The happy time 2
by Claude Lyse Gagnon

Talk it out 6
by James Dingwall

A touch of grass 12
by Gerald Levitch

Once upon a time ... 18
by William French

Hard times 22
by Dian Cohen

Penfield remembered 26
by Wendy Penfield

In closing 30

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The first day of spring in the Quebec of my childhood came not on any official date, but on that day when a modified roar announced the break-up in Lake of Two Mountains, with small icebergs forming which would melt slowly into lunar landscapes that drifted down to the St. Lawrence. The people in my village, Oka, looked forward to that time as though it were a precious gift, and for a month they would have been pleased to linger on the exact day.

Depending on what kind of winter it had been, they would pack a date in late March or early April. The person who chose the right day was a proud man or woman, for the people of Oka knew their life very well. It figured largely in their lives. As Chekhov wrote, "If you are born by the side of a lake or even a pond, you will never forget it."

For children, one of the first joys of springtime was riding our bicycles along the flooded streets at the water's edge. Every spring the water rose, and sometimes we had to go by boat to the church, which was near the wharf. The adults didn't share our delight: for those with flood-prone cellars to clear out, spring floods were no joke. In time, things would return to normal, and eventually you could hear the sounds of he's unsullied by overshoes, of children skipping rope or playing hopscotch.

After school there were boisterous games of marbles; we would dig holes for them in the damp earth or throw them against smooth walls. Trading was brisk in the jewel-like glasses, more beautiful to us than precious stones, though they were only glass. They came in every color, and we would examine the biggest ones, monted or chained, under magnifying glasses. We didn't see that any more, nor do we catch children making holes in last autumn's acorns to prepare makeshift pipes, with stems made of maple twigs hollowed out with a pin. And schoolchildren no longer make chains of dandelion stems filled with a milky juice that leaves your hands sticky. And does anyone still put nails into the ends of empty spools in order to "kite" long woolen ropes?

In those days there was no television, so we spent most of our time outdoors. Our only indoor entertainment was the movie theater, open only in the evening, which tended to attract large crowds when Monsieur le Caré had warned his flock from the pulpit about certain films. One evening when Camus, with Greta Garbo, was showing, I realized that I'd left my new glasses at home. Running back to the house, I decided to take a shortcut through the cemetery next door. It was dark. My right foot plunged into a deep grave. I gave me the fright of my life, and I leaped over our fence like a deer. My father, who was working in the garden, had a good laugh at my misfortune. I took the long way back to the movie, where I sat at the heroine's side fare.

Oka is a sleepy village at the foot of a hill where, around 1886, the Sulpiicians and the local population planted thousands of pine trees to protect the village from the landslides that would occur during high winds or heavy rain. This unusual forest, with its alleys carpeted with needles and broad enough to ride a horse through, was an enchanted spot for children. As soon as the snow had gone we would run there to play cowboys and Indians. It smelled so good beneath the towering branches. A little further north there was a clearing, called la Commune. In the past it had been used as pastureland by the Iroquois and Hurons who, along with the Sulpiician priests, in 1721 founded the small town whose name means "golden fish." Over the years la Commune has been transformed into a playground, golf course, riding range, lacrosse field, baseball diamond. Today it is an enclosed golf course, velvety green, but in the days of my childhood, wild strawberries grew in the open fields and you could ride a horse across them when there weren't many people playing golf. In the spring we would come home from the hill — one part of which had been planted with trees, the rest left for fallow — bearing purses full, trilliums and pine cones, after stopping to drink at the cold spring near the sand trap.

Everywhere in the village it was spring-cleaning time — houses, bow- ered, gardens. Every year my father and the man next door competed to see who could produce the first flowers and the first vegetables. They would get up early, and by the light of Horner's "royal-tinted dawns" they would set to work as if their gardens were the most important thing in the world. On those days my father would spot a white sun hat. Was it his way of paying tribute to all that was turning green, filling one small corner of the earth with perfume and color? For relaxation he would check on the progress of his neighbor's radishes, spring onions and herbs. During May and June there was a constant round of visits back and forth.

Meanwhile, the freshwater sailors would be sanding, caulking and painting their boats in their backyards. The glass would come later, after my father had built his large motor launch, a Venetius, and with a small sailboat one of my girlfriends had lent me for the summer. We couldn't wait to set out for sea! My somewhat eccentric father saw himself as a great sea captain, for all winter he had been reading books about famous navigators, as well as accounts of adventures at sea by solitary sailors who had gone around the world, beginning with the Nova Scotian Joshua Slocum. One fine Saturday toward the end of May, my father set his cement anchor across from Monsieur Sarrazin's (there was no marina yet). He had made the boat seaworthy by leaving it in the water for three days, and now he decided to set sail. He elbowed a few times, not without seeing if the wind was blowing hard! There were whitecaps on the lake. Nothing could stop my courageous father from taking the helm. As I was hoisting the Egyptian cotton sail he observed: "Funny, I don't see any other boats. Must he only good sailors or fools on the lake today?" We cast anchor and fired up past the large wharf into open water. Suddenly he decided to run before the wind. Sure enough, the boat capsized. Minus his glasses but with his pipe still gripped in his teeth, he perched on the overturned hull. Some people who had spotted us from the shore sent the ferry boat out to rescue us. But my father maintained that he hadn't even got his wallet wet in the shipwreck! In any event, one thing was true: he hadn't felt a moment's fear. In fact, he'd enjoyed himself.

The tourists started coming in May, first for weekends, then for the whole summer. The first to arrive, the one with the most panache, was Paul Delorme, otherwise known as "Ti-Paul." He rode out from Montreal on Galant, his fine, chestnut-colored western horse. It had been a gift from a
When Paul was seven, and not a day went by that he didn’t ride it, so that his steed was as well trained as a circus horse, owing its length to master better than a dog. Ti-Paul could have covered the 60 kilometers in two days, but no, he would waste the time in and at the houses of his many friends. He was a good-looking man, something in the style of James Dean, and everyone liked him — especially the girls. As for the children, they followed him through the streets like the Pied Piper, knowing that one of them would be allowed to mount behind him.

Some evenings, if he’d had a bit to drink, he would perform some of his feats on the golf course: he would swing to either side of the galloping horse, then under the saddle; he would stand in the stirrups, bring the horse to its knees, make it lie down, rear up. Then he would return to the village, to the inn, for a celebration. And Galant, on three hooves, one haunch higher than the other, reins on the ground, would wait for him.

He was about 20 years old. He smiled at the girls, but deep down he loved only his horse. He took part in every horse show across the province and came back from one of them with a woman whose blond hair was as curly as a poodle’s, who always wore jeans and who shared his passion for horses. He bought a new horse, Galant, who was the same age in years as Paul, was the equivalent of three times the age for horses. He gave it a headstrong spirit. He was in a small courtyard in Montreal that he encountered two days later, where he reared and fell back over a picket fence. Ti-Paul’s lungs were perforated, and he died the following day. “I’m going to die as I’ve lived,” he said, and that spring Oka lost a legendary character.

Ti-Paul spent more time in the saddle after the Illica, and the Lily of the valley were blooming, and others felt freer, more expansive, too. People would take time to chat as they went along the post office, chatted profusely with Miron, the caharetier who could work with both animal and exotic or the commonest kinds of wood, would sit at his own pace, or at the blacksmith shop where Monsieur Dancoune itself, some horses but had adapted to modern times by specializing in wrought iron, or linger in Monsieur Chéné’s general store, where there was something to tempt everyone. After supper, alone or in groups, we would head for the wheat to fish or watch the boats — especially the ferry, which was then whether the day was fine or stormy. And so life flowed on, like the river that was broad we called the lake.

On my street we had forgotten that our tall, plump neighbor would regularly wander out against her skinny little husband. He wasn’t afraid of her; on the contrary, he would show her out the door, waving his fists menacingly. It was as though, like the character Obélix in the Astérix comics, he had a magic potion that made him strong. Humiliated, she would rage and shout, calling on everyone as witnesses — neighbors, even passersby who sometimes took the matter seriously if they weren’t familiar with the case. She would calm down again only after she had sat on the wharf and counted the waves, then come back home exhausted and repentent — for a while.

