Winter’s lost wonder by Claude-Lyse Gagnon
One joyous winter

A great, happy Russian comes to Quebec at Christmas

by Claude-Lyse Gagnon; Illustrations by Robert Daigneault

What comes to mind as I conjure up the winters of my childhood is the silence, a silence that was almost complete, except for the sound of the church bells, the tinkling bells of the elegant sleighs, called carioles, and the shouts of children playing in the school yard. And I remember how dazzlingly white everything was, 40 years ago.

I was born in Oka, a little village beside Lac des Deux Montagnes, about 50 km west of Montreal. With the arrival of the first snowstorms at the end of November or the beginning of December, the roads and highways were closed. You could only get around on foot or by sleigh. Cars stayed tucked away in their garages. To travel any distance you had to take the train. But there wasn’t a station at Oka. The train only stopped at Como, on the other side of the lake. When the lake was frozen, the mail and any visitors to our town were transported over the ice.

I think about those times occasionally. But the winter that comes to mind the most often is the winter of 1939, when I was eight years old.

"Come on," you’ll perhaps be tempted to say. "What can you recall of that time?"

Ah, but when you’re eight years old, important events and people do make a deep impression. They stay in the back of your mind for the rest of your life. Then, too, there are smells, pictures, and songs that never cease to follow you.

That Christmas my father was expecting the visit of an important Russian agronomist. During the past 10 years — because of climatic conditions of the two countries are similar — they had been corresponding with each other, discussing their research and various methods of cultivation. For, you see, my father taught at the local agricultural college, five kilometres from Oka.

Everything had been prepared at our house to welcome the man from the foreign-snows. In the small wine cellar, carefully put down, were the bottles of Saumur, father’s favorite Anjou 1938, Bordeaux, Burgundies, and La Vente Cloche, the chaser potent enough to bring tears to the eyes of a seasoned sailor. In the freezer were perch and lake pike, phoence, ducks, a fine plump turkey ready for stuffing, and roasted tied up with white string. As for desserts, there were plenty of them, including doughnuts, meringues, date squares, cream whipped smoother than fine silk, and almond ronds.

In the living room stood the Christmas tree, a sparkling, sweet-smelling one that stretched as high as the ceiling. Comes from our spruce trees, wreathed with red ribbons, hung above the mirrors. In truth, as far as I was concerned winter began at the Christmas holidays. Before that was merely the end of an old, depressing season.

On December 24, 1939, at 5 p.m., father hired a neighbor’s horses to go and meet the important Russian at the train. The horses were two fine, black-coated animals, brisky on an outward run and wiry-legged creatures on their way back to the stables. They were harnessed to a black carriole where we kept warm under bedrolls, fur.

From the platform of the little station, I spotted the locomotive and its plume of white smoke approaching in the distance, and the first passenger to alight was the fair-haired Russian who bewitched me instantly. He was tall and powerfully built, wearing an extraordinary saddle coat, of a kind that I had never seen, and a hat of the same
fur, after the Cossack style. With a smile stretching from ear to ear, he opened his arms to my father, told him he had come from Moscow with only vodka to inspire him, whirled me up off the ground, gave a smart tap to the neck of the right-hand horse, climbed into the shig, and away we went at a gallop. How comfortable! I was, struggled between the two men in their wildcat and sable coats.

How I loved that winter: Father Christmas, the holidays, the visit, the snow. I would sometimes hear grown-ups complain that winter never ended and was so terribly harsh. For me, it was a source of wonderment.

Our house, in the heart of the village, was all lit up when we arrived from the station. When the Russian saw my mother smiling, beautiful, dressed in a very soft blue, I could sense he would have been happy to take her in his arms, in the way he had approached father. But he bowed to her in a perfectly formal way and, with deep, rumbling A sounds and heavily trilled Rs, he recited in French what were apparently some very well-turned compliments.

That night, as we leisurely ate the appetizer evening meal, we explained to the tall foreigner that on Christmas Eve we had a special tradition; midnight Mass, which in reality consisted of three Masses: the first, solemn and rather long, was sung in Latin, and was celebrated by three priests wearing chasubles of gold cloth; the second was shorter, with a choir thrown into the Mass of the carols that were thoroughly familiar to everyone in the church; the last was dispatched at a quick, lively pace. Jesus having now been born and everybody being in a hurry to get back home. Then the presents were placed at the foot of the tree. And finally, came the midnight feast, which could and did last until dawn.

Although he was Russian Orthodox, our visitor was anxious to accompany us to the Catholic church where Denis Harbour, who had the finest voice in the village and was going to become an opera singer, opened the service with the famous Minuit, Chrétiens. His sister, Mariange, was at the organ. The choir was made up of local people, and some of them had very good voices. The Gustave-Adhémar duo, for example, who we had nicknamed the rasp and the rattle ever since, capturing the attention of a large part of the congregation and turning many hands. Influen signifying the choice of women, as he had taught us called Black Eyes.

On the morning of New Year’s Day, when the curate took all the church tones, I saw taking to fly off. However, when it was the turn of the organist, the lovely Merle, carrying a gold handbag (long hair and soft blue eyes) to raise her heavenly voice in Silent Night, a beautiful waltz, people were just sitting, in short, it was one of the finest midnight Masses ever. We still talk about it.

The next day, the New Year was a great success. The bapé salmon, the black duck from the Lac des Deux Montagnes, the Lac St. Pierre meat pie, and the famous Oka cheese claimed their moment, but something before being forgotten in favor of the apple tarts and the homemade sugar pies. All this was washed down with white and red wine to such good effect that with the cognac I sang the songs of the vast steppe of Russia. It lasted for hours. And, of course, there were presents. In his suitcases, in addition to vodka, Black Venice caviar, an icon for mother, a balalaika for father, a lacquered jewel case for me, and some painted eggs, the big Russian had also brought a number of books by Gogol, Tolstoi, and Chekhov.

There was no afternoon in the year when the streets were quieter than on Christmas Eve. Everyone was already exempted from the small children who were sent off to play in the snowbanks. I suggested that our guests should come and see the nearby lake where we skated — a favorite winter pastime. I explained how much the good weather was bringing out the red wooden sleigh that my father had built so that he could take us along, he said, enjoying himself, when he went on his long Sunday treks. The big Russian understood right away when he saw the old man pulling the sleigh at the door. With a laugh he harnessed himself to it, and we headed for the lake. He bought me some fish in the village store, and we went through the forest on the ice, walked a long distance over the ice, then made a wide detour and returned to the village over the frozen stream. He told me that he had a little girl like me, a dog like mine, and a little heavy horse. In his country, he said, beside a river called Oka, just like here. I was very proud. We were good friends, I told myself.

This stranger from such a faraway land made a great hit with my friends. And what a funny coat he had, they said. When he went out for a stroll, he was never alone; women and little imps would go skipping along behind him. When he left we kept the choice of the chador and boots, he had taught us called Black Eyes.

Still black eyes, the children, the playground, and the snow were a source of great fun. On the morning of New Year’s Day, when the curate took all the church tones, I saw him taking to fly off. However, when it was the turn of the organist, the lovely Merle, carrying a gold handbag (long hair and soft blue eyes) to raise her heavenly voice in Silent Night, a beautiful waltz, people were just sitting, in short, it was one of the finest midnight Masses ever. We still talk about it.

