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THE PRIDE OF PARLIAMENT
Our most beautiful room

It is not just another library.
That was evident on the evening of February 28, 1876, when the governor general and the Countess of Dufferin presided at a ball to mark its opening; it was one of the most glittering social events the young dominion had witnessed. A reporter for the Ottawa Times wrote: "...the space the beautiful structure afforded, and the general appearance of it, lent considerable éclat and charm to the occasion. The floor was all that could suit the most fastidious vocation of terrapin-eater and the decorations, if they were not extensive, were at least choice and in good keeping and taste."

In three packed columns of enthusiastic prose, the Times missed one superlative: the Library of Parliament was then the most beautiful room in Canada. More than a century later, it still is.

The library was the last of the original construction on Parliament Hill to be finished. The Centre Block, the East Block and the West Block were begun in 1859, soon after Ottawa had become the capital of United Canada. On the eve of Confederation, Parliament was sitting there, but the library was still a collection of 55,000 temporarily housed books, which had been brought by horse from the previous administrative centre, Quebec City.

The decision to delay building the north wing of the Centre Block, which was to house the library, was a fortunate one. The extra time allowed for design and craftsmanship gave the already impressive gothic structure a new dimension, making it an exquisite architectural jewel. Its soaring roof, with dramatic lantern, rests on 16 walls, which have a diameter of 15 metres; as wide as it is tall. It was one of the first buildings in North America to have its roof rest on structural steel, but far more obvious to the visitor are the flying buttresses, reminiscent of a medieval cathedral. During his visit in 1861, the English novelist Anthony Trollope could see only early construction and a model but compared the architecture favorably with Westminster. Of the library he said: "It is like the chapter house of a cathedral... This building alone will be worthy of a visit from English tourists... such an edifice on the banks of a wild river, almost at the back of Canada."

Though the library is sometimes compared with the reading room of the British Museum, it is, in fact, beyond comparison. The circular interior is ringed by two galleries, whose original floors were of glass more than two centimetres thick. In the early days there were no less than 993 gas lights, a marvel of the age. For the interior finishing, the best white pine was brought by dray from Constance Bay, Ont., by the famous J.K. Booth. He had come penniless from the Eastern Townships of Quebec in 1852, started in the lumber business by cutting shingles in the back yard of his Ottawa lodgings, acquired modest timber holdings, then suddenly became a timber baron with a breathtaking deal to supply lumber for the Parliament Buildings. Later, one of his mills had the highest daily output in the world, and few, if any, lumber magnates anywhere equaled him in property or wealth. Into the library's paneling were carved 1600 separate designs, each totally different from the others: rosettes, masks, gargoyles, crests and the coats of arms of the dominion and its seven provinces of 1876. This is one of the finest collections of wood carving in Canada, and no one knows who the artists were.

The contract for the interior paneling was given to the firm of Holbrook and Mallington of Toronto, though Israel Pagé of Montreal and his two sons are thought to deserve much of the artistic credit. The public accounts reveal that John Cockburn received $50 for carving an unrecorded number of walnut chairs and that he

BY R.A.J. PHILLIPS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRY DURSLEY

When it opened in 1876, the Library of Parliament was the pride of the young dominion

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standing with an orb and scepter in hand. It was commissioned for 2000 guineas from the British sculptor Marshall Wood in 1871, but Her Majesty suffered in transit. A minute of the time directs that 'the right arm must be replaced in a thoroughly artistic and satisfactory manner.' It was.

In February 1916, the spectacular fire that destroyed the Centre Block of the Parliament Buildings raced down the corridors toward the library at terrific speed. The library was saved, in part by its separation from the main building, in part by a north wind and in part by the swift action of a library clerk who slammed shut its iron doors. Unfortunately, the reading room, elsewhere in the Parliament Buildings, was destroyed along with its large collection of rare editions, but the Library of Parliament itself was unharmed.

A far more serious threat came on August 4, 1925, in much less dramatic circumstances. It started with a stubbornly smouldering wire just below the roof. Even though none of the precious carved woodwork was touched and no flames were seen outside, 900,000 litres of water were poured in during a period of six hours. Almost all the paneling was stained by water or smoke, the floor became the bottom of a lake, and 150,000 of the 300,000 books were damaged. For precious days the sodden mass was left untouched, and then the decision was made: destroy the library and rebuild it. At the last moment, Prime Minister St. Laurent was persuaded to intervene and save the irreplaceable structure.

Restoration took four years. Hundreds of volunteers materialized to help dry and restore the damaged books. Only 500 had to be written off. Boy Scouts hauled in wageloads of bricks, and 200 helpers piled the books with wax paper between them, into stacks and placed bricks on top to squeeze out the moisture. Hundreds of ideas for drying the books poured in and dozens were tried. The final solution depended on dehumidifiers and fans. In the first month, dehumidifiers in the library itself drew a tonne of water a day from the sodden woodwork. Eventually, all the paneling was taken out, cleaned, refinished, painted on the back with fire-resistant material and replaced. When it was reopened on June 19, 1916, the library had never looked better.

At this time, the Library of Parliament was not only a structure of unique historic value, an artistic masterpiece and a vital resource in the workings of Parliament, it was the National Library of Canada. Only in 1955 was the separate National Library created, and it was a dozen years later that the Library of Parliament ceased to be the legal depository for all books published in Canada. Today, it is both a library of major importance and the research centre for Parliament. Its influence on the quality not just of debates but of law-making cannot be exaggerated.

The parliamentary librarian's post has always been a prestigious one, and appointments have often been made as political rewards. The incumbents may have been distinguished, but their distinction was not often in library science. The librarian was a former cabinet minister. Surprisingly, there have been only five parliamentary librarians in the long history of the institution. When Erik Spier, the present incumbent, was appointed in 1960 he was not only the youngest ever, but the first to come to the post with professional training and experience.

After undergraduate work at the University of Toronto, Spier took his master's degree in library science at the University of Michigan. For most of the eight-and-a-half years he spent with the Ottawa Public Libraries before accepting his present position, he was the deputy librarian. He has received many honors both nationally and internationally from library associations. Not surprisingly, the Library of Parliament gives him a sense of mission. "Because of the supreme importance of those he serves, the job of parliamentary librarian is potentially the most important library position in the country," says Spier. "In Canada I cannot think of a higher honor."