Another colorful character in our village was a lady who would walk up and down the sidewalks, stopping to chat or laugh with everyone. She had been born in Marseille and had no fondness for or the love of argument of her native city. There were times, especially in the spring, when she felt like taking a bottle of good red wine, she would drown her sorrows and then go out for her stay-at-home duties. She was happiest with her books than with what he considered idle chitchat. He had met this span-

nerette when he was a student at the Sainte-Juste Parvis during his post-
graduate studies in agriculture. And it was only after he had come home and known a teaching position in Oka that he had asked her to marry him and brought her over. On the days in question he let her have her way, knowing well that she would erase Monsieur Chéné, tell spy stories to her pupils, but he always appreciated them, that she would spread laughter, and then stop to have tea with my mother and make plans for their next trip to Montreal, to see a new film at the St. Denis theater, eat at Chez Pierre and take a walk by the river, to see without even noticing it that he had completed my classical studies.

With the coming of spring even the leaves on the trees had a certain innocence of a white mane that I came acutely aware of nature. I had my own menagerie, which included two fine rams and a Flemish Giant. They were given to me one winter — the male was silver-grey, the female pure white. And the laying they weighed more than nine kilograms. They lived in adjoining cages, and the male was still able to kill the female with one int.

The lady wanted nothing to do with him. She would hit him; she even tried to kill him by breaking his cage. We finally had to take her to the Trappists, who had a large farm in those days, where she found a lover to her liking.

My menagerie also included a large turkey caught at the water’s edge, tied by its carapace to one of the pillars on the veranda, and a strange, red-gilled water lizard that Paul had left as a gift, a scientific analyst said. He told me his name, which I’ve forgotten, and added that this species was to be found only in Lake of Two Mountains and certain lakes in Brazil. I had trouble giving him a description, a description of a Spanish cat and the dog that had followed me home one night and stayed even after the ingredients of a happy childhood.

At the beginning of June, with a girlfriend. I spent my first day as a nomad. We took off on our bicycles, carrying a lunch and a sweater in our knapsacks, and took the barge-ferry to St. Lazare, where we slept in a barn, in the hay. We jumped at the slightest sound — a cat leaping off a beam, a swallow flying from its nest under the rafter — but in the morning, after we’d washed at the big hand pump and eaten breakfast with the hospitable farmer (who had offered us a real bed instead of the hay and who had had a good laugh at us), when we’d walked down a fried egg and toast with maple syrup and scalding tea, we were as happy as larks. That summer we would set out, three of four girls, in my parents’ rowboat and camp at the hay, using tents fashioned from blankets and branches, with pillows for drying bathing suits, and holes in the sand to keep our provisions cool. We felt like Robinson Crusoe, for all the beavers were deserted.

Sometimes we would meet Monsieur Plouffe in his jelly, an old Ford convertible from the twenties.

As a child, we all rambled — the heroes and villains, the comedians and the tragic figures. The villagers began to put their noses outside or stroll along the streets — lovers, friends or alone — or run about like children. Once more the community was wakening to the celebration that was spring, the green spring of my childhood.
Sitting in an office in Esso Plaza, Calgary, Lawrence West has to smile when he thinks of his days as a young geology student at McMaster University, back in Hamilton, Ont. For two summers he worked as a dirt-bagger for the Ontario government——traipsing along the shore of Lake Erie, searching for surface samples of dirt that might indicate a future gravel pit. "Sometimes it seemed I spent more time cutting grass than I did bagging the soil for analysis," he says.

Today, West is a petroleum geologist with Imperial Oil's exploration and production subsidiary, Esso Resources Canada Limited. If he's going to do any searching these days, it will be for natural gas in the Elmworth-Wapiti region in the Alberta foothills. The Elmworth discovery of deep pools of natural gas was one of the biggest Canadian resource discoveries of the past decade. Now Imperial is helping to develop the territory, and West, with 6,500 square kilometres under his supervision — a large responsibility for one so early in his career — is finding plenty of excitement in helping to make sure those hidden gas reserves will be available for Canada's future energy needs.

West is 25 years old and barely three years out of school, having graduated from McMaster in 1979. Now, like an old hand, he eagerly explains the role geologists play in the search for oil and gas and how, for him, exploration is just the beginning of what he does for Esso. "I'm getting into the business end," he says, "becoming more and more involved in everything from land sales to estimating gas reserves."

Out in Alberta, West is not only far from his hometown of Grimsby, Ont., but a world apart from those hot summer days when he was bagging dirt. These days he is steeped in the complexities of the oil business. At Imperial and, indeed, throughout Canada's broadly based energy industry, thousands of other young graduates like West are seeking and finding careers in the nation's search for oil and gas.

There is probably no other industry in Canada that offers such a wide variety of career choices. Besides the major integrated oil companies like Imperial, there is also a thriving sector of smaller, independent exploration and development firms eager to attract aggressive and bright young people, sometimes right out of school, sometimes from the ranks of large companies.

Nicholas Wemyss, for instance, a 26-year-old geologist who graduated from the University of Toronto in 1978, worked for Gulf Canada for two years before joining six other geologists in the exploration department of Drummond Petroleum Ltd., one of the active new oil companies in Calgary. Wemyss says: "I enjoyed working for Gulf. For someone coming right out of school the best education you can get is to start with one of the major oil companies." But Wemyss likes being close to the top decision makers, something that's easier and faster to do in a small company. As Gordon Fraser, Drummond's manager of personnel, explains, "A young geologist or engineer coming here is only two levels below the vice-presidents." Yet Fraser adds: "There are different types of careers in the oil business and lots of opportunity with majors and intermediates as well as smaller companies. It's up to the individual to decide what he or she wants."

Neil MacDougall, president of the Technical Service Council in Toronto, a nonprofit, industry-sponsored organization that finds employment for professionals in a wide variety of industries across Canada, agrees that many young graduates are taking their first step along the career path in the energy-related fields, often with oil companies. "Mainly, it's because the energy industry has so many exciting projects that are attractive to highly qualified scientists and engineers who want to be where the action is," he says. "But it's not just restricted to the sciences. The oil industry offers opportunities in finance, economics, communications — almost every field that a university
or college student might study."

Imperial’s own goals and manpower requirements certainly bear out MacDougall’s observation. Several new projects, some in exploration, some in production, require dedicated computer scientists, engineers and geologists. So does the petrochemical and refinery side of the business. Indeed, the day-to-day workings of Canada’s largest oil company require not just technical competence but administrative specialists, MBAs, economists and people with a general arts background as well. It not only needs young men and women possessing technical skills — for which it will compete with other oil companies — but it’s actively seeking people trained in areas not usually associated with the oil business, at least in the past.

Dr. Diane Dahlman, for instance, completed her medical degree and decided to do postgraduate work in public health at the University of Toronto. While she was there, the field of occupational medicine became more and more attractive. "One of my courses involved looking at a number of occupational health services," she remembers, "and discussing the ideal company program. One company we looked at was Imperial. Its medical policies and approach to occupational health fitted the textbook model almost perfectly." When the opportunity arose in 1977 to join Imperial as regional physician in Calgary, Dahlman was delighted with the challenge. "The further along this career path I go," she says, "the more convinced I am that I’ve made the right choice." And no wonder. As medical services director for the western region, she has the rare opportunity to become involved in decisions that will affect hundreds of employees, yet she still has personal contact with individuals. In Toronto, Jon Hamovitch, an employee relations adviser who’s involved in coordinating Imperial’s recruitment program, recalls being attracted by the company’s joint industrial council. This system of labor-management relations is used throughout the company, in the refineries, marketing terminals and petrochemical plants, as a way to bring employees and management together regularly, to discuss issues such as compensation, safety and worker benefits. Says Hamovitch, "For a large company, it seemed very innovative, that intrigued me."

