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Heroes are forever

Great memories and getting better

BY JIM VIPOND

For over 30 years I've had one of the best seats in the house for watching sport in Canada — the sports room of The Globe and Mail, Canada's national newspaper, where I thoroughly enjoyed myself for so many years as sports editor.

I don't think there is a sport in Canada — and we listed 96 of them, from hockey to ringette — that I haven't dealt with, either in my own stories or in editing the copy of staff writers, correspondents, and wire services. I was privileged to work with some of this country's greatest columnists, from Jim Coleman and Scott Young to Diet, Beddoes and Allen Abel.

Now, looking back over the past 100 years of Canada's sports history, I think I may be permitted to be somewhat selective in choosing those sports and those moments that I think matter most to the history of sport in Canada.

Of course, there was the perennial excitement of covering the Stanley Cup, the Grey Cup, and the Canadian Open Golf Championship. There will always be the memories of interviews with hockey's Rocket Richard, football's Jackie Parker, horse racing's Sandy Hawley, soccer's Sir Stanley Matthews, or golf's Arnold Palmer.

But, interestingly enough, it was exciting moments from the world of amateur sport that sprang to mind first when I began this review of the past century of Canadian sport.

Three events in particular are still uppermost in my memory: two on the same salty afternoon, during the 1954 Commonwealth Games in Vancover's Empire Stadium, and the other high in the mountains above Innsbruck, at the Winter Olympics 10 years later.

The summer games of 1954 were particularly significant, in that they followed by a matter of weeks the supposedly impossible breakthrough of the four-minute mile by two unheralded athletes, on tracks separated by thousands of miles.

England's Roger Bannister, then studying medicine at Oxford, was the first to lower the barrier, running the mile in a historic 4:19.1 at the early evening of May 6. Forty-six days later, Australia's John Landy beat Bannister's time by 1.4 seconds in Turku, Finland. The supposedly impossible had been achieved twice within a brief period of time, thus setting the stage for a dramatic meeting of the two runners in the Commonwealth mile six weeks later.

I sat alone midway up the stands of Empire Stadium in Vancouver on what was to be an unforgettable day. I had arrived early to watch the start of the marathon, a grueling test of stamina under unsucessfully sticky climatic conditions that were to eliminate many of the finest athletes.

Then I waited with some 500 press people and 35,000 spectators for the Mile of the Millennium. We were not to be disappointed.

Landy took a quick lead in an effort to steal victory for reasons that did not surface until days later. At the last bend in the track he turned his head to the left to look for his opponent; Bannister shot by on his right to win by three paces. (The postscript was provided by Montreal's Andy O'Brien, the only press delegate to discover, the night before the race, that Landy needed four stitches to close a cut on the sole of his right foot after stepping barefoot on a photographer's flashbulb. Landy urged O'Brien not to write the story because he didn't want to detract from Bannister's performance if he lost. Later, in fairness to Landy, O'Brien rightly decided the story should be told. He wrote it. For months Landy denied it and refused even to recognize O'Brien at meets. Yet three years later Landy, on business in Montreal, telephoned O'Brien and invited him to dinner. Neither discussed the race, but they have been good friends ever since.)

Meanwhile, the marathoners were jogging through the swirling Vancouver streets. Suddenly all eyes turned to the stadium gateway, where a slight British runner was staggering as he trotted down the steep ramp to do his final lap. Little Jimmy Peters, exhausted beyond human endeavor, stumbled and climbed back on his feet a dozen times before he fell unconscious into the arms of his countrymen at what they thought was the finish line. In fact, it was the finish line for the sprinests, but it was the end of the race for Peters. Fearing for his life, doctors, including medical student Roger Bannister, rushed to his aid. Miraculously Peters recovered and is still alive in England, but he has never run since that day.

In a stunning double victory, Percy Williams won the 100 metres (indoors), then the 200 metres, at the 1928 Olympics.
The third memory flashes the mind forward a decade, to 1901, to a mountain chateau high above Innsbruck where bobsledders from Canada and England were engaging in a brisk snow fight to release the tension of training on the ever dangerous, icy, and steep runs. Few people in Canada, or any other country, gave our four-man bobsled team the remotest chance of winning a gold medal. But when they did, in hell-for-leather action, and there was no fluke in the remarkable performance of Victor Emery, John Emery, Douglas Anakin, and Peter Kirby. The sport had been dominated for years by Italians and Austrians, and the Canadian sledgers, fired by Emery, succeeded in making them and advising them there. (There was no place to train in Canada, so our sledgers had to go to the United States and Europe to master this dangerous sport.) But although Canadian success in bobsledding was new, the team was carrying on a national tradition of enthusiasm for the sport.

Sports historians generally agree that, apart from games played by native Indian tribes, particularly lacrosse, which Indians play and cherish to this day — organized recreational and professional sports programs had their origins in the province of Quebec. The late Henry Revesch, an outstanding historian of Canada’s sports historians, in his One Hundred — Not Out pointed out the competitive spirit of the 19th century skaters: “In tune with the times, early Canadian skaters were no mere recreation, but fun; they also wanted to race against the world’s best . . . .” That, in my opinion, has been the code of every Canadian athlete to this day.

The overwhelming majority of us, however, have long been a nation of spectators, with the National Hockey League the center of our passion, and interest from coast to coast. That interest was flamed by the pioneer radio voices of Mike Kelly and Harry Hewitt, with Imperial Oil, one of his first sponsors, helping to make him the best-known citizen of our country and a large part of the United States.

His Saturday night opening shout, “Hello Canada and hockey fans in the United States and Newfoundland,—became an important part of the language of English-speaking Canadians. “The biggest feature of the radio era,” Hewitt reminisced recently, “was the success of the barnstorming trips the Leafs made with the Detroit Red Wings in 1934 and Chicago Black Hawks in 1936. They played in all centers across Canada. The reaction was amazing. The 1934 trip in particular was most successful. We were greeted by hundreds of fans in every community. We arrived in Regina at six o’clock in the morning, and a crowd of more than 6,000 greeted us. It was like the troops coming home from war. It was the same when we traveled across Canada in 1952, when the television era was beginning and stations were being started. It was something that probably will never happen again.”

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Olympiad in Athens in 1906. Billy added his life’s savings to funds raised by his local club to pay his way to Athens and there he took a job as a radioer to keep himself from being fired off the radio during the game. He trained for the games.

More recently, Jacqueline Garreau drilled Canadian running fans by winning the women’s division of the 1990 Boston Marathon.

That victory was an example of a particularly happy development. Women have played an important role in Canadian sport for well over half a century, but unfortunately their achievements have not always been recognized. In recent years, however, a series of talented female athletes have captured the imagination of Canadians. Distance runner Cindy Nicholas impressed us with her courage, while Debbie Brill was an unusual American style to high jumping. One need only think of the achievements of syn-chronized swimmer Helen Vandenberg, trapshooter Susan Norris, and track-and-field star Diane Jons-Konikowski to realize how central women have become to Canadian accomplishment in international sports.

In the future we can expect even greater participation by Canadian women athletes — sometimes in events traditionally closed to women. Garreau comes to mind, again, as a good example: until 12 years ago, women could not officially enter the Boston Marathon, but now women will not often surpass men’s performances — as Marilyn Bell did in 1954, when she became the first person to swim across Lake Ontario. But the gap between men’s and women’s records will continue to narrow, and the participation rates of the two sexes will probably be similar.