The next day, the New Year was a great success. The bapé salmon, the black duck from the Lac des Deux Montagnes, the Lac St. Pierre meat pie, and the famous Oka cheese claimed their moment, but something before being forgotten in favor of the apple tarts and the homemade sugar pies. All this was washed down with white and red wine to such good effect that with the cognac I sang the songs of the vast steppe of Russia. It lasted for hours. And, of course, there were presents. In his suitcases, in addition to vodka, Black Venice caviar, an icon for mother, a balalaika for father, a lacquered jewel case for me, and some painted eggs, the big Russian had also brought a number of books by Gogol, Tolstoi, and Chekhov.

There was no afternoon in the year when the streets were quieter than on Christmas Eve. Everyone was already exempted from the small children who were sent off to play in the snowbanks. I suggested that our guests should come and see the nearby lake where we skated — a favorite winter pastime. I explained how much the good weather was bringing out the red wooden sleigh that my father had built so that he could take us along, he said, enjoying himself, when he went on his long Sunday treks. The big Russian understood right away when he saw the old man pulling the sleigh at the door. With a laugh he harnessed himself to it, and we headed for the lake. He bought me some fish in the village store, and we went through the forest on the ice, walked a long distance over the ice, then made a wide detour and returned to the village over the frozen stream. He told me that he had a little girl like me, a dog like mine, and a little heavy horse. In his country, he said, beside a river called Oka, just like here. I was very proud. We were good friends, I told myself.

This stranger from such a faraway

examinations. I don’t quite know why, but that year a lot of attention was given to the history of Canada. It was concerned with nothing but wars between the Innuqus and the French, the French and the English, the French and the Algonquins. Influenced by these doughty deeds, we resolved that on a particular Saturday we too would take up arms. Two forts would be built in the snow, and then the battle would commence. The girls on one side, the boys on the other. The choice of weapons was difficult. It was decided to use slingshots, which was probably starting early on the appointed Saturday, we spent the morning building our forts at the edge of the woods. The battle was to begin at 1 p.m. Pebbles being hard to find, we settled for marbles. The excitement mounted. At one o’clock… war! We started to fire. Five minutes later it was all over. Our parents were there. “Little idios, you could have blinded each other with your marbles,” they said. “You could have hurt yourselves badly. Off home with you!” Crestfallen, we retreated.

Ah, those joyous Saturdays and Sundays when we went skating, tobogganning down the slopes, or skiing across the fields. About 10 years earlier, a small group of sportsmen had begun to ski at Oka, and the first lessons passed in the open air. But today it was the snow. It was a winter for me when care was unknown and an age when one passed most quickly. Most of the time was spent outside, playing. Before twilight I would come home frozen, covered with snow, and exhausted. I would go and cuddle up on my father’s lap to listen to stories and more stories, or on my mother’s for one song, and then another and another. And when, as it happened, a tall Russian wearing a sable coat made his appearance on the scene, it is possible to conceive of a more glorious winner!

Translated by John S. Wood
Cooperation goes to college

by David Parry

A student on an Arctic island stumbles upon a 2,500-year-old tannery and helps plug a hole in Canadian history. An associate professor from St. John's, Nfld., sets off an explosion in a rock quarry that could lead to lessen the hazards of Atlantic Ocean icebergs. A pensioner in London, Ont., fills in a lengthy questionnaire and contributes to society's understanding of the aged. These activities and others are part of the largely unknown story behind Imperial Oil's university research grants. The company has long been a supporter of campus research. But its contributions have burgeoned from $25,000 a year in the fifties to more than $1 million during the last three years. In 1978 alone, 25 Canadian universities shared a total of $800,000 to support 70 projects. Each grant is for a maximum of $6,000 a year and is given as many as three times for the same project.

At Telford of Imperial's production research division in Calgary helps evaluate proposals that relate to energy production. A few years ago he met Brian Stimpson, a newly appointed associate professor at the University of Alberta. He had been involved previously in the designing of mines and was looking for a grant to study the reasons why coal tends to cave in when it's being dug. "He told me other sources had turned him down because he hadn't acquired an academic reputation," Telford recalls. "That almost drove me up the wall. Here was someone who had been out in the field gaining practical experience, and he couldn't get a grant."

Telford urged Stimpson to apply to Imperial for a university research grant. He got one and, working with scale models of mines and using a computer to help evaluate his findings, he developed a scientific procedure for determining how the face of a mine would collapse when coal is removed. It's believed to be the first work of its kind in Canada.

An Imperial grant, says Telford, often enables a university to get started in a specific field of study. "An expertise is developed. Later on, that expertise may be widely applied and even used by Imperial, although the company waives all rights to patents," he adds. University specialists who have participated in the grants program are sometimes retained on a contract basis as consultants for Imperial, working on projects that range from the study of pemlacrotic to the development of new ways of cleaning up oil spills.

Donald Mackay, a professor of chemical engineering at the University of Toronto, drew upon an Imperial grant to gain additional support. The Environmental Protection Agency in Athens, Ga., asked him to come and talk about the work he was doing on an Imperial-sponsored study to determine for the first time the evaporation rate of hydrocarbons from large bodies of water.

"Their response," Mackay says, "was quite startling. They said: 'This work is important, and we'll give you $60,000 a year for three years to continue it.'" But rather than lump the original grant into the U.S. funds, Mackay suggested (and Imperial agreed) that its money go into a separate study to investigate the feasibility of burning the oil from spills in the North. Although they're rare, says Mackay, Arctic spills are harder to clean up because of the difficulties of working in a harsh climate where there's a scarcity of trained labor. Mackay believes that from his work he now knows more about the way in which oil evaporates. In the Arctic, he says, the volatile components of oil dissipate more slowly than they do in temperate climates. This could permit an oil slick to be burned away by dropping fire bombs on it.

Mackay says the relationship that he's built with Imperial is a valuable one, in that he's now able to find out about the latest developments within the petroleum industry in Canada and can use the company's concern to learn what's happening in industry-related research in the United States and Europe.

During 1978, more than half of the grants awarded to French-language universities in Quebec dealt with environmental problems and ways to solve them. For example, the University of Quebec received a third grant to study the removal of water-soluble components of refinery effluents by using an innovative biological method. Also at the University of Quebec, biologist André Chodorowski, along with one of his graduate students, is being helped by a third grant from Imperial to study the impact of hydrocarbons on plant and animal life in the St. Lawrence River around Montreal.

Much of the university work that Imperial supports is carried out by students. This gives the company a chance to assess potential future employees and vice versa. Dick LeSueur, who manages Imperial's contributions division, says that in nearly every department at Imperial there's someone who once worked on a university grants project.

Peter Benedict, an associate professor at Memorial University in St. John's, likes the way the program exposes his students to a business environment. "Imperial's approach is different," says Benedict, explaining that other funding agencies aren't.
always as thorough in keeping track of the performance of those who receive grants, he's now on his second year on an Imperial-sponsored project, and he involves his students as much as possible. We've read a few reports that detail each year's progress.

Benedict and his team are exploring the possibility of using explosives to break up icebergs that could endanger offshore oil activity in eastern Canada. Although bulk ice isn't as hard as solid rock, it can be just as difficult to blast apart because of its capacity to absorb shock. So Benedict has done some of his explosive testing on rock and ice.

