

A FUTURE FOR CANADA

If you were the subject of this article, you would be the object of the most extensive and expensive hunt by man in the history of our great nation. In one area alone some eighty different groups of men would be willing to spend forty-five million dollars for the opportunity of finding you. You would be of tremendous value because with your power you could split the atom. Your name would be - - - - uranium.

Through the use of uranium in sufficient quantity Canada hopes to play a major and important role in the very lucrative field of atomic power for peace-time purposes. Even usually pessimistic experts are comparing the uranium hunt to the famous Klondike Gold rush of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Now if the hunting ground was confined to one province, one might shrug it off as being of little importance to the economy of Canada as a whole. But there are uranium towns in such widely scattered areas as: the interior of British Columbia and Hampton, New Brunswick; up in Northern Saskatchewan and in the Algoma Country of Ontario. The search area, even though just roughly covered, extends over 1,800,000 square miles or nearly half the entire area of Canada.

Uranium is important because it is a radio-active metal which can be used in atomic fission in order to release tremendous supplies of heat energy. If properly harnessed, there will come a day even in our lifetime when atomic energy, obtained through the use of uranium will supply the atomic power for electricity, transportation vehicles and heat. But the most important peacetime use of uranium would be the solution, or at least the speeding up of the most baffling process of plant life, called photosynthesis.

Think of the many uses it will have and the markets which Canada as a major producer of Uranium can obtain!

Naturally, when atomic fission was perfected early in World War II, and the deposits of uranium were found shortly afterwards, there was a terrific scramble for territory in the mining area. The demand was so great and the findings so important that Canada found it necessary to close off the Eldorado area near Great Bear Lake from private companies.

Shortly after the war, however they were able to allow private companies to enter the territory.

Since only about 1/140 of the ore extracted from the ground is of use as uranium for atomic fission it is easily understandable that a sizeable amount of deposit must be available before actual mining takes place. What is not understandable, however, is the fact that eighty companies are spending 45 million dollars on nothing better than hope. Yet that seems to be the case. The only acceptable solution is that they expect to acquire enough uranium to pay huge interest on their investment.

Unfortunately however, only about 1% of the deposits now under consideration will yield enough to make complete investment pay; the others are too small and the investing companies must pay the loss.

We are just beginning in our hunt for uranium. Who knows? Perhaps Laurier's famous words can be adjusted to read: "To Canada and to Canadians belong the latter part of the 20th century."

—IAN GILLIES '57.

THE WEEKLY EVENT

After six hours on the black and soapy water of the Saguenay River, the S. S. Richelieu, a splendid cruise ship, was going to dock.

For the inhabitants, especially the youngsters of Tadoussac, the coming of this big cruise boat, is the event of the week.

Tadoussac, site of Canada's first settlement by Jacques Cartier, is situated on the shore of the mighty Saint Lawrence River, at the mouth of the world's most amazing river, the Saguenay. That is a popular spot for American tourists, because they find there warm salt water, swimming pools, a golf course, fishing camps and one of the best hotels in Quebec.

But to return to the Richelieu: the wheel-house, the "brain" of this moving hotel, is occupied by the Captain and the Pilot. On the left side of the sun deck, the lookout delivers his instructions to the pilot. On the freight deck the seamen, ropes in their hands, are at their posts, ready to follow the instructions of the deck-hand officer. On the deck, some passengers leave magazines and chairs and stand up. The noise of the Cine Kodak is covered by the shouts of dozens of youngsters standing on the dock. The coming of the Richelieu is for them as the Sunday's collection for the pastor. Some experienced travellers who