The Review
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The faith of our fathers 2
by Kenneth Bagnell

Young boys, old carols, and the angels sing 7
by Teddi Brown

Research: Imperial's long history and more of the same 10
by Patricia Clarke

Born again glass 14
by Lard O'Brien

Ten tough years 22
by Wynne Thomas

Dear Diary . . . 26
by Martin O'Malley

In Closing 30

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The faith of our fathers
Back through the pages of our spiritual heritage

BY KENNETH BAGNELL

One shining morning last August, when lakes and rivers across Canada were dotted with vacationers, a man named Ron Hembree — a compact, sturdy man with an aura of boundless energy — stepped forward on the platform of a large Shakespearean-style sanctuary in a church in Brampton, Ont. The organ faded, Hembree pinned a microphone to the lapel of his three-piece suit, and the congregation of almost 2,000 fell silent.

"I know you’re waiting to hear from our mission team to the Caribbean," said the young evangelical preacher.

"Well, the members just got back at 1:30 this morning. But I want them to come forward right now." Then from all over the church came 30 men and women — teachers, accountants, laborers, drummers, homemakers — who had spent the previous two weeks on a working vacation, at their own expense, helping to build two churches for local people on the island of St. Lucia in the Caribbean.

The summer missionaries are members of Kennedy Road Tabernacle, a church just west of Toronto which, though founded only in the fifties and facing a highly secular age, is usually filled to overflowing on Sundays. With its own day school, apartment complex, and numerous community programs, Kennedy Road Tabernacle is an example of one of the most tangible currents in the religious life of modern Canada — the renaissance of the evangelical movement, whose members hold to a strict interpretation of the Scriptures and the necessity of personal, life-changing conversion. "Evangelical groups feel very encouraged," says the Reverend Charles Yates, the president of the Evangelical Fellowship of Canada.

"There’s a great growth in existing congregations and a great many new ones, especially in Quebec, where the growth is quite phenomenal." Late last summer, when Charles Yates’ own denomination, the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada, met in Hamilton, Ont., the members heard the news that they now have 159 French-Canadian churches.

And yet, while it is a striking feature of the current religious scene, the new evangelicalism is only one more page in the history of Canada’s spiritual expression — an expression that began in the year 1581 when the explorer Cartier erected a nine-metre cross in...
the Gospel and that has become as var-
died and changing as the Jenny’s cli-
matic conditions. This change was due to the first missionaries. They came in the 16th century when the new religion was in its infancy, and they were the first to bring the Gospel to the new world, where the indigenous peoples were not familiar with it.

Later, after the land was transferred to the crown, the missionaries continued their work. They set up mission stations throughout the country, and provided education, medical care, and other services to the indigenous peoples. They also established churches and schools, and worked to spread the Gospel to the people.

The success of these efforts was due in part to the missionaries’ dedication and their willingness to adapt to the local culture. They worked to understand the different languages and customs of the indigenous peoples, and to find ways to share the Gospel in a way that was meaningful to them.

The missions continued to expand, and by the 19th century, there were numerous mission stations throughout the country. The missionaries continued to work hard to spread the Gospel, and to provide education and medical care to the people.

In the 20th century, the missions continued to grow, and the Gospel continued to be shared with the people. Today, the missions are still an important part of the country’s life, and the Gospel continues to be shared with new generations.
the council now include several Muslim members, and President Victor Goldbloom, a former Quebec cabinet minister, hopes that more non-Christian and non-Jewish ministers will soon join.

The problems of Christians in the new, secular age, though different, have been no less complex. In the second half of the 20th century the churches of Canada entered a period that by the late sixties was being called "the post-Christian era." Secularization meant, for almost all of them, waiting congregations and declining resources. Back in 1946, when the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion asked Canadians if they’d be happy to change or synagogue in the last week, fully 87 percent said yes. Since then the figure has been dropping, year by year, until this summer is expected at 35 percent. "What seems apparent,"notes the University of Lethbridge sociologist Reginald Bibb, after a detailed study, "is that the vast majority of contemporary Canadians, including many church members, have consciously and unconsciously adopted a secular outlook on life." Professor Bibb, whose study was done for the United Church of Canada, says in part, "the United Church finds itself in a position where its people appear to have a low level of commitment to traditional Christianity."

However, in one of Christianity’s many paradoxes, the time of trouble has become a time of innovation. In the major churches — the Roman Catholic, Anglican, United, and Presbyterian; for example — the secular climate of the sixties and seventies has brought about new forms of cooperation and new forms of ministry, with clergymen increasingly engaged in trying to serve God and man in ways that reach and temper the alien culture with Christ’s teaching. Nowhere is this more vivid than in Quebec, where the Roman Catholic Church’s leader in its one dominant role by the secularist and nationalist forces of the sixties, has taken on the role of the servant church, seeking more and more to bind the wounds of troubled individuals and society at large, first in these new programs, where, in his opinion, it has been the cause of social injustice. In an article in the August issue of The United Church Observer, he writes that his own theological training, received at King’s College, founded so many years ago by the first Anglicans to come to Canada, did not train him in the complex, necessary task of bringing a Christian influence to bear on the economic life of modern society. "It took me a long time," Hatton says, "to realize that my theological training did not challenge me at two fundamental levels. I felt incompletely prepared for what I was told, not just in some aspects of theology but in matters of economics and political analysis.

Naturally, not all church leaders, either in the pulpit or in the pew, agree that a primary task of the church should be to foster economy. But they do agree that the churches, defining the system as a horror but not within the expertise or the purpose of theology. Moreover, they say, partisan economic lobbying may seriously divide the membership. As the Reverend Randall Lacy, an Anglican minister who is now Alberta’s ombudsman, argues, church leaders are very likely economic experts. In an attempt to prevent the division — and to the loss of the churches of many business leaders — an organization called the Confederation of Church and Business has been founded, not to discourage the churches from dealing with the moral dimensions of business but to provide them with the expertise they need to speak out of knowledge. One of the directors of the group is Robert McClure, the famed missionary and surgeon, who was the moderator of the United Church from 1968 to 1971. "I believe," he says, "that we need bridges, not hostility, between the church and business. Some of our other reformed groups have the idea that development is bad and business is predatory. Not so. I’ve seen it in India and China, and it has a very positive side."

For all of this, the people who carry forward the long tradition of spreading the good news are committed to just that: the proclamation of a faith that transcends all men’s systems and helps provide him with purpose in the midst of a difficult and confusing world. One hopeful sign is that more and more people are seeking the church, searching for some word of meaning in human life. And all over Canada there are millions of people who still find that meaning in the symbol erected so many years ago by Jacques Cartier. In the land he touched would be claimed not just for man but for God.□

Kenneth Bagnell is editor of The Review and a minister of the United Church of Canada.

For a little while on Christmas Eve, life becomes about as satisfying as it can be. The trees turn into a sparkling marvel; the fire crackles just the way it should and casts its light over the cards on the piano and the silver bowl of Christmas candies on the coffee table. Then someone puts a recording on the stereo, and the magnificent sound of a boy’s choir fills the house: O Come All Ye Faithful; Silent Night; Joy To The World. Joy to the whole world, indeed. It’s a sweet moment, and nothing can round it off quite like the ideal combination of old carols sung by young boys.

For hundreds of Christmas past, boys’ choirs have been as much at home with the season as Dickens, holly, and mincemeat pie. It’s not surprising. When boys in traditional school groups parade up a church aisle looking like pictures on Christmas cards and sounding like angels, the feelings of peace on earth and good will are bound to soar.

Christmas is the time when the whole world admires boys’ choirs: all those gloriously intricate chants and anthems flowing from a few rows of 9- and 10-year-olds. But few people listening in church or at home have even a vague realization of the immense effort and dedication it takes for a young boy to become a singer who can handle the chores of Bach and the songs of Benjamin Britten.

