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The company then launched into the hard-nosed analysis it applies to every prospective donation. On the face of it, this seemed an easy decision. Imperial donated $2.5 million in 1974 to cause it felt were worthy. The idea of backing a magazine of the arts is not outlandish: in 1973, Imperial gave $70,000 to produce one superb edition of artois magazine devoted to Indian and Eskimo amishic art, and now slated to become an educational reference book.

Furthermore, since Saturday Night's fate had mushroomed into a national and emotional issue, the Imperial gift seemed likely to attract some good press. But the company directors were not inclined toward buying goodwill. (Were this so, Imperial would have milked publicity from its heavy support of the arts, education, and charity during the many years it has been giving; in fact, it has maintained a very low profile.)

Now, the only concern, as one company director put it, was: "Does this magazine have a chance of survival, or are we pouring money down the drain?"

After intensive study of Saturday Night's books, the comptroller's department said the financial prospects looked good. What about management and editorial plans? Fulford, Knight told the board, is "one of the ablest editors in Canada". Cowan, an imaginative advertising man and founder of Toronto's CITY-TV, had a good track record. The magazine's prospects called for better design, more serious Canadian fiction, and better-researched articles on business, economics, and other thoughtful subject matter.

By the end of October, the evidence was in and the directors were convinced. Imperial could have invested money in Saturday Night, but this might have implied a connection between the company and the editorial policy of the magazine. And Imperial had no desire to dab into the content of Saturday Night. So it opted for a one-time, no-strings-attached, $100,000 grant to be channeled through the Canada Council.

"It is our opinion that Saturday Night ranks as a Canadian institution of unique value, particularly in its coverage of books and films," wrote Senior Vice-President Warren Flanagan in a letter verifying the grant. "Your future plans promise a periodical that will fill a void no other Canadian magazine is filling. . . We wish Saturday Night well."

The reaction was surprisingly mixed. Fulford and Cowan were elated, of course. They raised the additional $300,000 (a condition of the Imperial grant) and resumed publication in 1975. The Halifax Chronicle Herald complimented Imperial as "a solid corporate citizen". The Financial Post thought it all smacked of "great public relations". The Kingston Whig-Standard found it "rather ironic that a multinational corporate - the blight of flag-waving Canadian nationalism - should become the financial saviour of the supposed champion of flag-waving nationalism?"

An outraged Vancouver nationalist offered to give Saturday Night $10 if it would deduct an equal amount from the Imperial grant. ("Idiotic!" responded Fulford.) And some Imperial shareholders demanded to know why the company should give $100,000 of their money to a magazine with a treasurous future.

Why indeed? Or, why should Imperial give $10,000 to help make a 30-minute film on dental therapy in the North? Or $15,000 for a new National Ballet production, Whispers of Darkness? Or $175,000 over five years for a study of systems research as it may be applied to medicine in Canada? These and a thousand other things like them reflect the other side of Imperial - the side not devoted to producing energy and chemicals for Canada. They are rooted deeply in a company philosophy that goes back to Imperial's founding in London, Ont., in 1880. They are based upon the belief that, while a company's prime role is economic, its social effects and responsibilitiies can't be separated from the business side. All of this is now being reexamined and articulated by Dick LeSueur, manager of the company's newly formed corporate contributions division.

"All our contributions are aimed at improving the quality of life in this country," LeSueur says. "Our employees and the corporation itself can thrive only in a healthy society, so it's to our advantage to help maintain that kind of society."

It's also in the industry's own interest. Grants to engineering schools or other

THE CONTRIBUTION

Imperial funds some worthy causes. How does it decide when to give and how much? by Robert Collins
technical institutions help to encourage and train persons who may choose careers in the energy field. Even assistance to the arts, while it may seem totally altruistic, has aspects that may benefit Imperial. Writers, artists, and film producers, once established, may wish to contribute to Imperial's programs of communication through publications such as Imperial Oil Review or films the company produces.

The dental-therapy program in the North mentioned earlier fits the "quality-of-life" theme. So does the National Ballet production. "The day of the individual patron of the arts is over," commented Norbert Veseck, National Ballet choreographer, at the time of the donation. "In the past, rich families considered it an obligation to support the arts. Today, if the arts are to survive, corporations are what will help them stay alive."