Talking of his various duties, he explains: "Our job is to provide better information in a more timely fashion, more intelligently interpreted. This means, of course, not only do we require the assistance of machines but of the well-trained research officers, who help accept, reject, clarify and compress what is needed."

The library is a large operation. In its care are 650,000 books, 1,600 current periodical subscriptions, 4,000 clipping files and computers that open the door to almost infinite information. The staff positions, now numbering about 250, were long a male preserve: the sex barrier was broken by Emma Maud Lampman, widow of the renowned poet.

This combination of men, women and machinery interests the Honorable Jean Marchand, Speaker of the Senate: "Advances in technology have already revolutionized our approach to information and ways of gathering it — but even these strides only hint at what is yet to come. I have followed with great interest the initiatives of the Library of Parliament to take
advantage of the vast new fountains of knowledge being opened up to us.

A package recently received from the Library, in answer to requests from my staff, contained a dramatic illustration of that evolution. It included a leather-bound book printed the better part of a century ago, four video-cassette tapes, a computer readout and three research papers produced on word processors.

"The day of a completely 'wired' Parliament will soon be upon us — and I am confident the library will be as integral a part then as it is now." Apart from disasters, the most important milestone of the Library of Parliament was the creation, in 1965, of the research branch. Formerly, senators, members of the House of Commons and their staffs had to spend long hours in the reading room or stacks in slow pursuit of research. Now, trained and thoroughly experienced researchers and professional librarians answer questions in a fraction of the time. Last year they responded to 35,000 inquiries.

The inquiries could be as simple as a request for a date or a statistic needed for a speech in Parliament, or it could require gathering information on the legislative history of some complex subject being studied by a House or Senate committee. Before the library hired professional librarians, the research work was done by laymen. David Croll, recalls, "you could spend hours wandering around hundreds of shelves of books, but there were experts who had no idea where to find information fast."

Part of the motivation for establishing the research branch was to redress an alleged imbalance between government and opposition. It was held that ministers and other government members could more easily get information and research from the public service than could the opposition critics. But history does not support the argument; government members have used the research service at least as much as the opposition.

Parliamentarians of all political views were equally enthusiastic about the library. Walter Baker, the late Progressive Conservative MP for Nepean–Carleton, Ont., claimed that "the capacity of the research branch for in-depth studies is unparalleled. They produce, unbelievably swiftly, accurate research that can often be found nowhere else. I believe that without the research facilities of the library the work of the committees in the House would be immeasurably hampered."

The Liberal MP Ian Watson of Châteauguay, Que., wonders "if we make enough use of the fantastic facilities that are there. Their work is very professional — in fact, superb." His office requests at least half a dozen research papers, and has a standing order for every committee report. "They are definitely nonpartisan," he adds. "I think their work has contributed significantly to the impartiality of opposition questions."

Pauline Jiřetí, the New Democratic MP for New Westminster–Coquitlam, B.C., notes that the nonpartisan nature of the library means that "we have a bit of a lack of bias in that, in partisan positions are being prepared. Nevertheless, they are doing a marvelous job. Before the research branch existed, I practically had to live in the library and reading room."

The library is an unusual Ottawa institution: it seems noncontroversial. "I don't think we talk in superlatives about the library," Senator Croll remarks. "Without it, we would almost have to give up our jobs. And the library itself, it is not only the most beautiful room in Canada, it is our finest monument. At least once a week I make a point of walking in, just to enjoy looking at it."

The library has satisfied not only its consumers, but perhaps more surprisingly, its investigators. Studies by the auditor general and organizational experts have been remarkably free of criticism or even substantial recommendations. The commissioner of official languages concluded that "the official languages are indeed alive and well at the Library of Parliament." Half the staff are francophone; two thirds are fully bilingual.

The library of Parliament is a mecca for visitors from abroad, though history does not record if any took Anthony Trollope's advice to make the long boat journey from England just to see it. Legislative librarians from around the world come to study its operation, and the library plays an active part in international consultations among legislative libraries, particularly those of the Commonwealth.

The library of Parliament did not always have quite such a reputation. In a more relaxed age it had possibly the best collection of detective novels in the country. That happened because some members of Parliament used their library privilege to order light reading material to see them through long evenings of speeches.

In the fire of 1916 the library lost many of its most valuable works, including a remarkable collection of Bibles. It still possesses some outstanding early books and manuscripts; a 1613 edition that reprints Champlain's voyages; most of the Jesuit Relations, a collection of letters and journals kept by the Jesuits; The History of Emily Montague, considered to be the first novel published in Canada; the Canadien, one of the first Canadian newspapers; many volumes from the 18th and 19th centuries; Canada's major collection of rare books and manuscripts is now in the National Library and Public Archives.

The library of Parliament is a working place dedicated to serving and making more efficient parliamentary democracy. That is its justification, but it is claimed to be the most beautiful room in Canada.
THINK BACK IF YOU WILL to that September day in 1973 when you visited the local service station to buy gasoline. There you were, unknowingly at the brink of an era, buying gas for a few dimes a gallon. It was a parting gift from the age of cheap oil.

The cheap-oil era, as eras go, was brief. King Coal, who had powered the engines of the industrial revolution, had retained his title as the world's top energy supplier until the mid-1960s. But his kingdom was slowly overwhelmed by the ocean of oil that was discovered at the rate of more than three billion cubic metres a year, during the middle portion of this century. That oil, most of it trapped in huge and prolific pools in the Middle East, could be produced for a dime or two a barrel (0.16 cubic metres).

Cheap oil fired an age of incredible growth. Between 1950 and 1970, world economic activity increased more than 150 percent; during the same period, taking into account inflation, the world price of crude oil dropped by about 70 percent. And then, in a matter of months following October, 1973, the era ended, as quickly and as sadly as a sigh.

That didn't mean the world was running out of oil. Far from it, there were — and still are — about a hundred billion cubic metres of reserves. And it wasn't because of the creation of an organization that immediately commanded the world's attention — the Organization of the Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC). This organization had actually been in existence for more than a decade, a period in which oil prices had fallen. Instead, the era's end resulted from a series of subtle shifts in the world's oil supply.

"During the period around 1970," says Imperial's chairman, Don McIvor, "there were three major production areas that ceased to have great banks of surplus capacity — Texas, Louisiana and Venezuela. That left only one area with surplus capacity — the Middle East."

