It's lunchtime on a weekday in Wascana Centre, a 2,270-acre park in the heart of Regina. In one spot, it's almost deserted, except for a man teaching his small daughter how to make sounds by blowing through a blade of grass. Now and then, cyclists or strollers pass, their voices breaking the stillness for a moment, but leaving the serenity intact. Slowly, a throng of joggers makes its way down a road, chucks heaving, feet padding, heads bobbing. The midday sun, almost overhead, lights their colored track suits as they pass the father and his child. In the distance, a shimmer of lake is visible among the trees and, a couple of miles away in downtown Regina, the tallest buildings in a modest cityscape jut against the sky.

This is Wascana, an oasis of greenery, wildlife, and water relieving the flat prairie land of the west and the downtown city concrete that is man's mark. But Wascana Centre is man's mark too; everything, including the planting of the trees and the making of the lake, was done by human hands. The centre had its beginnings 65 years ago, when English architect and town planner Thomas Mawson got the job of designing the gardens and park around the province's new legislative building in Regina. The province had been formed in 1905 and, three years later, work started on a building to house the new legislature. By 1911, it was completed, a stately, sprawling structure of wheat-colored stone with a 188-foot-high black dome, sitting on scruffy, treeless land overlooking a reservoir. And that's where Thomas Mawson came in.

Mawson literally laid the groundwork for the area, creating the forerunner of today's Wascana Centre. He made a lake out of the stock-watering reservoir, replaced scruffy grounds with the greenery of lush lawns, imported trees that the fertile soil fed, and planted colorful gardens outside the legislature. Mawson's plan wasn't completed back then; a 50-year period elapsed between the Englishman's original proposals and the further development of the centre.

When I visited Wascana, I couldn't help wishing Mawson might see it now — years after his original dream. What started out as 168 acres in 1912 has swelled to more than 2,000, the setting for 25 public buildings — including a university, hospital, bandshell, and arts centre — all in the quiet ambience of a park. There are playing fields, barbecues, places to skate and cross-country ski, even an area devoted to waterfowl and other wildlife. Wascana Centre is a winner, with several awards to its credit, such as the Stratford Seminar Award for civic design. It is a model for urban planners around the world.

A walk through some trees and into a clearing reveals a lake, an unobtrusive Wascana Lake, once a reservoir, is for sailboats and canoes, not motorboats.
building that is Wascana’s information office. Inside, Sandra Harazny, a university student and supervisor of the park’s eight tour guides, stands beside a table with a scale model of Wascana Centre. She’s tall, with brown hair and a warm smile, and wears the powder blue uniform of students who work as guides from May until September; they conduct seven tours daily on a double-decker bus. "Right now, Wascana Centre is divided into four areas," she says, her finger pointing to locations on the model. "There’s a section each for government, culture, recreation, and education."

Dividing the park into four sections was a fairly recent development. Thomas Mawson’s plan, which hadn’t been finished, lay dormant until 1961. That year, renowned American architect Minoru Yamasaki, who had been named planner for Wascana, decided not only to implement it but to expand it. To develop the centre, a partnership was formed consisting of the city, province, and University of Saskatchewan — each of which owned some land in the area. Yamasaki, with the help of a San Francisco landscape architect, drew up a 100-year master plan for the area and, in 1962, the Wascana Centre Act was passed in the provincial legislature.

Harazny spreads her hand over the northwest edge of the Wascana scale model. "This is the government area," she says, "with the legislative building, the administration building, and the provincial health buildings. In a couple of years, there will be more government buildings." Her hand passes to the extreme northern part of the model, the cultural section of the centre, with its art gallery, music conservatory, theatre area, and museum. Then she goes on to the third section, the one set aside for recreation. "The recreational area takes up the central portion of Wascana Centre," she tells me. "Here we have Wascana Lake for sailboats and canoes — but no motorboats — and Willow Island with a ferry to take people over for picnics. In the winter, the lake becomes a skating rink and there’s curling too." Finally, there’s the educational part of the centre, devoted to the university — with courses in arts and science, engineering, education, and business — the nursing training centre, and on-campus residences.

Wascana Centre attracts thousands of tourists each year, but the people living in Regina seem equally engaged by it. "Something like John Diefenbaker’s homestead, which was moved here from Borden, Sask., in 1967," explains Harazny, "gets more

All of the trees in the centre were planted by man, as was the grass that grows everywhere. Winding roads and paths make the park ideal for joggers.
than 35,000 people—nearly all tourists—visiting it each summer. But if I were to drive through the park, most of the people I would see would be from Regina.”

On the way out, Sandra Harazny hands me a copy of the visitors’ guide use for bus tours, filled with obscure little facts that could take their place in the Guinness Book of World Records. Visitors traveling through Wascana learn that the provincial-government building has the largest legislative grounds in the world—250 acres. (It was only 168 acres when Thomas Mavor went to work on it in 1912, but even then it was still the biggest on earth.) Tourists on the bus tour also learn that the Albert Street bridge on the western boundary of the centre is, according to Ripley’s Believe It Or Not, the longest bridge in the world over the shortest span of water—more than 1,800 feet long, covering a 120-foot span of water.

Although he’s supervisor of engineering services for Wascana Centre, Blair Paterson has never built any bridges. In fact, this mild-mannered man with horn-rimmed glasses is in charge of seeing that development of the 100-year plan for the centre goes as it should. Working out of a cramped office with a huge stone fireplace, Paterson has a feeling for everything going on in the park.

“Yamasaki’s master plan is updated and reviewed every five years,” he explains. “That’s a requirement of the Wascana Centre Act. This way, nothing is ever completed; the park is continually evolving. Lifestyles, philosophies, and recreational needs change with time—no one can plan ahead perfectly for 100 years. Wascana Centre reflects this and changes according to the times.”

He adds that ideas for the immediate future of the park include an experimental community with housing in a country-like setting and an agricultural block with farmlands. “We’d like to bring rural living into the city,” Paterson tells me, “and show what much of Saskatchewan is like.” Other ideas include a bandshell where an orchestra would play on an island.