Curling, like most Canadian sports, has its origin in Quebec, but western Canada soon became the major league of this Scottish sport. Scotland and Canada pioneered the world championship of curling about 20 years ago, but now many European nations, plus the United States, compete to be the best on ice. Our bowlers won a gold, two silver, and a bronze medal at the 1920 Olympics, but the best Canadian in the ring was Jensen from Toronto, Vancouver Irishman who twice held the world worldweight title. He retired in 1990, having earned half-a-million dollars. Tommy Burns, born near Hanover in England, was our only worldweight champion, five feet, seven inches tall and weighing less than 175 pounds. This country never had an amateur wrestler to compare with Winnipeg’s Jimmy Trifunov, who was a national champion 10 times. At 75 he is still actively engaged in sports manage-ment in Winnipeg at the executive level. Among the professional wrestlers, where entertainment is the key to success, none has been so popular for a longer time than my old next-door neighbor, Whipple Billy Watson.

Cycling conjures up the name of Torchy Peeler for those who remember the six-day races. The old redhead, his head cocked to one side, ruled the wooden saucers for many years. Today a host of young Canadians, including many whose parents emigrated from Europe after World War II, are making this country a cycling power with which to be reckoned at the world level.

Finally, a salute to a Canadian who has made horse racing a major sport in this country. Through his initiative and investment, Canadian-bred horses have won many major international stakes. J. P. Taylor built the giant Woodbine racetrack, and other courses and has bred many great horses, his best being possibly the best ever, Northern Dancer.

Athletes, owners, coaches, and fans — they’ve all made their contributions to Canadian sport. Sometimes, however, events beyond their control interfere. The bitter disappoint-ment of 1980 was Canada’s difficult decision to withdraw from the Olympic Games through the Canadian Olympic Committee agreed to sup-port the boycott, the Whitman of the members was obvious, and Canadians will have to forgo the specta-cle of some of the finest athletes in our history competing against the world’s best. But we have overcome disappointment before and will again.

There is more, much more, to be written about Canada’s athletes and Canada’s sports success. This is merely one man’s sampling, based on research and observation, of what this country has accomplished.

Following his retirement as sports editor of The Globe and Mail, Mr. Vipond became athletics commission-er for the province of Ontario.
A little summer music

BY GERALD LEVITCH

It was a terrible morning for a parade. The skies over Martin Heights, about 80 kilometres north of Montreal, looked ready to explode, and shortly after noon the rain started falling in waves. The children waiting at the start of the parade route were quickly soaked. They blinked mascara out of their eyes and saw the crepe-paper bunting on their bicycles turn into a soggy, pastel mush. You might think they'd give up, go home, and watch TV — but you'd be wrong.

The kids said they'd march in the rain, and they did. Down the main street doored of children paraded at a steady pace, following a police car, three horses, and an ancient Ford Meteor. The kids sang and waved at the people standing in doorways and under eaves. In their drenched costumes they rode by on the trucks. Then just as suddenly, the rain stopped, and the sun flickered into view. A closed on stilts shouted, "How about a big cheer for the sun?" And the kids, at least a half-dozen, cheered. And kept marching.

In its own funny way, the parade was the highpoint of the Children's Festival, which was itself a tiny triumph of plucky determination over communally-considerations. For the fifth year in a row, a strong-minded young woman named Penny Rose was promoting the idea that a summer festival is more than high-powered logistics and big money.

Penny's Guelph summer festival is just one of dozens of summer festivals across Canada. What she's done is almost single-handedly retake the history of most of Canada's major festivals, which may have grown the festival business, but which operate in much the same spirit.

Each successful summer festival starts with a reason — an event to celebrate or a brand of music to explore — which in turn creates an audience and a demand for more. It's quite a different creature from the one-shot rock festival, which is simply a large-scale concert put on outdoors by a commercial promoter. The true festival, the one that survives from year to year, takes its basic form from that of a single, or a group, or the interests of a single individual or an organization. The festival survives by becoming an event in its own right, an event that is more than just a collection of good music and good times. It becomes a community event in its own right.

It acquires a loyal following, with certain expectations. If it continues to satisfy those expectations, then it is judged a success. And since it probably benefits the community in other ways, such as attracting tourists and tourist dollars and conferring prestige, it becomes ever more inextricably linked with the community's sense of identity.

But the process is neither logical nor exploitative. The festival is a concrete demonstration that a mutually beneficial relationship can exist between the arts and the community. Hard-nosed businessmen who might ordinarily resist the overtures of isolated, hard-pressed dance troupe, become positively open-handed when it comes to such organizations.

The maker of that miracle is Nicholas Goldschmidt, a visionary who brought the Guelph Spring Festival and a festival in his own right.

And for all that, he is an intensely practical man who knows exactly what's going on. "We have created in Guelph a platform where artists who come here, audience who buy tickets, and media people who want to review it or talk about it will find something more stimulating than the run-of-the-mill concert, opera, or theatre season in a large city." He then points to his artists' lounge, which contains a room full of music.
Such scenery may be difficult for Winnipeg to match, but the festival, which originated in celebration of the city's centenary in 1974, has created a distinct identity by taking a sharply aggressive musical stand. As its founder, Mitch Podolak, says, "Most music that is created commercially for the marketplace does not in any way reflect the aspirations and needs of the people. The music that we try to present is about people's roots. When we look for a songwriter, we look for someone who is writing about the real world and the real problems of people."

Podolak feels that the festival has a reputation for presenting quality music and no longer needs to rely heavily on big-name performers as a drawing card. "Not that we don't have name acts, but they aren't the heart of the festival. We can afford to give exposure to new artists or find old ones who haven't been heard of in years and provide them with an audience," he explains.

Not only does Podolak give his performers a stage and an audience, he also offers workshops that give budding artists an opportunity to learn by playing with professionals. The workshop idea is common to many festivals. Last year, for example, Guelph presented a master class in voice with Maureen Forrester and a session on musical careers with Jon Vickers, as well as a workshop for the Guelph Youth Orchestra with Jean Cousineau, a conductor and music director of Les Petits Violons.

The workshops are a unique educational opportunity for students and young musicians. And because they are also open to the public, they serve both to instruct musically and to reveal a more personal side of the performers.

In Winnipeg the improvisations and the sheer fun of all that combine to make the work of both related and exciting events. Staged as mini-concerts, they attract many musicians who are not on the festival bill. Thus, the festival becomes an event for the performers as well. And meanwhile, the festival's audiences continue to grow annually, reaching some 30,000 over three days last year.

By comparison, the 200 to 300 visitors and locals who attend Penny Rose's tiny, homemade festival in Mariposa brighter might seem insignificant. She does it on a pittance and figures it all worthwhile if she doesn't lose more than $40 on a weekend. Operating out of a former coffeehouse called Rose's Cantina, the part-time Montreal legal secretary has been running this pocket festival out of her own pocket. (Last year she was helped out by money from a federal grant to the town.) This year, the town will be helping its own summer festival, to celebrate its 125th anniversary, but Rose hopes to stage an event on Labor weekend. "It would be geared more toward music and the adults, with events during the day for children."

Small as it is, Rose's festival shares some of the qualities of the most famous Canadian summer festivals. During nearly 20 years, Mariposa mellowed and aged and acquired a kind of calculated musical informality that made it as comfortable as a backyard barbecue. It made its point years ago, and time only improved its message: that it's perfectly possible to turn back the clock, for three days, to a simpler sort of peace, love, folk music, and crunchy granola and not feel silly about it. After two decades, the seriousness of Mariposa was reassuring.

Mariposa's programming policy always tended to emphasize traditionalism, with a decidedly educative purpose. This meshed ideally with the Toronto crowd's atmosphere and lazy summer weather, plus a faithful audience that was growing older and larger itself. Mariposa became a symbol of blissed-out domesticity, of Yorkville designer sandals, children feeling ducks against a backdrop of tuning guitars, Morris dancers, folk fiddlers, and blacksmiths.