Hamovitch is typical of many recent university graduates, says Martin Birt, a colleague in Toronto’s employee relations department. Potential employees today tend to be mainly interested in the nature of the job: will they be able to work in their area of specialization, what new programs will they be involved in, and what career possibilities can they expect? Not that more practical aspects, such as income and job benefits, are irrelevant, but they don’t seem primary. "Most students looking at the oil industry," Birt says, "have done enough of their own research to realize the industry pays well and is very competitive. It’s a safe assumption that Imperial will be right on top with the rest of the oil patch." And even if it’s not, says Harry Nielsen, a young computer science graduate from the University of Manitoba who joined the company less than two years ago, "Given what the company has to offer in other areas, $50 or $100 less a month isn’t enough to make me turn the job down." When he graduated in 1980, Nielsen, in fact, turned down higher paying job offers to come to Esso. The prospect of working on one of the most advanced computer systems in the oil industry appealed to him. So did the fact that Imperial stresses continuing education on the job. The company offers about 1,000 supplemental courses to its employees, available to everyone from secretarial staff to senior management. No wonder the company is called Esso University. In Harry Nielsen’s case, his timetable is juggled so he can spend time developing his computer skills.

This stress on training is not only important to career-oriented men and women seeking to improve and refine their job skills, it’s important to the company as well. As Bill McIlaggen, head of campus recruiting for Esso Resources, points out, the company needs generalists who can understand many aspects of an industry that is diverse and volatile.

The oil industry has undergone almost a revolution since those historic days of 1947 when the Leduc discovery ushered in Canada’s oil boom. One symbol of the modern industry is the computer, which has affected every part of the energy field. Today, almost 600 men and women, many of them graduates in the intricacies of computer science — a study the men of Leduc could scarcely imagine — work in aspects of Imperial’s computerization, all the way from exploring for the precious oil to sending it across the country by pipeline and tanker truck. But computerization aside, there is great emphasis at Imperial — just as in the past — on the human side of business life. The company wants people who not only are intellectually alert but have one crucial human skill: the ability to communicate.

Once, some people used to think, communicating in the oil business meant being able to shout above the clank of a drilling rig or the din of a refinery. Not so. As Bill McIlaggen points out, the recruits to Imperial, whether they are engineers or economists, have to be able to read complicated data — often transmitted from the field by telex — understand it well and explain it quickly and clearly to others, sometimes fellow employees, sometimes government officials in the energy sector. For example, during the past year two young Imperial employees, Randy Ottenbreit, an engineer with a business degree obtained while on leave of absence from the company, and Murray Sykes, a chemical
engineer, have spent numerous hours working on Imperial's analysis of the historic National Energy Program. "Obviously," says Ottenbreit, "it's an exciting project to be engaged in. It gives you a broad knowledge of the company. And for a relatively new person, it's a great education in that you work closely with senior management."

But Sykes adds that, no matter what priority a task might take, communication — the ability to explain what you're doing or what you want to accomplish — is vitally important. "In an organization as large as this, we have to be able to work as a team." And the effectiveness of the team often depends on how well information is presented.

"When we go recruiting on campus," says McLaughlin, "we aren't just trying to skim off the top five percent. Naturally, we want academic leaders, and we get a full share. But we're looking at some qualities besides the purely intellectual — human skills, social skills and so on. That's why we talk to as many students as we can." In fact, last year Imperial fielded 11,000 applications; it had close to 600 openings. It's not surprising therefore to discover that Imperial's recruiting program is as thorough and up to date as any such program anywhere. When Bill McLaughlin, Jon Hamovitch and their cohorts head off on their annual fall and winter visits to the campuses across the country, they are accompanied by a team of seasoned employees capable of talking to students about their own jobs and what to expect from the company. A series of video-taped interviews with new Imperial or Esso Resources employees, produced by Imperial's external affairs department, is part of recruitment day as well, plus a brochure and pamphlets. Out of those recruitment days come the applications thousands of them — which are read and reviewed in the regional offices; then it's back to the campuses for one-on-one interviews.

And finally, for some, it's a trip to the job location, where the students have a chance to meet some of the top people they may be working with. "That's what we call the fly-in," says Lawrence West with a smile. But Harry Nielsen recalls a more serious vein: "The thing I remember about Imperial at the time is that they were interested in me. Some other companies I was talking to just seemed to be interested in what I knew.

And there's a new kind of graduate that companies such as Imperial are interested in. Traditionally the oil industry has been led by men; until recently there just weren't many women studying the applied sciences. But as more women graduate from engineering, chemistry, computer science, and as the demand for professionals in the oil business continues, companies are taking a serious look at a previously neglected segment of the workforce. Lynne Schyrer, who when the summer wind is right can be found skimming along the shores of Lake Huron in her Laser sailboat, is equally at ease at a computer terminal. Schyrer is a chemical engineer with a master's degree in engineering and computer control, which she put to use at Esso Chemical Canada's plant in Sarnia, Ont. "What we're doing is trying to make the chemical plant as energy efficient as possible," she says. Because of the complex nature of petroleum and petrochemicals, the best way to do so is with computers. It's a relatively new and specialized field, combining petrochemical manufacturing with computer technology, and Schyrer is already deeply involved in it. She's also in the forefront of a growing number of women who are choosing to pursue a career in applied sciences. Currently about eight percent of all engineering students in Canada are women. When she graduated from the University of Ottawa in 1976, Schyrer was the only woman in the class. When she went on to McMaster University to complete her M.Eng., she was surrounded by men as well. "It's unfortunate that more women haven't gone into fields like engineering," she says, "but I can see that's changing. When I was at graduate school more women were taking undergraduate degrees. And many of those women are already being interviewed by Imperial on campuses across the country, along with thousands of other students. One wet and raw day last October, that's precisely what a handful of senior company executives were doing in downtown Toronto, across from Varsity Stadium. Martin Birt and representatives from refining, marketing and the exploration side of the company were sharing coffee and sandwiches with more than 60 University of Toronto students. Some came dressed in three-piece suits or business skirts and jackets, others in blue jeans and Adidas. Most of them were young engineers, computer scientists, geologists and MBAs there to find out what career opportunities Imperial and its subsidiaries might offer them and, between bites of roast beef or ham, to explain what they could offer the company. It's a two-way street. Some of those people by now are wearing the coveted iron ring, the rough-cast, gray metal band that every graduate engineer aspires to wear. It's a proof of their commitment to a profession. As Lynne Schyrer explains: "The ring is a symbol of an old bolt from a bridge that collapsed many years ago. Since then, Canadian engineers have worn an iron ring as a reminder to keep and set the highest standards for themselves and their profession. While those who should know insist the story is myth, its point is certain: a commitment to doing your best. The iron ring is a symbol peculiar to engineers. But it indicates an attitude that anyone in any profession can possess. It reflects pride in oneself, in a chosen profession, and ultimately it reflects the company itself through the actions of its employees. In Imperial's case, that's thousands of carefully selected people working together across the country. D"
A glass artist’s workshop resembles a small factory more than an artist’s studio. “It’s filled with all the things your mother always warned you never to touch,” jokes Peter Keogh, a glass instructor at Sheridan College, near Toronto. And he’s right. The heat from the melting furnace reaches 1,290°C, and a crucible of molten glass inside ripples and shimmers and radiates with an arc-light intensity. More heat spills out of the “glory hole,” another open-mouthed furnace for reheating glass to 1,100°C as it’s being blown. The cooling ovens, or annealers, are electric and well-insulated, so their 480°C goes relatively unnoticed. They also contribute little to the deafening roar of the gas burners, air blowers and ventilators that combine to sound like jet turbines, with enough decibels to rivet a discotheque.

The tools of the glassblower are well-known: the long steel blowpipe, which he dips into the furnace once, twice or more to pick up a “gather” of glass, the blocks and metal tweezers he uses to shape it. What are less well-known are the intricate skills, the sheer physical difficulty of his craft, as he deftly balances, bobs and twirls the swiftly changing glass, controlling it with just the right amount and force of breath.