Somewhere, as a result of Imperial's funding of systems research as it relates to medicine, a doctor anywhere in Canada may be able to push a button and get a computer report instantly on his patient's health history, covering all previous treatments anywhere in the country. That's one of the possibilities now being explored by Dr. J. H. Milsom, who holds the chair of general systems sponsored by Imperial at the University of British Columbia. Computer technology can play a major role in joining the efforts of the many professions involved in health procedures. It can thus increase the effectiveness and efficiency of our future health care. By the end of Imperial's five-year sponsorship, the company hopes the need and potential advancement will become sufficient to attract government or other private support for the project.

"It's what we call 'red money'," explains LeSueur. "What we'd like to be is a leader in the community, launching innovative projects that may have been neglected in the past. Then, if they prove themselves worthwhile, we encourage them to become self-sufficient or get broader support from other quarters."

The decisions for such donations are
not made lightly. A project must dem-
strate a social need, a long-term
benefit, and a wide application to
the people of Canada. It must show clear-
cut objectives, financial need, mea-
surable results, and good management.
Beyond that, anything goes.

Imperial has pledged $30,000 so far
to the Canadian Foundation for Eco-

donic Education, which aims to improve
the teaching of economics in Cana-
dian schools and colleges. As a result,
the foundation hopes individuals will learn
to understand the complexities of eco-
nomic issues and be able to manage
their own financial affairs better.

Over five years, Imperial will give a
total of $500,000 to the Institute
for Research on Public Policy, some-
times dubbed Canada's first "think tank". It
will look at long-range trends and needs
in Canada and the world, trying to give
the Canadian public and its politicians
better information on which to base
decisions on matters of policy.

Another $65,000 went to the Cana-
dian Studies Foundation, which is try-
ing to improve the quality of Canadian
studies in elementary and secondary
schools. Education in Canada tends
to be parochial in its content. History
students in Quebec and Saskatchewan,
for example, might get entirely different
interpretations of the Plains of Abraham
or the Red Rebellion. The foundation is
promoting a greater national under-
standing of past and present views,
attitudes, and values held by groups
separated by region, language, race,
culture, and economic backgrounds.

Education has always been one of
Imperial's concerns. For children of
employees with the necessary academic
standing, there are annual awards that
pay tuition and compulsory fees for
higher education. For graduates of Cana-
dian universities, there are six annual
graduate research fellowships worth
$4,000 per year for three years to each
student. One recipient used his grant to
study the prehistoric people of Mani-
toba. Another continued his research on
classical drama. A third, who writes and
speaks Mandarin Chinese, is driven to the
"merging of Indian and Chinese
philosophical and religious concepts in
the Buddhist philosophy of the 10th
dynasty" by the ancient songs and proverbs
from Windsor, Ont., is researching
French music from 1600 to 1700. A
Montreal girl devotes her grant to
studying post-Biblical Jewish history
and literature. One-half of the fellow-
ships are awarded to students in the
physical sciences, studying subjects such
as molecular biology, microwave acous-
tics, or astrophysics. The recipients are
selected by an outside committee of
academics on the basis of excellence in
their previous work.

What do all of these have to do with
the oil industry? Nothing and every-
thing. There's no direct link, but they all
will have an effect on the quality of
Canadian life.

One of the ways in which that quality
may be enhanced is through the scholar-
ship of men and women highly educated
and able to bring a highly trained intel-
lect to our national needs in order to
ensure Canada is a leader in progressive
thought and research. Two-thirds of
Imperial's graduate research fellows
during the last 15 years have gone into
academic work, and 70 percent of those are
now deans of faculties.

Canada's campuses benefit in yet
another way from Imperial donations.
University research grants to faculty
members range from $2,000 to $5,000
each, in numbers of 40 or 50 per year.
With such a grant, scientists at the Uni-
versity of Guelph have studied oil's
effect on lobsters. The Nova Scotia
Technical College used its money to
help finance the study of oil's behavior
in cold water, to help perfect techniques
for oil-spill cleanups. At York Univer-
sity, a study is examining the way hus-
band and wives attempt to manage
their own tensions and anxieties and
those of their spouses.

Every year, LeSueur, his associate
Helen Lewis, and their staff of two
receive about 500 requests for donations.
All are reviewed. Sometimes additional
information is acquired on specific
requests. Then, recommendations by
LeSueur and his staff are considered by
the contributions committee of
Imperial. It consists of five members of
the board of directors and three advisors.
Each year, they approve about 300
requests. (In addition to those examined
by the contributions committee, each
of Imperial's six regions oversees numerous
requests of less than $1,000.) But not all
of the company's "other side" can be
measured in dollars and cents. During
the last quarter-century, it has made a
contribution to Canadian art and its
appearance. Years ago, the Imperial Oil
Review served as a showcase for such
budding artists as Harold Town,
Michael Snow, and Dennis Burton. In
1952, the company purchased the his-
torical drawings of famed Canadian
artist C. W. Jefferys; in 1972, it donated
the collection to the Public Archives of
Canada.