Three Middle Eastern countries in particular, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates, held about 37 percent of the world's known oil. But, with a combined population of something less than half of Canada's, those countries had no compelling need to open the valves of their huge reserves to quench the world's oil thirst. In fact, they feared the impact a rapid influx of oil wealth might have on their populace. And they could take comfort in the knowledge that the world's industrialized countries, which in 1973 consumed about 82 percent of the world's oil and relied on oil for more than half of their energy requirements, produced only 20 percent of the global oil supply that year.

The result, entirely understandable in the illuminating glow of hindsight, was a 500 percent increase in the price OPEC charged for its oil by 1975 and a further jump of about $20 a barrel during the Iranian disruption of 1979 and 1980.

As the past few years have shown, however, oil is not immune from the impact of price on demand and supply. Free-world production dropped from 8.3 million cubic metres a day in 1979 to 6.6 million earlier this year. Non-OPEC supplies from areas like the North Sea and Mexico have increased by 20 percent, while the cartel's production has been cut in half.

Despite these cuts, by late last year the world was awash with oil. That set the stage for a third oil-price shock, only this time it was the shock — for a world that had become quietly resigned to steady increases — of seeing international oil prices take a tumble. Firm plans and confident projections were suddenly in disarray. In the resulting uncertainty, which persists to this day, a number of interesting questions have arisen. Has the power of OPEC been broken? Will new, non-cartel sources emerge to meet our needs? Are we about to enter another era of cheap and worry-free energy? A look at the underlying trends in the international oil supply reveals some equally interesting answers.

First, the power of OPEC. Whether the organization can pass its first real survival test in more than a decade is anybody's guess. To date, reports of its death have been premature. And
there are compelling reasons — obvious self-interest for one — why its members can be expected to reconcile their differences. But even if OPEC divides in kind, remains that a handful of its members — those three Middle Eastern oil kingdoms — will be the most of the world’s known reserves.

But what of non-OPEC sources? Perhaps there’s still field lurking out there, another Saudi Arabia that will forever change the balance of supply. “There are reports every once in a while of a new Middle East just around the corner,” says Don McVil. “But there don’t seem to be any areas where it’s realistic to look for, say, another 80 billion cubic meters of oil.”

A quick review of petroleum geology shows why. There are 600 basins of potentially oil-bearing rock in the world. Of those, 400 have been explored to some extent and 190 have yielded oil in commercial quantities. But, as a 1979 study by the U.S. Geological Survey points out, more than 80 percent of the world’s known oil reserves have been discovered in just 25 basins. The oil the world relies on swamps in large pools. And those pools are as rare as 100-carat diamonds. Moreover, the 200 claims that have not yet been explored remain unexplored for very good reasons. Some are submerged under leagues of ocean or polar ice, others lie in disputed territory. Any oil that is wristed from those pores of rock will not come cheap, or cheap.

So the most probable conclusion is that, while there will almost surely be major new discoveries to come, the last of which may be very significant for particular countries or regions — the general distribution of the world’s known oil reserves is unlikely to change significantly. (In fact, a study by the Rand Corporation, cannot. 1970s concluded that the region with the greatest potential for additions to known oil reserves is the Middle East.)

Mere envy is not the only reason for viewing continued reliance on Middle Eastern oil with a furrowed brow. It’s an area, after all, that has endured recurring turmoil and finance 4000 years. It’s a volatile region where one stray bullet could trigger a significant reduction in world oil production. M.A. Adelman, professor of economics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, wrote recently that “there have been six world oil supply disruptions” since the second World War. And the frequency of disruptions, if anything, seems to be increasing. “This danger will continue,” writes Adelman, “for there are many sources of disruption. Although the probability of any one type in any one year is low, the chances of escaping them all for several years are also low.”

Adelman contends, as well, that an oil crisis of the type that occurred in 1973 and 1980 can be as easily as well as actions of consumers as by the manipulation of supply. As proof, he cites statistics showing that world oil production exceeded actual consumption during every month of the crisis after March 1979 and extending into 1980. The real problem, he says, was not a major gap between the amount actually supplied and the amount actually consumed, but between supply and the amount demanded. Consumers, reacting predictably to the prospect of running short, hoarded what they thought they needed and ordered up new supplies than they really needed. So in doing, they turned the oil glut of 1978 into the crisis of 1980. Granted, spare capacity for oil production is much greater now than it was in 1979, and the circumstances that would cause that capacity to diminish are difficult to envision. But then, few of us envisioned fall of the Shah of Iran.

The concentration of oil reserves and production in so few hands, therefore, means that the possibility of supply disruption — either real or the result of mass instinct — cannot be entirely dismissed even today. But if tranquility reigns, can we look forward to a period of stable or falling international oil prices? In fact, there are numerous possibilities, and the forecasters — as in any field — have sometimes been wrong in the past. Nonetheless, the consensus of experts in both energy and finance seems to suggest that price and supply security will not present a major problem over the near term — say, over the next 18 months or so.

Over the longer term, however, one signal is unmistakable. As Don McVil puts it: “The world is consuming oil more rapidly than it’s finding it.” In the 1960s, the discovery rate for oil was substantially higher than the rate of consumption. But since the early seventies, consumption has begun to exceed new finds by a growing margin, despite lower oil demand and higher prices. The conclusion is obvious: somewhere down the road — and I don’t know if it’s going to be a year from now or two or more — world oil supplies are going to tighten and prices will rise accordingly.

In an energy world where the only sure thing is uncertainty, Canada is sitting in the cat-bird seat. Our country is a net exporter of energy. We have an abundance of natural gas, reams of coal seams and an exportable surplus of electric power. We share one trait with other industrialized nations, though. As the federal department of energy, mines and resources stated in the National Energy Program: Update 1982: “Canada’s energy problem is oil. The National Energy Program seeks to reverse the trend toward growing imports. This will not be an easy job, for conventional oil reserves in Western Canada continue to decline.”

At one time that deadline was expected to be largely offset during the waning years of this decade by mega-production from Western Canada’s oil sands, a mammoth resource that dwarfs even Saudi Arabian reserves. But the oil-sands megaprojects were suspended for several reasons, creating the looming reality that Canada may become more, not less, dependent on imported oil as the decade advances. For some Canadians, the reaction to that possibility may be “so what?”. After all, there’s plenty of oil on the international market and prices are lower.