Music was still the key to the festival, but there was no particular urgency about it. Severe and subtle stages encouraged a shifting audience that drifted amably from one attraction to the next. Well-known artists, such as John Hammond, Jr., and Tom Paxton, balanced such relatively unknown quantities as the Honolulu Heartbreakers.

But a list of the artists' names alone doesn't account for the popularity of Mariposa or its perennial appeal. Indeed, probably very few visitors attended exclusively for the sake of one or one particular artist. The attraction was Mariposa itself. The event became a local holiday, and the music was like a long, sad parade, standing in place, with the crowds marching around it. And then, last fall, the end of the island festival was announced. The financing of the festival had become increasingly risky, and organizers felt that now was the time to change course. For several years, says administrative director Bob Sinclair, Mariposa's directors had felt that the festival had grown artists as far as it could. "Looking across Canada, we saw that there were many summer festivals that had followed our example; we felt that it was time to let them carry on while we moved in a new direction." Thus, the Mariposa name will survive as a series of related concerns and special events which will examine the folk influence in other forms of art as well as in music. Nevertheless, the traditional island festival was no more, and for the first time in nearly 15 years it seemed that Toronto could be proud of a major summer festival. But almost immediately on the heels of Mariposa's announcement came word of the first annual Toronto Folk Festival, to be held on three days in July.

The board of directors for the new festival includes journalist broadcaster Peter Gzowski, actor Don Guillen, designer Burton Kramer, and folk musicians John Allan Cameron and Stan Rogers, among others. Also included among the founders of the new festival is concert director Mitch Podolak, who's fast becoming the Soh Hurok of Canadian folk festivals. And so, surprisingly, the new Toronto Folk Festival will bear more than a passing resemblance to its Winnipeg and Vancouver cousins, though with more of an emphasis on contemporary music.

According to Dick Flahool, one of the organizers, the festival will feature a broad range of well-recognized artists in acoustic folk, in hopes of attracting a wide audience. He adds, "It will be more entertainment-oriented than academic." But no matter what its intentions are, or where it is located, the ghost of the old Mariposa will no doubt hover over the proceedings. And much of the new audience that the organizers hope to attract will look familiar to old Mariposa-watchers, because ultimately it doesn't matter whether the festival crowds march around the stages or in Penny's parade, or whether they are seated in a high school auditorium for Maureen Forrester in Guelph's production of Hansel and Gretel. They may be drawn by the music, the locale, the event, or the holiday spirit; but most crucially, the audience becomes an active component of the festival itself. More than in any other form of public entertainment, the festival exists to contribute its own personality and character. Each festival audience is distinctive and can be defined. It is not an anonymous mob but a body of individuals who have something in common: a neighborly sense of sharing that makes a festival crowd anything but lone.

What may be surprising about Canada's summer festivals is that even the largest is intensely local, and even one of the most internationally acclaimed of Guelph can claim that nearly 70 percent of its audience comes from the surrounding community. Like the Quebec villages that hold their own little-publicized private festivals as a kind of black party writ large, most Canadian festivals succeed because they express something about a community, its past, its heritage, and its musical identity. And because of this, even though most of Canada's festivals are young they show signs of growing; old gracefully.
Art Bain, Imperial's coordinator of energy studies, reinsulated his Toronto house and turned down the thermostat. He cut his heating bill by 40 percent.

Martin McKay of Barrie, Ont., tuned up his car and took lessons on how to save gas while driving. He saved a tank of gas a week on his daily commuting to Toronto.

A Woolco store in Quebec dimmed its lighting level. It saved $1,000 on electricity in the first month.

Bata redesigned its Picton, Ont., shoe factory and eliminated about 90 percent of its energy needs.

Bain and McKay and the store manager and the factory superintendent and thousands like them across Canada are saving themselves money. But they're doing something more than that. They are making an important contribution to Canada's energy supply. For the cheapest and fastest way to get a new barrel of oil or cubic foot of natural gas these days is not to use the old one.

"In principle," as Dr. David Brooks, former director of the federal office of energy conservation (OEC), has said, "energy conservation is just as important as energy production."

The federal department of energy, mines and resources (EMR) has estimated that squeezing more energy from every ounce of fuel could cut the growth in the total amount of energy we use from 3.5 percent in 1978 to two percent per year. But that reduction, notes EMR, will require the cooperation of governments, industry, and individuals.

Saving energy is more than a matter of principle: it's common sense. By conservation we can stretch the irreplaceable petroleum we have now, reduce our dependence on expensive and uncertain foreign imports, cut down pollution, and buy time to bring new petroleum or alternate energy sources into production. And we can do all that, says OEC, with today's technology, at economic cost, and without going back to the wood stove and the horse and buggy.

There are signs that we are making some progress already. Our current average rate of energy consumption is growing by half what it was in the late 1960s. The result of that slowdown is best seen in oil. If we had kept on using oil at the same rate of increase as we did prior to 1973, the demand today would be for more than 2.5 million barrels a day. Instead, it has leveled off at less than two million barrels a day.

Not all that change is the result of conservation. Part of it is because of slower economic growth, and part because of switches to other kinds of energy. But Art Bain estimates that conservation has cut the oil demand by seven percent. That's 150,000 barrels a day we don't have to buy from outside Canada. Such savings are impressive. But conservation by itself cannot solve all our problems. Though it's in our interest to stretch out the supply as long as we can, there is an irreducible minimum of petroleum we need until new technologies are developed. Estimates vary on how great a supply of conventional oil is left in western Canada, but the rate of production is slowing down. New supplies from the frontiers and other sources, such as Imperial's heavy-oil plant at Cold Lake, Alta., won't be available until the mid- to late 1980s and then will do little more than make up the loss of conventional oil. If we are to reduce our dependence on imported oil — which could take as much as $10 billion a year out of Canada by 1985, if it is available at any price — we need major new sources of supply. And Imperial is spending about $700 million this year on the development of energy-related projects. All the energy we can find will continue to be needed. "And," as Art Bain stresses, "we don't need to be embarrassed about using it, if we're using it efficiently."

The point is that we're not. For years energy prices in Canada have been so low that there has been no incentive to do so. Indeed, some estimate that half what we consume is wasted. But we haven't worried about that. In the postwar years the growth of the 1960s and 1970s, energy was cheap and getting cheaper. In the 1960s, for example, industrial energy prices fell by 30 percent relative to wages. We began using five or six percent more of it each year. As a result, we now consume twice as much per capita as we did in 1960, though our lives have not greatly changed since then. It didn't make economic sense in those years to invest in energy-efficient equipment or even to consider energy consumption in design. And we were confident our natural resources were unlimited; isn't that what we had been taught in school since Grade 3 geography?

That energy binge couldn't last. It collapsed abruptly with the oil crisis of 1973. The suddenly higher prices made us aware of what we should have noticed before — that while between 1960 and 1960 the world has consumed the equivalent of a cubic mile of petroleum, it now was getting dangerously close to using one cubic mile a year, and we in Canada were using more of it per capita than anyone else in the world. Although prices were still historically low (in terms of the amount of labor it takes to buy a barrel of oil), it was obvious energy costs were going to take a bigger share of our income in the future, unless we cut down our consumption.

Since then, the federal government has set up conservation programs that during a 15-year period will cost almost $2 billion. All the provincial governments have energy saving programs, too. And there definitely are impressive savings to be made.

In Nova Scotia, for example, a provincial government energy audit identified potential savings of 15 percent in the yearly energy bills of 550 companies in eight major industrial groups, involved in the government's energy conservation program, reported energy savings of 10.7 percent. That's the equivalent of $30,000 a day. It's worth it to take a closer look at how these different industries managed this. By the end of 1978, the chemical industry, where energy has always been a substantial part of operating costs, was using energy 17 percent more efficiently than at the base rate in 1972. That means enough energy saved in a year to heat all the homes in Metropolitan Toronto.