Whether Benedict's experiments will result in a practical solution to the iceberg problem remains to be seen. Other efforts with explosives date back to the 1960s; some have used bombs and torpedoes. While the results have been far from conclusive, current investigations illustrate the spirit behind the university grants. "We may not think the chances of breaking down an iceberg at reasonable cost are very high," says Imperial's Al Telford, "but we're willing to put out a little money to see what can be done."

Imperial's support was enough to give Benedict's work credibility in its initial early stages. That in turn led to other financial help, including a paid sabatical from Memorial University and a 60 percent discount from a company that makes explosives.

Not all research projects begin with practical aspirations. Douglas Smylie, director of the earth and environmental science program at York University in Toronto, is experimenting with a gravimeter, a potentially valuable device that springs out of his work in pure science.

Smylie is studying the origin and maintenance of the earth's main magnetic field, which he says has probably been the greatest mystery in geophysics since its famous use as the compass. He explains that the current theory of the origin of the magnetic field is based on the idea that the earth's liquid core produce a kind of natural dynamo. But it's not known just what kind of forces are involved. One theory is that the liquid sloshes back and forth. "You can show mathematically that these fluctuations should exist," says Smylie, "but no one has yet observed them."

A few years ago, Smylie bought a gravimeter from a California supplier for use in his experiments. It's a sensitive instrument that measures variations in the earth's magnetic field. However, he found the instru-

mation had been rushed into production too soon. "We had to spend almost two years curing the design faults," Smylie says.

While necessity is often the mother of invention, what followed for Smylie was an unplanned birth. While mod-
ing the faulty gravimeter, Smylie (with graduate student John Longton) found that the instrument's reading, which had been provided by using electronic amplification and software, was not as reliable as expected.

They tested it on signals picked up from an Indonesian earthquake and found a remarkable improvement in the signal-to-noise ratio. (That's the ratio of the incoming signal to the extraneous noise produced by the instrument itself.) The modified gravimeter was a thousand times quieter than other models and, therefore, more accurate.

There were additional blessings. Gravimeters are useful in energy exploration and, since Smylie's new electronics lend themselves to minia-
turization, the unit could be adapted for lowering down a small bore hole. Smylie estimates the cost might be as low as one-fiftieth of the $500,000 charged for other bore-hole gravimetry units. He applied for and received an Imperial Oil research grant to produce a prototype.

Dr. David Harpp of McGill University in Montreal has used three successive Imperial grants to pioneer impor-
tant advances in sulphur chemistry. Through his laboratory work he has synthesized new sulphur-containing molecules that could play a key role in inhibiting oxidation, corrosion, and loss of color in a variety of petroleum products. Dr. Harpp also has provided Imperial's chemists in Sarnia with theories for molecular arrangements that could be used as the building blocks for new products. "He has made a significant contribution to our understanding of sulphur chemistry," says Warren Pattendon, Imperial's manager of products research.

Michael Trotsky, who heads Concordia University's civil engineering department in Montreal, is more interested in applied than pure science, and he welcomes an ongoing link with industry. "We are training young people not to be too abstract, not to live in ivory towers. It's useful to have practical problems to work on."

Troitsky has tackled his share of them. Before he began teaching, he designed the spectacular highway bridge that spans the Columbia River at Revelstoke, B.C. Now into his third year of Imperial-funded research, he's using mathematical models to investi-
gate the tendency of pipelines to buckle. He says there's a good deal of general information on the subject, but nothing as specific as the guidelines he's producing. He believes they'll be helpful in the building of future pipelines, above ground, below ground, and under water. This winter, Troitsky will introduce a new course at Concordia: Analysis and Design of Tubular Steel Structures. Much of the material he'll be teaching will be drawn from the work that he did for Imperial.

It won't be the first time that Imperial has contributed to a new college course. Peter Schledermann of the University of Calgary got a grant to conduct the first archaeological ex-
plorations in the Cumberland Sound area of Baffin Island. Later the company gave a scientific team of six $100,000 to help Schledermann set up a course in Arctic archaeology at the university.

In 1976 Chuck Arnold of Schledermann's graduate students, was on another Imperial-funded ex-
pedition to Baffin Island, to the remote north-east edge of the Arctic Archipelago. His group was walking near the shore when it came upon a few once-buried chips of stone, bone, and antler that had been pushed to the surface by frost. Arnold's party had wandered a long way from camp and didn't have time then to thoroughly explore the area. But when they returned to the site a few days later and began excavating, they found the remains of a Dorset Eskimo camp that dated back to about 500 B.C. Arnold says the discovery "fills a big gap in our archaeological knowledge of the area." Some of the artifacts, specifically the large knife blades, the groundwhet and the ground bone tools, are more typical of the Alaskan Eskimo than the Dorset. This mate-
rial, he says, provides some physical evidence that the two groups contacted each other.

A more contemporary form of social contact is being examined in an Imperial-sponsored program at York University's department of adminis-
tive studies. Professor Ron Burke used a grant to explore how husbands and wives can help each other to relieve stress. (In his research he found that women tend to be more helpful to their spouses than men.) Now he's working on a program to evaluate career stress and personal failure. It's a study of people who do well in business, yet fail in their personal lives. "People should care that their employees are happy off the job as well as on," Burke says. "If people are dying in other areas of their life, it's bound to rub off in some way that affects their work."

At the University of Western Ontario, Imperial money is at work helping to determine what happens to a person when he retires. Psychologist Morris Schmone, with student help, has completed a study of 576 workers and retirees. The findings are helping to tear down some widespread misconceptions about the aged.

"There are about 20 myths to contend with in this field," says Schmone, "things that may have been true at the turn of the century, but not today." One strong belief is that retirement hastens death. "But that doesn't take into account the number of people who retire because they're in poor health," Schmone says. "In our study, 36 percent of the men and 21 percent of the women reported that their health had improved after they retired."

"Another myth," says Jan Schellman, one of the graduate stu-
dents who worked on the study, "is that there's not a problem with women. That, she feels, is a carry-
over from the days when fewer women worked outside the home. But now a job means as much to a woman as it does to a man. Retirement can be even more of a problem to women, because they tend to live longer and have less money."

It may be one reason the study showed that 82 percent of the men but only 55 percent of the women favored retirement before age 65.

Contributions manager Dick LeSheur stresses that Imperial lays too much emphasis on what may result from the projects it finances. But the wealth of new information and ideas generated, the good will and the ongoing human contacts created by the university grants program all yield a positive reaction to the company's investment. "We recogni-
se that they comprise an unparalleled resource to a company whose future is likely to be linked to resources of many different kinds."

Michael Trotsky: designing bridges to testing pipelines

Donald Mackay: tackling the problem of potential oil spills in the Arctic

Brian Simpson: using computers to help prevent mining disasters
All aboard! Here comes our heritage

by Mark Nichols/photos by Richard Pierre

For most people the word "museum" has a slightly musty quality about it, one that brings to mind images of dark corridors and echoing galleries, in which works of man and nature are imprisoned silently behind glass. Consider then a completely new kind of museum that is, quite literally, on the move across the land these days. On the small side, it has a total exhibit area of only 650 m². Yet it employs hundreds of historical objects, along with a dazzling array of audio-visual equipment and electronic wizardry, to bring alive more than 16,000 years of history. The museum in question is Ottawa's $7.5 million Discovery Train, a traveling tribute to the nation in which visitors, who already number in the hundreds of thousands, experience a half-hour immersion in Canada's natural, economic, and political history. Sliding on a moving sidewalk visitors are taken back in time through pre-history, past tableaux of Indian life, past moving and speaking figures of the Fathers of Confederation, past scenes from World War II, and into the present.