“Everything is built to be permanent,” he says. “We work according to the master plan and that means consulting many community groups and clubs. Wascana Centre also works with the city to make bylaws affecting building height, speed limits in the park, population density around it, and the amount of open spaces. Just as this place is meant for people now, it will be the same 20 years, 30 years, or 40 years in the future.”

On the way out of the park, I visit the boyhood home of the Rt. Hon. John Diefenbaker, a three-room wooden cabin with small windows and a slanted roof. “Among the happiest days of my life were spent on the homestead between 1905 and 1910,” Diefenbaker once said. The rooms contain a wood-burning stove and furniture donated by the Diefenbaker family and other Saskatchewan pioneers. The home was transported to Wascana Centre during Canada’s centennial year. In 1968, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau paid an official visit to it with then Saskatchewan Premier Ross Thatcher.

In another part of the city, in a small building, is the Regina Chamber of Commerce, where Sean Quinlan, its Toronto-born executive director, works with three other people. “We’re fortunate to have a 2,300-acre park in the middle of the city,” Quinlan says. “Visitors who come to Regina spend a lot of time in Wascana. And if they’re here an extra day, then they’re spending more money. It’s great for the people who live here too. Everybody
In 1951, Moran was living on the legislative grounds; he had a job as a horticulturist. The people working for him also removed garbage from inside the legislative building. One day, Moran noticed a truck driver looking at something he was about to toss into the garbage truck. Moran stopped him at the last moment and grabbed the papers. They turned out to be Thomas Mawson’s original plans. Minoru Yamasaki, the architect, used them a decade later when developing Wascana Centre. Now the plans are framed and on a wall in Joe Moran’s office.

“We have a good arrangement for running the centre,” says Moran, a balding man with thick sideburns. “The cost of development is shared by the province, which pays 56 percent, the city, which pays 30 percent, and the university, which pays 15 percent. In addition, the participants pay to keep up land that’s owned by them. And any of the partners can build something at their own expense. For instance, the city paid for the track in 1975 for the Western Canada Summer Games.” At present, it costs about $1.6 million yearly to operate the centre and proceed with planning. About 100 people make up the regular staff, which grows to 250 during the summer months.

The Wascana Centre Authority works closely with the city to create bylaws that are in keeping with the centre’s master plan. There was public criticism when a high-rise apartment building went up near the southern tip of the park. “We recognize that the centre is a valuable asset,” explains Moran. “That’s why the city has to look carefully at all development in the vicinity.”

Wascana Centre is well into its 100-year development plan, using it as a guide in spending money from the annual budget. “I’ve had calls from planners in many of the major cities in Canada and the United States inquiring about the centre,” Moran tells me. “As a matter of fact, it’s difficult working because I spend so much time dealing with inquiries. We’ve got something special here.”

The next day I think about what Moran said as I fly out of Regina, looking down on the centre with thousands of trees and flowers and sailboats in the lake. And I read what the American planner, Minoru Yamasaki, wrote in a report: “When carried to fruition, Wascana Centre will make Regina one of the very great cities of North America and of the world.”

by James Taylor/illustrations by Huntley Brown

You notice gas stations only when your tank is running low. The rest of the time they're too commonplace to stand out in the string of stores, restaurants, and businesses lining our streets and highways. But like other things we take for granted, there had to be a first gas station. Someone, somewhere, had to take that first imaginative step.

Actually it happened not all that long ago. Canada's first gas station — perhaps the first in the world — was born almost by accident on the corner of Cambie and Smythe streets in Vancouver. A bronze plaque gives the date as 1907.

Imperial Oil had its Vancouver warehouse at that corner. The horse-drawn tank cars of the day used to pull up inside to load up for deliveries. Some of those new-fangled cars came in to fill up too. One of them backfired. The bang was deafening inside the building. Instant chaos ensued. Horses reared and plunged; men swore and tried to restore order; barrels crashed to the floor. When it was over, the foreman vowed he would never allow another car in his warehouse.

So next morning, Imperial regional manager C.M. Rolston opened a three-sided shack of corrugated iron outside the warehouse, with one side open to the street. It contained a 15-gallon water tank painted red and filled with gasoline, which could flow through a length of garden hose into the cars.

The first gas station. No one particularly noted the historic event at the time because it wasn't done for cars at all; it was done as a convenience for horses.

In much the same way, our now familiar northern air transportation sneaked into being in 1921, as a means to another end. Actually, the search for oil made it necessary and possible. That search began back in 1789 during Alexander Mackenzie's voyage of discovery down the Mackenzie River to the Arctic Ocean. That year, he noted in his journal that he saw oil seeping from the river's banks. A century and a half later, after light oil and natural gas had been found in western Canada, oil companies were busy exploring. In 1918, an Imperial crew rediscovered Mackenzie's seepages and recommended drilling.

So the next year six men, an ox, and a geologist struggled northward for two months by railway, riverboat, and foot into the site now known as Norman Wells. They found their oil — largely by luck, it turned out later. Ted Link, the geologist, waded his arm grandly and said, "Drill anywhere around here." They did. And they survived a 50-below Celsius winter when their ox had to be used for steaks.
On Aug. 23, 1930, at a depth of 78 feet, they struck oil.

Now Imperial had a new problem. The company had the world's most northerly oil well. At 100 barrels daily, it was described as "the largest producing oil well in Canada." But it took two months to deliver anything to the well site. However, a faster way was just around the corner.

In 1921, Imperial flew into Norman Wells in two all-metal 185-horsepower Junkers airplanes. As it used flight for further exploration, the company needed fuel caches. So it set up small fuel depots in villages along the Mackenzie River. Those two planes and their depots were the forerunners of today's commercial air transport in the North.

The advent of flight into the North is now marked mainly by a battered propeller, the result of one of the frequent crash landings of pioneer aviation. In one such landing, an Imperial plane's propeller was smashed beyond repair. An ingenious flight mechanic named Bill Hill made a new one out of oak sleigh runners and boiled moose-hoof glue. The improvised propeller worked; it now rests in the National Aviation Museum in Ottawa.

