Johnnie*) between novels and frequent magazine pieces. He returned to Montreal last summer to spend a year as writer-in-residence at Sir George Williams University. He was also eager to renew his associations with a milieu that will be a centerpiece for a long novel that has been four years in progress, *St. Urbain's Horseman*. In August, Richler, who won this year's Governor General's Award for fiction, will return to London with wife Florence, five children and nine steamer trunks of papers and books that always travel with him. This time he will not be leaving without misgivings. "If I were 19 now in Canada," he says, "I wouldn't feel compelled to leave. As a writer, there's much more money and attention paid for and to your work here than anywhere else in the West."

UNIVERSITIES

Dr. North

Nothing in his life had quite prepared Tom Lamb, 70, for this moment that found him standing in a scarlet gown before the chancellor of the University of Manitoba. But then again, everything had. "What has been everyday experience for him," declared the public orator, "will be recognized by others as history." So last week the University conferred one of 1969's more original, and well-merited, honorary LL.Ds on Manitoba's "Mr. North".

The honorary degree is a capstone to the legend which surrounds Tom Lamb. He is a graduate of no school except that of the frontier. As one of eleven children of a Yorkshire school teacher who opened a trading post at Moose Lake near The Pas in 1900, he briefly attended a log cabin school conducted by a Cree named Elijah, who "used to talk about Queen Victoria and how she owned lots of countries." Young Tom, as he recalls it, spent most of his time learning from Elijah how to fish and trap and such arts as how to cook gulls' eggs in the bush: "He would say the Lord's Prayer seven times, and they were always done just right."

No Fear of Strikes. Today Lamb presides over his own empire in the bush of his boyhood. He began building it a few years after taking over his father's trading post in 1925. The Cree Indians in the surrounding area were then on hard times because the muskrat they trapped were in decline. Lamb leased a swampy tract from the provincial government, and by irrigation and the planting of wild rice and cattail, turned it into a thriving 54,000-acre muskrat reserve.

His solution to another commercial



LAMB AT CONVOCATION

problem was even more fruitful. Dissatisfied with the irregular bush air service that flew his fishing catch of pickerel and whitefish to Winnipeg, Lamb decided he should learn to fly himself. The rest, as the public orator said, is history. The first Stinson that Lamb bought in 1935 grew into Lambair Ltd., an enterprise that now flies a fleet of 25 aircraft. Lambair is Canada's oldest airline still under the original management. A more unusual distinction is that it never need worry about a pilots' strike: six of its pilots are Lamb's sons—Greg, Dennis, Donald, Jack, Douglas and Connie—who were taught to fly by their father before they were ten. Wherever their charters take them, the Lamb boys report home in a daily radio roll call, so that their mother Jennie, and their wives back in The Pas will not worry. TIME's Calgary Bureau Chief Ed Ogle recalls an occasion in 1958 when Tom offered to fly him to Thompson, and their Beaver was forced back to Moose Lake by bad weather. They were met by an angry Dennis, who demanded: "Damn it, Dad, what did the doc tell you about flying after your last heart attack?"

Muskrat to Cattle. After he was theoretically grounded by heart trouble, Tom turned his attention to a new enthusiasm. He was determined to prove that it was possible to raise cattle north of the 53rd parallel, near the same marshy land where he had earlier developed his muskrat ranch. Lamb barged 61 Herefords up the Saskatchewan River, invested \$40,000 building his 7-L ranch, and built his herd to more than 600 cattle until the ranch was flooded out two years ago by Manitoba's Northern Nelson River power development.

A convocation of Lambs, including a solid representation of his 33 grandchildren, watched Tom receive his honorary degree. Said Jennie happily: "I was surprised that he was so calm. But then he's not much on the nervous side."