The surprising thing is that boys’ choirs are still around today. Why do they do it? Why do boys give up hokey and rock records in favor of Handel’s Messiah? Why do they face the taunts from their friends? Why do parents become chauffeurs three and four days a week (it’s good fun for free weekends)? Why — and this is most surprising of all — why is there a revival in boys’ choirs?

People start a boys’ choir and struggle to keep it going for many different reasons. All good ones. Sometimes the choir is a way to remember someone. Reverend J.J. Macdonald leads the Lavallo Hanihura Memorial Choir

Young boys, old carols, and the angels sing.

BY TEDDI BROWN

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but not the boys — and so another boys' choir is born, says Father MacDonald of Sydney Mines. "If you try to get a mixed choir going, you'll get about 20 girls out and two or three boys. And even those two or three will definitely have their fun with the girls!" The choir would rather sing in their own group. They've told me so many times.

In April, the West End Boys' Choir will sing at St. Michael's Cathedral in Toronto. He asks to remain anonymous so the other choirs won't call him a show-off. Anthony wouldn't have it any other way! I'd be too embarrassed to sing even once in front of a class with girls. Sometimes when I go over to a friend's house his sister says: "Oh, you go to St. Michael's Choir School. Sing something for us. I feel like running and locking myself in the bathroom." All choirs in Canada suffered from lack of interest and members in the sixties. With schools turning to band music and many churches only parochial. Anthony, who's 10 years old and a member of the junior boys' choir at St. Michael's Cathedral in Toronto, is the largest community of more than 30,000 people, proudly sponsors a Prince Albert Boys' Choir. Co-founded by Miss Joanne Parks and recreation program. The boys sing in six languages and have carried off awards at festivals in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. "We're the only boys," says Mrs. Margaret Found, music director. "The boys lead the choir, especially a boys' choir, can't survive without discipline. Not grasping dis-
RESEARCH

Imperials long history and more of the same

BY PATRICIA CLARKE
ILLUSTRATIONS: TINA HOLDCROFT

It is eight o’clock on a November evening, and in Calgary the temperature has already dipped below freezing. On Builder’s Road a motorist, peering into the frosty night, suddenly spies up ahead a splash of light in the darkness. There, in the glare of beaming spotlights, four men stand around a frozen swimming pool, two others hack at the ice with chain saws. Then, just as the motorist drives past, two of the parka-clad figures step behind cameras and begin to film the wintry scene.

What the puzzled motorist has come upon is not the making of a new Canadian film on northern adventure. But he has caught a glimpse of a Canadian activity that, like the film industry itself, is getting an increasing amount of public attention.

For the driver is passing part of the property of Esso Resources Canada Limited in Calgary, and the men at the poolside are, in fact, scientists doing research on the effect of ice formations on drilling structures.

Ice research is only one example of Imperial’s long tradition of research involving Canada’s physical environment. It’s also a sign that Imperial Oil is interested not just in “incremental” research — studies aimed at improving existing products — but in original research that will advance Canadian knowledge, increase the country’s productivity, and help create projects that result in thousands of new jobs.

However, there is a nagging feeling among some Canadians that the country’s corporations are lagging when it comes to research and development — popularly referred to as R and D. The president of the Canadian Manufacturers Association speaks of the country’s “dismal performance” in innovation and calls R and D “a glaring weak spot.” John Roberts, minister of state for science and technology, complains that we lack the competitive technological edge that world markets demand.

Given this viewpoint, which some analysts claim to be a bit imprecise, Canadian industry is being challenged to answer the charge that the nation’s firms — in particular the multinational firms — don’t do enough research.

There is, of course, a multitude of answers to that charge. The fact is that R and D is a highly complex issue, and making generalizations and searching for scapegoats won’t help resolve it. Nevertheless, there is always room for improvement and, as part of its R and D strategy, the federal government has set a goal of 1.5 percent of the gross national product to be devoted to R and D spending by 1985. When expressed as a percentage of value added (a corporation’s equivalent of GNP), Imperial’s research works out to about 1.4 percent, very close to the national goal of 1.5 percent for all research in Canada, which includes research done by universities, government, and industry. Even Bill Stadelman, president of the Ontario Research Foundation, who keeps his finger on industrial research generally, was impressed by the breadth and depth of Imperial’s research program when he visited its Sarnia, Ont., laboratories. He mentioned not only its financial commitment — Imperial has the largest petroleum research establishment in Canada — but also the way that commitment has made Imperial a world leader in several key areas of the petroleum industry.

J.G. Livingston, Imperial’s president, isn’t going to get into an argument on whether multinational firms do or don’t pull their weight in research. Probably some don’t. On the other hand, it’s easy to blame almost everything except the weather on foreign ownership. What he does know about is Imperial’s record, and as one of the people who contributed to it (his name is on a patent connected with a refining process), he thinks it is one the company and the country can be proud of. “Research is an essential part of our business,” he says, “both to serve our customers and to make a profit. And we’ve become worldwide specialists in what we do.”

The company has been involved in research for almost 100 years, since it hired a chemist in 1884 to find out how to take the evil-smelling sulfur out of western Ontario crude oil so it could compete with oil from the United States. Last year Imperial spent $33 million on research in Canada. As a percentage of sales that is higher than most international oil companies. As a percentage of value added it is about four times the Canadian industry average.

One of Imperial’s three Canadian laboratories is in Montreal. Building Products of Canada Limited, a subsidiary of Esso Chemical, has a research and engineering group of about 25 working on such products as insulation and vinyl siding that will do a better job of energy conservation. The laboratory in Sarnia also does some 356 years and largest with a staff of 365, does “downstream” research into refining processes and petrochemical products. A part of its effort is going into harnessing new energy sources such as the sun.

A laboratory in Calgary under Esso Resources, an Imperial subsidiary, has a staff of 220 which does “upstream research” — new ways to find petroleum and mineral resources and get them out of the ground.

This research effort is growing. The Sarnia laboratories have added 100 new people in the last two years and have just opened a $3.5-million new wing, with a further $25-million expansion planned. Calgary just opened a new minerals research division, for the company’s coal, metals, and uranium interests, and is bulging out of its 6,500-square-metre building.

Peter Stufl, an Imperial vice-president who is who the company’s natural resources coordinator, says the growth is mostly because of the urgency of making our petroleum supplies stretch as far as they can. On the downstream side, it’s investing in processes that save manufacturers energy and use less crude oil while turning out products that last longer and save gas. Upstream, it’s new ventures to squeeze more oil from conventional wells and to use the most energy at the lowest cost from harder-to-tap sources such as heavy oil or “light sand.

At Sarnia, where the laboratories sprawl through eight buildings, solar collectors on the roof test how some design best captures the sun’s energy. On a climate-controlled dynamometer, which measures and controls the work done by engines, researchers monitor fuel economy while automobiles run on the spot at 100 kilometres per hour. Electron microscopes magnify the fibres in greases up to 50,000 times so scientists can develop the most efficient lubricants.

The Sarnia laboratory is the research specialist for the worldwide Exxon family in the processing of lubricating oils, and Exxon pays most of the bill for a research effort that employs 120 persons. “We couldn’t
gather a team like this if we had only the Exxon family on the Canadian market," Dave Shaw, the lube process division manager, says. "Gathering such a team has paid off. The Sarnia labs have more than 400 patents to their credit. Research manager John Tiedje is involved in 25, including one for a process to improve the flow of furnace fuels, which was developed at minimal cost and has found worldwide application. Sarnia developed a process in 1930 that at one time was used in making almost half the world's lubricating oil. Recently it developed a successor to that process. It took eight years and cost $1 million. But the new process, Exxon N, is safer, cleaner, uses 25 percent less energy in the manufacturing process, and squeezes two percent more product out of every barrel of crude.

The Calgary laboratory is 30 years younger than Sarnia, but it also, according to Don Best, a research group leader, "has many world firsts." The manager is Vern Larson, low-key, well organized, who relaxes from building budgets during the day by studying gourmet recipes at night and who appears to have injected all his own ideas into his work with oil sands.

"How do you know it won't work if you haven't tried it?"