Since 1965, Imperial has purchased
115 paintings and 13 sculptures, com-
promising one of Canada's most important
corporate art collections. Portions of
this collection travel on exhibit abroad,
Canada, particularly among communi-
ties that have little opportunity to view
Canadian art. This also permits promis-
ing young artists to be exhibited in
the company of such mature artists as
Goodridge Roberts, Louis de Niverville,
Jacques de Tonnancour, Ronald Best,

Similarly, Imperial has promoted
Canadian filmmaking since 1948. For
example, Christopher Chapman's first
professional movie, The Seasons, was
backed by the company. Earlier this
year, at a special showing of a dozen
Imperial films at the Ontario Science
Centre, Gerald Pratley, leading Cana-
dian critic and director of the Ontario
Films Institute, paid a high tribute:
"No other industrial films have ever
been considered important enough to run
in a series at the institute," he said. "I
remember when Imperial Oil and The
National Film Board were the only
groups using the talents of Canadian
filmmakers."

All of this corporate effort - at first
glance, so incompatible with the prac-
tical world of petroleum and chemicals
- has had a cumulative effect, and not
only among filmmakers, artists, stu-
dents, and professional educators. Other
thoughtful Canadians have come to
realize that a company can be a respon-
sible citizen while also being an efficient
and profitable business, and that a good
earnings record does not necessarily
make the company's philanthropy suspect.

As Robert Fulford wrote about the
$100,000 grant in the first issue of the
recently rescued Saturday Night: "We knew
that Imperial had a long, excellent record of
support for cultural institutions. We
were pleased and grateful to be a part
of that record and we were never con-
cerned that our gratitude might in-
fluence material we would publish in
the future on the resources industry."

What's next for religion?

Canada's religious bodies face the future with less
prestige. But perhaps more validity

by A.C. Forrest

A

revolution has taken place in
the thinking of religious people during
the past 50 years. Its impact on Cana-
dian religious life is reflected in quite
as much common use of such words as dialogue,
openness, ecumenical, and liberation,
and the denunciation of practices such as manipulation, coercion, exploitation, and
authoritarianism.

If Jesus returned, he would probably
be aggrieved by the failures of his dis-
ciples. So would Mohammed and the
If you round the corner, there is nothing there. Religious, like time, has no return to the good old days, so we go on to new days

prophets of Israel. But I hope there aren’t as many grounds for anger as were obvious 50 years ago. For then, some Protestants filed their Sunday-night pews by delivering sermons denouncing Catholics; some Catholics taught that Protestants were going to hell and you married one in peril of your soul. Many Christians thought Muslims were infidels, Buddhists and Hindus heathen. And the Christian world was still picking on the Jews, and some who called themselves Christians were preparing for the holocaust.

A half-century ago, the clergy still used and manipulated the laity. Some devoutly religious husbands exploited their wives “whose place was in the home” and domesticated their children who “were to be seen and not heard.” There were numerous and flagrant examples of manipulation—denying information, suppressing books, twisting the facts. Religious rushed around the world seeking converts to their sects by threatening hellfire to the unconverted and offering rice in exchange for baptism. Godly people sometimes treated others as fools.

Once, when I was a small boy, I called my sister a fool. She, two years my senior, able to read and the winner of a prize for regular Sunday-school attendance, informed me promptly that I was in danger of hellfire. It said so, right there in Matthew V and 22.

At that tender age, I had been well instructed in several basic theological facts. The Bible was infallible. There was a fiery place called hell to which bad people were sent and punished forever after they died. I worried about it on and off for several years, and never again called anyone a fool.

It was many years before I came to understand what Jesus meant when he denounced such name-calling. To make a violent attack on another was one thing. It might have one hailed before the earthly magistrates. But to call a person a fool, to treat another human being as though he were a non-person or a lesser person was destructive and evil, bringing upon the guilty the judgment of God.

My slow journey into an understanding of that teaching of Jesus paralleled, I believe, our ecclesiastical journey into a new understanding of what constitutes decent human relations. During recent decades, thoughtful religious people have been seeking to humanize society. The humanizing movement is reflected in the numerous schemata of the Vatican Council and the findings of the World Council of Churches. Pope John gave it a great push forward.