At Union Carbide, where 25 to 30 cents of every sales dollar goes to buy energy and energy-related feedstocks, "management recognizes that energy is no longer a commodity to waste," says Carl Wolf, who is the company's manager of energy affairs and also chairs the coordinating committee for the federal government's conservation task force. Union Carbide is now using energy 26.5 percent more efficiently than in 1972, well above its industry average, and as a result is saving the equivalent of $22 million a year. "How many sales would you have to get?" Wolf asks, "to generate a $22 million income?"

The first step at Union Carbide as elsewhere is housekeeping, what Wolf calls "cleaning up the shop." Checking leaks, turning up furnaces — that can save as much as 10 percent. The second step is, in its space-age terminology, a retrofit. That means installing more energy-efficient equipment. The third is developing new energy-efficient technologies or processes. That's the most expensive, but it has the most long-run impact.

Inco, which got into energy management and energy audits in...
1972 as a good business measure, targeted a 10 percent cut in consumption between 1973 and 1980. It resulted in savings almost equivalent to an average of 3.6 for the industry at the end of 1978. Actual savings for the four years was 13.7 percent. Though the 1979 (not including the strike period) were $13 million, at little if any capital, says Keough. "We fell far short of it. Basically," he adds, "it increased efficiency." It is looking for an additional 15 percent savings by 1985, but that will involve capital expenditures for heat recovery, cogenation technology that has been long standard in Europe and Japan. "They have had much higher energy costs for a long time," Keough says. "There was no economic return to such types of installations in Canada. Now we are in a new era. We have to recover as much waste heat as possible if we are to become competitive." One of the key areas of petro- leum in Canada is the petroleum industry itself. It takes seven percent of every 100 barrels of crude oil to turn out usable products. Bill Keough, who is in charge of refining operations in Imperial's logistic department estimates that three barrels of that could be saved. That alone would have the effect of increasing Canada's oil supply by three percent. Imperial is doing the standard things such as turning off lights and the thermostats down and replac- ing its sales and service cars with more fuel efficient models. The big savings, not only in fuel but in money, come in refinery operations, for energy is about 10 percent of total costs of refineries and Imperial uses the equivalent of 11 million barrels of oil a year. (At $12 a barrel, that target is an 18 percent savings by 1980. By the end of 1978 it had achieved 15 percent.) "It means more demanding," says Keough. The first cuts, as elsewhere, are the easy ones. "We've turned off the lights and the thermostats down," Keough says, after employees were shown a videotape of each refinery and told what they could be doing to cut costs. The second stage begins cost money. Fuel, for instance, are being installed, like the ones European refineries have been using for several years to help make economic in Canada when energy was cheap. A third stage involves such sophisticated control equipment that control to improve energy consump- tion in the refining process. All of these changes will be needed for the petroleum industry to achieve its objective of reducing energy con- sumption by 25 percent in 1985, Keough says.

All together, he thinks, a total reduc- tion of 35 percent is technically possi- ble. "And with the forecast of energy prices," he adds, "it will be reached just as quickly as we can." Some argue that building and instal- ling new equipment uses energy, too, perhaps as much as it saves. But a study reported in Science called "the energy required for such equipment is typically 10 percent a year of the direct energy savings." And the after-tax return on such investment, according to U.S. studies, is 20 to 30 percent.

The second major area where con- servation is already having an impact is the home, where we normally use about 20 percent of our energy, almost three-quarters of it for heat.

The possible savings here, in money and precious fuel, are enormous. Every family made its home as energy- efficient as Art Bain's -- he insulated his attic, walls and the basement to a "new" steam line. The cost was $20,000. London, Ont., cut the energy use by 50 percent by insulating lighting lights and the air system operating hours and reducing temperature to the hot water system itself. The first year saving, at 1977 prices, was $90,000.

General: the Ontario ministry of energy estimates, building operations can save up to 25 percent by such no-cost measures. Upgrading in insula- tion and installing automatic timers pay off in 18 months to three years. Major reductions in waste heat recover- ing have a five- to 10-year payback.

The first major energy use sector, transportation, takes a greater share of hot water energy but almost half of our oil. And the good news is that although our gasoline consumption is still climbing, our rate of increase is expected to cut it to current levels, you can get a car with a 35. A federal program provides grants of up to $500 to help you do that, and in line with the general rise, too, for most of the time in use were used gas when the average oil was 15 cents a gallon. Imperial is marketing new furnaces that reduce heating costs and rate that they will pay for themselves in under years. The federal government believes that the national saving could be significant: it is conducting a $500,000 test in Prince Edward Island this year of a plan involving national oil furnace retrofit program.

What Dr. David Brooks, the former OECD director, calls "the most horrible examples of waste" are found in our commercial and institutional buildings. In this sector, existing buildings could save 25 percent, better design cuts consumption 80 percent or more. A new Petroleum Hydro Building in Canada Resources office building in Calgary operates with no furnace at all: it utilizes what was given off by the people, the lights, and the machinery. Savings are producing start- savings. The Waterfront Mall in Summerside, P.E.I., cut its electricity bills by 25,000 by turning off unneeded power.

Carleton University saved $60,000 by such measures, all unplanned, shortening the air conditioning season, reducing the hot- water heating load by 30 percent by turning on the hot water, instead of the steam. The cost was $20,000.

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General: the Ontario ministry of energy estimates, building operations can save up to 25 percent by such no-cost measures. Upgrading in insula- tion and installing automatic timers pay off in 18 months to three years. Major reductions in waste heat recover- ing have a five- to 10-year payback.

1. Turn down the thermostat. If it is normally at 22 degrees Celsius, cut thermostat by 2 degrees during the waking hours and 17 degrees Celsius while you sleep and save 10 percent on fuel. That alone can save 12 million barrels of oil or its equivalent a year. 2. Insulate. Tom Hennessey, Imperial's heating fuels manager, says saving enough insulation to standard of R 10 to 30 can save 10 percent of your fuel bill, insulating the roof can save another 15 percent. And the federal government's CHIP program will pay up to $1200 for each household.

3. Put on storm windows and don't forget the basement. They can cut the heat loss through the windows. 4. Treat your furnace or boiler to a spring check. If you have forced-air heating keep the filter clean, Tune-ups can save you $30 to $40 a year. 5. Pull the shades and drapes at night. That could save another eight percent. 6. Turn down the water heater to the 60 degrees Celsius 6. Major reduction in waste heat recovery; the estimated saving: 25 percent. 7. Fix that leaky tap. A drop a sec- ond can waste a gallon of hot water a month.

14. Keep your tires fully inflated. The drag from soft tires can cost you up to 60 percent more. 15. Keep the filters clean. A dirty carburetor air filter can cost you up to 64 gallons a year. 16. Let the engine warm gradually. Don't gun it. Lights on while the car is idle. A minute of idling uses more gas than restarting the motor. 17. The twice before you turn on the air conditioning. The power needed can use more than the equivalent of a gallon of gas in every tank-full. 18. Keep Jackie free to start once again. If you go for a shaving in a basin use only percent of the hot water you can wash all your clothes with running water. 19. Don't let the hot water run while you brush your teeth. You can save you are save with running water. 20. Don't have to shower with a friend, save a shower. Get wet, but to the hot water before you soap, then rinse, that uses a sixth the hot water in the normal shower. Buy a water-saver shower head; it releases only a third as much water.