This year the Discovery Train began a five-year journey through Canada with the purpose, says Brian Segal, senior policy advisor to the National Museums of Canada, of helping to "generate a sense of excitement about our history and to improve our sense of mutual understanding. In a country so geographically and culturally diverse, the train says that with all this diversity we can still have a strong national character."

By November the Discovery Train — La Découverte as the fully-bilingual mobile museum is called in French — completed the first stage of its far-ranging journey, carrying its lively message from Kingston, Ont., to Montreal, through the Maritimes, then westward to Quebec City and Toronto, and across the West from Winnipeg to Vancouver. After that, the train was...
bedded down in Ottawa for refurbish-
ing and repairs in preparation for next
summer's travels. The conclusion of
the train's first season added up to a
considerable success story, the culmi-
nation of 11 months of hectic planning,
design, and fabrication by thousands of
Canadians who worked to put a physi-
cal embodiment of the national dream
smoothly on the rails.

The result of that prodigious effort
comes in the form of 14 railway cars
that invite visitors to join in an un-
shamed celebration of all things
Canadian. On its external surfaces, the
orange, white, and silver train is
emblazoned with portraits of general-
ized historical figures — among them a
soldier from the War of 1812, a habitant
and, of course, a Mountie — and
"windows" devoted to notable
Canadian inventors (R.A. Fessenden
for wireless voice transmission, Tommy
Ryan for five-pin bowling). Stepping
aboard, the visitor walks through a
three-car "Discover Canada" exhibit
that takes him from a sandy cove
somewhere in the Atlantic provinces,
into an Arctic blizzard, across the
Rockies and through a darkened time
tunnel in the form of a giant Douglas
Fir, in which tree rings tick off events
running backwards into Canada's past
— the world wars, the voyage of
Jacques Cartier, all the way back to
the year 1000 B.C.

The pace quickens. Entering Car No.
4, the viewer steps for the first time
onto a moving sidewalk that whisk
him through the next 10 cars at a rate
of 48 m per minute. From now on, the
sensory bombardment of sights and
sounds is intense, the displays fading
rapidly in and out of darkness as
history rolls forward. Here are the
struggles of prehistoric man, the lives
of the Indians and Inuit before the
coming of the white man, the eras of
New France (1534-1869) and British
North America (1869-1885), with a
Confederation scene built around life-
sized figures of John A. Macdonald and
Georges-Étienne Cartier, so fully ani-
mated (by a process called

Animatronics) that their lips move
when they speak.

Next, the vicissitudes of a Ukrainian
family represent the life of turn-of-the-
century immigrants to Canada. Then
comes the pre-war industrial boom,
followed by the Great War of 1914-18,
post-war expansion and the dismal
plunge into the Depression years and
the upheaval of World War II (images
of Hitler, Churchill, William Lyon
Mackenzie King, the Normandy land-
ings, and a military graveyard in France
flash by). In Car No. 12 the tempo is
again stepped up, taking the viewer
from 1945 into the present via filmclips
of the forties, with 18 television mon-
tors reflecting the events of the sixties,
and then on into the seventies.

By and large, the trip so far has been
an educational one. Now, with the end
in view, the fun begins. It is all there in
Car No. 13, a masterpiece of slightly
mad humor entitled "Folk Tuba Time
March," which is the creation of Ottawa
artist Alex Wyse. Running the length
of the car is a kind of bloated, elongated
tuba that serves as the foundation for
an assortment of animated jokes,
hijinks, and mayhem. At one end the
figure of a rather skeptical beaver learns
to listen as the tuba begins to play,
which is powered by the extrana-
tions of a windy circle of Ottawa
mandarins. Along the tuba's length, a
toy train goes into motion, animated
mannequins perform on bagpipes
and guitars, the hands of countless clocks
spin, and dozens of Canadian flags
wave. The set is also adorned with
signs that proclaim, among other
things, that "the prime minister lives in
public housing" and that "freight rates
are the rain." Folk Tuba Time provides a trium-
phant tailpiece to a venture that is a
considerable triumph in itself —
nothing less, according to its proud
creators, than the world's largest mo-
bile museum. The germ of the idea
goes back to 1967, and the success of
the modest, six-car Centennial Train
that toured the country under federal
government auspices, displaying his-

A tableau of the conflict between Canada's founding people provides a three-dimensional history lesson

A Confederation scene built around talking models of John A. Macdonald and Georges-Étienne Cartier

The Review, Number 6, 1978
(extreme top left) A Ukrainian family on the way to a new home in the West
(top left) Ukrainian immigrants disembark in Montreal
(bottom) A masterpiece of slightly mad humor, created by Ottawa artist Alex Wyse
(top right) A poster honoring R.A. Fessenden, who invented wireless voice transmission
(extreme top right) Each geographical region of the country is exhibited on the $7.5 million Discovery Train

Tectical exhibits linked largely to Confederation. With that in mind, and
the success of its own Museumbodies (truck-born exhibits that visit re-
move parts of the country), the National Museums of Canada (NMC) began
thinking about a full-scale museum train. It was decided, however, that the
cost would be prohibitive. Then a
bargain-basement opportunity ap-
peared south of the border. The U.S.
Freedom Train, a multi-million dollar
centerpiece of the 1976 American
Bicentennial, was for sale. Since the
nonprofit foundation that ran the U.S.
train was interested only in liquidating
its physical assets, Ottawa could have
about $6 million worth of rolling stock,
complete with moving walkways,
audio-visual, fire extinguishing and
other equipment, for only $636,000.
Bernard Ostry, then the NMC’s
secretary-general, flew into action. He
approached Premier William Davis of
Ontario to see if he could persuade the
provinces to raise the money. Davis
could and the provinces did (only
Quebec opted out). To pay for refitting
the train, four Canadian foundations
and four corporations (the Royal Bank,
Labatt Breweries, Great-West Life
Assurance, and General Motors of
Canada) came up with a total of
$2,387,000. Canadian National
Railways and CP Rail agreed to operate
the train for nothing, and Ottawa
undertook to pay for staffing and
running it. With that, the Discovery
Train was born.

In August, 1977, a locomotive haul-
ing the former Freedom Train cars
(originally New York Central baggage
cars of late 1940s vintage) pulled out of
a railway station near Washington,
D.C., and chugged north to Fort Erie,
N.Y., where CN hooked its own loco-
motive to the train and continued on to
Ottawa. There, with less than a year to
go before the official opening of the
Canadian train, controlled pandemoni-
um reigned. Nachum Glouberman, a
Montreal consultant called in to tackle
the design phase, found a vacuum. “We
had the train,” he says, “but no con-
cept.” Glouberman set up a project
organization, set priorities, and
generally mediated in the debate about
whether the train should simply deal in
history or—as it does—be a
showcase for much more. Among the
other arrivals on the scene were Petr
Spurney, former chairman and chief
executive officer of the U.S. Freedom
Train Foundation, whose job, he ex-
and his team borrowed Indian artifacts from the Royal Ontario Museum, an authentic gold-brick mold from the British Columbia Mining Museum and, after hunting high and low, a real nickelodeon. Coming down to the wire in July, the project team put the still-unfinished train back together on an Ottawa siding and feverishly went to work on the finishing touches — "flying," as Glouberman put it, "by the seat of our pants."