What went on in research laboratories do, indeed, what nearly all industry researchers do — is called mission-oriented research. That's opposed to the pure research into the basic nature of things that properly goes on in universities. "We're in the business of doing things that tie in to the future plans of our company," Larson says. But he adds, "We're also in the business of doing things that are not in the future plans of our company — and there is one scientist on his staff, George Smith, whose job includes trying to anticipate what, in 1990, the company will wish it had started work on today.

The kind of research varies with the problem. "We get as fundamental as we need to, sometimes that's pretty fundamental," Larson says. Take, for example, the work on ice physics, glimpsed earlier by our puzzled motorist, for which Imperial has received international recognition. The company staked out a promising section of the Beaufort Sea in the 1960s. Then it asked the research people to find out how to drill as well. No one had done offshore drilling in the Arctic before. Almost nothing was known about what to expect from the ice — whether it moved, how much it moved, what force is exerted — or how to build a drilling platform that could stand up to it.

The answers came after years of observation in the Arctic. As well as experiments in one of the largest open-air ice basins in the world, located behind the Calgary laboratory. A pool 55 to 60 metres and one to four metres deep with a range of conditions to measure their effect on scale models of drilling structures.

"We were the only people trying to solve this problem," Larson says, "and we found out a lot about ice that no one knew. The discoveries, reported at annual sessions, can help in planning other northern installations.

But research isn't only finding out what researchers know. It is also using what everyone knows for a purpose no one has thought of before. Everyone knows that drills have to be developed horizontally for sewer lines or electric cables. But not for oil wells. That wasn't done.

At Esso Resources, however, they don't know what can't be done. So they go ahead and do it. Recently, they got the idea of combining steam stimulation and the force of gravity to drain oil from porous rock in the mid-1960s and has been refining it ever since. To make this process efficient they needed horizontal wells. "To make a real Canadian development," he points out, "Some people have been skeptical about it. We hope that soon no one will be skeptical any more, since it looks as though years of research will pay off."

Esso Resources' horizontal pilot project is showing signs of being a significant success. The behavior of ice, developing horizontal wells — both projects help unlock new sources of hydrocarbon. Third, perhaps the most challenging, is the tight-gas-sands study.

What Larson showed is what looks like ordinary sandstone. Solid as a rock, you'd say. Actually, it is a million times less permeable than the tar sands. But trapped in this rock, beneath the thousands of square kilometres of it and the hundreds of kilometres of it, is perhaps as much natural gas as in all Canada's current proven gas reserves. A year ago Larson set up a research group to learn how to squeeze it out. "We do not know anything about this," he says. "Some skeptics say we will never be able to get the gas out because they don't know how. Of course, we don't know what will work and what won't. That's why we're in the research."

The skeptics, of course, could be right. There are dry holes in research as well as exploration. But you don't know until you dig.

In a complex and competitive business like oil industry, which often has to operate in unknown or unkind weather and terrain, success and even survival depend on great deal on constant advances in technology. Imperial's policy is to do as much of the research that leads to these advances in Canada as possible. Canadian research is tailored to our needs. It is more quickly and easily and economically put to work.

Canadian R and D such as Imperial's provides challenging jobs for engineers and scientists. As Waleed Zajrawi, manager for production research at Calgary, puts it, "You're also building a strong human resource of technically competent people trained in problem solving and innovation." And he goes on, "The more innovative people you have around the brighter the technological future of the country.

The need to protect a competitive advantage was one of the reasons that led Imperial to establish its own laboratory from publishing its work as freely as a university. In spite of that resolution, a good deal of its research work spills over to other research; Sarnia scientists have made presentations at conferences, and Imperial is a regular sponsor of Petroleum Congresses so far, a record no other Canadian group can match. The Calgary researchers have 20 presentations or publications scheduled for 1980, to groups such as the American Geophysical Union and the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, on topics such as "Tertiary Paleocene Fossils" and "Ice Forces on Wide Structures.

At a talk on research on exploration at a meeting of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists, two of the technical papers were from Esso Resources.

In addition to exchanges of information, there are projects grants to universities in research areas from paleontology to data processing and separate awards from the company for basic studies totaling almost $600,000 in 1979.

But while Imperial believes in Canadian research, it doesn't believe in re-inventing the wheel. No company, no country can hope to be entirely independent of outside technology. "To try to be completely self-sufficient would be absolutely disastrous for our standard of living," John Tiedje says. "If we thought that way 100 years ago, we'd still be using wheelbarrows and bicycles for transportation."

In his view, the multinational corporation is one of the best methods yet devised to get technology from where it is developed to where it is needed. And the way Imperial shares in Exxon's worldwide research program, he says, others believe benefits both the company and Canada. The Exxon family pays part of the cost of Imperial's research in Canada and shares the benefits. Imperial, in turn, with a relatively modest contribution, benefits both the company and Canada. The Exxon family pays part of the cost of Imperial's research in Canada and shares the benefits. Imperial, in turn, with a relatively modest contribution, benefits both the company and Canada. The Exxon family pays part of the cost of Imperial's research in Canada and shares the benefits. Imperial, in turn, with a relatively modest contribution, benefits both the company and Canada. The Exxon family pays part of the cost of Imperial's research in Canada and shares the benefits. Imperial, in turn, with a relatively modest contribution, benefits both the company and Canada. The Exxon family pays part of the cost of Imperial's research in Canada and shares the benefits. Imperial, in turn, with a relatively modest contribution, benefits both the company and Canada. The Exxon family pays part of the cost of Imperial's research in Canada and shares the benefits. Imperial, in turn, with a relatively modest contribution, benefits both the company and Canada. The Exxon family pays part of the cost of Imperial's research in Canada and shares the benefits. Imperial, in turn, with a relatively modest contribution, benefits both the company and Canada. The Exxon family pays part of the cost of Imperial's research in Canada and shares the benefits. Imperial, in turn, with a relatively modest contribution, benefits both the company and Canada. The Exxon family pays part of the cost of Imperial's research in Canada and shares the benefits.

As Canadians, we get a good deal.

In fact, Imperial's "world technical mandates" cover a number of fields — heavy crude recovery, lube processing, polyvinyl chloride plastics, base oil quality, and grease formulation. As Imperial grows, its president, J.G. Livingston, says, it will enter a new era of investment opportunity and a new era of research will be needed in support. More efficient extraction, more efficient products — in research, he says, you are never really finished.

Those are the business needs and opportunities that, in his view, encourage research. A "shotgun" approach, he cautions, may be neither effective nor productive.

"Business will do research where it sees opportunities," he says. "It's a political misconception that a bundle of research, by itself, is all we need for everlasting prosperity."

The Review, Number 6, 1980
Robert Jekyll is happy to take a coffee break to talk about his favorite subject. It's one he approaches with almost a missionary zeal.

"There's a tremendous need," he begins, "for more Canadians to recognize that serious artists — people with solid backgrounds in art — want to work in stained glass as their principal medium. These are artists with a vision that is strong and personal, not just a 'pastiche of the past.' A lot of people have trouble with that idea."

Jekyll is one of those serious artists — a former aeronautical engineer who moved to stained glass in the early seventies. He couldn't have chosen a more exciting time. Caught up in the current drama of the stained-glass world are the artists themselves; churches, who at one time were virtually the only buyers; architects and interior designers, who try to sort out good work from bad; galleries and private collectors who haven't yet accepted stained glass as a fine art; and a commercial world that has seized upon stained glass as a novel way to dress up a restaurant wall or bar top.

The past 10 years have been boom times. Today you can turn almost any corner and meet stained glass in a variety of appealing and unappealing roles — in pizza shops, banks, airline terminals, hotels, churches, houses, pet shops, art galleries, and even massage parlors. Serious artists view this as long overdue recognition, even if it's often misguided.