The ever-spinning pipe becomes a dance partner, never to be kissed or caressed with the bare hand. For a master glass craftsman, such as Henrique Santos at Trois-Rivières’ Verrerie des Forges, the dance may last only 10 minutes, from the first gather to a sharp snap to release a finished vase or goblet from its steel umbilical and into the annealing oven. For creative glass artists, such as Daniel Crichton at Sheridan College, the dance stretches for hours, uninterrupted, for the glass cannot cool and be reworked. The hot glass artist works against time, limited only by his own physical stamina and endurance. The heat, the noise, manual dexterity and sustained concentration take their toll; but it is a price the glass artist readily pays to work in his unique medium.

Glass is one of the oldest man-made substances, dating back more than 3,000 years to the ancient Syrians and Egyptians. But the modern studio art-glass movement is only about 20 years old. Before that time, decorative art glass was made only in large factories — Tiffany and later Steuben in America, Galil and Lalique in France, and in factories in Germany, Sweden and Czechoslovakia. The standard method of creating glass was the European system, a craftsman’s assembly line in which highly trained specialists handled each production stage. No one person had total artistic control. It was not until 1961 that an American ceramics artist from Corning, N.Y., named Harvey Littleton realized that a small pot furnace would allow an individual artist to work glass alone, in his own studio.

After a little research, Littleton built himself a small kiln. That same year he gave the first glass workshop at the Toledo Museum, demonstrating what could be done with glass by a determined artist using homemade equipment. From then on Littleton preached the gospel of glass, convincing colleges and universities to start glass departments. In Canada, the first such department was built by Robert Held at Sheridan College in 1968. "The Canadian glass movement owes a great deal to Robert Held," says Janak Khendry of Toronto’s Glass Art Gallery, "because he was the first person to set up a studio.

Held, like Littleton, was trained in ceramics, and he originally came to Sheridan in 1967 to set up his ceramics department. But after a summer studying with Mark Peiser, another of the pioneering American glass artists, he too was a convert. Back at Sheridan, Held quickly developed Canada’s first three-year diploma course in glass. It has taken longer, however, to develop proper outlets for the glass artists’ work. "Until we started," says Khendry, whose gallery opened only three years ago, "people were not used to seeing good glass. And they certainly were not used to the prices."

For both the serious glass artist and the dealer, there was a basic identity crisis. Elena Lee of Montreal is familiar with the problem. Though the store she started in 1976 — the first glass-art store in Canada — was never a giftshop, "we did have to..."
make compromises," she concedes. Those compromises included selling mold-blown stemware from Germany to support the art glass. Lee eventually reached a point where she stocked everything from unique, one-of-a-kind art objects to inexpensive Chinese paperweights. "After a while, I realized they just didn't work together." Her new, larger gallery, Verré d'Art, opened in 1979, sells only art glass. And yet, she says, the cheaper pieces served their purpose by providing an education for her growing clientele. For them, the free-blown pieces were a step up from the mold-blown stemware. They had to discover the craft of glass before they could appreciate its art.

A new art form has to find new collectors, and they sometimes need to be initiated gradually, many of us still see glass as either functional or bric-a-brac. As Daniel Crichton of Sheriden observes, glass as a sculptural medium is historically very rare. Glass art, as fine art, is new indeed. And its functional associations die hard.

The natural product at the end of a blowpipe is, whatever its shape and size, a container. "If you want to make something that is not a container," says Elena Lee, "you have to mistreat it somehow. But that does not mean that a container cannot be a work of art." On the other hand, the glass artist can create a work of art by distorting the container, making it clear that his work goes beyond the functional.

One of the most promising French Canadian glass artists, François Houde, works in this direction. In one series, he has blown clear glass into a paper-thin vase or bowl, stretching and pulling the mouth until it sags and swells, puckers and pouts, twisting into a leer. Only the most determined philistine could find a way of using such a bowl.

Houdé has since moved on to close the container completely, producing a large lozenge or flat bubble, which he then sears with sandblasting and wheel-engraving, making a tray that plays on the surface and sometimes pierces below it. Into the cuts he then weaves pasta-like strands of clear glass cane. The finished object looks like nothing else. It is not a vase or a bowl, and it barely suggests one. The viewer cannot see it as anything other than sculpture.

To become a glass artist, one must first master the craft of glass, but not every craftsman becomes an artist. The glass artist first sold his work through craft shops, and he works in a milieu that owes much to the crafts movement. Even among the glass artists themselves, the debate persists. "I don't value being an artist above being a craftsman," says Daniel Crichton of Sheriden. Vancouver artist Mary Filer, who makes laminated glass sculptures, has a different emphasis. "I am first of all an artist, and I am a good craftsman," she says, acknowledging the skill she needs to work her materials. "It seems to me that in the past craftsmanship was more utilitarian — a matter of function, creating things to use, not things for their own sake. A painter, however, doesn't produce a painting to be anything but itself."

And yet the divorce is not complete. Because the market for art glass is still so small, many glass artists must lead a kind of double life, working on at least two levels: their one-of-a-kind works of art and their production pieces — routine paperweights and vases turned out in quantities that pay the rent and the gas bill and subsidize the more personal work. It's part of another problem unique to glass artists: the enormous cost of running a glass studio requires a steady, substantial flow of cash. The double life means a double, and sometimes even a triple, standard. As Robert Held explains, "As much as 50 percent of my time is spent either blowing objects for my company, Skookum Art Glass, or designing the prototypes for production." The rest of his time is divided between office work and his own artwork, but he considers that not enough.

Held left Sheriden about six years ago, tired of teaching and eager to take a job offer in Calgary as general manager of a glass factory that manufactured colored sheet glass for the stained-glass trade. When that factory moved to Ontario, Held decided to stay in Calgary and two-and-a-half years ago opened Skookum Art Glass, the largest art-glass factory in Canada. The operation produces an average of 30 pieces of hand-blown glass per day, in 36 different styles, from paperweights to vases. And somewhere in its midst, Held manages to create original glass art. To keep things straight, he has become a signatory to his best original work "Robert D. Held," and those pieces go to the Glass Art Galley in Toronto and a couple of...
The new technology of art glass seems like a magician's bag of tricks. Nearly everyone has an image of the glassblower with his pipe and furnace, but that doesn't explain how Ed Roman of Wilno, Ont., does his; or how Daniel Crichton uses metal fuming and sandblasting over a grid to achieve his mottled surfaces; or how Martha Henry of Calgary makes a glass cameo effect by cutting through two differently colored layers of glass. No one glass artist practises all the tricks; rather, each finds his own niche by mastering only one or a combination of techniques.

But no matter what the technique used to manipulate it, glass remains itself. And glass breaks. That's another quality of the medium and one that can be heartbreaking. Lisette Lemieux remembers a special piece of hers that she broke shortly before an exhibit. She winces at the memory.

"I cried," she confesses. "A lot of times it seems as if the big fish get away," observes Karl Schantz.

"A friend of mine was working on a piece. It took her many hours to produce. She felt that this was her best object ever, and she wanted to photograph it right away. So she went out and got a photographer and brought him down to the studio. The light was bad, so they took it outside. Her studio was near Lake Ontario, and they wanted a long, plain background; they figured the water and sky would do nicely. They then set the piece up on a post or a rail, got ready to take the shot — and the wind came along and blew it over. It hit the pavement and bounced into the water." He pauses and adds, "Sometimes, the good ones get away."

On that philosophical note, he observes that not all the breakage is accidental. The artist's selective process means that what arrives at the gallery represents only a portion of his total work. What happens to the rest? "I clean house periodically," Schantz says, "and it's a real outlet for frustration. It frees your soul a bit. I take pieces and slam them into a can, or I'll smash them with a hammer. It feels terrific." He grins with the air of a man whose soul has seen plenty of freedom.

Desauumlins for instruction in glass techniques after training as a sculptor. "I am very interested in all the subtleties of transparency," she says. She tried hot glass but didn't like it. "It was too fast for me," she explains. "My way of working is very slow. I need time to think." The other direction to take was cold glass. "I'm not very attracted by color," Lemieux admits. "I prefer the natural glass, clear glass, with all the possibilities of transparency" — a transparency that she then modifies by layering her glass and altering its surface with sandblasting. The effect has a resemblance to frosted and icy windows.