But while John 23rd gave impetus to the movement, the movement gave the papacy to John. For in this humanizing process, I believe that ordinary devout people in the pew were nearly always ahead of the clergy. Long before Pope John’s Christmas, 1959, announcement that “the mark of Christ” was to be found on the foreheads of non-Catholic Christians, Roman Catholics knew that their Protestant neighbors were followers of Christ. And my mother who may not have had much use for Rome knew that her Catholic neighbors were godly people.

The new decency in interchurch and interreligious relations has, however, not brought about a humanizing of our society. Violence in the streets, crimes against people, racial strife, exploitation of sex, and degradation of women may even suggest that society has become more dehumanized.

A psychiatrist in one of Canada’s loveliest suburbs told a minister recently: “Keep up your counseling even when you feel inadequate. The alienation between husbands and wives, the hostility between parents and children, is so massive we psychiatrists just can’t cope. We need every bit of help we can get.”

The general hospital in that community has just converted most of its maternity wing to a psychiatric unit. Drug addiction and alcoholism have reached alarming rates. What does that say about my thesis that leaders of religion have been going through a revolution bringing about relationships that are more decent and humane?

It seems to say that the voice of religion has not been heard or, if heard, ignored. Men of faith looking at the record of religion in the world have begun to understand that the non-religious world is unprescribed by preachers and priests who pray for peace, but fight among themselves.

It is not enough to announce that the religious wars are over; it is necessary to add that the religious wars were all wrong and try to correct the lingering wrongs. Now, the leaders of religious communities are seeking understanding among themselves. They are trying to correct the false thinking that so often led Christians, Muslims, Jews, Hindus, and others to hate, rather than love, one another.

The Biblical injunction “Physician, heal thyself!” has been heard and is being acted upon. Results among the religious are obvious, but they have not yet changed the world. Perhaps, despite progress, the voice of religion is still too uncertain, or it may be the world won’t listen anymore.

It has to be admitted that the churches of Canada (and religious institutions in much of the world) have less influence on society and culture than they had a half-century ago. During these 50 years, religious institutions did attain a level of popularity and financial strength perhaps never before achieved. The peak was reached in 1959, and since then there has been a steady decline.

The decline is most obvious in Quebec and among liberal Protestant churches. Those who remember the
As the religious organizations move into a new era, more women are taking on important religious roles. The lifting of the veil, the changing of religious roles, and the greater independence of women in religious life has led to a new era of religious freedom. In English Canada, this has been especially noticeable in the Catholic Church, where women are now actively involved in all aspects of religious life, from ministry to teaching. In Quebec, the church has been particularly progressive in this regard, with women serving as priests, bishops, and cardinals. In other parts of the country, such as the Anglican Church, women are also making strides, with some dioceses ordaining women as priests and bishops. These changes have been welcomed by many, as they represent a move towards greater equality and justice within the church. However, there are still many challenges to overcome, and the road to full equality is long and arduous. But the progress that has been made is a step in the right direction, and there is hope for a more just and equitable future.
It is the sea that I remember most from Grand Manan. I would get up early and ride my bicycle through the lingering fog until I found the wharf. Then I would wait, listening to distant gulls, men's voices drifting upon the mist, doors opening and the day beginning. In time, the fog would lift, the sun would light the water, and the boats would head out from the island to become specks upon the vast stage of the sea.

It is now almost a quarter-century since I first went to Grand Manan, an island in New Brunswick that was to become a lasting part of my mind and my imagination. It is a slender strip of land, 26 miles long, set in the great, strong tides at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, about a half-day by boat from the town of St. Andrews. I was a teenager, and I was to live on Grand Manan for two summers during those early years of the fifties.

I had come from a town beside the sea, but I did not really know the sea. Hardly any of my relatives or friends fished it or crossed it, and months could go by when I might not even see it. But on Grand Manan, I could not avoid it; it was spread before me, for there was really only one long street that ran the length of the entire island, always within sight of the sea. The villages grew along the road. Many of the houses,
including the one I lived in, were only yards from the edge of the water. They were among the most spotless houses I've ever known, white frame houses, or rose-trellised cottages in surroundings so clean, it was said that on Grand Manan people swept the streets each morning.

There was no crime, at least none I knew of. In fact, I knew of no jail; though I assumed there was one. I knew only one policeman there, an RCMP constable who drove up and down the island a few times each day. Other than that, he did not seem particularly busy fighting crime. I got to know him. We got to know two girls who, by sheer good fortune, had the use of a Packard, but that is a digression.