While designs and final forms are undergoing upheavals, the alchemy of the Middle Ages that turned lead, sand, and a handful of other minerals into breathtaking beauty has changed very little. Today's artists use glass made in much the same manner as that found in the beautiful 12th and 13th century cathedrals of Europe. Ever today, the best glass is hand-blown and comes from Britain, France, and Germany. A more recent process, dating from the 19th century, pours molten glass onto a flat surface and then passes it under a series of rollers which spread the glass and flatten it into sheets. Various metal oxides are added to the basic mixture of sand, soda ash, and lime to produce a tremendous range of colors. A single factory in France, for example, produces over 3,000 different hues, tints, and tones. Glass may also include small bubbles, swirls, streaks of different colors, cracked surfaces, ribs, and striations.

Other kinds of glass popular with today's artists are dailles de verre in dazzling colors, cast one inch thick, which must be cut into shapes with a chisel-edged hammer. The arrival of epoxy resin glues, which are stronger and clearer than other glues, also gives the contemporary artist wider choices and greater flexibility; conventional stained glass can actually be glued in layers of color onto sheets of plain glass.

Creation of a stained-glass window begins with making sketches, choosing the glass, and then cutting the glass to size. In developing the huge stained-glass windows in the House of Commons, artist Russell Goodman used as many as 2,500 pieces of glass in a single window, each tiny piece held in place by strips of lead. This ancient "leading" technique is still the most popular. The window is constructed inside a lead border by fitting the glass, piece by piece, into lengths of lead came that have been cut to fit exactly between them. Finally the joints, where lengths of came meet one another, are soldered front and back, and the work is cemented to stiffen it and make it waterproof.

Stained glass arrived in Canada in the mid-1900s. To a nation of transplanted immigrants, it offered a nostalgic link with Great Britain and Europe. By the 1880s a number of firms had sprung up across Canada, using catalogues of standardized designs from the United States and Britain to sell windows of all types for public and private buildings. Fanlights, transoms, and foyers windows were particularly popular.

The first Canadian windows reflected the imagery and style of their imported counterparts. Later, simple geometric works won acceptance in hotels, hospitals, and banks. Ironically only the wealthiest Canadian churches could afford stained-glass windows, and these were usually imported at great expense from Europe.

World War I marked the beginning of a decline that was to see the art virtually disappear. Two world wars and a depression put many firms out of business. Tastes and architecture changed. By 1945 the large plate-glass
Windows by Yvonne Williams at St. Michael's of All Angels in Toronto: a revolutionary style inspired by medieval glass painters.

Stephen Taylor at work in the Church of the Holy Angels, Toronto: a particular sensitivity to environment.

artists a sense of community, to promote their work, and to attract and train newcomers. He is a founding member of Artists In Stained Glass, a group that comes together regularly to exchange ideas and share frustrations. He is also the founder and editor of The Leadline, a quarterly publication with which he has a "love-hate relationship, because it takes a lot of time away from my work."

While Jekyll and other artists are caught up in today and tomorrow, they are quick to pay tribute to one who discovered stained glass long before it became fashionable.

Yvonne Williams, now 79 and still an active artist, looks back on almost 50 years as an innovator in stained glass. Her windows grace over 150 chapels, churches, and cathedrals across Canada — one of the most important contributions to Canadian stained-glass art. Inspired by medieval glass painters, her style was revolutionary when she began. Some of today's leading artists — Gus Weissman, Jerome McIncholl, Ellen Simon, Rosemary Kilbourn, Stephen Taylor — were apprentices to Yvonne Williams. Her work and encouragement are recognized from coast to coast.

It's difficult to acknowledge all the serious stained-glass artists now working in Canada, but a closer look at a number of them can shed some light on regional influences, particular specialties, and the outlook for the future.

One of the leading West Coast artists is Jerry Eversole, a native of Edmonton who now lives in Victoria. His studio is a one-storey warehouse with the usual accoutrements of the stained-glass artist: large cutting tables, racks of glass, kilns, stacks of drawings, and rows of metal shelves to hold the odds and ends that are sure to be needed one day.

Eversole has been supporting himself as a stained-glass artist since 1972. While he enjoys developing his own "left-field ideas" as he calls them, much of his work is commissioned architectural designs — windows, doors, dividing panels, and screens for homes and public buildings.

Most architects, he feels, are reluctant to use stained glass. "It's easier for them to design a building themselves and then go out and buy a wall hanging for the entrance."

The relationship between art and
architecture can be a fragile one, as Eversole discovered some years ago. "I was designing stained glass for a liquor store," he explains, "and made the naive assumption that the building would be put up according to the plans. I had done all the designs for 41 24-inch arches and for one tiny window. One day, as the building was going up, I went down to measure the tiny window. There was, up on the ladder, when I happened to look over my shoulder at those 24-inch arches. Only they weren't. They were only 14 inches. My designs were useless. I became suddenly incoherent and started running around demanding explanations. Finally somebody put me in a chair, poured some whiskey into me, and hailed for a blanket. Then they told me there would be a meeting in 30 minutes with the client and could I bring new designs to fill the new spaces? Incredibly, I did it."

East of the Rockies, residents of Calgary and Edmonton, with their energies going in so many directions these days, still have found time to embrace the stained-glass movement. In Calgary stained glass is so popular that it has become almost a sub-trade of the booming building industry. Three-quarters of available commissions are now for private homes. Alberta artists with strong followings include Karl Lengauer, Paul Winter, Ed Minor, David Hajl, and Rickie Horodezky.

"If the work is good," says Horodezky, "there's a market for as much as you can do. One recent project was a full-size nude on glass, six feet by four feet. With the interest and money around, some of us can pick and choose our projects."

Like many artists, she admits she is searching for a style that is uniquely Canadian, not just technically expert. A large number of stained-glass artists are working in Ontario, many of them in the Toronto area. These include Stuart Reid, Doreen Balabanoff, Clive Blewchamp, Gundar Robez, Stephen Taylor, Gus Weissman, and Rosemary Kilbourn.

Although their styles are totally different, husband and wife Stuart Reid and Doreen Balabanoff share a belief in the tremendous opportunities for the use of stained glass in architecture. "Stained glass is like the threshold between your world and your soul," says Reid. "It can be very moving, lifting. With our interest in humanizing space and creating environments with light and color, we're thinking more and more about hospitals, schools, and recreation centres."

The spiritual vocabulary seems to come naturally to these artists, perhaps because of the long association between stained glass and places of worship. Russell Goodman, a Toronto designer who moved his family to Ottawa for two years to work on the new stained-glass windows in the House of Commons, explains that a stained-glass window is "a message to the people. What I'm really trying to do is give a sermon in the window."

Stephen Taylor calls himself "a bit of a loner," who disdains much of the contemporary stained glass, the attitudes of apprentices, and the need for an artist to solicit work. Fortunately for him, he is in demand for church windows, restorations, and windows for homes, schools, hospitals, and commercial buildings. He has a particular sensitivity to environment. "In Europe everything is quieted down by the mist. When I came to Canada, it was a temptation to design with colors that were too pale. Here we have strong, powerful light. In winter it bounces off snow; in summer there is brilliant sun. You have to do a window for winter or for summer. You can't really do it for both."

Gundar Robez, a Hamilton artist who was introduced to glass by Robert Jekyll at Sheridan College, near Toronto, views his work as a personal statement and prefers free-standing works of art that aren't related to doorways, windows, or restaurant walls. Noting that "nobody has yet made it solely with autonomous stained glass," he is encouraged by the opening of Canada's first gallery showing only glass art. The Glass Art Gallery in Toronto, directed by Janak Khendry, presents Canadian and American artists, traveling exhibitions, seminars, and lectures.

In Quebec, French-Canadian artists and those who have brought their skills from Europe carry on the Canadian tradition of sticking to one's glass and largely ignoring the efforts of others. At times, isolation and frustration march together.

Theo Lubbers, a leading Quebec artist for 25 years, explains the
problem: "A painter can tear off his bed sheets, throw them up in some way, and maybe for $10 he can create a painting that is worth $1,000. Not so a stained-glass artist. The glass is worth $10 to $15 a square foot depending on what you do with it. So I'm still doing work for restaurants and a lot of junk — maybe 25 percent of my time is spent on contemporary work."