But in the work of Mary Filer, a glass sculptor who is equally proficient as a painter and uses colored plate glass with the eye of a painter, color is important. Painting to sheets of glass in her downtown Vancouver studio, she says, "These are my palettes." She regards her glass pieces as an extension of the work she does as a painter. It is the combination and layering of glass that creates the effect. She uses silicone as an adhesive and works, much as a glazier does, with carbide cutting wheels, pliers, a device for cutting circles of glass, and steel hammers with tungsten carbide tips.
ONCE UPON A TIME...

BY WILLIAM FRENCH

A short history of the short story

HUGH GARNER

There are as many definitions of the short story as there are writers who write them, ranging from the flexibility of O. Henry — the rule about the short story is that there are no rules, he said — to the rigid view of Hugh Garner that a short story should be precisely 1,700 words long. In French there isn’t even a comparable phrase in translation to describe the genre. But everyone agrees on what a short story isn’t — it’s not a shorter version of the novel, a novel on a diet. One of the best descriptions was made by V.S. Pritchett, an accomplished short-story writer himself, in his introduction to The Oxford Book of Short Stories: “Because the short story has to be succinct and has to suggest things that have been ‘left out’ are in fact there all the time, the art calls for a mingling of the skills of the rapid reporter or traveller with an eye for incident and an ear for real speech, the insistence of the poet and ballad-maker, and the somnolent writer’s concealed discipline of form. The writer sets out to cultivate the gift for aphorism and wit. A short story is always a disclosure, often an exorcism — as in Lawrence or Faulkner — frequently the celebration of character at a bursting point; it approaches the mythical... The writer of short stories has to catch our attention at once not only by the novelty of his people and scene but by the distinctiveness of his voice, and to hold us by the ingenuity of his design: for what we ask for is the sense that our now restless lives achieve shape at times and that our emotions have their architecture.

No one writer can claim credit for inventing the short story in a flash of inspiration. One on this continent the tradition of Indian and Inuit folktales and legends stretches back into history, with such antecedents elsewhere as the tales from the Arabian Nights. The British writer generally credited with giving the form its final push, into what could properly be called a short story was Sir Walter Scott. With two stories in the early 19th century, called “The Highland Widow” and “The Two Brovers,” he established the short story as an independent form, something different from a short novel or a long anecdote. In the United States, Edgar Allan Poe and Nathaniel Hawthorne adapted the form to the requirements of their own environment.

But several of our late 19th century writers experimented with forms that looked suspiciously like short stories, in English Canada at least, and a couple of them even managed to establish a style of their own, not unrelated to that of Sir Walter Scott and other foreign writers. Even in the pre-Confederation period, roots of the form were by such writers as Thomas Chandler Haliburton, with his Sam Slick stories, Oliver Goldsmith, the English writer of the same name, Thomas McCulloch and those venerable British immigrant sisters, Catherine Parr Traill and Susanna Moodie (whose first sketches for what would eventually become their book, The Book in the Bush were published in the Literary Garland, the most important pre-Confederation literary journal). The first writer to break deliberately with the established British tradition by writing from a distinctly Canadian point of view was Charles G.D. Roberts, particularly in a story called “Strayed,” published in 1895, which is now regarded as a landmark in the history of the Canadian short story. It’s a measure of how short our cultural history is when we remember that Roberts died only in 1943. Along with Ernest Thompson Seton, Roberts wrote animal stories that broke new ground in their avoidance of coyness and didacticism, and their refusal to idealize human characteristics, but the literary merits of these works were dubious. The process of importing a European literary culture begun by Roberts was continued by Duncan Campbell Scott, whose collection called the Village of Vigers, published in 1896. One story in that collection, “Paul Bunyan,” was particularly noteworthy. More typical of the time was Sir Gilbert Parker’s Pierre and His People, a collection of romantic tales of the Northwest published in 1892. E.W. Thomson, a Toronto journalist, was experimentally with dialect stories, usually set in the Scottish communities of the Ottawa Valley, and a story of his called “The Privilege of the Limits,” from his 1895 collection Old Man Savarin and Other Stories, is often anthologized.

Stephen Leacock, whose satirical sketches were really a variant of the short story, was the first Canadian writer to achieve international recognition. His stories were published in magazines before that of the century, but it was Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town, published in 1912, that established his reputation as a humorist who gently mocked the foibles of narrow-minded provincialism.

MORLEY CALLAGHAN

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settled in Manitoba, proved he could write superior short stories, as well as longer fiction. His first collection of stories was called "Snow," first published in 1932.

Despite World War II, the period between 1939 and 1945 was very productive for short-story writers. Some of the writers who later became famous made their first appearance in magazines, such as Ernest Bucker, Irving Layton (who wrote short stories as well as poetry), P.K. Page, Thomas Raddall, Ralph Gustafson and Hugh Garner. Hugh MacLennan's first novel, Barometer Rising, appeared in 1941, but MacLennan is one of those novelists who have never felt comfortable with representations of the short story and has written almost none. (Alice Munro, on the other hand, finds the novel form "too fluffy"; she's closed her heart to any series of linked short stories, using the same characters and settings, as in Lives of Girls and Women. Norman Levine and Clark Blaise have also made effective use of this hybrid form.)

Some significant changes occurred in the short story at this time. The small-town and rural settings that had been the dominant setting in earlier periods gave way to the cities, as Canada's industrialization and urbanization were accelerated by the war. The romantic hero was replaced by the anti-hero, the everyday man or woman in a generally hostile world. The authors became subjective, revealing their own thoughts and feelings. More women were published in the leading literary magazines.

In a review of one of the new anthologies, The Penguin Book of Canadian Short Stories, in The Times Literary Supplement, observed that only in the short story has Canadian literature attained international distinction. In his introduction to that volume, critic Wayne Grady wrote that the short story is Canada's wealthiest and most versatile literary genre. "The short story is the Canadian genre," he said recently, "and the modern Canadian short story is increasingly turning its attention to the literary developments in the world." Among the other writers who are helping to make it so are Margaret Atwood, Dave Godfrey, Jane Rule, David Helwig, John Metcalf, Audrey Thomas, Leo Simpson, Jack Hodgins, Leon Rooko and W.D. Valgardson. It was Hodgins who recently speculated on the role of the short story in providing vivid evidence of the contribution immigrant writers could make—english with such stories as "The Forest Path to the Spring."
I was a Depression baby, born right in the middle of that terrible decade that began with the stock market crash of 1929 and ended only when the world went to war in 1939. My parents were typical of the Depression generation — a generation old enough to have experienced firsthand the hard times of the Great Depression and the subsequent turbulent times of World War II. It's an important distinction, because my generation spans two dramatically different perceptions of what a country and its individuals can achieve in the way of economic well-being. These different perceptions are crucial to understanding and dealing with the inflation and stagnation that have to a greater or lesser degree plagued industrial nations for the past decade.

It is still fairly commonly accepted that, given a minimal amount of economic and political mismanagement, a country can increase its output and employment every year, and that individuals are entitled to an annual increase in their real purchasing power. But this wasn't always the commonly accepted view of economic reality.

My father's generation was the one that made the work ethic famous. There was an accepted rate of pay for all the different jobs performed in the economy; moreover, that rate of pay didn't change much from one year to the next. Job security was more important than pay raises. It was assumed that if you worked hard and applied yourself, you'd get a pay raise and perhaps a promotion. But there was no assumption that everyone, every year, was entitled to a pay increase.

In addition, people growing up in the first half of the 20th century had a strong sense of the "right price." Prices throughout the 19th century and the first half of this one were remarkably stable. It's not that inflation was unknown. The Napoleonic War in the early 1800s, the American Civil War later in the century and World War I each brought bouts of inflation — sometimes as much as a doubling of prices within only a few years. But they were strictly war-related inflations. And the depressions that followed the wars, as surely as night follows day, invariably saw prices fall as rapidly as they had risen. In fact, the price level in 1940 was just about the same as the price level in 1800.