“I think one of the country’s major challenges right now is not to be shortsighted,” says Paul Tellier, Canada’s deputy minister of energy, mines and resources. “We shouldn’t start to believe that oil is just another commodity and that conservation and self-sufficiency are therefore not as important as they were a few years ago. On the contrary, we have to stay on our toes, both on the supply side and the demand side, in pursuing oil self-sufficiency.”

On the demand side, Canadians have recently been using less oil to a degree that has astonished many forecasters. Part of the drop is undoubtedly the result of economic stagnation, a painful way to curb a demand that most Canadians would prefer not to see continue. And, as economic recovery dawns, there is considerable uncertainty over the effect renewed growth will have on the demand for oil. Between 1965 and 1972, the glory years of the cheap-oil era, it was relatively simple to predict the growth in oil demand that would result from a percentage point of economic growth — one unit of economic growth would equal one unit of growth in oil demand. However, as W.A. Bain, manager of energy studies and outlook for Imperial, explains: “Since 1979 there have been wide variations in the relationship between energy and oil demand and economic growth. In some years, energy and oil demand have been higher than economic growth. In others, total demand for energy has exceeded economic growth, but oil demand has been much lower. It’s going to be at least a year or two before we know what the new relationship might be.”

Uncertain also is the future direction of demand for motor fuel, the largest component of oil demand and the one least susceptible to substitution, at least for the foreseeable future. Personal automobile use plummeted during the recession in the late 1970s and no one knows if it will rebound with economic recovery or if the Canadian driving lifestyle has permanently changed.

“One thing to keep in mind,” says Bain, “is that not only takes energy to create prosperity, but energy — particularly oil — to enjoy it. Many of the things we do to enjoy ourselves create the demand for petroleum products. So it will be interesting to

Developing new supplies of oil is essential to self-reliance, to alone self-sufficiency

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see what impact renewed prosperity and relatively stable prices will have on driving habits.

Even if demand for transportation fuel remains low, however, and other conservation and substitution efforts make the contribution expected of them, it would probably be impossible for Canada to reduce its oil demand rapidly enough to stay ahead of the decline in production from existing reserves. Developing new supplies is essential to self-reliance, let alone to self-sufficiency. But where can we find the new supplies to fill the crater created by the collapse of the oil-sands megaprojects?

Part of the answer is contained in the words "incremental production," a phrase often heard in recent months. What it means is that, instead of trying to swallow the supply problem in one or two megaprojects, companies are going to gnaw away at it in manageable bites of a few thousand cubic metres of production a day. Esso Resources Canada Limited is one such company — it has several of these projects at various stages. Furthest advanced is the $700-million expansion of oil production at Norman Wells, in the Northwest Territories, which will add 4400 cubic metres a day to the Canadian oil supply shortly after 1985. The company is also proposing a $150-million project to coax an additional eight million cubic metres of oil from a mature field at Judi Creek, Atla. At Cold Lake, Atla., it is undertaking a $300-million investment proposal — modest only when compared with the previously planned $12-billion megaproject — to increase production of bitumen (heavy oil) by 3000 cubic metres a day. Esso Resources also owns a quarter of one of the original megaprojects. Syncrude, which could invest more than $1 billion over the next five years to expand production and undertake efficiency improvements.

However, important as these investments and others are, small increments to production are unlikely to reward us with self-sufficiency. We need a big jolt in production from a major source. And the only place to look for it is in the frontiers, unless oil-sands megaprojects are to come back into consideration. But, as more than two decades of extremely costly and often frustrating exploration efforts have shown, the frontiers are not the place to look for fast, easy results.

"The first challenge in frontier exploration is, simply put, to discover oil," says Deputy Minister Tellier. "There's been a lot of talk about the potential of the frontiers, but we have to know how much oil there is before we test the production capacity of the reservoirs. The second challenge is to overcome the environmental, economic and technical challenges of frontier production. And finally, we have to make sure the regulatory climate is compatible with the tough business decisions private companies have to make."

For those who are optimistic — and who can't be at least a bit of an optimist in a business where much of the future depends on the results of holes drilled into unknown rock thousands of metres underground — the recent signals from the frontiers have been most encouraging. Esso Resources and its partners have had a string of oil strikes together in the geologically complex region of the Mackenzie Delta and the Beaufort Sea. Off our eastern shore, another group has found the Hibernia field, one of the largest oil discoveries in the world in recent years.

But in the end, will a propensity to take risks at the frontiers of technology and geography be enough to deliver self-sufficiency? Imperial's McVey believes the greatest impediment to self-sufficiency is financial, not geological. He sums the problem up in two words: capital limitation. "There's absolutely no reason why this country should not be self-sufficient in oil. Certainly, there's no lack of opportunity. The main impediment we face now is a lack of investment capital, caused largely by the introduction of the petroleum and gas revenue tax, which means we can't pursue the range of opportunities that still exist."

Ah, yes. Lower world prices and the big oil glut. We can look upon them either as an opportunity to nod off for a few years or, mindful of underlying trends, as an opportunity to re-examine the efficiency of our energy use.

A PAST TO REMEMBER
Our multicultural heritage

BY PATRICIA CLARKE

Image of Canada: Samuel de Champlain landing from a bark canoe to set up a trading post that would become the heart of New France. Captain George Vancouver peering through the mists to map the coast of British Columbia. Pierre Radisson plunging his canoe through rapids to open half a continent to exploration and settlement. Sir William Van Horne ruthlessly slave-driving his railways across the Prairies.

These were the heroes, beloved of our grade-school teachers, immortalized in a hundred social-studies projects. They made Canada.
Were there others? Perhaps the Chinese with the pigs who stood back as Van Horne rode by. Or the Chinese who tucked their heads under when a white man hocked out horses in Radisson's wake. Or the young Ukrainian couple de- picted on the backbin of a Canadian Northern Railway agent on their new land, in the middle of a bare prairie, with no living things around? But first things first. They fell on their knees and prayed as they had never prayed before and then got up.

We never knew their names. But they made Canada, too. Today, the rest of us stand on the shoulders of those who are not even part of our history and finally we are beginning to make sure it is remembered and told.