Lubbers is encouraged, however, by the recent lessening of Quebec's isolationist tendencies. He himself has traveled all over the country on commissions. One of his recent projects has been a complete restoration in a cathedral in St. John's, Nfld., a huge and delicate job. "We cut the glass out of the frame and lift the panels out on boards. Some can be restored right at the site. Badly damaged pieces have to be packed, crated, and shipped to my studio back in Montreal."

"Sometimes I feel like one of the men at Chartres in the 14th century. But they had perhaps 10 colors to work with. Now we have about 500. In the studio we replace the missing or broken pieces, set new lead if necessary, then go back to St. John's and install it. We can make stained glass as good as it was in the beginning."

Three women in Quebec have attracted wide attention. Marcelle Ferron was a recognized stained-glass artist well before the boom in popularity. Equally well-known as a painter, her stained-glass works are notable for their huge size.

For Astrid Reusch, the fascination is with the unknown. "Almost everything," she says, "has been mapped out in painting, from realism through to conceptual art. In glass you can still be a pioneer."

Basically a self-taught artist, her works range from seven-inch square pieces that can be picked up in one hand to four-by-eight-foot panels that can be moved only by several men with a winch and a hydraulic lift. Reusch finds the work all-consumbing and exhausting. "There's always the danger of the chemical fumes. You can drop molten metal on your legs. You cut yourself several times a day, and you live with the fear and expense of a piece of your glass breaking."

"They say it takes 15 years to make a good violinist. I think it takes just as long to make an artist."

Ernestine Tahedl works closely with architects from the earliest possible stage. Three of her successes are in Quebec: the inside entrance to the Revenue Canada Building in Quebec City, works in the Canadian Pavilion at Expo '67, and a stained-glass and concrete sculpture on the campus of McGill University.

She brings a European perspective to the role of art in cities and public buildings: "One percent of the building's cost should be for fine art. Lately not even this rule has been followed; so the cutbacks are really hurting a lot of artists."

In the Maritimes the struggle is still to move beyond the traditional church window approach. Paul Blaney, an artist in Saint John, N.B., acknowledges the conservative climate. "But every now and then," he says, "an opportunity comes along to express myself in a more modern way."

He has found architects in the Maritimes — "especially the younger ones" — to be quite open and receptive and looks ahead to the day when stained glass is a welcomed contribution to large building projects.

The future is a puzzle. A small and rather brave band of committed artists has brought Canadian stained glass a long way from its dormant state of 10 or 12 years ago. They are understandably impatient to push ahead and quick to pinpoint frustrations: the tariff on imported glass, the lack of commissions; the reluctance of many architects to encourage stained glass; the slowness of galleries, critics, and the public to accept glass as fine art.

In their own work, they want to do more experimenting, more searching for a Canadian character. And how will the Canadian people respond? Will their enthusiasm for stained glass continue to grow? Robert Jekyl, for one, is both blunt and optimistic. "Probably 90 percent of Canadians are visually illiterate," he says. "Europeans grow up surrounded by important visual stimuli. Canada is still very much a hockey and football culture. It takes time to change the climate."

Perhaps Rickis Hordinsky said all that can be said about the future: "Maybe we will just have to wait 15 years and then look back to see what more has been accomplished."
The events that were designed to hold the whole of the western financial and economic thrall throughout most of the 1970s and to reshape dramatically the Canadian economy were just two or three years more than half a century earlier.

In 1927 Standard Oil of New Jersey (now Exxon) reported a potential oil discovery in Bahrain in the Persian Gulf on the grounds that the deposits were saltier and smaller in thickness than all of Canada's. A few years later, surveys indicated the possibility of the existence of oil beneath the sands of Saudi Arabia. Standard Oil began exploring.

Initial results were unpromising: the company drilled six wells and came up with six dry holes. But a seventh well came in at 7,000 barrels of heavy crude oil, and was shortly followed by the discovery of immense pools in Saudi Arabia and adjacent countries.

Within a few years, oil, costing no more than 15 cents a barrel to produce, was literally changing the face of the Middle East. The American, British, and Dutch oil companies that produced, refined, and marketed the Middle East oil, sharing the profits with the country of origin, were able to sell it on world markets at prices ranging between $1.30 and $4 a barrel. For nearly half a century the Middle East was the only source of crude oil as the world wanted it.

The effects of an unlimited supply of cheap oil were far-reaching and profound. In the United States, nourished on a diet of cheap gasoline and cheap energy, there was a massive program of road building, the automobile evolved into a lumbering species of its own, shunting economy for comfort and performance and providing a degree of mobility that allowed people to live as far as possible from what they worked. (“Nobody wants a small car,” Henry Ford Sr. had told a Wall Street Journal reporter in 1957. “If they did I would build it.”)

In Canada, low-priced petroleum imports were severely hampering the efforts of a still fledgling domestic oil industry to develop the recently discovered fields. But the government responded by encouraging such development, in 1961 the federal government adopted a policy supporting the rapid development of the industry, and the public sector-commissioned Borden Commission, whereby all of the Canadian market west of a north-south line was reserved for domestic production. In the 1970s, the memory of a government that was prepared to support higher levels of government revenues was not likely to prove sufficient to meet the energy needs of the western provinces, although encouraging, was unlikely to prove sufficient to meet the energy needs of the western provinces.

But in the Canada of 1970, emerging from a period of reticence, was a period of uncertainty and doubt, with some real economic upheaval to come. Nor was energy the only issue of concern: the government's public opinion was concerned about the government's public and, in fact, government’s public concern was much broader. But in the 1970s it was substantially involved in initial projects aimed at realizing the energy potential of the Alberta oil sands. Even these areas of endeavor would continue to require heavy financial demands on Imperial throughout the 1970s; by the end of the decade Imperial had invested considerably more than a billion dollars on northern exploration and oil-sands development.

**Oil had become a potent political weapon**

By the early 1970s the wisdom of initiating such long-range projects was already becoming clear, as the significant oil discovery had been made in western Canada since 1960, and production was already falling from established fields in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and British Columbia. But even industry experts were to be surprised by the speed at which oil production in the West was to decline during the middle and later years of the decade. By the late 1970s and early 1980s, costs were increasing by a large scale to stimulate the flow of oil from mature and ebbing western fields.

If confirmation were needed of the prudential decision Canada's embarking on an all-out effort to increase its supplies of indigenous energy, it was provided by the actions of OPEC in 1973. At the beginning of 1973 the price of OPEC oil stood at around $3 a barrel. With the space of scarcely more than a year the price had quadrupled, and, with an embargo on the shipment of Iraqi crude to the United States in Iraq, the United States in the U.S. 1973 war, the oil had become a potent political weapon. (Not since 1775, when the American colonists were threatened with the loss of tea if they didn't pay taxes to the British crown, had that country been deprived of a commodity it wanted.)

The OPEC moves signaled not only a fundamental change in the global energy picture but a radical shift in the global balance of economic power. Inflation rates in western countries rose sharply, many oil-importing nations found themselves facing severe balance-of-payments problems, and OPEC's recycling of petrodollars did little to expand the productive base of the world's economies.

For the Canadian oil industry, one of the more profound effects of OPEC's action was to be a radical change in the national pricing structure of oil and gas. "The importance of OPEC from the Canadian standpoint," Jack Armstrong, Imperial's chairman and chief executive officer, recalled recently, "was that it resulted in the commodity values of oil and natural gas coming closer to reflecting costs of production and the real value of this country's energy assets." Oil started in 1975, in the words of The Montreal Gazette, as a "slumbering giant." The government's decision to loosen the energy's price at the beginning of that year made only a passing reference to energy, noting that western Canada wanted industrial development to reinforce its "greater resource and energy base." In January 1973 the average wellhead price of a barrel of Alberta crude, as determined by market forces, stood at $3.