The established fact of negligible inflation generation after generation had a strong and predictable influence on expectations. If the price of consumer items got "too high," people stopped buying them. When inflation drove interest rates up, borrowers postponed capital investments, sure in the knowledge that rates would soon return to "normal." These were the years when only the Mafia charged interest rates that had two digits.

The strong sense of the "right price" and the "right level" of interest rates reinforced and was reinforced by our institutions and our laws. "Usurious" interest rates were defined both formally and informally. Finance companies legitimated charged one percent a month but were the last choice of knowledgeable borrowers and were never recommended by budget counsellors. In Canada the Bank Act established the legal maximum interest rates that banks could charge — six percent. Such laws and customs existed in tandem with the vast majority of people, who grew up with the concepts of saving, thrift and self-denial. Together — the people and the laws — they created a powerful defence against inflation. Many people simply refused to spend their money on goods whose prices were "too high" or to borrow when interest rates rose above their normal levels; those who still wanted to borrow would find that financing was restricted by legal maximums. In the absence of financing, economic activity was reduced and prices, including interest rates, declined.

In short, the combination of public attitudes, popular economic wisdom and legal maximums combined to make the economy inflation resistant. So what happened? Basically everything, and not just in Canada. Clearly Canada's experiences with inflation and unemployment are not unique. William Mackness, a director of the investment house Pittfield Mackay Ross, has observed that "The exemplary price stability of the 19th century and the first half of this century was purchased at a high economic cost. During the 20th century, social and political costs began to mount in an alarming manner. The rise of communism [in Russia] and fascism [in Europe] during the 1920s and 1930s provide eloquent testimony to the gravity of the political risks inherent in the laissez-faire system... However, effective...or efficient...price control via depressions was no longer a viable option politically after World War I. The democracies simply had to bring the business cycle under control or be swept away themselves."

It wasn't until the advent of World War II that the unorthodox suggestions of John Maynard Keynes were actually tested. Classical economic theory until then — despite the fact that it didn't correspond to reality — maintained that the economy had a natural tendency to move to full employment. Keynes' unorthodoxy was to maintain that, without a program of massive public spending and government intervention in the marketplace, the economy might never again be fully mobilized.

The debate between the classical economists and the then radical Keynesians raged on for a few years during the Great Depression. But with the massive spending that began during the 1940 war effort, the accuracy of Keynes' analysis was plain for all to see. Massive deficit spending could perform economic miracles: the depression of the thirties turned into the wartime boom of the early forties. At the conclusion of World War II, virtually every government involved declared itself committed to intervention and economic policies designed to produce full employment.

This commitment represented a basic change from the laissez-faire economic policy that had prevailed prior to World War II. And with this basic change came another. Between 1940 and 1965, a period that included both World War II and the Korean War, prices almost doubled. This was not an unusual performance when compared to the inflation experienced after every other war up to then. What was different was that the depression in 1946 of 1947 or even 1955 that would have brought prices back down to "normal" never happened. As Mackness noted, "The
fact that the price level did not return to pre-war levels did not appear a high price to pay, particularly when viewed against the record of the twenties and thirties and the thirties in North America.”

Despite the usual ups and downs of economic activity, the 1960s seemed to be an economic miracle: high levels of employment, high levels of economic output and growth, ever-increasing standards of living and disposable income, and seemingly negligible increases in prices. It was an acceptable trade-off: a tolerable unemployment level (approximately four to five percent) at the price of a growth in the inflation rate from zero before World War II and the Korean War to two percent during the fifties and most of the sixties. The end of the 1960s also spelled the end of what is now described as the “golden era of economic expansion.” Henry Phelps Brown, a British economist, says the changes that took place during the late 1960s and the 1970s were not unlike the changes that shook Europe and Russia prior to World War II:

“Discontent arises not so much from one’s existing conditions but from the gap between them and those one believes oneself entitled to, or sees others attaining...”

Looking back on the rhetoric of postwar policy debates during the early 1960s, one would expect to find, certainly in Canada, that most Canadians had suffered serious setbacks in their real income as a result of inflation and slow economic growth. The statistical evidence provides a sharp contrast to the beliefs of the population: real, after-tax income up to 1975 had increased significantly faster than it had during the boom times of the 1950s and 1960s.

Judith Maxwell, in the 1977 Policy Review of the C.D. Howe Research Institute, pointed out that by the mid-1960s the incidence of strikes and the intensity of violence had been sustained at record levels for a decade. “This record,” she wrote, “suggests a high degree of frustration, insecurity, and alienation among Canadian workers... People are expressing their needs or wants in terms of income claims, not absolute income gains. The past few years have not satisfied these claims...”

Maxwell speculates that one possible explanation is that the complaints that are being voiced as income claims are really something else — concerns about the quality of life, about future prospects, about the status of the individual. Phelps Brown is more specific. He says that people are no longer satisfied with what used to satisfy them because they are different people — they are no longer in a generation that made the work ethic famous, the generation whose values were molded by the hardships of depression, deflation and war. “Year by year, as the 1960s and 1970s went on, the older men who had grown up in a world where job security took precedence over pay claims were leaving the labor force, and their place was taken by entrants whose experience was to be a demand for labor so sustained as to give the individual worker a substantial independence of the employer... In country after country, the expectations had to come when the number with solely postwar experience attained a critical mass, the result of which was to outweigh the force of tradition and the respect accorded to older men... They had a new capacity for self-assertion.”

The new capacity for self-assertion, coupling with government commitments to stimulate economic policy during the fifties and sixties, became strong enough to overcome the impediments to inflation that had been built up over decades of price stability. This situation developed slowly and almost imperceptibly. It took 25 years, in fact, but in the last decade it has become clear that the economy is moving further away from price stability. Rather than believing prices will return, more and more people expect inflation will continue. And that expectation becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy.

However, expectations alone are not the key to inflation control. What seems to have happened is that the economy has moved from being resistant to inflation to being prone to it. Until the end of the 1960s, stimulative economic policy produced significant economic growth and negligible inflation. Suddenly, during the early 1970s, stimulative policy produced little growth and significant inflation. Methods of dealing with inflation are still based on the notion that a trade-off between full employment and price stability exists. The evidence does not sustain that belief. For it is not the first time, nor will it likely be the last, when economic notions are at variance with reality.

In Canada, outside of the present recession, the last serious attempt to deal with inflation was the 1969-70 recession. Unemployment rose to record levels and has remained high ever since. Inflation receded but only temporarily. By 1972 both inflation and unemployment were higher than they had been in 1969.

The Americans induced a recession in 1960 to combat inflation, although the administration didn’t intend the recession to be as bad as it later turned out. However, because the U.S. administration decided on restrictive policies just as the OPEC-induced cash shortages hit the economy, the 1974-75 recession became the most severe since the Great Depression. Given the severity of the situation, many American economists were hopeful that, indeed, inflation would be sharply reduced.

The inflation rate in the U.S. dropped to 6.1% in 1976 and 1.9% in 1979. It was back up to 10.8% by 1980. By then Americans felt less enthusiastic about policies that resulted in the worst recession since the thirties and a return to double-digit inflation in less than four years.

Just as people’s inflation expectations and capacity for “self-assessment” have risen — or at least not subsided over the past decade — so the institutions that used to reinforce inflation resistance now reinforce inflation susceptibility.

Both in Canada and the United States, the ceilings have been lifted on legal maximums for interest rates. The 1967 Bank Act in Canada removed the six percent limit on the rate that banks can charge. In 1980 the Small Loans Act decreed that “unjustified” interest rates would begin at 60 percent. Usury laws in the U.S. began to be phased out in 1979. Many pensions are indexed to the rate of inflation. Close to one-third of the unionized labor force has negotiated some form of cost-of-living agreement. Precedents have been set for opening previously signed wage contracts and renegotiating them.

The financial markets have quickly adapted their rates and the length of time money has to be “locked in.” The question of the hour is, will we ever have stable prices again?