In the end, the train ran on time. On the morning of Saturday, July 22, the Discovery Train, with a venerable steam locomotive from Ottawa’s Museum of Science and Technology at its head, stood in all its splendor on a stretch of track in Kingston, Ont. Governor-General Jules Léger was on hand to snip the official opening ribbon, watched by about 500 specially-invited VIP guests. Perhaps more telling were the crowds of curious Kingstonians who flocked to the train the day before, demanding to be allowed aboard. When the train finally was opened to the public, 36 734 went through it in less than four days. Afterwards, in an appreciative letter to the train’s organizers, Paul Brown of Smiths Falls, Ont., thanked all concerned for allowing him to see "a part of my heritage in such a way that I would never have been allowed," but for the train.

Perhaps it is inevitable that any national project of the Discovery Train’s magnitude must stir up a measure of criticism. Some provinces and cultural groups were annoyed that they were not better represented in the train, and even a hard-working young Discovery Train staffer complained that the train isn’t "as good as it should be, because they’ve compromised between it being a museum and a ‘happening,’ “ If so, the compromise is a vibrant and largely successful one — so successful, in fact, that an argument about just whose idea it all was had started as the train began its travels. An Ottawa-based group called the National Discovery Foundation claimed that the train’s name was its property and suggested that it should have a share in the $4 million that Ottawa hopes to earn during the years by selling Discovery Train souvenirs. The dispute tended to cloud the public image of the train, since the Discovery Foundation earlier on had promoted its project as a "Unity Train" — a title that suggested it was to be a propaganda weapon aimed at separatist sentiments in Quebec. That is not the train’s purpose, insists NMO policy adviser Brian Segal. The train, he says, "is not an up-front unity effort. But our hope would be that if we present history as it happened, in an exciting and imaginative way, we will demonstrate what Canada can accomplish when people put aside their differences together in a cooperative way.”

Alex Wyse, the English-born artist who designed the fabulous Folk Tuba Time March car, summed it up another way in describing his own shady creation: “Here is this great, heaving brute in the form of a tube — rather like the problems we have in Canada, but all worthwhile in the end. Our problems are the sort of thing a lot of other countries would like to have.”
Ron Macdonald sat in his bright, airy office just off the first-floor lobby of the Weldon Building, home of the law faculty at Dalhousie University in Halifax, and contemplated the reasons why, six years earlier, he'd left his prestigious job as dean of the University of Toronto's law school to take the same post at Dalhousie.

"I appreciate the romantic notions down here," he said, speaking in his quicksilver manner, all smiles and easy grace. "They have such wonderful aspirations. You know, it's said of the Latin Americans that they may not be democrats, but by God they want to be. Well, Dalhousie may not be Harvard, but by God, it wants to be. There's a driving ambition here to be first class."

The ambition, as it happens, has illuminated Dalhousie's law faculty since the ceremonies that opened it on a drizzly night in October, 1983, as the first university in the British Empire to educate students in common law. What Dalhousie lacked, at least until the 1960s, was the hard cash to keep it in sufficient classrooms, books, and teachers. But the reach for excellence sustained the school even when money failed. In earlier years some deans had to skim by on just three or four full-time professors, but the school never faltered in turning out graduates of remarkable accomplishment.

Through its grads, says Professor John Willis who has taught at four Canadian law schools, among them Dalhousie, the school has had "a signal impact on national life." Just consider, by way of illustrating Willis's point, the list of Dalhousie's old boys and girls. It takes in one prime minister, B.B. Bennett, and one mighty tycoon, Sir James Dunn, five members of Mackenzie King's wartime cabinet, and an extraordinary number of provincial premiers, beginning with the Honorable J.P.D. Tilley, class of '95 and later premier of New Brunswick, and ranging down to the present scion of three premiers: Saskatchewan's Allan Blakeney (class of '47), Nova Scotia's John Buchanan (58), and New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield (56). Then there are those numerous grads who have succeeded to the bench on every significant court in the land, not the least of whom is Madam Justice Bertha Wilson (57) of the Ontario Court of Appeal, the first and only woman to be appointed to an appeal court in Canada.

Madam Justice Wilson is unique: but she is also altogether typical in the feeling that Dalhousie graduates radiate for the old school, an emotion compounded of affection, respect, and the tiniest grain of loving exasperation. "My four years in Halifax," she says, "were among the most enjoyable and rewarding in my life so far. It wasn't just the mud and bolts of law that I learned. It was the new dimension on life that was opened up for me at the school."

Madam Justice Wilson, in common with other grads of her own and earlier generations, is no doubt pleasantly surprised when she contemplates the school of today with its immense physical proliferation. For more than three-quarters of a century, the law faculty made do with a series of hole-in-the-wall quarters ("such intimate facilities," one long-time professor says, "that we had no choice but to grow close to our students"), but now it occupies quarters that are, by contrast, downright palatial. In 1986, with funds negotiated from the Nova Scotian and Canadian governments, Dalhousie put up the Weldon Building, named after the law school's first dean, Richard Chapman Weldon of Norton, N.B. He was a tireless proselytizer for liberal legal education who carried the school on his own formidable shoulders for 31 years. The building stands five stories high and is entirely given over to the study of law. Its library occupies the top two floors, an impressive expanse that boasts a staff of 25, an annual budget of $300,000, and a bold portrait of the man whose money helped buy many of its books and amenities, Sir James Dunn. The rest of the building is taken up with lecture halls and offices, enough to accommodate a faculty of 41 and a bustling student body of 470.

But to put the law faculty's contemporary prosperity in proper perspective, it's essential to note that the entire university has entered into a period of creative expansion in the last decade. With its 7,500 students and its recent
A for sex, in a sharp departure from past years, there was a sharp decrease of women in the 1775 class. This is the first time that the number of women in the class was significantly lower than the number of men. The drop in the number of women is likely due to the growing number of women entering the field of law, as well as the changing attitudes towards women in society.

The students who are entering the law school this year are a diverse group, with a wide range of backgrounds and experiences. The majority of the students are from Quebec, but there are also a significant number of students from other parts of Canada and even from other countries. This diversity adds to the richness of the legal education offered at Dalhousie, as it exposes students to different perspectives and ways of thinking.

The curriculum offered at Dalhousie is rigorous and demanding, but it also provides students with a strong foundation in the law. The school offers a variety of courses, including specialized courses in areas such as constitutional law, environmental law, and international law. The school also requires students to complete a clinical component, which provides them with practical experience in the legal profession.

Overall, the students who are entering the law school this year are well-prepared for the challenges that lie ahead. They are excited to begin their legal education and are eager to make a difference in the world of law. As they embark on this new journey, they can be confident that Dalhousie will provide them with the tools they need to succeed.
OF ICE AND OIL

Putting the harsh challenge on film

What is probably the most famous short film in the history of Canadian moviemaking was begun in 1946 when F.R. Crawley, known to the industry as Budge Crawley, got together with executives at Imperial Oil. Crawley was 37, but had already spent almost two decades behind the camera. He came to Imperial with a film called The Loon's Necklace, which used carved masks to retell a West-Coast Indian legend. Although the commercial possibilities of such a film seemed to be nil, the company, in a decision more important than anyone could foresee at the time, agreed to purchase the Canadian rights. In the end the 10-minute film won 15 national and international awards. It's still distributed as part of Imperial's motion-picture program, which has come to include not only assistance to Canadian filmmakers but production of its own films.