Nearly one-third of Canadians today have neither French nor British blood. Of the children who go to school speaking at least 20 different languages. At last count there were more than 60 different ethnic groups in Nova Scotia. In Toronto, once more British than Britain, you can be called a New Yorker if you know more than 80 languages or watch television in 20.

And yet, until recently, little was being studied, or even preserved for study, about the so-called ethnic groups (which in Canada, the only distinction is French, who made Canada a multicultural mosaic. Such study, as one of its pioneers, Professor Emeritus John Glen of Glendon College, Toronto, was told, "is no specialty for a Canadian.

The Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism found, was that the history of our eth- nic groups "is little known."

"Almost no attention has been paid to cultural groups other than the French and English," said a major problem of the lack of support for these studies. In the 1960s, when the problem of bilingualism and multiculturalism was first being discussed, the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism, issued its first report, "A Silk and the Years to Come," which laid the groundwork for the multiculturalism that is now being studied. But it was not until the 1970s that the study of these groups began to receive serious attention. The Canadian government, in its efforts to encourage multiculturalism, initiated a number of programs and initiatives, including the establishment of multicultural affairs departments in federal and provincial governments. These departments have since become the focal point for the study and promotion of multiculturalism in Canada. The study of ethnic groups has become an integral part of the academic and policy landscape in Canada, with universities and research institutions across the country conducting extensive research on various aspects of multiculturalism. This research has helped to shape policies and programs aimed at promoting multiculturalism and ensuring the rights and well-being of all Canadian citizens, regardless of their ethnic background. The study of ethnic groups has also helped to shed light on the complex and often contentious interactions between different cultural groups in Canada, and has contributed to a better understanding of the country's diverse and rich cultural heritage.
The year was 1922, the Great War was over, automobiles had all but disappeared from the streets, and flappers were wearing straightened hair and, fittingly, with the rise of North American industry, the demand for experts was high. Flappers were flapping and, fittingly, with the increasing demand for management, the University of Western Ontario in London opened an undergraduate program in business administration, which now offers its 3,500 students more than 50 courses, at the undergraduate, graduate and postgraduate levels, in such diverse subjects as business and government, communications, international business and management behavior.

"The dramatic evolution of management training is a reflection of the evolution of management itself," says Norm Perrett, manager of student recruitment at Imperial Oil Limited. "In the 1920s the only thing that was important was to know the product, the customer and the competition, but today we must deal with a highly complex business world, and managers must have the knowledge and skills to do this."

While management has evolved over the years to meet the changing needs of the times, never has the challenge been as great as it is today. Says Imperial's chairman and chief executive officer, Don McIvor: "The period we are entering is just so different that it requires a completely new approach to management training."

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ILUSTRATION BY TOM MCKEELY
Management's new world: fierce competition, greater government involvement

involvement, lightening-quick technological change

altered management philosophy. The primary return of management effectiveness that is converting human, physical, and financial resources into output — will remain the same, but the way in which it functions will alter as it meets the challenges of the period ahead.

The productivity competition, greater government involvement and lightning-quick technological change. And in order to succeed in this environment, many business experts feel management will have to become more self-sufficient, more oriented to seeing and inventing new ways to accomplish things and towards grasping new opportunities that are open to it.

But this is not to malign management systems of the past. As the old adage goes, there is a place and for everything. In the early part of this century, when industry was beginning to emerge in Canada, management was paternalistic. It made the decisions and employees followed instructions. And it worked. The baby-boom generation reached the work force, few people below the professional and management levels had higher education," says Bill Sutton, vice-president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in Toronto, "and they needed and expected to be told what to do and how to do it."

This paternalistic system of management held fast following the Second World War. It was tough and won, the workforce was available to devote itself to building Canadian industry, developing such areas as "natural-resource extraction, banking, construction and heavy manufacturing," says Professor Max Clark of the University of Toronto's faculty of management studies.

Production rallied around a set of principles that called for tasks to be simplified so workers could produce a high volume of standardized goods and services, explains Robert Reich in The Next American Frontier. "High volume, scientifically managed industry, producing standardized goods generated vast economies of scale and levels of wealth unparalleled in history," he adds.

Opinions vary as to the extent to which the war effort was responsible for the continuation of paternalistic management, but there is little doubt that it accentuated learned, hierarchical management of a system similar to that of the military. "When people came back from the war and became managers," notes Bill Sutton, "they followed a system of management they were used to and knew worked well."

But the tremendous economic success of North America is not solely a result of its producing a high volume of goods at a time when demand was great. "We were lucky in that the things we developed that people knew they could rely on," explains Sutton. It wasn't until the early seventies, he adds, when competition from a reborn Japan and Europe showed signs of surpassing the previously unchallenged North American machine in price and quality that Canadians and Americans began to question the system.

Oddly enough, it is the recession that has finally brought this questioning to a crescendo. High interest rates, declining sales, reduced profits — and the burden of additional taxation — have forced many companies into bankruptcy and mergers, including Imperial, and it has become a prime objective to reduce spending through staff cutbacks and various cost-saving programs. (Last year average wages contributed about $70 million to the company's after-tax earnings.) What companies are finding, says Sutton, is that with a more educated workforce and increased computer technology they can avoid the same type of management, whose leaness, in many cases, facilitates quicker decisions and greater adaptability. "Ironically," says Bud Johnston of Western, "the sobering recession brought forth some very positive changes in management efficiency." So it is that industries and their managements face the complex challenges of the eighties — challenges, notes Don McIvor, "that we will meet if we are to prosper in the days ahead."

Today, more than ever before, companies must be competitive on a number of fronts, not the least of which is the international one, explains Johnston. "And it won't simply be a matter of fighting for one's share of foreign markets," he says. "It's a matter of protecting the home market against inroads that foreign competitors will try to make." Canada, however, will not only not be jumping to competition from other developed nations but the prospect of fierce competition from the Third World, where low wages mean that labor-intensive products can be made much more profitably in the undeveloped nations. "But competition will not be our only challenge," he adds. "Far from it." Government is playing an increasingly large role in the business world, developing corporations of its own, setting rules of conduct and foreign policy and regulating investment. And coupled with this, Johnston explains, is a maturity consumer movement that is effective and demanding. As well, capital and operating costs are higher than ever.