Our experiences with recessions over the past 15 years suggest that nothing short of a disastrous depression will drive the trick. The costs — in terms of goods and services that will never be produced, and in terms of human suffering, possibly in terms of even more serious social unrest — would be enormous. The political costs to the party in power would likely be sufficient to mitigate against a deliberate policy of induced depression. (Pierre Trudeau was returned to a tiny majority government following the 1969-70 recession; Gerald Ford didn’t try again after the 1974-75 recession; and Jimmy Carter didn’t fare too well after only a rickety recession in 1973.)

While it smacks of economic heresy to dispute the theory of a cure-all recession — especially when we are in the midst of a serious recession and all political leaders speak continually about inflation being our worst enemy — the evidence of the real world does not support that theory.

True enough, we are not comfortable — certainly not as comfortable as I can remember being when I entered the work force in those inflation-free days of the late fifties and early sixties. But neither our economy collapsed, as our leaders tell us it will if inflation is not fought vigorously. In Europe higher rates of inflation have existed for longer periods of time without such a collapse. Without question, our leaders will continue to fight inflation. But it is not at all clear that this fight will be anything other than skirmishes that will do no more than contain the inflation rate somewhere around where it has been for years. And that’s not such a bad aim. (}
Wilda Penfield, founder of the Montreal Neurological Institute, was a pioneer in the study of the human brain, a famed surgeon, and an honored humanitarian. He left, through research and example, a legacy that has enriched all our lives. To his grandchildren (one of whom is Wendy Penfield), he was "Deeda," a beloved patriarch. The legacy he passed on to them was as personal and universal as is the special bond that exists between all grandfathers and their grandchildren.

It is Sunday morning. The farmhouse strains and creaks in the breeze like a ship moored forever on a high swell of meadow. But inside all is still as my grandfather reads from the Bible. The 19th Psalm. It's the passage Deeda always reads the first Sunday in summer. At first I know it almost by heart, though I've never considered the words. I dig my hands deep into the buffalo rug in front of my neatly crossed legs and study the mosquito bites on my legs, then focus outward to the horse brasses shining in the light, the stern Chinese empress on the scroll, so serene on her wall, the thoughtful, attentive faces of all the people I love around me. I am aware of the fullness of anticipation. When Deeda closes the Bible I will distribute copies of the family prayer from under the carved horse's head on the mantel. At 10 a.m., the door in the clock will open, and the cuckoo will come out to join our singing. Lala, my grandmother, will hit the wrong chord on the piano for a while. She always does. It's our release from formality, the signal for the cousins to beat an orderly retreat to the kitchen, where doughnuts and coffee served in coronation mugs await us. It's all so sweet as the mellow voice that flows through these impressions, drawing them with it into the stream of my memory as one warm feeling.

My grandparents were a constant point of authority from which traditions emanated. Brothers could be selfish and parents could fight and the world outside could be bewildering, but my grandparents were always there, serene and indestructible, to give my childhood its precious security.

Their house in Montreal was a trove of fascinating objects to be found and refound on those rare moments when we were left on our own. The jade Buddha, the whale's tooth, the walrus with its repelling stone skin, the gilded corks high on the armoires. I liked Deeda's study the best, the smell of books and pipe tobacco and pens, the heavy velvet drapes, the massive oak desk with all its little drawers to open stealthily. I remember feeling small and smooth against the giving weights of that room. Sometimes Deeda would travel into the photographs on the wall and take me with him, his hand on my shoulder as he talked of old friends and old times. But these visits were formal occasions, and snuggles were soon rounded back into the social fabric of dinner.

The endless tact and self-discipline that were part of those childhood visits! Remembering not to stare, as soon as the food came and not to interrupt or take over the conversation, struggling with the tiny spoon and bowl of salt, with crystal and china and linen napkins. There was so much to learn about decorum and discipline. But the rules of behavior in this pecking of formality were learned and became as precious and inculcated as the order of events, the placement of objects.

It was on that farm in Lake Memphremagog in the Eastern Townships that my grandparents planted most of the seeds that grew into family tradition. Each of the four Penfield offspring had a cottage on the property. My parents and brother and I spent our summers in the converted barn a short distance from the Big House. When we were children our country
D deed always got up at 6 a.m. to go to his writing house on the knoll, where, with a break for breakfast, he'd work until noon. We were never to disturb him — unless the dog had attacked a porcupine or the cows were in the tennis court or some other enormous catastrophe. The board-binder attached to his glasses on the side of the morning sun, he'd close himself into that mody, one-room cabin, oblivious to the heady distractions of cowbells and sunshine and scented breeze.

He looked oblivious. When I grew tall enough, I would peek into the small window over his head, and the mottled head bent over a manuscript. I'm sure there were days when the clamera of life outstripped his bodily distractions. Days of blank paper and mounting frustration. Maybe he just sat there sometimes, reveling in solitude. But he followed his self-imposed schedule rigorously. The routine was imposed on him both, even in the country, or perhaps especially there, where one day could overlap another. After breakfast at 8 a.m. sharp with the CBC news. Lunch was at 12:30, sometimes served from a picnic hamper at the beach. Dinner, at 7 p.m., was always a formal meal, even on Sunday, the maid's night off. And they'd have cornflakes and cream. On other nights there was sherry in the cut-glass decanter, candlelight, amber glass, salad served on the Greek potter plates, sometimes apple pie with sour cream sauce, delectable, demitasse of coffee by the fire.

How special we felt when we were invited! It was a lovely way of listening with complete attention to our stories, of sharing in our day's adventures. He always made him laugh — no one laughed like D deed! — was our greatest reward. No amount of contrived cleverness could match the gleeful squeals of delight at the recounting of some innocent omission, a quirk of human nature, a funny incident which amused themselves. He was particularly fond of abandonment and often told how he enjoyed himself that rainy, deprecating, chuckle. In fact, funny reminiscences were some of the best of nights for an understanding of life. They were often set in foreign lands and peopled with exotic characters — Tie-Tung-U, Oster, Pavlov, Gandhi.

Apart from these dinners and other festive traditions — Sunday prayers, birthday parties, singings around the bonfire or on the Barn porch, the annual expedition to the Grandy Zoo — our grandparents' privacy was respected. There were parts of the Big House we never saw, parts of their lives no one was invited to share. The grandchildren were allowed upstairs only if the resident doctor was needed — to administer to a cut or a bad poin soy ivy rash. Although we didn't know what a D deed "real" doctor was, we agreed to treat him to go to him in emergencies. I remember the smell of the opened medicine drawer, the scary honor of being alone with D deed in his bed room, my wound the object of his to toation. I remember the touch of his hands, in his bands, like his eyes, was a concentration of warmth which touches me still.

As D deed and Dee died sit on the bench by the beach in their thronos and sand媳妇 watching the ebb and flow of a dozen thinkers, their begotten. They are of a different time and hue than the foreground — like a dageuertype in a moving pic picture. I wonder, now, how they felt, how they saw us from their green bench, always distant by age and experience, by the deference accorded to them.

Each summer through the sixties the cousins returned to the farm, from college, communms, jobs, to share discoveries and exchanging radical ideas, the need to be a be a new generation, the speed of our changing. All protocol was challenged, all rules abandoned for the sake of excitement in the seek of freedom and spontaneity. Our knowledge made us powerful, impa tiently communicative, with the generation gradually were reduced to minimal exchanges of politeness. Gentrility was getting more foreign; all we cared about was chattering straightforward communicati on. And besides, they just wouldn't understand.

D deed especially became harder to deal with. He was so structured; we were getting to know him as a parochial, friend. He was so defensive, so depreciating, chuckle. In fact, funny reminiscences were some of the best of nights for an understanding of life. They were often set in foreign lands and peopled with exotic characters — Tie-Tung-U, Oster, Pavlov, Gandhi.

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Lala and D deed sit on the bench by the beach in their thronos and sand媳妇 watching the ebb and flow of a dozen thinkers, their begotten. They are of a different time and hue than the foreground — like a dageuertype in a moving pic picture. I wonder, now, how they felt, how they saw us from their green bench, always distant by age and experience, by the deference accorded to them.