Indeed, Imperial's support of motion pictures during the years has played no small part in helping to establish some of the country's most successful producers and directors. The company was among the first to initiate a sponsorship program for film on an ongoing basis, which was instrumental in laying important groundwork for the creation of a viable motion-picture industry in Canada. Until the early 1960s, Canadian-made feature movies virtually didn't exist. Most films being produced were either supported by industry or shot under the aegis of the National Film Board or the CBC. For instance, The Seasons, a 16-minute short directed by Chris Chapman and purchased by Imperial Oil, won the Canadian Film Awards' "Film of the Year" in 1964 — the award for motion pictures in this country. Today that award wouldn't be given for anything less than a feature-length movie.

However, the purpose of the company's program had a much wider focus than winning film competitions, although in the past 30 years, major national and international awards have been, to say the least, numerous. Rather the aim has been in the broadest sense of the word educational — the creation of films of permanent value. They are geared either to informing the community about the interests and activities of the petroleum industry or and is where Imperial's uniqueness comes in — regularly financing nonindustry films that are unlikely to be undertaken by any other group. Generally these are films that have little commercial potential, but do make a contribution to the social and cultural life of the country.

Thus Imperial has produced films like Underground East, which examines the building of an interprovincial pipeline, and financed movies like Edge of Evolution, which explores the complex development of various life forms. Nontheatrical distributors, who charge Imperial for their services, circulate the films to groups ranging from libraries and senior citizens' homes to primary and secondary schools. Institutions that prefer to do so can buy prints at cost. Distributors also make the films available to television stations, and information on how to acquire Imperial films is gained by writing for the company's motion-picture catalog.

Currently there are 25 films in the catalog, and many of them are recent productions. The newest is Objective: ENERGY, which explains how oil and gas are formed and how petroleum is processed. The film, which was shot mostly under the tough conditions of the North, also illustrates the high risks and long lead times involved in searching for hydrocarbons in frontier areas and shows how the problem of climate change is being overcome. Like The Loon's Necklace in its day, the film involved the talents of some of the leading young film-makers of Canada. The producers in this case are John Watson, 30, and Pen Denham, 30, partners in Insight Productions Inc. of Toronto, whose films have won numerous awards and a much coveted Oscar nomination.

The idea for Objective: ENERGY was form of a need to replace two of the company's good bread-and-butter movies on the exploration for and the production of oil, which were getting a bit dated.

"With this in mind," says Gordon Hinch, who heads Imperial's film program, "the public affairs, production, and exploration departments began to examine whether or not we could construct a movie that would combine these two films into a single feature without it being, as so many movies of this type are, just a collection of shots spliced together."

And Hinch, who came to the company in 1969 after a long and varied career at the CBC, was well-qualified to oversee the operation. His duties at the network were both creative and administrative; he's best known for a series of experimental television dramas, but at one point, for instance, he...
and of necessity a lot of the picture was shot as we went along.

The problems of filming in a harsh and capricious climate were numerous, but many of the difficulties were kind ordinarily faced by the crews who tend the drilling rigs and those involved in making seismic surveys beneath the ocean floor. In order to catch some of the drama, Watson and Denham wanted to get some footage of a seismic ship in a raging North-Atlantic storm.

One almost guaranteed violent storm during the late fall," says Watson, "so we sent one of our cameramen on a run from St. John's to Greenland, where he was to fly back by way of Europe. He was out 10 days, and there wasn't so much as a ripple.

Drilling for oil in the Arctic presents a special set of problems. Ice pressure can destroy any conventional rig at certain times of the year. So in order to be able to drill year-round, Imperial has constructed artificial islands in the Beaufort Sea, which required the building up of hundreds of thousands of cubic metres of soil and muck each.

It's one of the most ambitious man-made island projects anywhere and provides safe bases for operating. This time, the difficulties the film-makers faced involved the building of one of these islands, were not unexpected, but were serious all the same.

To begin with, film equipment simply isn't made to withstand temperatures as extreme as 40 degrees Celsius. Watson, Denham, and their crew (three cameramen, three soundmen, and a production manager) reported to such tricks as taping hand warmers — the kind hunters use — to the camera housings. A more expensive procedure was removing all the oil from the cameras and replacing it with glycol, which doesn't freeze. As an extra precaution they wrapped each camera in air-tight plastic before moving indoors so the condensation caused by sudden shifts in temperature would form on this shield, not in the mechanism.

All these preparations only added to the headaches of organization and transportation. And the extreme weather and distance not only made the shooting hazardous and expensive but taxed the crew's inventiveness. But then both the hazards and the puzzles were prevalent on land as well. One scene in Objective ENERGY, for example, has an actor playing an energy engineer on location, talking about what's involved in getting oil out of the ground and preparing it for the refinery. The scene is supposed to be a continuous sequence lasting a few minutes, in reality, it was filmed over a span of three days in May. On the third day, however, it snowed, creating a problem for the entire scene.

Another sequence in the film shows a meeting of company executives and geologists in a lively discussion of an exploration project. The problem was how to photograph a row ofensive faces at a conference table from a fresh point of view. The answer, it turned out, was to put a cameraman and his equipment in a wheelchair and roll it up and down the middle of the boardroom table.

"It was a new experience for us to work closely with a client," says John Watson. "We usually make a film that gambling that we'll still it as a television special. For us, this was creatively and logically challenging. That's why we got involved. The crucial element is enthusiasm. It's hard making a film if you're not turned on by the subject."

"In the same way," Hinch says, "enthusiasm explains why Imperial has maintained the film program for three decades. It's an enthusiasm for the quality of life in the community that goes beyond public relations. On the other hand, and here he pauses for a moment to consider ... "on the other hand, the film program could be considered part of paying our dues to the community. As a constituent, a corporation has to undertake things that benefit the community as a whole or it won't work. We see the films as part of our contribution, and we take a lot of pride in what we've accomplished."
Skating is forever
Everyone's warming up to Ice
by Dan Mothersill / Illustrations by Leoung O'Young

There's a fireside footnote to Canadian history that is sometimes told to children on frosty winter nights. It's about a French trapper, a fierce band of Iroquois, and a pair of skates. Apparently the trapper was waylaid one day by an Iroquois raiding party. On the brink of despair, he noticed that one of the Indians carried a pair of ice skates. The trapper beckoned to the chief and asked if he might be allowed to give a demonstration of how the "knives with wooden platforms" (as the Indians called them) were used. The chief granted his request. Once on the ice, the trapper performed a few practice circles and then, with a curious wave, dashed to the opposite shore and safety, his would-be captors in frantic, futile pursuit.

It was, perhaps, one of the last times that skates posed a mystery to Indians. For the Iroquois, imitating the French settlers, were soon strapping bones to their feet and gliding gracefully over the frozen lakes and rivers. Habitant traders skated their goods from one outpost to another and, with the coming of the English, red-coated soldiers vied with each other at inventing patterns to be skated.