Without accessible markets nearby to justify developing its potential, the Norman Wells refinery didn't stay open long. It closed in 1921. A new refinery opened in 1936 for the sole purpose of supplying the Eldorado Gold Mines at Great Bear Lake. But in World War II, Norman Wells once again took its place in history.

After Japan captured a pair of Aleutian islands, the United States realized how vulnerable its oil-tanker routes to Alaska were. The Americans decided they needed inland oil supplies safe from attack. And they chose to build a refinery in Whitehorse in the Yukon, with crude oil coming from Norman Wells by pipeline. At that time, a 600-mile pipeline would not have been a massive undertaking under the best of conditions; this one had to thread through some of the world's roughest mountains. And no one even knew if there were enough oil at Norman Wells to supply it.

By 1943, Imperial had drilled another 16 wells at Norman Wells and had found enough crude oil to supply the pipeline. By 1944, hordes of engineers had managed to lay the four-inch Canol pipeline through the mountains. During the year one remaining of the Pacific war, the pipeline pumped about a million barrels of oil to the refinery at Whitehorse.

After the war, the Canol pipeline lay abandoned. But the Whitehorse refinery kept going — in a different place. Imperial bought it for a million dollars, took it apart, moved it to Edmonton, and reassembled it like a gigantic jigsaw puzzle.

Moving a refinery was no mean feat but, by then, Imperial had come a long way. The company was formed in 1888. On Sept. 8 that year, 16 businessmen, all but four of them already in the oil business, combined $25,000 in capital and about $500,000 in assets — including the refinery at Petrolia, Ont., and another in London, Ont. — and formed Canada's first big oil company, Imperial Oil, as a means of combating the American sales threat. At the time, the Canadian oil scene was highly uncertain. Just 23 years before, James Miller Williams had sunk North America's first well, not far from Petrolia in southwestern Ontario.

All anyone needed to start an oil business in those days was a strong back and a drill. The oil was only 100 feet deep. Many people found that oil poured out of their wells, over the ground, down the creeks, until it flowed inches thick on top of the St. Clair River. One schooner captain reported sailing through oil a foot deep — whereupon his boat's owner promptly abandoned his shipping business and joined the oil rush.

Another person interested in oil was Tom Montgomery. He joined Imperial in 1897. A big, pleasant man with a round face and wire-rimmed glasses, he spent 45 years influencing the shape of Canada's petroleum industry. When he started at Imperial, oil was used for more than lamps and cooking. The car had arrived. Montgomery knew all about cars; he had already been designing and building his own in a Sarnia garage where young Henry Ford used to drop in. For the next 45 years, as Ford's cars created new demands for gas and oil, Montgomery's refineries turned out the products.

Those refineries were enough for a decade or two. Montgomery's boss told him that the Sarnia refinery "was as big as it would ever need to be." But that was before World War I. To meet war demands, Imperial went on a refinery-building binge. As chief engineer, Montgomery started putting up refineries in Vancouver, Regina, Montreal, and Halifax. With the Regina refinery, he set a speed record that still stands, building it in three months.

After the war he rebuilt the Sarnia refinery. He provided the equipment used in the first refinery at Norman Wells. And while he was still Imperial's chief engineer, he went on to build refineries in Peru, Colombia, and Singapore. In Sumatra, he founded local experts by hiring hundreds of coolies to dredge mud from a river bottom. After he had raised the level of a mud flat two feet, he went ahead and built a refinery on that too.

The refinery Montgomery built in Montreal in 1918 was unique. It was the first refinery in Canada designed specifically to produce asphalt, the sticky black stuff that roads are paved with. Asphalt is so familiar today that it's easy to forget how recently it came into use. The Maritime's, for example, got their first asphalt-surfaced road in 1929 — nine miles of it, near Truro, N.S. For years it was known as Bailie's Road, after Imperial engineer Edward L. Bailie who supervised its construction for the Nova Scotia department of highways.

Through the years, Imperial added new "firsts" to its records. Some produced no dividends or sales, but did improve the world. Like a cup of tea. Or a chimney.

The cup of tea was brewed from the water of Ontario's St. Clair River,
downstream from Imperial's Sarnia refinery, which had been in the 1950s, long before the days of environmental causes, an Imperial chemists named Alex McRae used to paddle about the river in a converted lifeboat with the unlikely but descriptive name "The Juicy Pie." McRae scooped up water samples and made tea. If the refinery were releasing too great a concentration of chemicals called phenols into the river, his tea tasted terrible. As an indirect result of McRae's work, the city of Sarnia commissioned a process in which bacteria eat the phenols, converting them to carbon dioxide and water. This was the beginning of the biological-oxidation process in 1953, phenol release has been cut by 98 percent, while refinery capacity has tripled.

The chimney became important in 1957, when Imperial moved to its new main office on St. Clair Avenue in Toronto. The new 20-storey building towered over the stone steeple of Deer Park United Church next door. It seemed certain to interfere with the proper functioning of Deer Park's chimes.

So Imperial offered to吼 the church's heating system into its own. It has kept the church warm ever since.

In employee matters, Imperial set two marks and just missed setting another. The first had to do with labor relations, which were troubled early in this century, when U.S. unions were locked in battles with industrial bastions. The conflicts reached their worst in 1914 when 21 people died in Colorado in the " Ludlow massacre," the result of a strike against a coal and iron company owned largely by John D. Rockefeller. Other labor conflicts flared at Barrie, N.J., among employees of the Standard Oil Company, also dominated by Rockefeller. In an effort to solve the strike, Rockefeller borrowed Canada's deputy minister of labor, William Lyon Mackenzie King, who later became Canadian prime minister. With Clarence Hicks, U.S. industrial-relations specialist then employed by International Harvester, King devised a method by which representatives of labor and management met regularly to iron out their differences. Hicks, a superb salesman, sold the idea to Standard Oil.

They called the concept "joint councils," and Imperial brought them to Canada. One week before Christmas, 1918, the company proposed to its refinery workers in Sarnia.

The workers, according to published reports, accepted unanimously. Today Imperial has 41 joint councils and 37 employee-management committees. The company estimates that every year it saves over $1 million by strike or work stoppage in any location where joint councils operate.

