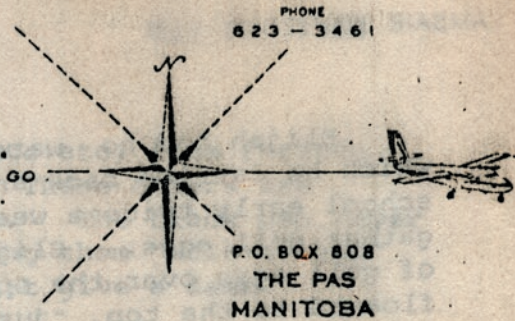


MAY 30 1969

LAMBAIR LIMITED

DO NOT ASK US WHERE WE FLY - TELL US WHERE YOU WANT TO GO



May 28, 1969

" This chain letter is addressed to some 50 people, many Lamb's included, who were so kind to attend the Convocation at the University of Manitoba where the Senate conferred the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws on me."

I want to thank you all for your very nice letters and distinctive telegrams, telephone calls and all the bunch of Lamb's from Tisdale and The Pas and other points, who journeyed to Winnipeg to attend the Convocation at the University.

The ceremony was quite impressive. Jennie sitting with the Lieutenant Governor's wife and me along side of Mr. Bowles with the Chancellor and Vice Chancellor who put the hood on me. My robes were orange and violet and white with the long red hood, which I keep. I will try and attend next years convocation when I will have my robes on. Justice Samuel Freedman and Judge Monnin and other Judges which I had met in Court at some time or other were all there, everyone passed some kind word. Judge Freedman said he was pleased that my three law suits had turned out favourably (he and Judge Monnin sat on one of them "Court of Appeal").

The evening before they held a supper in the Fort Garry Hotel. I was asked to stand up and say a few words, I would sooner have dug a well than make a speech. I did make a few notes but lost the paper in the hotel just before we left for the Hotel.

I corrected a statement in the press that "I had never went to school". I told them about Elijah Constant the one-eyed Indian school teacher that taught us the same thing year after year, had I ever got out of grade three I sure as hell would have been in grade four.

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May 28, 1969

Elijah had no watch but would borrow Dads musical clock which he carried back and forth in a box. We would all leave school early twice a week to paddle to the rocky reefs to gather gull eggs. Elijah would put a large water pail full of gull eggs over the open fire scooping off the eggs that floated to the top, "just about hatching" these were Jeremiahs and Moosoms eggs. When the eggs started to boil Elijah would say the Lords Prayer seven times then dump the pail of eggs on the grass, - they would be cooked just right. The cormorant eggs maybe a little stippy, but we kids had stomachs like rubber bags.

Elijah's school had 8 or 10 pupils. We all got 2 hard tack biscuits at noon hour. We all learned to read a little, write a little, and add up figures on the black board.

My brother Eric and I went trapping, some 40 miles across Moose Lake in 1913, with a dog team pulling our rabbit robes, axes, grub and very few steel traps. Ne-Moosom taught us to make wooden dead fall for fisher, lynx, marten, and bear dead falls in the spring. Phillip Tobacco, Jeremiah, Abraham and Isiah reached out and pulled us into the forest and trap line. I am afraid that I shall always be unhappy - but always grateful that they did.

Visiting the store at Moose Lake last fall, looking over the warehouses, mink, weasel, foxes, lynx, otter etc. hanging on the wall, a little boy dropped in with a note from his Mother. "To - Lamb's Store - please send me 2 pounds lard, one pound tea, 2 pounds sugar, one pair womens stockings, one pair womans bloomers, Tom Lamb knows the size" - they are gradually becoming education, hand writing quite good.

There are so many things that have been most memorable in my life - infinitely more important than any awards, or minor ones, is my falling in love with my wife Jennie, nothing can beat that.

We just love Bonnies little girl, Pamela Dean, our first great grandchild, she came home from the hospital yesterday. Bruce Campbell her husband works for Churchill Forest in the office, also goes in the bush scaling timber. He is a real fine chap.

Dougie and I had good luck unloading from ship, our Norway Otter, in Toronto. Doug flew it direct to Calgary. We have two and a half more Otters lined up in Africa. Customs people seized them three years ago, they were bootlegging

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May 28, 1969

whiskey, clothes, cigarettes, watches etc.etc. from Ferando Poe to several points in West Africa. These Otters are accumulating wasp nests and birds nests. The black man never moves fast, as long as we keep on sending them "walk-a-thon" money, wheat, oats and barley, they don't give a damn.

One of our Red Dragon pilots was short of half a gallon of gas last week. Could not make the river at Thompson, put his Cessna with two passengers in the tall spruce two hundred yards from the river. Took both wings off, floats and propeller, not a scratch on any of them. One old man from Oxford House said "are we here already" - losing a plane right now is quite a set back for the boys when everyone wants to get his outfit and men into Wollaston Lake and other red hot discovery zones.

One of our Bristol Freighters has three crews on it, flying practically 24 hours a day from Churchill to Artic Bay and other Artic Islands - daylight all the time - staking and drilling. Crews are so keen. They paid ferrying charges from Igolik to Lynn Lake (700 miles) last night at an hourly rate of \$320.00 to get some hot freight, fuel oil, drills etc. into Wollastone Lake, then right back north again. This old girl carries a D4 tractor with blade or 33 drums of fuel oil per trip. Now three pilots including one Bristol pilot have quit, stake bound, one is going for a trip around the world, the other two, of all things, want to get married.

Sherrit Gordons new find a few miles north of Nelson House, plus several drills in the bush for Inco, plus 55 live pigs and a hundred hens to fly from The Pas Airport to Rankin Inlet, (600 miles) this week-end, with the Bristol, give the boys lots of headaches. I pass on to my six sons what Mother often told me in the hungry twenties and thirties when we were drowning horses on the lakes and could not make a dollar, - "out of every disaster, every period of turmoil, there ultimately emerges some retrievable gains.

I will be 71 next month. I look back over the years and feel that I have been given the opportunity to live a rich and active life. I am filled with deep gratitude to my native north, which has given me ideals, dreams and ambitions.

Good luck to you all.

John Lamb
I am again want to thank you
1jms for being so good to us. We
have some 75 letters to write to relatives
& friends so we are sending some
to all of them. Regards John