In the 1880s Canadians even brought the ice indoors, building covered rinks—first in Quebec City, then in Montreal, and soon throughout most of the country. Clubs were organized, rules for skating were set out, and competitions became regular events. Then fancy-dress carnivals were established. The rinks were decorated with banners and flags, and stained-glass lanterns gleamed from the rafters. Arm-in-arm, skaters circled and swirled to waltzes and quadrilles played by bands in the galleries. As a reporter for the Montreal Gazette noted in his coverage of a masquerade ball on ice in 1862, "There is a skating mania from Gaspe to Sarnia, and I don't believe you could find four out of every 20 without one or more pairs of skates in the house."

In recent years skating has become more than a popular pastime. Today it is the fastest growing sport in the country, with about 100 organized clubs and dozens of new ones starting each year. More than 160,000 young people, ranging in ages from five to 25, are involved in continuous competitions, tests, training seminars, and private lessons.

Interest in the sport, however, is not confined solely to the participants. Most major competitions in the country are televised, and audiences are large. There's Stars on Ice, a glamorous skating show shown weekly over CTV, which hovers around the top of the ratings. There are carnivals, ice shows, and local championships, all attracting much attention. The Canadian Figure Skating Association (CFSIA), the ruling body for skating, has grown with the interest and now operates on an annual budget of more than $1 million and has a paid staff of 17. But that, says David Dore, the CFSIA's unpaid vice-president, is only the tip of an organizational iceberg. "We wouldn't have acquired the quality of amateur skating in this country if we weren't for an army of volunteers. About 99 percent of the people who help run skating clubs donate their time." When a competition is held, says Dore, who is a Toronto high-school teacher, 60 to 70 young people don't just put on skates and step onto the ice. "A great deal of preparation and back-up work are involved in scheduling lessons, dealing with rink managers, hiring professionals, serving on boards of directors, running bake sales to raise money, conducting tests, preparing for skating carnivals (every club still has one), and feeding the audiences. The jobs are almost as numerous as the skaters." In fact, Dore figures that for every competitive skater there are at least 10 volunteers, from computer specialists interested in efficient methods of registering marks to musicians composing scores for free-skating programs.

Dore puts in an average of 30 hours a week judging, scouting for world-class skaters, and finding funds for promising young athletes. Fund-raising, he maintains, is vital to the survival of figure skating, for the costs involved in renting ice and paying coaches can be prohibitively expensive. CFSIA officials estimate that a person headed for the Olympics could spend $20,000 in a quest for a gold medal. In the past, that price tag has shortened the amateur careers of some of the country's most promising skaters. Consider, for example, Don Jackson. It is March 18, 1962, in Fucik Hall in Prague, Czechoslovakia. The crowd is quiet. At centre ice stands a short, sinewy youth from Oshawa, Ont. The opening chords of Bizet's Carmen trumphant through the loudspeaker, and Don Jackson begins. With his opening glide he touches the toe of his left blade to the ice, balances for a split second, then leaps backward, his feet apart, his arms perpendicularly, his body a blur as he etches three perfect rotations in the air and lands flawlessly on the outside edge of his left skate. The crowd ignites in a deafening cheer as Jackson's name is pronounced and the news wire conveys the news that Jackson of Canada has accomplished the impossible in free-skating competition—a triple lutz. Without breaking stride he finishes his five-minute program, displaying a series of spirals and spins. It is an effortless performance. The judges award him seven perfect scores, a feat that has yet to be duplicated in any world competition. Jackson becomes the first Canadian to win the world skating championships. He is the best overall figure skater that Canada has produced; yet two years later, in the 1964 Olympics, Jackson is not with the Canadian team.
However, all the money in the world won't guarantee world champions; it is grit, not gold, that produces winners.

A hot sultry summer afternoon. Even the cicadas, their whistles sounding like high-tension wires, are complaining in the trees about the heat. Inside the Toronto arena it is equally unpleasant, but the discomfort is of a different kind. Cold and damp, it is a surrealistic world where a dozen or so young skaters, bundled against the chill, attempt to trace perfect figure 8s in the ice. Again and again they go over their figures in near-perfect silence. Among them are a very special pair of skaters, Joanne French, 19, and John Thomas, 17, who have spent about three-quarters of their lives learning how to lay down a perfect pattern. The effort, however, has paid off. This year they are Canada's junior dance champions and the future looks hopeful for this handsome pair.

French, however, is a bit worried. There has been some talk among CFSA officials recently about doing away with figures. They don't have the visual appeal of the free skating or dance events and don't draw the paying crowds to competitions. "This may well be true," she concludes, "but school figures [their technical name] are the building blocks for skating. Without them one wouldn't be able to develop the concentration and discipline needed to be a really good skater."

French and her partner will spend as many as five hours a day, six days a week, 11 months a year practising. She is also a second-year honors student in psychology at the University of Toronto. When she's not skating or studying, French is taking hera-hera lessons or lifting weights at a local gym. "The dance lessons help me with our on-ice routines," she says, "and the weights are for strength. If you don't have good muscle tone, you won't be an effective competitor." Indeed, in less than a decade the athletic demands of the sport have become so great that not only the most superlative conditioned athletes have enough stamina for competition.

"When I was skating," says 1964 world and Olympic medalist Debbi Wikes, "for a pair to do a few double jumps was considered pretty big stuff. Well, if pair skaters now don't perform double and triple throw jumps, they won't even make it to junior Canadians. That's just how advanced the technical requirements of the sport have become."

Fortunately Canada has produced a healthy number of super-skaters, most of them women. In fact, until recently, figure skating has been a female-dominated sport in this country. Ever since Barbara Ann Scott, the blond, blue-eyed belleurine of the ice, fought the chippy surface in the arena at St. Moritz to win the 1948 Olympic gold medal for freestyle skating, little girls have been lining up at skate shops across Canada, hoping to grow up one day to become big stars. And grow up they do. Skaters like Petra Burka of Toronto, the first woman to compete in a triple salchow in competition, and Karen Magnussen of Vancouver, who took three gold medals in the 1973 world championships, made sure that women kept an icy grip on skating. Yet even while women's supremacy of the sport seemed complete with Magnussen's victories, Canadian skating was entering a whole new era.

The reason for the new direction can be summed up in two words — Toller Cranston. For five years he completely dominated men's freestyle skating in Canada. In 1974 his name became part of figure-skating history when he captured the freestyle portion of the world championships in Munich. Cranston showed that he had acquired the Midas touch when he came home again with gold from the same competition the following year.

There were medals, yes, but they only partially explain why this shy Canadian became what many insist is the greatest free-form skater of the 20th century. He developed a new language for the sport, marrying artistic expression with athletic endeavor. As one critic said: "Cranston is more than a skater; he is a premier dancer."

"To watch him skate is to witness a man whose body has become a vehicle for something beyond his own personality. He almost ceases to be a skater but appears transformed into a fluid line, constantly in motion, responding in perfect timing with the music," "I can bring anything to the sport," he says, "and hope it wouldn't be just a certain move or a certain jump. For me, it would be better if I do can break down some of the boundaries in skating and extend the sport to new directions."

The trouble was that for years skating judges, who tend to be conservative, were reluctant to accept Cranston's style of self-expression. His coach and longtime friend, Ellen Burka, mother and trainer of Petra Burka, is convinced that Cranston's uniqueness cost him the 1980 Olympics.

"The judges just didn't like his way of moving," she says. "Toller skated a superb program. He had everything in it, but the officials weren't willing to accept it."