And the tremendous effect of the explosion of energy is that this new order must be dealt with. While the computer has made life easier for millions, it is the new technological revolution whose momentum is so fast that almost daily products hitherto providable are developed and marketed to keep up with the pace of providing services are developed that render those introduced only months, even weeks, earlier obsolete. "It used to be that if you developed a product and got a patent on it you would have a monopoly for a long time," says Bud Johnston. "Today, you're lucky if you have that protection for 17 months before someone engineers something that provides a competitive alternative for customers to consider." As we look forward, the necessity of adopting a new management style to meet the challenges of the eighties — indeed of the future — becomes clear. "There will be new, different and more cost-effective way of doing business," says Imperial's Don McIvor. Books on the "new management" abound today, and what's more, they are being read with a voraciousness usually reserved for mysteries and romances. Some have even made it to the bestseller list — in Search of Excellence, by Thomas Peters and Robert Waterman, and the essential tasks 40 weeks there by the fall.

This new management, many of the books suggest, is one of decentralized, semi-autonomous, entrepreneurial units that will function in accordance with the basic principles of the particular company in a flexible system — flexible being the key word. "The system is responsive to the wants of the best abilities a company can have," says McIvor.

In this flexible system, the layers of the management pyramid will be flattened. Thus reducing bureaucracy and allowing top management a more direct line to productivity, explains Robert Reich in The Next American Frontier. "People at lower levels will make more decisions," says Bill Sutton, stressing that today's educated blue-collar workers are very capable of making decisions. "Their education is a valuable resource that should be tapped not feared," he says. But "It's a terrific cost-saving opportunity," and delegating decision-making responsibilities will result in a decreased lag time between the recognition of a need and the meeting of it. Similarly, working in semi-autonomous units, flexible and diverse in their knowledge, will enable employees to respond more quickly to opportunities they can realistically anticipate. But this approach to management is not altogether new to Imperial. At Esso Chemical Canada's Agricultural Chemicals Complex at Redwater, Alta., these principles have been applied since 1968, when the complex was opened. "The system has worked extremely well," says Tom Deverieux, who is working with management there on organizational issues. "We've just completed a $400-million investment, and one of the greatest abilities a company can have," says McIvor.

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magnitude of his plans. What he foresees is a company that is highly flexible, that can adapt to good times and bad, that can, if you like, pick up and go on a moment's notice. "Perhaps it sounds a bit like being for motherhood and against sin, but the nature of the words does not demean their importance," he says. "We are working from an efficient base, and since January 1982 we have changed our ways of operation significantly. I see no reason why we can't keep up that rate of change."

In his sunny Toronto office Bill Twells, Imperial's chief executive officer from 1960 to 1973, pours himself another cup of tea from a thermos on his desk. "You know, Imperial has always been a pioneer in management," he says. "Back in the forties we introduced the management committee system." By having senior managers representing various sectors of the company meet to make collective decisions, authority was shared and shifted so that it had a more direct impact on productivity. "The idea was to get the authority out to where it would have the greatest impact on production," Twells adds. "And remember, this was at a time when management was generally autonomous."

This concept further evolved when Imperial established the three operating divisions of Imperial: Chemical Canada, Esso Resources Canada Limited, and Esso Petroleum Canada during the seventies and in early 1981. "You see, productivity must be a major concern of any company," says Twells, "and by creating these three companies Imperial was able to put management very directly in touch with the product — again, putting authority where it has the greatest impact on productivity."

Thus, over the years, the groundwork has been laid for Imperial's management to meet the demands of today. "Adaptability, innovation and responsibility are essential aspects of management and trained managers to be adaptable and to have a broad knowledge of the company. Since its inception, managers have been required to work in numerous and varied departments. "I've done just about everything on the refining and marketing side," says Roger Purdie, vice-president and general manager of the marketing department at Esso Petroleum. He adds laughingly, "Perhaps one of the most striking examples of the company's willingness to take risks in order to develop good managers is its putting me in charge of a refinery when I had no technical background." But Purdie admits that he had the necessary management skills, and with the combination of these skills and "terrible" support from the technical staff in the refinery, the operation ran smoothly. "The system produces well-rounded managers," he says. "It goes on all the time, and it's as it should be."

In addition to this ongoing development, the company has an expanding program of formal management training. Until 1978 this comprised four courses, but now has grown to include eight more. In 1978 Purdie attended one of the management training courses with 11 other employees from different departments of Imperial. The group spent three weeks together, day and night, one week in Ottawa, where they studied the government system, one in Toronto, where they looked at the internal workings of the company, and one at the Niagara Institute in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., where they debated the social values at work in society. "You spend three weeks living with colleagues and senior managers and you can't help but learn a tremendous amount," Purdie says. "It was then that I truly began to appreciate the talent of those who run this company." Says Norm Perrett of Imperial: "The courses give people an overall view of the company and stress team work, consistent with today's trend toward participative management." Perrett feels that the substantial investment in management training programs has contributed substantially to the success of the company. As Peter Drucker, the eminent American business expert, says: "Management is the central resource of developed nations."

So we stand on the edge of change. The effects of this year's Canadian company's success are coupled with vigorous international competition and the rapid influx of technology have brought us to the brink of a new era in management. In the years ahead, success will come to companies that capture a broad range of smaller opportunities, responding to them with flexibility and innovation. The challenge is indeed great, but as Bud Johnston points out: "If you're thoughtful about management, it's a great time to be alive."
Giselle and all the modern works in the company's repertoire. Without the personal commitment, tenacity and drive displayed by the professional dancers, and by the students eager to join them, the action on stage would be far less expressive.

The people at the open house that spring day were among the first generation of Quebecers to accept dance unrestrainedly as part of their cultural landscape. Until about 1960, the human body was subject to taboos. Strict clothing standards were reinforced by local bylaws; film censorship protected a narrow definition of propriety. For the majority today, though, all this belongs to a forgotten past. But the odd puritanism has played an important role in the life of Fernand Nault, Les Grands Ballets' highly respected resident choreographer.

"Today, dancing is part of life," he says smiling. "The change took place during the 1960s. People felt the need to express themselves. Quebecers were, and still are, very good at verbalizing, and when they felt the urge to express themselves physically, they wanted space and freedom." During the 1930s, training to be a dancer was a heroic undertaking. Social attitudes tended to squelch any calling in that direction, but there were young people who persevered and overcame discouragement with talent and tenacity. "I tap danced," says Nault. "I went to the Ballets Morenoff in Montreal — in those days only Russian names were taken seriously. We put heart and soul into our work, we were pioneers with a passion.