As late as 1939, Imperial introduced the eight-hour workday to Canada. And in 1952, it wired by a memorandum that in the future the company would go on the five-day work week. The first company was Procter & Gamble.

In recent years, as exploration moved into the country's frontier areas, Imperial hired Russia's best. Sokolov, a Russian specialist in the biological-oxidation process, in 1953, phenol release has been cut by 98 percent, while refinery capacity has tripled.

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Rodney Heft would have been at home in the court of King Louis XIV of France, as appropriate to that royal scene as a box of snuff, a ceremonial minuet, or a cardinal plotting behind the throne. Rodney Heft, to be sure, is alive and thriving in 1977; he’s 31 years old, an articulate and enthusiastic fellow, a bachelor living in Argue, Ont., and a teacher of English to French-Canadian soldiers at nearby Camp Borden.

But one word — “amateur” — relates Heft, 20th century commoner, to Louis XIV. It was in that king’s circle that the admiring designation of a gentleman as an amateur, from the Latin amator, meaning “one who has a taste for anything,” first surfaced. The French coined it to denote a connoisseur of the polite arts, someone who selflessly pursued a private and intellectually enlightening hobby. And in that pure sense, free from the connections with sports and money that came along in later centuries, Rodney Heft is a true amateur.

“I devote myself to the heritage of magic,” he explains, with a nice tone of passion in his voice. “Everyone acknowledges that magic is a great and ancient art, but what people don’t realize, nor even the magicians, is that its history is in a chaotic state. I’m concerned about correcting that. I’ve been collecting magazines and books on magic for years, I correspond with magicians all over the world. I take my annual holidays in Europe and knock...
The French coined it to denote a connoisseur of the polite arts, someone who selflessly pursued a private and intellectually enlightening hobby.

on the doors of magicians and historians in every country. I have my networks set up. If there were more free hours in the day, free from working and sleeping and eating, magic would no doubt come true.

Hef is not the only classical Canadian amateur. There are probably more old suits in China than across the country who throw their energies and intellects into avocations that are, for all intents and purposes, equally real as reading, special and polite. Mel Stover, a Winnipeg audiovisual technician, revises arithmological puzzles and works other wonders with mathematics. Esther Barry, a thirtyish boutique manager in Vancouver, combines an enthusiasm for early English, a language that is, she points out, "so really noble that it’s almost a shame most of its words have gone to oblivion." Hamilton Casels, Q.C., partner in a distinguished downtown Toronto law firm, reads avidly in medieval literature. And Ben Holmes of Pier Porter, Ont., a retired acar, is an ardent Greek scholar — Hellenistic Greek, as he’s quick to emphasize. Some amateur activities are quite out of the ordinary. A Manitoba Telephone employee named Lindsay Johnson, for example, practices the age-old craft of egggry, making decorations out of real eggs. Or consider Manitoba historian, a retired sixty-four-year-old bachelor and salesman of male haute couture, who devours much as he can of the history of the sport of opera — 300 record albums, 35 operas known by heart, two holiday weeks each year sitting in $200 seats at New York’s Metropolitan Opera. They’re not trivial people, these glorious amateurs.

Certainly enough, for all their dedication, many of them are at a loss to explain exactly why their specialities have gripped them. "I just seemed to be drawn into it," says Ben Holmes, the Greek scholar, as if the question of motivation had never before been asked of him. Others can point to slightly more substantial beginnings. James Bur- chel, the Ontario lawyer, as a child drew from his fascination in hieroglyphics grew out of his work with an insurance company. "I had an interest in the subject of spelling, and did a great deal of writing for computer pro- grammers," he explains, "and that got me interested in spelling, in expressing exact ideas. And that led me to hieroglyphics."

Ego may be a motivating factor for some amateurs. Derrick Murdoch thinks so. He’s a leading light in The Boomers, an informal group that gathers regularly to analyze the mys- teries of Sherlock Holmes, and he’s of the opinion that "people who have the ability to show expertise — quite wonderful expertise really — about Holmes or any other realistic subject is a magnet for their ego that they’d never find in their job." Charles Gay, a pubic librarian in Kirkwan, a village near St. John’s, N.F.L., agrees with the ego explanation. "Keeping a diary ranks legitimately as an amateur pursuit, especially in the case of private scribblers like Charlotte who was keeping journals for almost 25 years, through her teens, marriage, three children, and homes in New York and New England," he reasons. "When you keep track of ideas and progress and setbacks," she says, "you’re seeing a veritable included picture of your involvement in your life, somebody else who acknowledges that you exist. I think the case is that you’re outside yourself — a diary, a hobby. You don’t feel as diminished as you otherwise might."

Still, the most consistent explanation of amateur enthusiasm for any of his various activities is the old bolt-from-the-blue theory. Mel Stover says he was bitten by the light bulb in public hall, an ex- tension of his power and intricacy of mathematics and he has never found any reason to shake his faith in its being the only explanation. "I was twiddling the radio dial one idle after- noon when he was 12, happened on an Italian opera and instinctively recog- nized the music’s enduring spell. Maybe Joe Showler’s experience can speak best for other amateurs in sunniness. He has been selling people on the odds in races and casino. I go into the mathematics of the stuff. That is the old-fashioned way of gambling or the gambling but the mathematics."

Another category of amateur, the actuary, is the cold cow of the field, cowed con- trolled by the dozens of nonprofessional folk-dance groups that have sprung up across the country in the 1970s. I have heard Kohler, a group of traditional folk dancing, start folk dancing once a week as a tension reliever," says Ann McKee, a Toronto advertising executive. "It’s been going for four nights a week. Is the appeal purely physical? McKee says no. "The interesting thing is this — we learn we were performed for centuries by people in European villages, and passing on this dance. Our group by people who are more skilled than the traditional folk song is passed, keeps the ancient culture alive."