That first summer — it was 1956 — I made a lasting friendship with one of the fishermen. He lived in the village of North Head, in a large frame house set among heavy and shadowy trees. He

Almost enveloped by morning fog, a fisherman pushes off

(below) Morning mist on Castalia marsh; (right) cliffs at Southern Head, Grand Manan
The tide was coming in and the wind was howling.
sea was the same as it had been. In the evenings, we sat out front of our rented cottage, watching the restless surface rolling by on its way to the Atlantic. It is a pastime that is never dull, since the sea is never the same, changing with the wind and the light, moving through the deep wine of sunset to the blue-black that comes in the final moment before dark.

On the day before we were to leave, I took my son, then four years old, and we went to a part of Grand Manan you may not find unless you ask: Dark Harbor. It is a lake of seawater on the western face of the island. We went in early evening and stayed until the sun began to glow like a flicker of flame upon the water. We stood and watched. I thought we were alone. But then I heard a voice behind us. "I was his age when I came here first." An old man, sitting on a boulder, back to commune with the sea. We stayed until dark, the three of us, gazing on the expanse of water, listening to its murmurings, as new as the evening and as old as Genesis.

The setting sun flickers over a lake of seawater and a deserted beach at Dark Harbor.
Language is changing. But must change mean ruin?

by E.C. Phelan
made to mean any area in which any activity goes on: a military facility, a chemical factory, a vacation facility. In Brooklyn, a Toronto suburb, a road-side sign now identifies an "environmental waste management" plant, and in vastly better English, a dump. Good writers and careful speakers abuse such bastardizations of a good word. Perfectly suitable, "facility" will fall into disuse or revert to its original meaning.

Some of the commonest and most persistent errors have been the target of innumerable articles for years without much apparent deterrent result. The use of hopefully as an unattached adverb is wildlyKy, but it is still the common talk of supposedly literate people in public life. We hear it repeated from press conferences by prime ministers and presidents. The so-called "five interviews" are debating our speech perhaps as much as any other single thing. Providing is being used as a conjunction in place of the proper and obvious provided; host and chair and, heaven help us, doth are being tossed about as verbs, as if it were possible to create one verb out of a singular: a song of war - or a song of our national defense laurelly path. We read, and will read, elements, the only way to spell a less-than-useful word, a cog a speaker. The Americans preferred to retain the British penny. Now we hear more of pennies or cents than of any other unit of currency. We speak of the larder, meaning the storehouse, or a house.

Some other Canadians we still have that are worth protecting: mickey (for half size), nudskul, hydro (for electrical), not (not outhouse), hardrock, bush pilot.

An Americanism repugnant to many Canadians readers and listeners is the interchangeable use of "going to the verb and object in such common references as consult with. Consult is a transitive verb and should take a direct object. Mr. Trudeau may consult his cabinet colleagues, but he doesn't consult with them; he may have a consultation with them. He can tell his ministers: let's talk to the public (not about tax cuts, life and the environment). The same is true of: let's talk to each other (not about tax cuts, life and the environment).

There was no real authority on style and usage beyond the dictionaries and grammar textbooks until Fowler's Modern English Usage appeared with its greater wisdom and sly humor, and it has stood almost unchallenged for 30 years as our guide to usage. During the last 20 years, a plethora of works has appeared in Canada, all showing the wealth of interest and curiosity that has been generated by the rapidly changing modes of speech and writing. There is much truth in all of them, but there is neither a revealed truth nor a complete truth. There is no expert or committee of experts with impeccable taste capable of making absolute judgments. None at all.

In such a simple matter as the use of as for or, for instance, an indisputable researcher like Professor Cop- per has determined that (a) Bernard and Fowler say they are interchangeable; (b) Enoch and Fowler agree they must be followed by the conditional form of the verb in a statement contrary to fact and (c) that Flesch flatly disagrees with (b). In his American Usage: The Conquest, Coppered balances the opinions of scholars like Theofon M. Bernstein, Ralph L. Flesch, whose ABC of Style was gap in the journalism schools a few years ago; Wilson Fillot (Modern American Usage); Margaret M. Bryant (Canada American Usage); W. H. Fowler and Sir Ernest Gowers, who triumphantly re- vised Fowler's great work 10 years ago; Coppered's attempts at "concessional" settle very few arguments.

I have sometimes argued that editors in this age of frequent direct quotation should clean up the minor errors of grammar and syntax in the English of those they are quoting. But many people, at least, do use. Direct or typed broadcasts, after all, retain the flavor and the nuances, but do display the words, and so flood us with cliches and improper spreading of slang and irony through the language. Police-blaster idiom threatens us.