"Later I went to the United States as there was a lack of openings in Quebec — there was no permanent company here. One day there was a spot open with the American Ballet Theatre, because a dancer had injured himself, and I went through the auditions with flying colors." It was with this company that Nault spent the next 20 years, first as a dancer and then as ballet master. During the same period, he established himself as a leading choreographer in the United States. In 1965, he was invited to become Les Grands Ballets' co-artistic director and choreographer and accepted without hesitation. Contrary to the cultural atmosphere of 20 years earlier, when he had gone into exile, Montreal was now showing a growing interest in dance. This, combined with a series of tours in America and Europe, brought Les Grands Ballets to prominence.

The person most directly responsible for the transformation of public attitudes and the rise of Les Grands Ballets is Madame Ludmila Chiriaeff. Born in the city of Riga in the Soviet Union to a Russian father and a Polish mother, she spent most of her youth in Berlin among emigrants who had fled the Bolsheviks. By 1939 she had established herself in what showed all indications of being a very promising ballet career. Unfortunately, it was cruelly interrupted by the Second World War, when Chiriaeff found herself interned in a German concentration camp. After the war she picked up her career again and went to Switzerland, first to Lausanne and then to Geneva, where she launched a ballet school and set up her first company.

But Switzerland, at that time, was not ready to support a company of her own, and Chiriaeff began to think of emigrating to a new country that would be ready to gamble on artists. "Canada was the first and only one to accept me right away," she says. "I was expecting a third child, and I set out immediately so he would be born here." It was December 1951.

On her arrival in Montreal, the omens couldn't have been better. Getting off the train at Windsor Station, she walked toward Ste-Catherine Street in search of a restaurant. Suddenly she saw her name written in bold letters on a movie marquee. For a moment she thought she must be hallucinating, but then she remembered a film she had seen in while in Europe. As luck would have it, the short feature had been seen by some producers at the CBC's French network, which was gearing up for its first television season. The producers were on the lookout for talent and gave Chiriaeff two weeks to put a trial program together.

"I had given birth just a short time earlier," she remembers, "and I had absolutely no money. I had to do something. I possessed was a wedding ring and a baptismal cross, both of which I sold to a pawn shop for a total of $10. With this I rented my first studio and opened a school to attract dancers. For the costumes required for the program, I cut up my curtains." By the time the season opened, she had signed a contract to do one show a month, but through the years she has put together more than 300 television ballets.

"I selected some students for my school, who took lessons secretly," she says. "There were stenotypists, take-home and secretaries. I wondered why they were so secretive. The answer was driven home to me after the first few shows, when I started getting letters saying things like 'Shame on you! You are a mother, and you are displaying your legs!' and 'Go away, you are bringing mortal sin.' But the more people wrote this sort of thing, the more it drove me to prove the contrary."

Dance had a tremendous impact in Quebec because of its close association with television, which became, right from its start in 1952, a powerful instrument of social and economic modernization. In this positive perspective, dancing became a symbol of psychological liberation. "Very quickly," says Chiriaeff, "I grasped that if the public was to be won, that was done: not by force but by talent. It was pointless working solely on adults — it was young people that one had to convert. So I began searching for appropriate Quebec legends to present as ballets, just as the choreographer Michel Fokine had done many years ago in the Soviet Union, creating such ballets as the Firebird. It is this type of preoccupation that drew Chiriaeff to Marius Barbeau, the great Canadian ethnologist, and Luc Lacoursiere, the folklorist from Laval University in Quebec City. It was not until 1955, in Montreal, that the 18 dancers of the Ballets Chiriaeff, as the company was then known, had an opportunity to appear on stage, rather than on camera. And then in 1956 the company was invited to the Montreal Festival, for which Chiriaeff choreographed four ballets, amongst them L'oiseau Phénix, to a score by the Montreal composer Clermont Pépin, and Les Nozés by Igor Stravinsky. These ballets made such a strong impression on the critics, as well as on the authorities, that people began to call for Chiriaeff to set up a permanent company. In 1956 Mayor Jean Drapeau was seeking city council support for the establishment of a Montreal arts
Fredman, André Prévost and the extremely popular poet and songwriter Gilles Vigneault.

But is there a style of dancing that could properly be called Canadian? Colin McIINTyre, the director general of Les Grands Ballets Canada, says: “A London paper commented that we are more aggressive, hard-edged and empathetic. New York critics say the same thing. Les Grands Ballets, the National Ballet and the Royal Winnipeg Ballet have all matured and been seen in New York, and it is said that there is definitely a recognizable Canadian style.” Since 1975, McIntyre has been part of the triumvirate that has assumed the company’s artistic direction and which includes Linda Stearns, the ballet mistress, and Daniel Jackson, the repetiteur.

The most striking aspect of Les Grands Ballets’ growth has been the transformation of its audience in Quebec. Dance is now an essential part of the cultural landscape. And, as Fernand Naull points out, audiences have become more sophisticated. “The public here is guided much more by instinct than knowledge, but it is very critical,” he says. “It will not applaud everything.”

The existence of good professional schools and the presence of renowned teachers and choreographers has helped stimulate interest in dance in this country. In 1958, Chiriassé set up the Académie des Grands Ballets and in 1966, the École Supérieure de la Danse de Québec. The latter institution was created at the request of provincial authorities who wanted a finishing school for young dancers. A giant step was taken in 1975 when Pierre Lapointe of the High School in Montreal added dancing to its curriculum. Then, in 1979, the Collège du Vieux-Montreal, a pre-secondary institution, did the same.

But one objective, one dream, remains unfulfilled: acquiring a theatre. This would enable the company to present a regular and complete season in Montreal and would eliminate the burdensome need to go on so many exhausting tours. It would be the ultimate triumph for a company that has both created and educated its own public. It would give the crowning touch to the incredible adventure that has been the rise of ballet in Quebec.
IT IS 6:15 P.M. — 18:15 on the digital clock on the walls, and above the glass, the men-selling tickets behind their bank-teller grills at the railway station in Halifax.