Another group of amateurs, those who are in universities and YMCA, are in the old Holmes films and have guest speakers from the Baker Street Irregular- izers. They are in their twenties and thirties, and they are the members on their objects in passion in London, single-minded splendor — the purists. In a sense, it’s the last group, those people who have been born and raised to be amateur elite. They sit in solidly going over heavy volumes of hieroglyph- ics, the narrowest readers of A.D. and the Venerable Bede. If you’re not skilled enough to travel to Bulgaria and to Mexico where they displayed their knowledge, you’re a invitee. Our group, the Sherlockian, all across the country," says Ann McKee, "are of all ages and almost all born in Canada. The Sherlockians are people who are determined to be the focus of amateur way for so many parts of ethnic culture. For them, it is work and devotion. To me, it’s the most involving."

Other amateurs, much less physical, gather in groups to illuminate their chosen passion. There are amateur magicians, an enthusiastic group that has gathered several hundred magic maga- zines from 25 countries in 20 languages, including one from China, and over 100 books including one from 1791. As an active and group member, and as a member of an organization and often performs his own bag of tricks. And as a purist, he engenders a sense of belonging and finds a way to master the facts and nuances of magic’s history over the ages.

"Collecting is weird," Joe Showler says, "but I’m telling you, it gets a grip on a person, and it’s fantastically enjoyable. You’ll find people who’ve enthralled by old jazz records and films of old jazz musicians. Stored in the same 1928 style, under the same general protection, protected by a humidifier. Showler has his 50 hours of jazz, movies, photos, and more than 78 r.p.m. re- cords, and several hundred long- playing albums. He spends a lot of his income and energy on this. He has a passion for all over the world for precious items, and he’s especially single-minded about old jazz music for about a particular favorite, the late and magnificent trombonist, Jack Teagarden."

"A couple of years ago," he recalls, "I took my wife on a trip and we visited Teagarden’s sister in Los Angeles, his brother in Las Vegas, and his first wife in San Antonio. It cost a lot of money, but it was the trip of a lifetime. We got close to that man. It made me feel I’ve almost got everything there is to know about the man."

Rodney Helt, the historian of magic, knows what the answer is. In a sense, it’s the example. Helt’s own activities qualify him in all categories of activity. He’s been an active member of the society, since 1959, and he’s gone to hundreds including one from 1791. As an active and group member, and as a member of an organization and often performs his own bag of tricks. And as a purist, he engenders a sense of belonging and finds a way to master the facts and nuances of magic’s history over the ages.

For years, everybody recorded that he was born in Wisconsin. "You know, I don’t know what he said," he pointedly pointed out their mistake. They wrote back saying that all the other authorities said Wisconsin and that therefore I must be wrong. Finally, (though, I convinced them. They changed their minds."

"A story that has been around the next printing of the Britannica and they sent me a letter of apology. As a result, several other professional- sons were, in effect, defying their hats to the amateur. Louis XIV would have been pleased.

"In Mrs. Majesty’s Service."

18 19

The Review, Number 2, 1977
Three wisdom teeth had just been extracted and Catherine Thompson was still struggling with the aftereffects of the anesthetic, trying to cope with that hopeless, wipy sensation, wondering vaguely if the painful work was all over. Not one of life’s golden moments.

And yet, lying back in the dentist’s office in downtown Toronto, she found that she was actually wishing that it would go on a little longer. For what she really wanted was rest. After all, this was her first chance in more than three months to have a little time to herself, away from all those goings-on of an organization called Canada World Youth.

It’s a couple of days after the operation, and Thompson, 24, is sitting in a room in a small hotel in Toronto, talking about Canada World Youth and a lot of other things, including her wisdom teeth. Thompson is a Canadian group leader, a sort of international camp counselor (on a salary of $450 per month). The hotel is headquarters at the moment for one small section of this year’s crop of young people who are taking part in CWY.

When you first look at Canada World Youth, it sounds like some piece of wishful thinking that should have been chased away when somebody stepped forward and said, “Good idea, but where will the money come from?” Or it should have wound up in a monumental snarl of international red tape. But, incredibly, Canada World Youth is making it. In fact, it’s doing fairly well...
Through Canada World Youth, young Canadians meet Third World peers

It's still struggling, but now with five years under its belt it looks as though it may be one of the most important international organizations to come along since the Red Cross.

Basically it's an international exchange of young people, aged 17 to 20, half of them Canadian, half from Third World countries, a total of 700 each year. The program takes eight months: the Canadians spend four months in Canada and four months in one of a dozen other countries, taking part in Colombia, Guatemala, El Salvador, Haiti, Senegal, Gambia, Tunisia, Ivory Coast, Malaysia, the Philippines, Sri Lanka, and Indonesia. The young people from the other countries spend four months in Canada, then return to their own countries for the final four months and the Canadians go with them. They spend their time, both in Canada and abroad, involved in a series of projects, to do with almost anything. Digging a ditch or putting up a fence in Malaysia. Working in a day-care centre or helping to teach in a junior high school in Antigonish, N.S.

There are mixes of Canadians and people from the exchange countries spread right across Canada.

The Toronto hotel on this winter day near the end of 1976 happens to be occupied by a group of Canadians and Indonesians. They're just winding up the Canadian half of the program and getting ready to head for Indonesia. Things began in September with the Canadians billeted in homes in Carso, N.S., getting acquainted and doing their best to pick up a few tidbits of the language of their visitors, gems such as "How are you?" and "I am fine" and "I'm tired and I want to wash." Not Benlitz but maybe enough to break the ice. The Canadians met the Indonesians in October at a provincial camp in Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley. The Indonesians arrived one afternoon, hot and tired from their bus ride from the airport in Halifax and already a little wiser in western ways, having had their luggage mislaid in Madrid. Anyway there was a lot of excitement at the camp, with people exclaiming, "I am fine and I want to wash." Then there was a big dinner and the whole thing was underway. They spent a few days getting to know one another, then they headed off for their projects, which put them in the worktimes for several weeks -- fruit processing, teaching, and working in a library -- then sent them to Toronto and their hotel.

Normally they're billeted in homes, but this time the arrangements were a bit different, so here they were enjoying the unexpected comforts of hotel life and using the kitchenettes.