11. Make the energy use do double duty. Leave the hot water longer; to get a bath to warm the bathroom. 12. As your mother used to tell you, turn out the lights. 13. In the can, observe the speed limit. It can take 22 percent more gas to fill a 39-gallon tank at 50 km per hour than at 80.
REMEMBER WHEN

Chautauqua was the only show in town

BY EILEEN PETTIGREW

One hot summer day a black Ford touring car carrying five people, assorted trunks and boxes, and a rolled-up canvas on the roof bumped heavily along a northern Saskatchewan road. It was in the early 1930s, and the passengers were touring players. As he rounded a turn, play director Bob Hanscom saw an old truck, surrounded by a group of disconsolate people, stopped by the side of the road. The truck had engine trouble, and three families were stranded. “We've been
Chautauqua — strange to modern ears but a household word in Canada for nearly two decades. From 1917 to 1935 it spread across the Canadian prairies, up the Peace River, down to Ontario and Quebec, west into British Columbia, and even to Alaska from its Alberta headquarters, and up into the Atlantic provinces from the United States. Traveling groups of entertainers and lecturers brought a magic glimpse of the outside world to people isolated from cities and from one another. From the big tents, like landlocked showboats — brown, to distinguish them from circus tents — came plays, musical performances, lectures, humorous skits, and inspirational addresses. People drove 80 kilometres, bringing food and staying for the whole week to attend every performance.

Ernest Bushnell, who became director of programming for the CBC in 1949 and has headed Bushnell Communications Limited in Ottawa since 1961, got his first taste of the entertainment world with Chautauqua in 1921. Traveling through Manitoba and Saskatchewan, he was领略ed in the Adamic Quartet (Canada spelled backward). He remembers the audience. "They were wonderful. There were Swedes, French, British, Hungarians, all nationalities. While theater was new to some, a great many had a cultured background, and they had been used to grand opera in the places they came from."

A settler's wife, well-dressed in the style of 25 years before, listened to the harp with tears in her eyes. "I hadn't heard a harp since I left Wales," she said. After one performance a man from the audience came up to tell Joe Serpico, violinist, how much he would miss his wife, who was about to have a baby. "Is she ill?" Serpico asked. "She's in an insane asylum, and I don't know how she caught that disease — she hasn't been off the farm in 20 years." In those pre-antibiotic days, performers were adaptable. Although at its peak the Canadian Chautauqua used 80 tents for its musical and employed 50 tent men, contracts for male actors required that they erect stage sets, pack mules, and load and unload equipment whenever required. The set, painted on canvas, was rolled up and carried in the roof of the car. The number of actors was restricted because the car could only hold five people at a time, and a changed costume hastily to play two or even three parts, and we relied heavily on a magic eye-witness, Jan Chamberlain, Toronto actress.

It was part of her job to pack up the costumes and any small props after the performance. The piano was shipped with the tent, and major sets like the Parthenon were borrowed from townspeople. "Sometimes they came as a hit of a surprise. A splendid watercolor called for in the play might turn out to be a two-person wooden bench, and a child might be seven or six inches lower than the one we'd had the night before."

The talent, as performers were called, had to be handy with a shovel, too, for snow or mud-dug roads. "We were torn playing for dry weather so we could negotiate the gunk," Ernest Bushnell says, "and understanding that the farmers were desperate for rain. Actually rain helped us as singers, in a way. It soaked canvas made the tents just like a tent."

In a retrospective program for CBC Radio's "Morningside," Joe Serpico recalled leaving a small Saskatchewan town down a track so infertile to travel the six or seven kilometres to the next engagement. "Equipped with a substantial breakfast, a bottle of Gooderham and Worts, and a couple of showbags, we set out at nine o'clock. The snow was so heavy that one of us had to walk in front to guide the car. We got stuck several times again, finally so badly that we simply couldn't get out and had to stay in the car and eat the only thing that kept us from freezing to death was that the car was on a slant and the mural corners of the cash box in the back seat dug so sharply into the ribs of the person sitting there that we had to keep changing places. Finally a farmer, a beautiful, beardied man, spotted something black sticking out of the snowdrift and came and handed us out. It was three in the afternoon, and we had only gone about two kilometres."

The bottle was strictly against the rules. John M. Erickson and his wife, Nola, initiators of Chautauqua in Canada in 1917 and after 1926 full owners of Canadian Chautauqua, were firm about the deportment of the talent and about the kind of material presented onstage.

The high moral standards of Chautauqua had their roots in its beginnings as a Methodist-Episcopal summer school for Sunday school teachers at Lake Chautauqua, N.Y., in 1873. But the real beginning of the movement came the following year, when the school expanded to include — as well as religion — the arts, sciences, humanities, and some entertainment. The rule was so successful that imitations sprang up all over the United States.

Even earlier something very similar was under way in Canada. In 1859 the Methodist church, which had sponsored camp programs for children for many years, held a temperance rally near Grimsby, Ont. It became an annual event, and the original tent accommodation was replaced by cottages. In 1888 a temperance church called the Tabernacle, seating six or seven thousand people, was built. There were also skating events, summer courses, concerts, and speakers, including Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army. Believers in the principle of "a sound mind in a healthy body" came by steamboat from Toronto and Hamilton to participate.

The Ontario Methodist Camp Ground Company prospered, but when its president, Noah Phelps, died in 1900 the company was reorganized under the name Grimsby Park Co. Ltd. and went bankrupt in 1909. The property was sold for an amusement park, and the Tabernacle burned down in 1922.

A connection between that Canadian institution and the one that developed at Lake Chautauqua, N.Y., in 1874 is not certain but seems possible, since at that time Methodist ministers traveled regularly between the two countries. Hart A. Massey, of the Canadian farm machinery family, who became a trustee and benefactor of Chautauqua, was a devout Methodist and a brother-in-law of the original Chautauqua's co-founder, the Reverend Dr. John H. Vincent. Raymond Massey, at the age of 9, saw his first taste of theatre at Chautauqua.

In the late 1800s, when the Lake Chautauqua program was well under way, urban adult study groups called lyceums, appealing to wealthy and sophisticated patrons in the United States, listened to speakers like Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Thoreau, and Charles Dickens. In 1901 a bright talent broker and partner in the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, Keith Vawter, conceived the idea of putting the whole package together and taking it to the people, using tents because many of the small communities lacked large buildings and the spartan charm of Lake Chautauqua.

It was Vawter's idea to use brown tents to distinguish Chautauqua from the circus scene, but in that first year, when he booked 14 tents across Iowa, Nebraska, and Minnesota, he rented whatever tents he could get. The first year was a financial disaster, but Vawter persisted, and his second attempt, in 1907, was a success.

With neither the name nor the concept protected by copyright, several companies were formed. John M. Erickson, an American who worked for the Ellison-White Chautauqua Company in the midwest, decided to test the waters to the north despite prejudices that Canada, by then at war for two years, would be poorly disposed to the American. He started at Lethbridge, Alta., in 1916 and found the people in a buoyant mood after two hunker crops. Lethbridge and four more Alberta towns signed up quickly.

Erckson was assured of financial backing if he could book a minimum of 40 towns. He persuaded Nola Crist, one of the most successful talent bookers with another company, to help him with his project, and by May 1, 1917, they had a committment from 30 towns. Their first show was at Mission, B.C., commencing on June 28, 1917. Then they swung east through Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba, winding up the year back in British Columbia. Ontario and Quebec came later, in the late 1920s, while an American circuit visited the Atlantic provinces.
Erickson and Crakes, who married in September 1917 and settled in Calgary, found an unambitious task. The two partners, who had worked so well for Chautauqua in the United States, were surprised that Chautauqua would bring much-needed culture and entertainment to a small town with its small opera house, signed a watertight contract holding them responsible for a certain number of tickets per day. As a result, they went on tour. Glen Hancock, who grew up in Wolfeville, N.C., remembers that when the Chautauqua arrived, "there was a whole new dimension. We couldn't believe it. It was a real show."