Fight it!
a writer,
a script, and
a saga

Adventures of a daring young man and a new film for Imperial

by David Parry

The first reaction was a dizzying sense of power. It’s not that I’m partial to power, you understand: like most writers, my demands of life are simple. Toss me any old assignment involving, say, the lore of dancing in the South Pacific, and I’ll be on my way faster than you can say, “Use the publisher’s Chargex.” But this job would be a little different. Imperial Oil wanted me to write the script for an animated film it was producing. I was about to turn into Superscribe, and I wouldn’t need a phone booth to change my shirt. How can animation heap upon a hitherto humble writer such delusions of omnipotence?

Consider a scene from a typical adventure movie in which the leading man is about to go to the guillotine. There are two ways to film this kind of action. One is through cinematic contivance, which makes it look as if the chap is losing his head. Of course, he really isn’t, and sophisticated viewers can see through the sham. The other way is to do it for real. The trouble is, once the poor wretch finds out what’s going on, he may let out disconsolate rumbles not in the script, which could spoil the sensitivity of the scene.

If timid actors don’t hamper the writer’s creative license in a regular film, a miscreant producer will. Try to live a science-fiction epic by having 5,000 Venustian commandos scoop Man and His World into some cosmic air bus, and a producer will know only one way to respond. That is to wiggle hands nervously and walk to the writer, “Dave, baby!”

None of this happens in animated film. If, for example, I want to have Noah beach his ark 12 miles up the Fraser River, I just write it into the script. This sets off an efficient chain of activity. A designer draws the key scenes, ark nears shore, animals leave ark, Noah argues with Canada customs, and so on. The producer looks at the drawings and asks for changes (such as a shorter haircut for Noah so as not to upset conservative elements in the audience). When the drawings are approved, the sequence goes to an animator who brings the action to life through dozens of individual drawings for each movement that’s involved. The animator usually draws simple pencil outlines. These are photographed onto movie film in a process called the pencil test. If the movements and timings are acceptable, the sequence goes to a team of inkers and painters who add color and background detail. It’s basically a simple procedure. As I quickly learned though, there is more to animated film than meets the eye.

First, there was the script. My job was clearly defined: I would tell the story of energy fuels, past, present, and future. “Show how energy contributed to the growth of Canada,” said Gordon Hinch, the film producer in Imperial’s public affairs department. “Show how various energy fuels have stayed popular for a while, then been replaced by more efficient kinds of energy. Show how a careful program of continued exploration and development should keep Canada well supplied with energy for years to come. Show it all in a half-hour script.”

A half-hour script? Not long ago, I watched a television show in which Archie Bunker was sulking because he’d bought his wife a gift and no one in the family liked it. In the same number of moments it took for Archie to bring himself around to a happy conclusion, I would have to tell the story of energy from Neanderthal man to nuclear fusion. “We’d like it to fit into a half-hour TV slot or an average classroom period,” Hinch explained.

Hinch had other hopes, too. One was to avoid what he called, “the Saturday-morning stuff”—cartoons with characters that walk by moving only the lower part of their legs, as overhead spaceships simulate flight by remaining static against a revolving galaxy of quickly drawn planets. “I’m looking for an illustrative feeling,” Hinch revealed, “something that evokes a mood of warmth and nostalgia.”

To find the team that could produce this feeling, Hinch interviewed six animation studios while I worked on the script. We had agreed there would be one main character who would magically pop in and out of history. This would help tie together an otherwise unruly assortment of information. The personality of our animated hero was going to be critical. He would have to be knowledgeable, but not know-it-all. He’d have a sense of humor and a full measure of personal charm. Above all, his carefully animated lips must always speak the truth. Hinch had seen to this by writing an accuracy clause into my contract. It made me personally liable for expenses incurred because of inaccuracies in the script. The thought of signing cheques from my personal account to designers, animators, inkers, painters, and camera crew was sufficient to guarantee Imperial a well-researched script. Or, more accurately, five well-researched scripts. That was how many drafts it took to follow the
development of energy from caverman’s biceps through animal power, wind power, firewood, steam, kerosene, plus the marvels of the 20th century and beyond.

Wherever possible, I emphasized Canadian contributions to energy development. This often meant wading through scant or conflicting research. Was the world’s first service station the Gulf outlet that opened in Pittsburgh in 1913 as one source claims? Or was it an Imperial station in Vancouver in 1908? Did the Royal William, the Quebec-built ship that was first to travel from North America to Europe entirely on steam, carry a red ensign or a blue one? Was the famous last-spit photograph taken on the “dull, murky November morning” Pierre Berton describes in The Last Spike? Or was the sun shining brightly as in the film version of The National Dream?