Catherine Thompson takes a moment to talk about Jacques Hébert, the man who got Canada World Youth off the ground. "He's a man who possesses a highly unusual combination of soothing idealism and enthusiasm, plus the energy and organizational talent to back up his enthusiasm."

"Hébert is known in French Canada as a writer and publisher and, sometimes, as a close friend of Pierre Trudeau. In English Canada, he's less known, though his name does stick in some minds. An actor? A minister of the Quebec government? Actually, he's probably best known as the author of a book about the Wilbert Coffin affair. In 1956, Coffin was executed for the murder of three American hunters in Quebec, but there was a good deal of argument over whether he was guilty. Hébert was a vigorous defender of Coffin's innocence and he wrote, 'J'accuse les Assassins de Coffin,' a powerful book that became a best-seller across Canada. Hébert was charged with contempt of court and was defended successfully by lawyer Pierre Trudeau. Later Hébert went to China with Trudeau and, with him, wrote a book about their travels. "Hébert is 53 years old, one of eight children of a Montreal doctor, and has been involved for years in an assault of crusades against injustice. He served as editor and executive of a couple of publications, the magazine, Cité Libre, and the weekly newspaper, Vrai, and as a publisher helped push along Quebec's quiet revolution with such books as Les Insolences du Frère Jérôme. He was a founding member and is a past president of the Canadian Civil Liberties Association.

But what makes Jacques Hébert so interesting here is not some long list of credits, but the fact that he has had this great idea a few years ago. When it came to him, he worked it over in his mind, in and through and around, and then he went out and he really hustled. He got a group of educators together and discussed the plan with them, and they all worked on it. Then Hébert got a grant from the Secretary of State and CWY was in business.

Hébert seems fueled by concern, worries about injustice, including a giant piece of worry that western countries have too much -- much too much -- of almost everything. He figures that we're not likely to rush forward and give it up. For starters, we simply aren't aware of the needs of people in other countries. What we have to do is go and have a look -- send our young people to have a look.

"There's not too much hope for the adults," he said in his office at the Montreal headquarters of Canada World Youth. "But if we can get enough young Canadians together, a real cross-section, with young people from those countries, and they can learn to understand each other and love each other ..."

Yes, but 700 people each year? It seems such a drop in the bucket. "It's not just the 700 people who get involved," says Hébert, full of enthusiasm. "There are the people all around them, where each group is working on a project. There are the people they're billeted with." Canada World Youth pays a small fee to have its people billeted in homes and there's a specific reason for this: it wants them spread out with average people; what it does not want is to have them staying exclusively in upper-middle-class homes. CWY also makes sure that the young people come from a broad variety of backgrounds. The proportion of people from New Brunswick, for instance, has to reflect the percentage of New Brunswickers in Canada's population. The proportion of French has to work the same way. And the program must be half-male, half-female. And, most importantly, there has to be a fair proportion of kids from low-income families; it's no rich kids' adventure.

Many Canadian participants hear about CWY from friends. Others learn of it through literature displayed on university notice boards, at Manpower centres, or wherever it may strike a note of interest. Applicants fill in questionnaires and send them along to CWY (The General Secretariat, Canada World Youth, Côté du Havre, Montreal, Quebec H3C 3R4). Then there's a preliminary weeding out from the several thousand who apply. The remaining applicants, usually a thousand or so, are interviewed in cities across Canada by selection committees and they get tests and intensive..."
interviews. The Canadians are asked to pick the countries they'd like to go to and Hebert says the system seems to produce a pretty even distribution.

Hebert is talking about CWY from the corner of a chocolate-brown sofa in his office. The office itself is in a building that used to be Labyrinth, the National Film Board's ambitious exhibition at Expo 86, it's on the Cité du Havre, in the city's harbor area in the St. Lawrence River. Hebert says he's tired and he looks it. It's Saturday, but he has come into the office right off a plane from Ottawa where he has been meeting with government people and promoting an NFB film about Canadian World Youth, along with his new book about it, The World is Round. The book has been translated into English and it's a sort of letter-diary-travel book.

"We know very well," he writes, "that the world's resources are finite, while the population of the globe continues to grow at a terrifying rate. The only solution is to raise the level of life of those who don't have enough while reducing the level of those who have too much. We'll have to get there sooner or later, and let's hope that we won't be too late!"

Hebert himself seems to care little for material things. He was making $55,000 a year as a publisher. Now he makes $30,000 as head of CWY. He lives in a bungalow in the Montreal suburb of Beloeil, with five children and furniture that allows it. He bought a new television not long ago — another black and white.

You get an idea of his resourcefulness and determination — his zig — from the way he picked off the Labyrinth building for Canada World Youth. CWY was in temporary quarters and, every morning on his way into Montreal and every night on the way home, Hebert went over Jacques Cartier Bridge and from it he could see the cluster of former Expo '86 buildings just sitting there. Why not move into one? Hebert was off to see Mayor Jean Drapeau. This two of them looked at the map of the site and Drapeau said, "Yes, it's not this one, because it's being kept for the USSR. And that one's far from some other country." Then Drapeau exclaimed, "Ah! How about the Labyrinth building?" Hebert agreed. But it belonged to the federal government. Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation was looking after it.

So naturally Hebert was off to Ottawa to talk to CMHC. And CMHC asked for a rent of $1 annually. Canada World Youth had a home, or at least the making of one. Part of the roof had caved in and some of the pipes had burst and the walls were crumbling and the carpets were rotting. Fixing it would take months and months. But Hebert and his CWY had to be out of their temporary space in only six weeks. In the end, they made it.

CWY hopes to get some money from business and from private contributions, but last year $3 million, the bulk of its budget, came from the Canadian International Development Fund, with another $700,000 contributed by the exchange countries. (Pierre Dionne, CWY's executive director, is quick to point out that, what you consider the financial circumstances of the countries, $750,000 is really a much more impressive contribution than the figure would lead you to believe.)

"This is not a program run by Canada itself," says Hebert. "We are responsible on both sides — Canada and Indonesia, for example — for picking the projects. These projects, he adds, are generally in areas most in need of development — building a stretch of road to a village, but not working on a highway near a city. ‘It’s not an aid program,’ he says. ‘It’s two groups of young people having the same dynamism and no great competence in building highways or airports or whatever."