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D deed was a local artist. At 88 he painted his life-long struggle to understand the relationship between the mind and the spirit — painted it, with bright colors and enormous delight at the new medium, on a rock in the orchard. He designed a thiol on the hill beyond the writing house. It was to be a scaled-down model of the ancient Greek tholos at Delphi, a place where thinking and solitude were sacred. The local carpenters thought he was crazy: a six-sided house with no walls at the end of a colonnade of cedar posts in the middle of a bayfield If he drew plans and showed them pictures, climed the scaffolding with them, discussed the color of the ceiling, the significance of Ionic versus Corinthian capitals. And he captured their imagination.

I am 23 years old, staying alone at the Barn in October. One evening I decide turb the timelessness of the moment. But a cold wind blows time onward. I knock and am received with an affec tion and graciousness that always makes me glow. They describe the painting of Marco Polo as he emerges from the book they've just put aside, how his insights as well as his adventures make him great. We talk of the day, of how to keep the porcupines from ringing the oaks, of D deed's struggles with the manuscript he is working on, No Man Alone.

D deed listens to what I have to say with complete, grave attention. The love in his face transfigures me. It is like a concentration of light, transforming the sternness. Perhaps in the strictness of his upbringing, his eyes were the only proper outlet for emotion — though touch is understood and not hidden any more. Now he reaches out and takes Lala's hand with a tenderness that makes hand-holding seem the most exact expression of love.

We stand opposite each other across the cement chessboard below the tree, cut and painted cardboard heads for the cedar posts that will be chessmen. It is the invented game of championships, Labour Day, 1975. Brown teed and grey bowd paint legs, but I'm alone, in my studies, a keen study, still. I face him, wind blowing my shirt, sun on my head, happy. And pride. This is the year of victory, but his dreams come true has taken me on as an equal.

The shadows lengthen until only the hills on the far side of the bay are aglow with evening sunlight. D deed makes one last, deliberate move, Checkmate. He smiles up at Lala, who has made the anxious journey in her wheelchair to complete the triumph, all cored tension and tremulous delight. He has won. We all arrive at the farm.

He told me that day, gently, that it would be our last game. And in February when I came to say goodbye on my way to study in France, his eyes said it would be forever.

He is no longer left me. In my mind he is as warm and vibrant as when I last saw him. And he left me with the lesson that an open mind and an open heart are the basis of understanding. It's a lesson that I must pass on. If only there is time. (End)
In Closing

It's the time of the year when many people know begin to long for the first slip of green in the yard and the first smell of spring in the air, a smell that sets them planning all the things they want to get done this summer, most of them having to do with getting out and about and into the country.

Ida Sainsbury knows that feeling. She is now 67 years old, a sturdy, gracious woman with blue eyes and white hair, who lives in Weston, near Toronto, along with her husband, Fred, a retired manager from the famous bicycle company, CCM. Back on the first day of Canada's centennial year, Mrs. Sainsbury, noticing that many people were taking on various projects to celebrate the country's 100th birthday, thought that she might take up hiking as hers. It was all a bit casual. "I just thought," she told someone at the time, "that it would be interesting thing to do." So early that June she started out on the Bruce Trail in southern Ontario, the first long-distance hiking trail in Canada, which is 690 kilometres long and begins in Queenston, in the fruitland of Niagara, runs north through hilly and striking landscape, then along Georgian Bay to Tobermory. On weekends and free days here and there, she hiked in several sections until she had gone the full length, the first woman to do so. She did it a second time, then a third. She became known as the queen of the Bruce Trail; newspapers began running articles on her, calling her "the hiking grandmother.

I phoned her one day not long ago and asked if I could come to see her. She seemed reluctant at first, as if wanting to avoid the sort of publicity that focuses attention on her and overshadows what she feels is more important — the preservation of hiking trails like the Bruce and the encouragement of hiking as a hobby. In the end, however, she agreed, feeling that it would be a chance to say a good wish for the trail she loves and the hobby she enjoys so heartily. (In fact, before we hung up she invited me to join her on a hike, one she helped to pioneer for Toronto hikers, which is held by moonlight, in the dead of winter.)

A few days later I went to her pleasant old home, sat in the living room, and she began telling me about hiking and bringing out scrapbooks with clippings, letters, pictures from the great hikes of recent years. Her husband — a lean, fit-looking man who also hikes, though not quite as strenuously as his wife — put on some tea. Mrs. Sainsbury said that really, before they started hiking, they wanted all that physical exercise.

I used to ride my bicycle around Weston," she said modestly, "but as far as hiking went we had never even heard of the Bruce Trail. Then I saw that article in the paper — it was the old Toronto Telegram — discussing the things people were doing for Centennial Year and mentioning hiking. So we joined an eight-kilometre hike on New Year's day and got hooked. I guess. That same month was Fred's birthday, so I gave him a membership in the Bruce Trail Association. We've been hiking ever since." In fact, her husband is now a director of the association.

About three years later, after she had completed hiking the Bruce Trail twice, Mrs. Sainsbury began to look for other goals, and it was then that her achievements began to gain wider recognition.

In early August 1970, along with an American hiking friend, Mary Years, she set out to do the 3,200-kilometre Appalachian Trail in the United States from Maine to Georgia. "Not many women have done the whole trail," a rather concerned official wrote her. "Remember, the trail is 3,200 kilometres long and it takes an experienced hiker about four months." But Mrs. Sainsbury was confident and determined, even though, to that point in her hiking career, she had never carried a backpack.

On August 2, 1970, she set out from Mount Katahdin, the highest point of land in the state of Maine. "It was a hot day," she wrote in her diary, "and the descent at first was gradual, but after the plateau it became steep and rocky with enormous boulders ...." By the end of the month she and her companion had completed the nearly 500 kilometres of the trail in Maine; then, during the summers of 1971 and 1972, they did most of the remaining portions.

Sometimes they waded through rivers, sometimes they crawled over rocks. (Often they climbed peaks, so that Mrs. Sainsbury became not just a hiker but a climber, scaling, in time, the highest mountain peaks east of the Mississippi River — more than 140 of them.) Then, on August 22, 1973, they made it all the way to Springer Mountain in Georgia, a 1,611-metre elevation that is the southern terminus of the Appalachian Trail. Ida Sainsbury was the first Canadian to do so. Her diary says simply: "Our big day! The culmination and realization of our dreams and ambitions since the day we climbed Mount Katahdin in Maine .... During our many hours walking the Appalachian Trail we have met countless friendly and helpful folks, and the warm recollection of these people is closely woven into the memories of our long walk." She had hiked more than 3,200 kilometres in 161 days.

In the years since, she has trekked up the Chilkoot Pass, the famous gold rush trail of 1888 in the Yukon, climbed Norway's highest peak, the 2,469-metre Galdhøpiggen, stridden nonstop for over 21 hours to cross the Yorkshire Moors, scaled numerous peaks in the Adirondack Mountains of New York state and, as she puts it, "just for kicks" marched up the side of an extinct volcano, Diamond Head, in Hawaii. In 1977 the editor of The Bruce Trail News wrote of her: "To look at motherly Ida Sainsbury, who would guess that she is a veritable Walkure, striding over mountain tops .... No sooner do we adjust to her conquest of the Northville-Placid Trail than we find she is in Yorkshire, doing the Lyke Wake Walk. And before we have entirely assimilated this new conquest, we bear she is back in the Adirondacks, breezing over the 46 peaks of New York state, which rise above 4,000 feet. Verily, it is enough of a job just keeping up with her whereabouts, without trying to keep up with her pace."

Before I left her home she mentioned a few plans, such as her hope to return before too long to Europe for more hiking and climbing. "After all," she smiled, "I have to do it while I'm still young." And when I asked why she loves hiking so much and does it so well, she paused and replied in a graceful sentence worth remembering. "When you walk a trail that follows the crest of a mountain, the water comes out of the rock — cold, crystal and pure."