I developed an interest in Dr. Abraham Gesner, the Nova Scotian credited with the invention of kerosene in the 1850s. While working on the film, I took a holiday through the Maritimes. Shortly after crossing into Nova Scotia, I pulled into a government tourist information centre. “I’m interested in anything you may have on Dr. Abraham Gesner,” I told the lady behind the counter.

“Hmm, Dr. Gesner,” said the lady, with a smile that told me she was trying her best to be helpful. “Do you know where he has his practice?”

Clearly, there is something about Canadian history that keeps many of us from taking it to heart. The achievements are there in great numbers, but the interest isn’t. Perhaps one problem is the way it has been presented previously. In addition to the wealth of information I’d been asked to include, we’d need moments of good human interest. One solution I found was manure.

“Manure?” Gordon Hinch screwed up his nose. “The pollution of the 1800s.” I explained with that smugness known only to those who have done their homework. “With all of those horses and carts around, the good old days were not that great for anyone crossing the street. Did you know that in 1840, London, England had 2,000 street sweepers who did nothing but keep the intersections clear for pedestrians?”

Hinch confessed that this snippet of intelligence somehow previously escaped him. He wondered if the topic could be dealt with in good taste.

By now contracts had been signed with a small Toronto animation firm, Kopolouos and Associates, run by illustrator Dino Kopolouos, a man proud of his Greek lineage. One day, after a disagreement, he warned me that his fellow countrymen controlled the restaurants of the world. “If I liked eating out, I wouldn’t cross him.”

“I prefer to Chinese food,” I countered.

“Greeks own the Chinese restaurants, too,” Kopolouos said.

I did my best to get along with a minimum of personal conflicts. Apart from the restaurant thing, Kopolouos was a strong supporter of my street-sweeper scene. Its very survival would depend upon his willingness to treat it with sensitivity and good taste.

As everyone had expected, there were enormous advantages with animation. One scene dealing with man himself as an energy source had a complete shipload of galley slaves. It would have been enormously expensive to shoot with a real ship and crew.

But animation has its problems, too. For one thing, it’s harder to spot mistakes.

“There is something wrong with that scene,” I said, watching two old men playing checkers on the screen. The projector stopped. Heads turned, but I couldn’t explain the error. The film was rewound and played again. On the third time through, we saw the problem. A black checker was making four jumps in a row, and one of the checkers it jumped was also black. We were so pleased at having caught the slip that it was weeks before anyone realized it is impossible for a single checker to make four jumps forward, since there aren’t enough squares on the board.

Occasionally, events in the outside world necessitated some rethinking. At one point, our animated host took us into the Arctic and told us that working there was a “tough, time-consuming ordeal in which drilling a single well can cost as much as $4 million.” That figure soon rose to $5 million. Canadian singer and entertainer Keith Hampshire, who provided the voice of the host, was brought back into the studio where he attempted to match expression and tone of the surrounding words in changing a four to a five. He succeeded, but on screen the face (which had already been drawn) still mouthed the word “four.”

Original music for the film was written by Lothar Klein. It helped smooth the flow of activity and the wide assortment of scenes the story called for. With all elements working together, The Great Canadian Energy Saga offers an informative and occasionally funny look at the development of energy – Canadian energy in particular.

Though the film covers man power, animal power, water power, petroleum power, and nuclear power, the sensation of writer power I looked for didn’t happen. Yes, it was fun being able to summon heroes from the past. But these could scarcely be called my creations. My job was to interpret history, not to govern it, and the interpreter hails from a more humble strain than the ruler.

However, the objectives had been to tell a complex story in a short time, and to do it in a way that would set heads nodding in agreement, not in slumber. I believe we succeeded.

Illustrator Kopolouos is happy with the film. As a result, neither producer Hinch nor I have been barred from the restaurants of the world. Kopolouos still has the original artwork for one sequence that didn’t make it into the movie. It’s suitable for framing, and he’ll let it go cheap. If there’s room on your wall for a street-sweeping scene, you should call him.

Lothar Klein conducts the orchestra at a recording session of his original music for the film.
The tale begins with man’s most primitive source of energy: man himself. From Neanderthal biceps, the film moves on to animal power and wind power, then shifts quickly into early Canada to look at the importance of plentiful energy supplies to this country’s growth. The fire log, the whale-oil lamp, the gaslights of our early towns—they’re all portrayed through animation in a nostalgic, amusing style.

While The Great Canadian Energy Saga traces the major changes that have taken place in Canada’s energy, it also notes definite patterns that have stayed unchanged since early inhabitants first put axe to tree. One such pattern is the cyclical nature of energy fuels, and man’s tendency to depend upon one source of energy only “until something better comes along”. The film suggests what might come along in the future.