Hebert sees the idea growing and spreading. He calls it "the school of tomorrow." Canada has no compulsory military service, he points out, so why shouldn’t it take the money not spent on military training and send it into a plan that would let every Canadian between 17 and 20 take part in Canada World Youth? And why couldn’t their service count for academic credits? With anybody else, you’d have to say it all sounds like much too big a bite. With Hebert, you tend to say, "Why not?" If you have any doubts about the worth of the program, talk with some of the young Canadians who’ve taken part in past CWY projects. I decided to get in touch with some of them and the first three I reached all said they hope to get involved, full-time, in helping Third World countries.

Frances Cartwright is 20 years old, and back home in Courtenay, B.C., she can never forget clearing brush from a graveyard outside Tunisia in North Africa. Or planting eucalyptus trees along a stream. Or learning to speak Arabic in the shops. She was there last year, now she’s looking at Crossroads International, a program that will take her back to a Third World country. Kevin Edgecombe, 23, of Parrsboro, N.S., went to Africa too to the Republic of Cameroon. That was in CWY’s first year, 1972-73. He was shocked to find that there were actually people there who were starving. He’s now working on his MA in sociology at Dalhousie University in Halifax and hopes to work for the federal government in its foreign-aid programs. Michelle Belanger-Kelly went to Malaysia during CWY’s first year. She’s now 23, married and living in Edmonton, and has got a social-services diploma and is studying nursing. She’d like to go back to Malaysia with her husband.

Any doubt you might have hanging around the people involved in the programs and watch a little culture shock. Watch the Indians, for example, from Lobbies on Calgary on a cold day in December, huddling in the park’s CWY has given them. Sure the park is cold, they say, but it would be great to be in Indonesia right now. See the Canadians watching with apprehension as the Indonesians parade tonight’s dinner, with all those spices. (The culinary surprises strike both ways, of course. The Canadians will tell you, sounding a little incredulous, that the Indonesians can’t stand cheese, and the Chinese volunteer with pride, that he tried spaghetti and it made him sick as a dog.)

The big thing is that they’re getting along so well. They’re speaking each other’s language and the Canadians themselves are understanding each other’s — French and English.

When they get to Indonesia, Catherine LeBlanc says, the Canadians will be split into three groups; they’ll go to three separate provinces on three different islands. A long way from one another, but at least they now know the Indonesians they’ll be with; at least they’ve taken the sharp edges off their shyness and straightened out most of the personality differences.

"We had a couple of girls in this group," Thompson explains, "who just couldn’t get along at the beginning. They seemed to be so far apart." I mumbled something about this being sort of interesting and I asked: "You mean a Canadian girl and an Indonesian girl just had so many cultural differences that they had trouble hitting it off?"

"No," Thompson replied, "they were two Canadian girls. The trouble was over cultural differences, but one is from rural Alberta and the other is from urban Ontario."

Really? It stops you cold. Here is this great, impressive program aimed at international understanding and what it’s doing is giving us a little shot of how to understand ourselves. But if young people in Canada run into misunderstandings because of cultural gapes, think of the chances of misunderstandings between western countries and developing nations! It doesn’t take some sociologist’s thesis, footnoted to death, to tell you that it really and truly is time to let the young people of the world find out about one another — and find out for themselves!"
Tomorrow's energy?

IT ALL TAKES TIME

The promise is there.
But from promise to production is a long, long time

by Patricia Clarke/illustrations by Julius Ciss

In 1961, a young man, armed with a fresh new degree in geology, got his first permanent job. He was sent out with a crew of Imperial Oil geologists to study the lay of the land in the Mackenzie Delta area, seeking clues to the oil and gas that might lie buried there.

He explored for five summers, sometimes living on a barge on the river and making side trips by helicopter. His was not the first survey crew in that frontier area; Imperial geologists had already spent a winter exploring it by dog sled in 1947. Nor was it the last, for the search is still going on today.

Drilling teams that came after confirmed the presence of gas in 1965 and oil in 1970. Natural gas was first found in commercial quantities in 1971. Commercial quantities of oil may yet be found in the Beaufort area, though they’re not likely to get to market before the 1990s. A decade or more to bring fuel to your car or furnace may seem like a long time. But such long times are unavoidable in the energy business.

The energy industry is working now to develop new, renewable sources of power from the sun or the wind, which may lessen our dependence upon gas and oil early in the next century. Nuclear stations, which will meet less than eight percent of Canada’s energy needs by 1985, take about 10 years from decision to production. Thus far, 67 years of intermittent research on how to get the oil out of Alberta’s oil sands have not produced massive quantities. During the 10 years since Great Canadian Oil Sands started up in 1967, it has produced about 130 million barrels of oil — enough to supply Canadian demand for a little more than two-and-a-half months.

The problem is not a shortage of energy; Canada has large potential resources in conventional oil and gas, heavy oils, coal, hydro, and uranium. The problem is turning this potential resource into actual energy reserves, and it has two main parts. They are the economics of development and the long time it takes to develop potential resources — to find them, install transportation systems, build production plants, and develop new technologies. Nor is the problem confined to the fuel supplying most of our energy — oil. “All energy supply systems now face long lead times, anywhere from eight to 12 years,” Dr. A.J. Mooradian of Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. told the Canadian Nuclear Association last summer.
All that is means is that until well after 1985 we’ll need to import more and more oil for fuel to heat our homes, power our industry, and transport our goods, with all that implies about uncertainty of both supply and price. And every delay today on new power projects or in working out equitable terms for their development means an equal delay in developing economic new sources of energy.

If that’s the case, why didn’t we start new energy developments years ago? The answer, and I would add just that. It put almost $1 billion in through for a new deposit of oil and gas between 1965 and 1975 alone. That money was spent in the Arctic and offshore, and still the world doesn’t include investments in the Athabasca oil sands. But the cheapest, easiest sources have already been developed. Those that are left are on land and the cost of the world prices has increased, the changes they’ll be economic to develop.