The director was responsible for collecting the ticket money from the local committee. "I would walk unescorted back to the hotel, where often the room didn't even have a lock, wearing my evening clothes and carrying the money in a small suitcase. The whole town knew I had it, but I never had any trouble. It was a different Canada then."

In 1935, with the Depression at its height, the summer circuit was scheduled to start at Plato, Sask., about 150 kilometres east of the Alberta border. Although the local committee had signed up the year before, money was very short and management knew there might be trouble selling the tickets. They told McEwen: "You've got to pull it off. If you pull it down, you'll go all along the line and the whole circuit could collapse."

She assisted herself at the local boarding house and called a meeting for that night. Not a soul turned up. "The local committee had refused to take the tickets, the town was destitute, a dust bowl. There was a struggle in my mind about the ethics of what I had to do, but it was my job and I suppose my judgment was suspended. I continued to try to sell the tickets."

When the day came to open the show, not one ticket had been sold. Obliged to be ready to perform, the company got into costumes and makeup and waited. Finally, when it appeared certain that no one was going to turn up, they went back to the hotel for a welcome night off. "Then, exactly at curtain time," McEwen says, "I managed to tell them that a little old lady had come with a ticket. Where she got it I don't know, because I still had all the Plato tickets in my purse, but she had one from somewhere and we had to put on the show."

"She sat right at the front and she was a marvelous audience, laughing and crying in the right places and clapping when it was all over. And during everyone's performance there she was, our only spectator. Finally, on the last night, I had some hope that since Chautauqua was there their might as well attend. A surprising number showed up for the performance; the tent was nearly full."

In 1935, when few people had money and many were homeless, Jan Chamberlain remembers that the company was jeered at as they walked along the streets of a western town. "The angry wasn't at us, it was at conditions and the severity of the depression."

The people just didn't have money. Many times we drove along roads as deep in dust as they had been deep in snow the winter before. And the tumbleweed blowing, grasshopper plagues and dust in huge drifts . . . There were seven years without rain."

And so the phenomenon that was Chautauqua — that had answered the need of millions of people for education and entertainment, and that had survived a war, the 1918 flu epidemic, and the good times of the 1920s, and the 1930s, and the 1950s, and the 1960s, and the 1970s, and the 1980s, and the 1990s, and the 2000s, and the 2010s, and the 2020s — was gone. The bronze teals appeared for the last time in Alberta in 1935, in 1951 in Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and in 1955 in Ontario. The Ericksons, who had brought Chautauqua to Canada in 1917, moved back to the United States, where John M. Erickson died in 1967. Nola Erickson still lives in California.

In 1974, after a silence of 40 years, the sounds of Chautauqua were heard again at Battleford, Sask., when more than 900 people crowded into a tent on the Pow Wow grounds south of town. Winnie Rowles, who was a Chautauqua director from 1939 to 1972, again played the role of M.C. and introduced Jan Chamberlain, who had traveled from Toronto to take part. The event was such a success that it has become an annual occasion.
An aid to excellence
When culture and corporation meet

BY JACK BATTEN

"There's still something we're missing." It was a day late in June 1978, and Robert Landry, a vice-president of Imperial Oil and manager of the company's external affairs department, was discussing ideas with some other people in his department. External affairs is the department that, among its various chores, is involved in coordinating the company's contributions to Canada's cultural life, and Landry was offering his view that just maybe the department might be missing the boat in a significant way.

"We've helped develop talent in the traditional performing arts," he said. "That's good. But surely there are other areas that may need our support."

Pat Bowles, the department's public relations and promotion supervisor, took Landry's sentiments from the meeting, and a few days later she returned with one word: jazz. More specifically, she had a concept: a series of free noon-hour concerts, featuring Canadian jazz musicians performing at the Art Gallery of Ontario.

"Go," signaled Landry, all enthusiasm. Bowles went — fast. By mid-July the musicians were engaged for concerts on three consecutive Wednesday afternoons at the Art Gallery of Ontario. The series was enthusiastically received, and Toronto was full of colorful posters heralding the Esso Jazz Concerts. The first concert attracted a crowd of 600, the second 1,400, the third 2,200, and Bowles had the green light to plan three more shows for the summer of 1979. The second time around the concerts presented, during successive July weekends, the cream of Canada's jazz community — flutist Moe Koffman, vibraphonist Rob McConnell, and pianist Oscar Peterson. And there was a new element: three talented but less well-known young musicians — Jane Fair, Lorne Lofsky, and Hugh Marsh — were given the opportunity to play before a large audience. All three shows drew standing-room-only audiences of 1,600 devotees. All three proceeded with efficiency and elan. Everybody was happy. "What appeals to us," says Alex MacDonald, the gallery's manager of public affairs, "is that the jazz concerts brought into the gallery large numbers of people who would otherwise never come here. Now that we've seen that this is an active, joyous place, we like to think they'll come back. That's thanks to Imperial, who paid the money and handled the promotion."

And the jazz musicians? "It's a dream gig," Rob McConnell says. "It shows what can happen for jazz when somebody does a really professional job of organizing and selling." The same goes for the younger, less well-known musicians. "It was a good opportunity to play with some top people," according to guitarist Lorne Lofsky. "A positive experience."

"The concerts did exactly what we wanted them to do," Pat Bowles says. "They gave people of all ages and types and incomes the chance to see and hear young talented jazz musicians in concert with such pros as Oscar Peterson."

Imperial isn't precisely in the business of building institutions, but that's often the result of its deep and consistent involvement in the whole sweep of Canadian culture, from the Imperial Oil hockey broadcasts to the Imperial Oil art collection: The Room's Necklace, Legend of the Raven, The Seasons, and dozens of other films that Imperial has made a part of the country's enduring visual heritage. The C.W. Jefferys collection of historical illustrations now residing, courtesy of Imperial, in the National Archives. Does Saturday Night magazine quality as a Canadian institution? Beyond question, but it might not have survived if Imperial had not donated $100,000 to help it swim out of the debts that threatened to sink it forever. So it goes.

The aid of these various institutions reflects faithfully the ways in which, during the years, Imperial has led the way among Canada's corpora-
tions in contributing to our national culture. Through its contributions division, the company provides funds to advance worthwhile projects not only in arts and sports, but in education and health and welfare as well. (In fact, more of Imperial's dollars go to the latter areas; in 1980 they will receive 72 percent of the total budget for dona-
tions.) Last year Imperial donated some $1.7 million to more than a thousand graduate and undergraduate students (including children of employees) and 87 university research projects at 28 of Canada's major universities. The United Way was the recipient of $686,000, community service organizations were given $373,000, and $234,000 went to a variety of sports activities. But cash is not the sole component of Imperial's contribution. There's expertise as well. "We don't stop at sponsoring projects," Bowles sums up. "We also want to help promote them in an innovative way. Often the publicity and promo-
tion we provide can be as useful to the organization as the sponsorship itself."

Thus, for Imperial, it isn't just a lump sum to the Canadian National Ballet to assist its 1980 funding; it's also a specific commission to the ballet company for a new work choreographed.

ILLUSTRATION: TOM McNEELY
spread the notion of corporate aid to the arts at the company. But it wasn't that simple. After the Second World War II it that the message carried by Pendergast and others manifested itself. Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, the then editor of The New York Times, was a strong supporter of the arts. Then, Gerry Moses arrived at the company. He made a difference. During the 30 years it is involved with the company, Moses served as art director for The Review, photographer, film commentator and producer and consultant on paintings and photography. It happened that on a day in the life of The Review, he was visiting The Review in Ottawa on some industrial business. The Crawley people showed him a film that was coming together in their spare time. It was called The Lion's Necklace, and it recorded in sensitive and lovely imagery the way in which the icon came by its distinctive neck markings. The trouble was, the Crawley people needed money to put the finishing touches on the film and get it into distribution. Gerry brought the film to me," says George Lawrence, who was manager of the public relations department in the 1930s, "and I thought it was good and accepted corporate activities. But Gerry and I believed in it so much that I bought in on the back of the book. They approved it, but they expected that the film's fate would be in the hands of The Review. But, they turned out to be a phenomenal success, seen and loved by millions of Canadians."