The Great Canadian Energy Saga may be one of the most ambitious animated films to be produced in Canada during recent years. Getting from script to screening took more than 14 months of design, artwork, and animation, in which a single walk across a room may require as many as 200 individual paintings.

(top) Without energy-driven mills, Canadians couldn’t grind wheat into tasty flour

(centre) A Quebec-built steamship was the first vessel to take the wind out of transatlantic travel

(bottom) Just after World War II, westerners spent much time hunting oil

(top) In 1948, the Calgary Stampede lost the Grey Cup. It was Alberta’s second energetic milestone

(centre) As shown here, the cost of developing Arctic resources leaves some economists a bit cold

(bottom) In future, Canadians will receive energy straight out of the blue
One of the interesting things about the present day is the speed with which an issue can rise, claim our attention, convert our sympathy, and then die. Or else its very opposite can become the public fancy.

Take some of the issues that were the fashion of the middle sixties. One of the subjects very big with television producers and conveners of conferences was what some of them called the Age of Abundance. It was coming, that much we knew. Perhaps by 1990, almost certainly by 2000. By that time, there would be affluence for all and leisure for most, at least in North America. Moreover, by that time, we'd have shared much of it with the world, for we felt up to the task. Now, of course, the optimism has turned. The dreams of early retirement are revised because of inflation. As for global poverty, the new theme is that it may be too vast, too complicated for human solution. There is, as some say, only so much room in the lifeboat.

I mention this because I wonder what will happen to the latest fashionable subject, which the heavy thinkers are calling Toward A New Ethic of Work. It is all around us; one of the most talked-about subjects. How to make work more satisfying or, to use the word of pop sociology, how to "humanize" it. Everybody seems convinced this is a valid issue because it had its birth in other valid issues. Two psychiatrists, in an essay called "Is there a new work ethic?" recently wrote: "Consumer-oriented demands - focused in the sixties on the quality of life, the environment, community control, welfare rights, student participation, personal liberation, consumer boycotts, and alternative lifestyles - now seem work-ethic-related. It is natural in such situations that some people feel their importance and worth is lessened. Even managers have been bothered by it. The American Management Association reports that some members are hurt because decisions they once made are now made by computers. But beyond changing work, there is a changed worker. The old-style employee, who remembered the depression and would hang on to any job for security, is gone. The new workers have higher expectations. They are obviously less committed to traditional levels of behavior, styles of dress, modes of speech. Most of all, their attitude to work itself is different. They want a bigger say over their own work. They want some autonomy. The old hierarchichal practices are gone or going.

This is the case even in organizations that many of us regard as highly conservative - those based upon military custom. Police Chief Harold Adamson of Toronto mentioned it in a conversation about changes in police work. "The day of clampdown is over," he said. "With the young man or woman entering police work today, dialogue is the thing. They have questions. They want to know why. So we spend a lot of time in discussion about why."

That's not just an enlightened view, but a practical one. It recognizes that people, no matter what their occupations, are not induced to work exclusively or, perhaps, primarily by the promise of more money or security. Their real expectations are not completely clear, for as work is being rethought, there is inevitable confusion over the things that motivate us and give us satisfaction. Perhaps they may be found in the human need for respect and esteem, in our ambitions for personal growth, rather than professional advancement.

In organizations where morale is high, those needs are usually sensed and efforts are made to meet them. People are given freedom to do their work without supervision so strict it discourages their sense of confidence and erodes their creative desire. A healthy organization recognizes that it cannot maintain its collective health unless it maintains the individual's own healthy outlook by providing job satisfaction. Few competent management leaders, in government or industry, need to be convinced of that. The problem exists in those places of work where job dissatisfaction is ignored or taken for granted as a natural condition. There's always a danger that, when we expect institutions to change, we lessen our expectations of those who work in them. Institutions and businesses ought to innovate and accommodate. I expect they will out of self-interest, if not altruism. But those who work have their own responsibilities. They should examine their attitudes as vigorously as they examine those of their companies. The most exciting job in the world will not engage a mind that is dulled or a personality in which complaining is chronic. Sometimes workers' morale is low because the workers need more examination than the institutions. Happy workers are not just better producers. They are probably an index to the degree of progressive business practice around them. It is not easy for large bureaucracies with a history of low worker satisfaction to renovate quickly their staff morale. But if they try, by enriching jobs, they will not only contribute to productivity, but probably to the national mental health.