Tomorrow’s energy will come from a variety of sources, all of them at high costs and long lead times attached. We still have “significant hydro resources,” according to Marshall Crowe, chairman of the National Energy Board, “but they’re far from demand centres and will be expensive to develop.” The Canadian Nuclear Association estimates it will take at least 25 years to implement a supply of uranium for nuclear generators. And before long for nuclear plants run about 10 years. The cost is less in capital and skill — to build and operate a nuclear reactor. But the nuclear company’s expected share of the country’s energy needs will be very great. Potential western coal reserves are large, however, it takes almost a decade to get a coal mine into production. Potentially, Alberta’s oil sands are among the greatest energy sources in the world, and present plants can only scratch the surface — literally. But even if negotiations were to start this year with governments, a plant to get oil from the deeply buried sands would not be in operation until 1987, according to Oil Carter, manager of Inverness’s department of new energy resources. Seismic data indicates geological structures under the Arctic sea that are large enough to hold major petroleum reserves. Whether they can be developed is another matter — or any reserves at all, for that matter — will have to wait until machines and methods have been developed for drilling into them.

Renewable sources of energy, the sun, the tides, the earth’s own heat — are promising. But to turn the promise into production, the promise is that a plant could be up and running by 1980.

The Beaver Mackenzie, a high-volume dredge that pumps sand from the bottom of Lake Superior in 1982, is another example of a plant that could be up and running by 1980. The paddlewheel ship is 500 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 50 feet high. The ship is 500 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 50 feet high.

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It is now almost five years since Dr. John R. Evans, a tall and trim physician with a distinguished academic history, became president of the country's largest university, the University of Toronto. He came at a time of great difficulty for U of T, as for most universities, with student unrest, faculty anxiety, and financial uncertainty. Indeed, during those years, the post of president at a major university was seen to be so stressful that only the strongest could survive. The University of Toronto was especially demanding with its 46,000 students and 5,000 faculty. On that day in 1972 when John Evans was installed as president, a student pushed his way to the microphone, demanding that Evans declare his position on student rights and day-care.

Despite the many pressures, Evans has done much more than survive; he has succeeded to a degree many felt impossible, given the mood of the time when he arrived. He has done so, at least partly, because of his consider- able gifts of intellect, leadership, and diplomacy, which have drawn high public praise from both students and faculty. Yet, for all of this, not a great deal is known about Evans' views on the university in general, its style and shape in the future of Canada.

So I phoned his office one day and asked for an interview in which I could ask some questions about higher education. Evans consented and on a clear, cold morning near the turn of the year, just as the University of Toronto was entering its 150th year, I met him in his office in Simcoe Hall on the campus. It is an unpretentious office, as is the man who occupies it, who came to greet me in his shirtsleeves and sat for an hour talking of the ways in which the nation's universities might better serve students and the country in the future.

He spoke first about two national objectives that he feels the universities might keep in view during the years ahead: the bilingual and bicultural ambitions of the country and the nation's need for more regional under-standing. If students were more mobile, he suggested, able to take their studies in parts of Canada outside their home regions, both of these goals might be fulfilled, or at least brought closer. And he sees this as a way in which the universities can meet the pressures of a growing student population in the future without the onerous expense of building new universities or expanding present ones.

"One of the really critical problems that will face higher education in Canada," he said, "has to do with the birthrate over the next few decades, particularly the pattern of that birth-rate. Evans went on to explain that, in general, the age group from which most university students are drawn — the 18-24 year olds — will continue to be large and expanding. Current figures indicate that it will increase each year until 1982. "Then it takes a noticeable decline," he said, "dropping off well below the current level to about 1990. Then it starts to pick up toward the year 2000 and, depending on the accuracy of projections, the numbers in the 18-24 year-old group will continue to increase."

At a glance this may appear ominous, because larger numbers hint at larger universities and larger costs, all at a time of deepening public concern over economic crisis. Evans is more aware of this; that's why he pointed out that there may be a way of accommodating the growth without draining the public purse to build and expand universities. "If you study the birthrates I've mentioned," he pointed out, "you'll find that, while they are true for Canada as a whole, there are striking differences among you and the provinces and the nation."

At present, about 80 percent of Canadian university students are fulltime, mostly in their youth, and preparing for careers. But there is a growing number of others who, according to Evans, will have a deep influence on the style of university education over the next decade. "First," he explained, "there is the person who goes to university at the usual age, roughly from 18 to 24, but who studies only part-time while maintaining a job. Out of necessity, these people must go to universities where the job opportunities exist." (The University of Toronto, for example, gives classes three times weekly at the General Motors plant in Oshawa, Ont., for interested employees.)

To serve this group, the universities of the future will hold more and more of their classes in cafeterias, warehouses, and recreation halls, wherever a large group of employee-students may be gathered. But beyond these people, there is another large group of students who may be even more important in altering the shape of the university during the next few decades. "I mean," said Evans, "those people engaged in what is being called 'continuing education' or 'returning education,' the opportunity more and more people take to develop new skills for the personal satisfaction it brings. This is a very broad area, but I cannot help feeling that with increasing mobility and leisure, it will become an important part of university life. I suspect that, if the universities have a tremendous enrollment growth to deal with in full-time studies, other institutions might pick up more of this type of education. But if there is a periodic drop in the demand for full-time studies, then this area may become a major objective within the universities themselves."

There is one other factor Evans mentioned as having a permanent effect upon universities — particularly the University of Toronto. He refers to immigration and the changes in which it has made U of T a more diverse community, richer in its life and more rewarding for those who study and live within it. "Mainly," he is referring, "he said, "to the four large groups moving through the school system of Toronto now and whose mother tongue is not English — Italians, Portuguese, Greeks, and Chinese. In the next few years, these people will be coming in larger numbers to the university. They are already enriching it; but as their numbers increase that enrichment will be felt not just in extra-curricular activity, but in the research and scholarly life of the university. I think we'll begin to borrow to an increasing degree upon their heritage." And that, along with an ambition to serve the bicultural and regional character of Canada, he says, will assure the university of a relevant place in the uncertain future.