By August the price had risen to $5.80. On September 4 Prime Minister Trudeau announced that a "control mechanism" would be devised to keep the Canadian oil prices rising in step with world prices, and 10 days later Energy Minister Donald Macdonald announced a tax on export of crude oil to the United States. Effectively, the announcement signaled the end of the previous arrangement, whereby U.S. prices determined the price of Canadian oil and natural gas, and served notice that future prices would be set by the government of Canada. These moves came at a time when producers were facing a price war with the oil-producing provinces as a threat to their constitutional right to control resource development.

Thus were fired the opening shots...
in a bitter and prolonged federal-provincial battle which, with occasion-
al truces, was to continue throughout the remainder of the decade and remain tragically unresolved by the decade’s end. It is a dispute that, as many observers have noted, has more to do with constitutional wrangling than with energy-pricing policies.

“Federalism is central to the cur-
tent discussion of energy policy in Canada,” Donald Stevenson of Onta-
tario’s ministry of intergovernmental affairs wrote recently. “Energy policy has sparked a debate about the conduct

of federal-provincial relations. The concentration of resources, primarily oil and gas, in one region of the coun-	ry coupled with provincial ownership and jurisdiction over the management of natural resources means that energy has been less of a debate between public and private sectors of the economy than between different governments and different regions of the country.”

Nevertheless, the entry of the federal government into the energy field, which before 1960 had been largely considered as a matter of regional interest, was to have a major influence on the shape of the Western petro-

Drilling rigs in Iran: OPEC initiated a radical shift in global economic power

However, Imperial continued to

produce more energy. In particular, the amount of revenues that was allowed to flow through to the indus-
tries by the federal and provincial governments had a crucial effect on the rate of development, a factor that became obvious in 1975 when explora-
tion, hobbled by a lack of funds, slowed to a snail’s pace.

Nevertheless, Imperial continued to pursue its energy development policies at a precedent-setting pace. Those policies had essentially been determined the previous decade. “So far as new energy sources were concerned,” explained Peter Staudt, vice-president of natural resources coordination, “the company had reached two major com-

clusions during the 1980s:

The first was that the new resources of the century, if they do exist, will pro-
curately have to come to the rescue of our declining known reserves of conven-
tional oil and gas. The second was that investment in such heavy-oil projects as Syncrude and Cold Lake will provide some divestments in terms of new energy supplies for Canada but represented opportunity for new large-scale developments with a good rate of return. We were convinced even then that there would come a day when these heavy-oil projects would prove economic.

As it turned out, Imperial’s search for conventional oil and gas in the newer areas had, by the end of the decade, resulted in a to-be-expected mixture of failure, frustration and oppor-
tunity. Hopes of capitalizing on a major gas discovery in the Mackenzie Delta by the early 1980s were dashed when the federal government turned down proposals for a Mackenzie Valley pipe-

line, although the gas itself remains an appreciating asset.

The discovery of commercial de-
posits of heavy oil in the Arctic eluded Imperial explorers for most of the decade, but a significant find in the Beaufort Sea early this year raised many hopes. Offshore exploration, still in its early stages, had yet to yield results through a promising discovery by another operator suggested potential for the offshore Atlantic. Unless royalties are more tangible.

In western Canada, where Im-
perial considerably increased its land holdings toward the end of the decade, oil and gas continued to be discovered in significant amounts, and as far north as the Northwest Territories — the company’s oldest producing oil field — the existence of additional reserves were confirmed and development continued for their eco-
nomic production.

But by the end of the decade Imperial’s long-held faith in the oil sands had been vindicated. The Synco project (in which the company is the major shareholder) was launched, after many problems, in 1974 and was completed in 1977. By the time the project was clearly a winner, producing badly needed supplies of synthetic crude at a continuously improving cost, a relatively fast track was already in increasing numbers to so-called private brands — independent retailers who, with low overheads and under the cost microscope.

The result today: Imperial has fewer but more efficient service stations, a happier — and more prosperous — network of dealers, and, inflation notwithstanding, has actually reduced the cost of wholesaling gasoline. And the contribution of its marketing opera-
tions to the company’s profits has reflected those efficiencies.

In retrospect, Imperial’s Armstrong looks back on the 1970s as a decade of solid achievement. “It was a period,” he says, “when offshore and Arctic de-

velopments justified the positions we had taken earlier in our energy search. The 1970s also saw Imperial research some important milestones in non

only a decade but a century of opera-
tions. As it has been reminding the public in this year’s advertising cam-
paign, it has been part of Canada’s future for 100 years. That’s a good record. And with the energy challenges facing Canada today, Imperial would like to think that it is going to be needed for quite a while longer. It is certainly planning to be. “If Canada grasps its tremendous resource opportuni-
ties,” says Jack Armstrong, “the next decade can see Canada embark on the biggest energy capital-investment program of any country in the world. And this need be but a stepping stone to the immense projects that will awaited in the 1980s.”

Gold Lake construction is ready to begin on another major innovative project of federal-provincial relations. The concentration of resources, primarily oil and gas, in one region of the country coupled with provincial ownership and jurisdiction over the management of natural resources means that energy has been less of a debate between public and private sectors of the economy than between different governments and different regions of the country.” Nevertheless, the entry of the federal government into the energy field, which before 1960 had been largely regarded as a matter of regional interest, was to have a major influence on the shape of the Western petro-

Drilling rigs in Iran: OPEC initiated a radical shift in global economic power

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velopments justified the positions we had taken earlier in our energy search. The 1970s also saw Imperial research some important milestones in non
Twenty-eight years ago, when I was 13 years old, I started a daily diary. I had no idea that some day I would earn my living as a writer, so that was not why I decided to keep a diary. No, I decided to keep a diary because in the early thirties becoming a lawyer was about the most momentous event in life and simply had to be recorded, as if you were boarding the Titanic and had a premonition of icebergs.

So, snapping my fingers to Sh-boom, Sh-boom, a-ya-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-di-doo (I'm sure there were nine "das") and bearing my best James Dean look of fashion inscrutability, I began to set down all the fabulous happenings. It seems now, from the perspective of 41, that all the fabulous happenings were female: June, Anna-Jean, Carolyn, Kathy, Lorraine, Judith, Pat, and that unearthly beauty whose name was Vicki Flower — a name so contrived I wouldn't dare invent it.

And then there was Brenda. Oh boy, was there Brenda. Even 23 years later I still wince at the name, and any woman named Brenda always has a head start with me. We went steady for a year, from February 1957 to February 1958, and I faithfully recorded everything. I would pay a king's ransom to read through those notes today, but unfortunately, in one of those gross stupidities most men are capable of, one day I threw the diary into the fireplace and set it alight. The highlights of that year are burned into my memory, but those elusive, soft tones of day to day have faded to nothing and are lost forever.

I started another diary in 1961, when I was 22, and I've kept it up, but I will always regret having destroyed those first-time years. Having no idea I'd be a writer, I kept a better diary at 13 than I did at 22. When I was doing newspaper reporting. At 13, I just put down what I saw and heard, things I wanted to remember because they were happy or sad. When I was 22 I was posturing, and I cringe when I peek at those entries.

October 9, 1961: I feel I am too young to get married, and yet I feel if I don't get married soon I will be losing out on something in life. I feel life is passing me by. I have no experience, no real experience . . .

No, no, no. What I would give to read something like:

June 3, 1957. Brenda and I drove to Sandy Hook after the dance, and this morning we had breakfast on the beach. We decided to elope after final exams.

When I tell people I keep a diary they usually are surprised and a bit fascinated, as if I admitted to some black art. I think diaries are in serious decline. It used to be much more common for people to jot events down in a diary, or keep journals of trips, or at least save letters. How existencialism reigns supreme, and we care not a fig for something as useless as posterity.

Most people who keep diaries are little girls who write in chunky, commercial journals with pastel pages and entries such as "Roses are red, violets are blue, I want to go to / To the movies with you." Or writers whose motives are more purely utilitarian.