Gerry Moses inspired more success stories in the arts at Imperial Oil. He benefited from the support of such gifted patrons as Harold Town, Louis de Niverville, and Dennis Burton. In 1948, Imperial created two new slots: a competition and a prize for drawing and painting by the historical artist C.W. Jeffreys. A collection that the company first put into circulation in a series of 250 portfolios containing reproductions of paintings and drawings by this great artist. In 1953, the company expanded this effort and explained by an exhibition at the Toronto Art Gallery, and then, in 1972, donated to the Public Archives of Canada in Ottawa. And it was Moses who provided the taste and taste that went into the assemblage, beginning in 1965, of the Imperial Oil art collection. The point of the collection, Moses has made clear, is to be "educational and enjoyable," rather than pretentious in this way, talent rather than the product, the developing stage of an artist's career, the gradual production of masterworks, might be recognized.

"The collection's broad public appeal was born out by the tour that brought the exhibits to 29 communities after the exhibitions in Ottawa.

Joseph Wilson as he painted the mighty mural required 40 gallons of paint. This ensured the entrance lobby of Imperial's head office in Toronto. And there were Waddams' paintings which shot a group of young people to record their canoe trip through North America.

By the time the art collection was coming together in the mid-1950s, Imperial Oil's emphasis in arts was not only substantial but organized. It showed case in picking its space and determination in pulling off successes. Some random examples: in 1972 Imperial gave $15,000 to the Royal Military College at Kingston to help set up the Army Art Program, a design project to select art to all of Winnipeg's areas. In 1972 it funded the Elgin Family Concerts of the Montreal Symphony, a series of six afternoon programs in the summer. Also, that year, the company funded a director for approval to finance it. The group turned down, it was the first time in the company's history that the company was not accepted corporate activities. But Gerry and I believed in it so much that I bought in on the back of the book. They approved it, but they expected that the film's fate would be in the hands of The Review. But, they turned out to be a phenomenal success, seen and loved by millions of Canadians."

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It was 15 minutes to midnight on a cool summer evening on the Quebec shores of the majestic St. Lawrence River at Rivière-du-Loup. After 10 hours of travelling we were now wearyly peering into the inky night, straining to catch our first sight and sound of a whale.

It was a gentle "splash" that gave it away. Another followed, and then we could make out the ghostly white shape of the beluga whale on its nocturnal rummaging for food—gracefully arching its gleaming back and gently diving into the murky waters. Silence reigned, except for the soft "phew" of the mammal's breathing—like the regular, measured exhalation of someone in a deep sleep.

For myself and my companions—a film director, a high school teacher, and a legal secretary—it seemed childhood tales of Moby Dick had materialized. Tomorrow we would join the other members of our group, who have come to pursue these much-harassed giants of the oceans with cameras and binoculars instead of harpoons and flensing knife. Since the early 1970s, whale-sighting expeditions have set out for the St. Lawrence to view a mammal that in some instances has been hunted to near-extinction by mankind.

The Zoological Society of Montreal organized the first whale-watching weekend up the St. Lawrence in 1970, in conjunction with the Montreal Field Naturalists. Such was the success of this expedition that it has developed into an annual series of visits during July, August, and September. Expeditions are also operated by other groups, including an organization headed by Gerald Iles, a former managing director of the Zoological Society: the National Museum of Natural Sciences in Ottawa; and the Société Liminologie de Québec, a zoological organization in Quebec City. These expeditions are tracking a species of animal which is known to have existed many tens of millions of years ago, soon after the Age of the Dinosaurs. Whales, which include the largest animals ever to inhabit the earth, are mammals without hind legs. They and dolphins are warm-blooded air-breathers and are no more closely related biologically to fish than humans are. Their land-dwelling ancestors are thought to have been four-legged. In their evolution from terrestrial animals to marine mammals, whales probably experienced certain adaptations: the nostrils migrated to the top of the head to become the blowhole; the tail separated into broad...
horizontally for propulsion in water. The hind legs disappeared into the wall of the body as the need for them was eliminated. 

Early in this evolutionary history a major diversification occurred, and whales maintained the predatory habits of their ancestors, feeding on fish, squid, or other marine animals. Some of their descendants are known as odontocetes or toothed whales (sperm, killer, bottlenose, narwhal, beluga, various smaller whales and dolphins). 

Whales of another ancient lineage adapted to feeding on the smaller animals in the sea—the zoplokanx—or as fish. In time they evolved into sites of whales who feed by searching for schools of tiny fish by teeth from minute organisms from the seawater. The descendants of these filter-feeding whales, the gray, bowhead, blue, finback, sei, Bryde’s, minke, and humpback have today attained high efficiency in the sophisticated feeding mechanisms and their lengthy migrations in the world’s oceans from searching to feeding places. 

The larger species of whale have been hunted from early times for their oil and other products—for example, the walrus, which belong to the middle ages onward and humpbacks from the early 19th century. But the fast-moving humpback whales have recently been killed since the 1690s, when the harpoon gun and the steam-powered catcher boat were developed. 

Since the time of Jacques Cartier, surveys for whales have been the order of the day for the Canadian coast. Such noted navigators and explorers as Henry Hudson and Martin Frobisher were specifically instructed to record the occurrence of whales so that whaling industries might be established in this part of the world. 

The despite the exploitation of sea mammals for oil and consistent interest and effort in sighting whales in the Northern Hemisphere waters for the past 200 years, we still know exactly how many whales presently live in Pacific and Atlantic waters adjacent to the United States. Migration takes some notice of international boundaries, and whale biologists who have explored them nationally. 

Canada is one of the few nations in the world which may have resident whales. The bowhead and beluga are found in enough numbers to be considered a true species. 

by locals that established shore sta- 

The last whale, of these, at Sep- 

ile, Sept., 1915, closed in 1915, 

because there were not enough whales left to make whaling worthwhile. The Norwegian-type whaling—in which whales were chased down by boats with guns mounted on the front—was carried off Newfoundland and Nova Scotia up until 1972. 

There are various species of whale in the Canadian Arctic (beluga, nar- 

The Kenyanus (killer, gray, blue, humpback, finback), and the St. Lawrence, though a more restricted body of water, has a "captive" whale population, even if only for a few summer months. 

The whales move into the St. Lawrence River to feed from June to November, before departing to breed. They are attracted by a combination of natural phenomena. The water is cold and deep. A natural trough in the bed of the river, which is more than 400 metres deep in parts, and the upwelling caused by the meeting of the Saguenay and La Matane rivers attracts certain types of fish and generates the zooplankton and organ- 

Sightings generate a frenzy of excitement among the whale-watchers. The first day of the latest expedition was the only day I was on board the 35-metre research ship St. Barnabe by the cry: "Whales at three o’clock" (relating their position to the boat). The lunch of soup and chicken legs was swiftly abandoned, cameras and binoculars were grabbed en route to the deck. Outside in the bright sunshine we could see within hailing distance a family of three finback whales—the largest measuring about 21 metres long. 