However, the audiences were, giving Cranston ovations wherever he skated. He also won the adulation of his peers. Suddenly a lot of young men were trading in their hockey sticks for figure skates, and boys' skating, to quote one CSFA official, "went berserk."

"Gradually people began to see that figure skating is more than just a matter of going over the ice, holding their arms sideways and making a few gestures as if they were directing traffic," says Burka, who in more than 20 years of coaching has molded some of the country's best. "Skating is just like dancing. There's little difference, except that a skater has the advantage of tremendous glide and freedom on the ice."

And Petra Burka, who was only far more an athletic than an interpretive skater, feels that perhaps the time has come in Canada for a kind of show that would mix various forms of classical entertainment with figure skating. "There is no reason why we couldn't have something like Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker performed on ice," she says.

New directions, new challenges and, for the next few years at least, a new set of problems. David Dore explains: "We've concentrated so hard on developing superstars that we didn't pay enough attention to those who were coming up behind them. Now we're a bit over it. But we've made changes. We've modified the test system to develop competitors earlier, and I hope by the 1980 Olympics we'll be in the top 10 in every field."

By 1984 we'll be on the podium.

Debbi Wikes experienced this thrill of standing on that podium in 1984. Since then she's become a skating coach and a consultant to one of the highest rated skating shows on the continent, and is considered one of the best television commentators on the sport. With all this, she says, the biggest joy from skating has been simply skating. "The thrill," she recalls, "is just being able to move in space and interpret your moods. I should imagine it is very much like a songwriter hearing a melody in his head and being able to pick out notes, one at a time. You orchestrate your body; you learn to speak a language through it."

Finally, after running through a long list of emotions that skaters feel when they compete — euphoria, nervousness, sometimes nausea — Wikes says, "Skating: It's a thing you do for love, not for medals."
in Closing

Raymond Moriyama is an architect who
has spoken of architecture, not as an
application of technique, but as an
expression of the spirit. "Those of us
who help to design the physical build-
ings of society," he has said more than
once, "have an opportunity to bring
meaning, purpose, value, dignity, even
joy to human life." Given this feeling —
that buildings influence our way of
thinking and living — Moriyama is led
to reflection on questions that can
best be described as spiritual: how
can a man live in relationship with
his world, his fellow creatures, and his
creator?

It was no great surprise, therefore,
a few years ago, when he told the people
who worked with him in his Toronto
office — a low building sheltered
among trees and vines in the centre of
the city — that he was going to leave
them for about a year with no stated
purpose in mind. "That part made it
a bit difficult," he told me recently during
a conversation we had in his office.

"Our society is so insistent on defini-
tion that people wanted to call it
something. Was it a sabbatical? Or a
leave of absence? Or was I ill or
involved in some big deal in the Middle
East? It was none of these really. I was
just 'going off' and my only objective
was to have no objective. But the
end, to help everybody become com-
fortable with the idea, I began calling it
a sabbatical."

During his time away from work,
Moriyama did a number of things, the
most striking of which was a trip to
Nepal, where he traveled — much of
the time on foot — in the steps of
Buddha, the Kshatriya prince who in
534 B.C. became convinced of the
transcience of all things and took a
pilgrimage of asceticism and inquiry to
find enlightenment. Moriyama took this
journey, during which he often slept in
the fields and sometimes — when the
cold was unbearable — knocked on the
doors of strangers for food and shelter.
But before he did any of this, he took
six months to do something that may
strike some people as routine and dull.
He stayed home with his wife and
children.

"It may not appear exciting," he told
me, "but I found it fascinating. I spent a
lot of time with my wife, just helping
her and talking with her. We have five
children, and I spent more time with
them, helping them with homework,
keeping our sanity. We had a good
relationship but I think it grew deeper and better. And I found out a good deal about myself, especially
about my relationship with my wife. I
found out — really found out — that I
could live with this woman for the rest
of my life. To some people that may
sound ridiculous. But to me it was a
great experience. And what is most
interesting in all of this is how it came
about. It came from the idea that is at
the heart of T.S. Eliot's line in Four
Quartets: "... the way forward is the
way back."

Moriyama's wife was aware that
though her husband was a Christian,
he held a passing interest in the
mysteries of Buddhism. Therefore, in
the fall of that year she suggested that
he go to Nepal, which is north of India,
and there take the journey to an area
that is so remote few westerners have
ever taken it, following in the footsteps
of Buddha. That September he flew to
India, then to Kathmandu, the fabled
city in Nepal; from there he went to
Lumbini, which, according to most
scholars, is the birthplace of the person
who later became the Buddha.

Then he began his pilgrimage. For all
of it he was alone and for much of it,
about 644 km, he was on foot, crossing
plains where roads had not been made
and passing through villages in which
westerners are still strangers. He went
to Bodhgaya in India and then to
Sarnath, where Buddha preached his
first sermon, and finally, in December,
to Kushinagar, where Buddha passed
away.

"I carried no food," he told me, "and
so, in Nepal, when it was cold and
when I was hungry I had to ask for food
and shelter. I was never turned away.
People would share their fire and their
food and they would let me sleep in a
loft over the animals, whose heat
warmed the air."

"I learned that it is possible for people
to communicate deeply with each other even when they do not
speak in a common language. The eyes
say much. And the hands. I think that
the people sensed that, like them, I was
a craftsman trying to craft something
— my life. So they helped me in ways
that went beyond my need for food and
shelter."

It may be that Moriyama's most
affecting experience came during the
time he spent in the Himalayas moun-
tains. There, he says, he came to a
profound sense of the smallness of
man when he is compared to the
grandeur of the universe. "The moun-
tains towered over me. And they were
growing every day. I thought of how
small man really is. I began to feel
that if the earth is the size of a
grain of sand then the universe is a
beach miles and miles in length. And
so what is man? Functionally, he does
not matter. If he disappeared the earth
might be better. But I came to feel that
if one can see this and realize it within
himself then he has the capacity to
relate to it and therefore man's inner
self is as wide as the universe. This
was, to me, a powerful and exciting
linkage between the physical and the
spiritual. I shall never forget the power
of its effect on me."

There are some who might wish to
give to this experience a name, a
definition, an explanation. I am grateful
that Moriyama steadfastly refuses to
attempt this. He believes that our
passion for definition can do harm — at
least in the area of the spiritual — in that
it tries to encircle what cannot be en-
circled. The experience he felt near
the mountains must be left to speak for
itself. "Everything was much clearer to
me then," he explained to me. "Once,
for example, when I was coming out of
the remote country and in real need of
a bath, I found a hotel and went in."

The Review, Number 6, 1978

Kalim Ford
went upstairs to my room. Later I came
down to the dining room. When I
entered the room, it seemed inverted so
that, in a sense, the interior of the
people became their exterior. I saw
with new sight. I knew everything that
was happening in the room. I was not
judging; I was totally self-possessed.
But for about three hours I just sat
there experiencing what was happen-
ing; it never repeated itself."

Just before Christmas he came
home. He has never claimed, he
reminds us, that he found enlighten-
ment, and he does not suggest that
others do as he has done. For him, he
says, the experience at home, as in the
land of Buddha, led not so much to
new beliefs as to the strengthening
of beliefs he already held. Many of us
who know him or have been affected by
his work will know what he means. For
we have always felt that his work has
been inspired by a spirit that rises above
the mundane, one whose essence, it
seems, is as strong as it is subtle.