I expect to use information from my diary for my writing — I have written entire features using only material from my diary — but I also keep it for other reasons. It is a good loosening-up exercise, literary calisthenics, and you can heap a lot of abuse into a diary that might otherwise poison friends and relations. Also, at 41, not having written the great novel and fearing I probably never will, it is some solace to accumulate pages and pages of words about me. If I can't write the great novel, then I will be a great novelist unto myself. It is something even non-writers might find entertaining.

Charles Ritchie, Canada's former ambassador to the United States and to the United Kingdom, described himself as "a compulsive diarist and a greedy reader." When he was 18 he said he wrote diaries because "I do not want my life to slip through my fingers like sand."

His first book, The Siren Years, won the Governor General's Award in 1974, and his second book, An Appetite for Life, appeared three years later. He is working at finishing still another book from his diaries, to be published by Macmillan of Canada. At the beginning, however, he wanted to be a writer of novels. One night he amazed himself by writing at a gallop, as if he were doing "automatic writing," but when he looked at what he had written the next morning he was appalled. He crumpled up the story and went for a walk. On September 19, 1924, when he was 16, he wrote:

"I took the short-cut past the stables, over the new bridge, across the railway cutting, through the village, and into the park. It was a funny sort of day. There had been fog but it had lifted, and it was neither hot nor cold. The sun just nipped out, the tops of the pine trees just moving. I went down to the point where you can look out to sea and sat on a bench. There was a liner moving out of the harbor mouth. It seemed to be moving slowly, hardly at all. The next time I looked it had almost disappeared. I thought, Oh, to be on board, doing anything, a stowaway, or swabbing the decks, going anywhere. There must be another place different from this. The whole world can't be the same. But what if it turned out to be? A big raindrop plumped on my forehead out of the still sky and I turned home. As I walked under the trees in the park the rain came on. I was thinking, 'I cannot invent. I shall never, never be a novelist. At the same time, I must write. Why? God knows. So that I'm left with this diary, this useless, drabbling diary. If that is all I have, I had better get on with it.'"

I quote Ritchie at length only because I admire his work so much, and because I think he is the best diarist Canada has produced and one of the best in the world. C.P. Snow called him "a brilliant discovery" and "a natural-born diarist." Ritchie was much better for sticking to what he called his "useless, drabbling diary." The diary is a distinct and respectable literary genre, and Ritchie is to it what E.B. White is to the essay. I also quote him because I too am a compulsive diarist, and it makes me feel better.

Re-reading Ritchie reminds me to observe details, catch dialogue, record anecdotes and gossip, and avoid all costs the melancholy and the Byronic. I find, as other diarists do, that it is often painful to flip back and peek.
Painful because the writing is hopelessly bad, too slapdash, or the memories are cruel. In my case I’m pained to look back on a marriage gone away, when I happen to turn either to a page when the marriage was splendid or to a page when it was too obviously crumbling.

I also wish I hadn’t devoted so many words to the job and career, to raising and mortgaging, and to the aches, pains, and complaints. Fears, yes, but complaints always re-read as terrible wishing. I wish I had sought more conversations, more jokes, more stories. Even the weather and the latest movies are more interesting in retrospect than long rambles on the mundane minutiae of upward mobility (The night Richard Nixon resigned I wasted a whole day’s diary on an insignificant event, a mere instance of “office bitching.”)

Much better that fine May evening in 1976, when, after hearing to my daughter tell me about her day, I found myself enraptured by a vivid childhood memory of robin’s eggs because she had seen her first one in a nest that afternoon.

May 1, 1976: For some reason when I was reading a bedtime story to Michelle tonight, I thought of powder blue robin’s eggs. You hardly ever see them when you’re grown up, yet you saw them all the time when you were a child, when you were closer to the ground. They’re beautiful, these robin’s eggs, yet the last one I saw was when I was 10 years old, growing up on McMillan Avenue in Winnipeg, and in 1969, after island-hopping in the Caribbean for nearly two months to do several articles for The Globe and Mail on black power, I returned to Toronto, exhausted, and went directly to the newspaper’s report to Doyle, the editor. I was ready for anything he could throw at me, the bauxite industry, agitation in the slums of Kingston, Jamaica, Canadian investment in St. Lucia …

That July 29, 1969: I am back from my Caribbean trip. Went to the office to soak up some of what to do with my mountain of notes. Doyle was at his desk, and he smiled and said...

"Welcome back, stranger. "What was his next remark? How did he sum up my trek through five countries? He said, "Well, what is it? Caribbean or Caribean?"

And earlier that same year I crossed that dreadful Rubicon; I turned 30 when the pubescent activists preached, "Don’t trust anyone over 30." What was I doing? Dining at an exclusive restaurant on pheasant? The centre of attention at a wild champagne party? No.

February 22, 1969, Saturday, 3:30 p.m.: Just like that, I’m 30. Finished my running shortly after 11:30 p.m. last night and was running in the bathtub at about 11:45 p.m. when I thought I should get my son out of bed and make him go to the bathroom. Then I thought, no, what a way to spend the last 15 minutes of my twenties — taking my kid to the john. Then I thought, why not? Isn’t that what it’s all about?

Unfortunately, I do not carry my diary with me when I’m traveling, and for four or five years as national reporter at The Globe and Mail I traveled extensively. The only mention of a memorable 10 days in New York with my old schoolmate, Lien Caron, and his leading lady, Lauren Bacall, is this:

June 21, 1970: What can you say after your first visit to New York dinner at Sardi’s, Chivas Regal in Lauren Bacall’s dressing room, softball with the Broadway Show League in Central Park, and sitting with Bacall sipping Coca-Cola and talking about childhood from the fourth to the seventh inning? Hmm? What?

From Chivas Regal with Lauren Bacall, eight years later I sighed a goodbye to E.B. White and worried about my teeth, from one paragraph to the next.

February 5, 1978: "... there is a period near the beginning of every man’s life when he has little to clap to or lament his unremarkable, dreary, little to support him except good health, and nowhere to go but all over the place." I’m going to miss E.B. White. I finished his Essays this afternoon. I finished them in the best possible way, with big, wet flakes of snow falling outside and a good fire in the fireplace. I don’t have any more E.B. White to read unless I read his children’s stories. What a splendid man!

Looking in the mirror today I noticed my bottom teeth are showing above the gums. The gums are receding, I am getting LONG IN THE TOOTH. I suppose they’ll all start falling out, and then I’ll be the worst of everything bald, fat, short, and toothless. And I perspire easily. ...

People ask me where I keep my diary, and do I lock it securely, and am I – absolutely in it, and would I be embarrassed if someone read it? I will not tell you where I keep it, but the answers to all the other questions are “yes.” They also ask me why I keep it, and I give them the usual, professional reasons, but I tell them that keeping a diary is healthy, perhaps cathartic, like having a good friend always close at hand. People must express themselves or go insane. Carpenters do it by working with fine woods and creating handsome pieces. Painters, potters, sculptors, singers, mountain climbers, and athletes all express themselves in their own ways. You can express yourself at a disco, at a bowling alley, and on the other side, the black gangsters, rapists, murderers, and bank robbers are somehow expressing themselves. There is a story of a man who suddenly hears Beethoven’s Fifth Symphony and turns to his companion and says, “It’s a good thing he was able to compose that.”

“Eh?”

“Wouldn’t it be awful to go around the rest of your life with that inside your head?”

I know a man who was going through a rough time in his marriage; he and his wife simply could not communicate without falling into dreadful arguments. He always suspected she had access to a diary he had never so, suspected little. Even with more vigour, he communicated with her through his diary. He raised questions, sought solutions, induced his love for her, and soon began to notice a mellowing in their relationship.

W. Somerset Maugham, that most prolific author and playwright, looked on writing as a form of therapy.

“That’s the great pull a writer has over other people,” he said. “When something has made him terribly unhappy, and he’s tortured and miserable, he can put it all into a story, and it’s astonishing what a comfort and relief it is.”