The ship’s engines had stopped, and the silence was broken only by the sporadic churning of the whales. We were moved by the grace of these blast dancers of the ocean— their sleek brown dark bulbs, stunning ari
g Traveling down the Gaspé Peninsula, a whale’s tale on exhibit

The future of the whale off the eastern Canadian coast can be viewed more optimistically since all commercial whalecatching was stopped by the federal government in 1972. (All commercial whaling on Canadian coastal waters ended in 1970.) Not only in the Gulf of St. Lawrence but in all regions of eastern Canada, the large whale species—unhunted—expected to become more common in inshore waters. Nowadays, more than 20 species of the small coastal whales are inadvertently caught by fishing nets than through direct hunting. 

The blue whales and humpback whales have been protected in the North Atlantic for 25 years and the finback whales since 1972. But some species can be described as "endan-

ered." In the North Atlantic, right whales have barely recovered from a Spanish priest from South America. 

He had been a missionary all his life and came with relatives from Montreal. He was quite ecstatic about the whales but unfortunately had to give up the second day because of seasickness. 

A lot of people who come on these trips ask a lot of questions about seeing whales. Most have never seen a whale and are very curious about them. Many of the photographers didn't even have any film ready in his camera because he was so excited to see a whale that he had seen him move when we had our first sighting. Once they have seen whales, however, many want to come back. The whale-watching expeditions to the St. Lawrence have created a new and more benignt interest in these gentle giants whom nature has equipped perfectly for their role. 

Whales and dolphins have sonar— the underwater equivalent of radar. In this phenomenon, termed "echolocation," some whales send out the cries of noise and an echo from each noise. The sound bounces out, and from the length of time it takes for the sound to bounce back, whales and dolphins can pinpoint an object the size of a small fish. 

Sightings of finwhales and humpback whales, which are wide-ranging species, means to communicate with each other, and their sounds include some which are too pitchy to be heard by the human ear. The humpback whales tend our whales, squalls, clicks, which are some of their vocalizations that sounds like the chirps and whistles of birds, they have been given the name "sea canaries" strange. 

A group of seven belugas cutting across our bows suddenly turned and began to swim toward us. When we were in 45 metres away they dived beneath the boat and surfaced beyond the stern. The playful belugas responded to our demonstration of the spontaneous interaction that can happen on these whale-watching trips. 

George Midgley, chairman of the Zoological Society’s project commi-

Sightings of whale-watching expeditions such as those on the St. Lawrence River are giving conservation-minded citizens a new perspective: a growing awareness of how fragile the balance can be between survival and extinction. "It's clearly demonstrated," says George Midgley puts it: "Our aim is to educate the public about protection of the whale." 

"We are reassured by George Cousteau and Greenpeace are doing very important work, but we feel that there is an even greater appreciation of the situation by taking them out among the whales."
In Closing

I awoke this morning and went into my study to begin work on this essay when, to my surprise, I discovered it already waiting for me, fresh from the typesetter, done by a writer I know but who wishes to remain anonymous because he is very modest — for no other reason than the familiar fact that he has much to be modest about. Here's what he wrote:

Have you ever worried about how intelligent you are? I mean, have you ever sat on a bus — as I did yesterday — in a state of mild anxiety as you wondered if you were the one person among the 50 passengers (for there is almost certain to be only one in 50) who has an IQ high enough to be in the so-called genius range? Have you spent rainy nights fretting over where you stack up on the Wechsler Adult Intelligence Scale, the Otis Test (Alpha or Beta) or, more daunting still, the California Test of Mental Maturity? If so, you may cease your fretting: there are thousands like you and they are now coming out of the closet.

Last August, Reader's Digest ran a sort of mini-intelligence test, which you could score yourself, and invited readers who did well to write to a society for very intelligent people. About 10,000 did, requesting further information. During all of last year, over 3,000 Canadians took the society's "home test," a serious examination which, if they scored high on it, qualified them to take the final examination — a formal, supervised intelligence test.

If they came through that with all colors flying, they were then invited to join the society itself, which is called Mensa and which is open to people over five years of age whose IQ is acknowledged to be in the top 2 percent of the population. Put another way, they are more intelligent than 98 percent of the population. Makes you feel important, doesn't it?

For a number of years now, I've been curious about Mensa, hearing it from a distance as a mildly controversial organization, branded by its critics — a bit emotionally, I suspect — as snobbish and elitist, a club for people who like to wear their intelligence on their sleeves. Then, a few weeks ago, a friend made arrangements for me to have dinner with two Mensa members — men who have been in the organization for a number of years and know a good deal about it — who would, after dinner, take me along to a meeting of Mensa's Toronto group to hear a speaker and take in the discussion. I was to meet these gifted people (they both disavow the effusive word "genius" as being just plain inaccurate) in a comfortable, out-of-the-way restaurant which, you must admit, was rather nicely named for the occasion: Sherlock's. So, early one evening, with only a trace of sweat on my forehead — why should I be nervous for heaven's sake? — I began making my way to the restaurant, wondering vaguely about my hosts and whether the evening would be interesting or intimidating or both.

Inside, to the left, standing alone and waiting, was a lean, bright-eyed man in his mid-thirties — the kind of man you know right away is into running — whom I came to know as Douglas and who was, some years back, the president of the national organization of Mensa (which is known as Mensa Canada and which has, at present, about 1,300 members). As the waiter was bringing our drinks, we were joined by the second member — they are called Mensans — whose name was Avner, a dark, muscular man with strong black hair, who, when it turned out, had once been a boxer in Israel. Douglas is a professional engineer; Avner is an investment counselor.

Douglas began the conversation on a note that was surprising — given the fact that some people regard Mensans as mental show-offs — by asking that his identity not be revealed. "I've tried to keep it fairly secret," he said, "because in my job, which is in sales, being a member of Mensa, being known to have a very high IQ, can put a customer on the defensive, make him wary. I don't want that. And even around the office, with colleagues, it can cause problems. Some people are put off by it, and others seem to be just lying in wait for you to make a mistake. So I'm pretty much a closet Mensan.

Avner, whose full name is Avner Mandelman, came to Canada in 1973 from Israel, where he was born and where he was a heavyweight boxer during his university years in the late sixties in Haifa.

Both Douglas and Avner joined Mensa — which was founded in Britain in 1946 and has branches in many countries and various parts of Canada — for reasons that are social as well as intellectual. "A Mensa party," said Avner, "is a real luxury to me. I've attended them in Paris, in New York, and I tell you they are really something — the range of interests, the play of ideas, the ease of communication. I mean that at a Mensa party I can explain a complicated idea once and be understood; I don't have to repeat myself. In fact, I can say half a sentence and the person listening understands. Great!" Avner laughed as he said this, but Douglas suddenly became quite serious. He said that really, while the social role of Mensa is important, it is its more serious side, the fact that it provides a place in which people whose high intelligence can be a lonely blessing find acceptance and stimulation. "You know," said Douglas, "in school, from Grade 1 on, my report cards had one notation common to each: 'Douglas daydreams too much.' I just could not cope with the routine of ordinary school. Then in university it was much the same. I actually failed a year by goofing off. The gifted person is at a real disadvantage in the routine educational system. That's why one of the main projects of Mensa is to encourage special programs in education for gifted children."

Just as we were about to leave for the evening meeting, Douglas handed me a piece of paper with Mensa's address for those who would like to try the "home test." They should write in (French or English), enclosing $10 to cover costs, to Mensa, 5 Donato Court, Toronto, Ont. M4N 1H6.

Walking along the street on our way to the meeting — where we heard the speaker warn that if gifted children are not provided for in our schools they could become the problem children of the future — Avner made a remark that gives a nice sense of proportion to Mensa: "People sometimes speak of the members of Mensa as geniuses. They're wrong. A genius is a person who has not just a remarkable intelligence but a rare degree of commitment and creativity. It is not just that he has a set of very sharp tools but a person who does something very special with those tools. In the end, you know, perseverance counts as much as intelligence." I thought that was a decent of him, and it certainly made me feel better.