There are many famous diarists. Samuel Pepys, Lady Cynthia Asquith, Mark Twain, Evelyn Waugh, Dostoewski, Soren Kierkegaard, George Washington, Louis Riel, Drew Pearson, Virginia Woolf, Anne Frank. "I like a diary better than memoirs," Ritchie said. "It’s less made up afterwards to favor the writer." (But on December 4, 1941, he started his diary. "Thinking over what I have written: What a pack of lies intimate journals are, particularly if one tries too hard to be truthful."

You figure it out, life abounds in paradoxes.

I don’t write every day. I’m afraid if I attempted that and fell short, I’d abandon the whole exercise. Some days I write only a few sentences, but most days I fill a regular sheet of foolishcap, typewritten and single-spaced. Most often I start with the weather, though for a time I tried to graph my personal biorythms by beginning with a star-rating system, from one to five stars, to show what kind of day it was — sort of like those box scores one finds in the sports section of the newspaper. I write my entries at any time, day or night, and some days I write them twice.

Most of what I have lived through is in there, in those different-colored pages of green, yellow, cream, and white. My father’s death, my sister’s death, the beginning and the end of a marriage, the birth of a son and a daughter, the long, lurid crawl up the rungs of newspaperdom, the hideous moment on an operating table when the surgeon began to cut and to my horror I realized the anesthetic wasn’t working. And the happy times, which far outnumber the others but somehow always seem less substantial. The farther back I go, the more fascinating these accounts seem, perhaps there is hope. What seems ordinary and trivial in today’s entry might be as riveting as anything I wrote above. Brenda in that adolescent diary I set on fire in my teens. ""
In Closing

Just over 30 years ago, when the Great Depression swept over Canada like a sea of despair, a 17-year-old youth named Murray Dryden, the eldest of a family of eight on a failing farm south of Winnipeg, put all that he had — which was very little — in an old metal suitcase and set out in search of a job. It was the fall of 1929. He was a tall, slender boy, whose height seemed all the greater because of his sharp features, straight posture, and especially the overcoat he wore, so long that it hung almost to his ankles. He was heading, he told his mother, for Winnipeg, certain he would find work, and also certain that, as she had always hoped, he would not become a door-to-door salesman, one of those wandering nuisances who interrupted her housework so often and delayed so many family meals that she always blessed them when they finally left her door.

Early that November he arrived in Winnipeg. There, despite all the ads he answered and all the doors he knocked on, he found nothing, only the discouragement that was to accompany him for the next five years. One day, after his search had turned up nothing, he went back to the only company that seemed to hold out any hope of work — the Realsilk Hosiers Mills of Canada. That same week he became a salesman for the company, going door to door with ladies' silk stockings and earning — on those rare days when he sold any — the sum of 35 cents a pair. On his first call, which was in Winnipeg on Steadbrooke Avenue, he was so nervous and upset he forgot the sales pitch the company had taught him. "My introduction was terrible," he told someone later, "and my presentation worse. I began to think I knew nothing, and I have no doubt in my mind that my prospect thought so too."

Murray Dryden became a salesman for the remainder of his life, and while his fortunes eventually improved and he became a successful man, his years going door to door in the Depression were to affect him, as they were to affect so many, in ways that were as profound as they were permanent. He took his suitcase of products — stockings, shampoo, and tiny packets bearing the name Dryden Specialty Company and containing a concoction he mixed in his bedroom and sold as plant food — and struck out for wherever he could. He traveled all over Manitoba, then through Saskatchewan, and finally down through Ontario, riding the rails, hitching a ride, often walking all day from town to town, too often going without meals, more often still, without a single sale. By December 1930 when he was selling shampoo at 15 cents a bottle, he delivered 21 bottles to prospective customers, hoping that once they sampled the product they would pay him 15 cents. The following day, with less than a dollar to his name and his board overdue, he set out to call on the customers again, that night he wrote what happened in his diary. December 8: Started calling on prospects. Result — 21 calls and 21 bottles taken back. Very discouraging ... .

The diary that Murray Dryden kept, mostly in an old loose-leaf scribbler with lined pages, is almost a testament to the spirit of the Depression, filled with jottings of worry, despair, loneliness and, through each page, hope that things would get better, perhaps the next day or on the next street or around the next turn. June 12, 1930: Early and hit into things without any breakfast. Worked right up until 3 p.m. taking only six orders. Got so weak I could hardly walk up steps of a house let alone talk. Tired to sell plant food to gain something to put in my stomach. Failed. Went home, got my tennis racquet, and pounded it for a miserable 40 cents. June 13: Disastrous day. Took only seven orders and only two for delivery today. As a result received a check for only $2.10. A long way from room rent. Paid Mrs. Allen 15 cents owing her and gave her 25 cents to keep my things for a couple of days. Nothing else to do but sleep at the Salvation Army. June 18: I summoned enough courage to call at a house and ask for something to eat ... .

June 25: Received a letter from my mother. Little does she know what I am doing ... I could not make anything here in Chapleau ... I started out walking 160 miles to Cartier, made over 16 miles the first day, walking on a railway track ... December 13: Mustered up enough courage and still no letter from home. How it hurts! Can it be that they have lost all pride and faith in me? I am working hard for the day when I can say to the world that I have succeeded. December 26: Christmas Eve! How little it seems like it. I am alone ... Hundreds of nights in those years he had no bed. So he slept on benches in railway stations, on floors in boxcars, in hallways of empty buildings and, more often still, on the ground, somewhere on Hamilton, or in a park in Toronto, or at the edge of a field near Regina. He would never forget it — putting some sheets of newspaper on the ground, stretching out, trying to sleep, but always twisting and turning and usually cold, sometimes night after night. Many years later, with the Depression well behind him and with three small children of his own, all born in Toronto in the forties, he would often stand at the foot of their beds long into the night, simply watching them sleep, as if in their slumber he drew some sense of peace that he had missed in his youth. "There is nothing more peaceful," he told his friends often, "than a sleeping child."

Sometime in the winter of 1971, after he had retired and after his own children were well on their way (the two boys, Dave and Ken, becoming famous NHL goalies) Murray Dryden was driving home one night when, recalling children he had seen around the world sleeping on sidewalks, he decided to spend the rest of his life trying to provide them with beds to sleep on. Today, less than a decade later, he and his wife — with the help of many volunteers around the world — have managed to give beds to over 10,000 children in 14 countries such as India, Indonesia, Zimbabwe, Kenya, and Haiti. Much of the money he needs to place his beds comes from Kwanus and Rotary clubs. But tens of thousands of dollars come from individual families or classes of schoolchildren who send $25.00 to his home (29 Pineworth Cres., Islington, Ont. M3A 5A5), all of which goes to provide a "slumber kit" for a child in an underdeveloped country — a mattress, a rubber bed, two cotton sheets, a pillow, two pairs of pajamas, a mosquito net or (in colder climates) an extra blanket. The kids are made wherever they are used, thus helping the local economy, and distributed through people on the scene, usually Jesuit priests, Salvation Army officers, or YMCA workers. Today, a few months later, every donor receives a photograph taken by Murray Dryden on his yearly trips to oversee the work of a child sleeping in the bed made possible by the donor's money. Every week he receives growing numbers of contributions from French-speaking children and adults in Quebec, whose letters are always answered in their own language with the help of French-speaking schoolchildren in Toronto. Each year, as Christmas approaches, hundreds of families around Toronto begin to prepare for the day — this year it is December 14 — when they go to Caledon, a community an hour's drive from Toronto, to Murray Dryden's Christmas Tree Farm to choose a tree, have it pulled from the woods by a St. Bernard or Newfoundland dog, and know that the money they pay will be used to provide one more bed for one more child sleeping in an alleyway in another part of the world. They will also meet Murray Dryden, no longer the youth of the Great Depression but a man nearing 70, hoping that soon other Canadian with the time and commitment will offer to take up the work when he can no longer carry it on. I have known him for many years, and I find that now, when December comes and the world is cold and the story of Bethlehem such a distant ideal, I cherish his life more than ever. He is one of the best men I have known.