On the tracks outside some workers are unloading a freight train. The roof over the tracks has recently been dismanted, but a skeleton of steel girders remains, with chunks of concrete clusters in the joinings like burls caught in the corners of a spider's web. On one set of tracks, a diesel engine — actually two diesel engines, coupled — is nose up to a squat, sturdy stop-block. The engines look especially handsome and powerful, for they are wet with glinting, having just been cleaned. They have been painted a brilliant blue and yellow, and I am surprised, again, by their height and mass. The door to the cabin and the high-backed engineer's chair must be more than twice the height of an ordinary man. The wooden platform is slick with rain and in the slickness is reflected the blue and yellow and the sun, which a moment ago broke through scudding clouds. A uniformed trainman stands by the doors. His name is Walls.

"Tell me, Mr. Walls, how's the arrival soon?" I ask.

Walls says the VIA Railliner from Fredericton and Saint John is due in at 18:35 p.m. He does not say 20:35.

"I'm going on one of these tomorrow afternoon, all the way to Vancouver."

"Then you're leaving at 1:40 in the afternoon," Walls says. He does not say 18:40.

"Third car up," the trainman tells me on the platform the next afternoon. I board early, impatient to get on with THE ROMANCE OF THE RAILWAY

A Canadian journey

BY MARTIN O'MALLEY

I have a bedroom to Montreal, bedroom A, on a car called Green Brook. The porter on the train points out the glories in the bedroom: light switches, fan, toilet, hot and cold running water, a tap for drinking water. He shows me a button to push. "If you need me," he says. There are two chairs in the bedroom, and I take the one by the window. Soon enough the train is moving, sliding forward, but only barely. So smoothly do we leave that for an instant I do not know if it is the train or the platform that is moving. It is exhilarating, as always, and a euphoria washes over me, making me feel light-headed and happy as we pick up speed and roll through Halifax and out into the gentle countryside of Nova Scotia.

As the train pushes on to New Brunswick, I relax to its gentle rocking and the buzz of conversation. There are two beds, actually, the two beds of the dinner car," a steward announces, walking by in the aisle outside the bedroom. He repeats this over and over, going down the car then out the door to another car, the announcement getting dimmer and dimmer.

For dinner there is a choice of halibut or roast pork. I am sitting with John, an intense, smartly dressed man in his mid-forties who is going to Ottawa. We both select the halibut. Over dinner John tells me he worked for 18 years in New York, in the heart of Manhattan. He is a widower who lives with his mother in a huge wood-frame house in Halifax, a house that costs $800 a month to heat in the cold part of the winter. Of all the places he has lived in, he says, Boston is his favorite. Conversation is easy on the train, the passing scenery constantly triggers new topics. John has a blood disease that costs him $100 a month in pills to control. He thinks it might have been the stress of Manhattan that caused it. He asks the waiter if there will be a bento game tonight and the prize will be a bottle of rum. The waiter says there are no more bento games.

One of the things I enjoy about train travel is that you can have as much privacy or as much company as you want. The chair by the window in the bedroom is ideal place to think, to stare, to brood — the ultimate in self-indulgence and a luxury that harms no one. The sun breaks through the clouds as it sets on fields that still have rows of snow, though it is mid-May. Past Amherst, on the run to Nashville, there is a neatly manicured Little League baseball diamond, actually, perched on the edge of a snowbank. The view is taken by tall snow-fencing. There is a transit bus with the Toronto colors of red and cream in a farmer's field outside Sackville. By the doors of some of the houses are ornamental butterflies, usually one on top of the other, which I decide must be a Maritime version of the pink flamingo.

An elderly woman in the day coach is talking on and on. She is one of those elderly women who call people "dear souls." She is filled with information, crammed, "Do you know that only half your brain is used?" She asks the man across the aisle. He does not reply. Apparently he is wearing a hearing aid, which he might have turned off. "Do you like reading?" she persists. No reply. "You may be lip-reading without even knowing it," she says, continuing with such precision that I can nearly read her lips from around a corner, using the half of my brain I don't even know about.

There is a crowd of people at the station in Moncton, many with backpacks, I watch them from the lounge car, where I am reading an essay in Time on the last run of the Rio Grande. A train comes off the Gulf, it is a long, narrow, operated, long-haul passenger train in the United States. The new operator will be the National Railroad Passenger Corporation, the government-subsidized organization known as Amtrak. The writer remembers fondly the older train. On the old Rio Grande Zephyr, he says, "they still cracked eggs and peeled potatoes."

As it gets dark, I retire to the bedroom, push the button and order a Scotch from my porter. He brings it in minutes, then makes up the bed — two beds, actually, the two beds of the dinner car — and leaves me to write. I require one, so he twists a lever and the top bunk snaps up into the ceiling. I am reading a book called Afloat with E.M. Frimbo — World's Greatest Railroad Buff, E.M. Frimbo, the invention of a New Yorker writer called Rogers E.M. Whitaker, believes "railways and ships are still the only civilized means of travel." In one chapter he is challenged. "You don't like cars, sir?" someone asks. "Cars and planes, sir, are the natural enemies of railroads. What is a car? A car is a rolling sewer. A little slice of selfishness. As for planes, I have been trying to get the railroads to fight the airlines by adopting a slogan I have coined — 'Go through our mountains, not through them.'"

Even when I am trying to fall asleep I can't resist the temptation to look out the window whenever the train slows, gives a little shudder and stops, I don't want to miss anything. The privacy of the bedroom is sublime at night when the train passes backyards, cemeteries, intersections.

Late at night, the train pulls into Bathurst, nestled by the Chaleur Bay. A lot of people are off the Gulf. It stops only for a few minutes, but I am awake again, looking out the window. I can see into an upstairs hallway of an old house that stands alone on the main street. There is a teenaged girl in her pajamas. She has a band to her mouth, as if she is shouting something to someone in another room. Then the lights flick off, and as we pull away the house is in darkness.

From my bedroom window, up ahead as the train makes a slow turn in the countryside, I see a crescent moon.

Morning. We have gained an hour overnight, and at 5:00 I am fully awake and hungry for breakfast, which will not be served for another hour and a half. We are in Quebec, rattling westward. The countryside whizzing by the window is entirely different from yesterday's. The houses are in clusters, irregularly spaced, as if souls chose not to roam too far from fathers, and families came together by marriages, and neighborhoods evolved in a natural way. The farms have a south-north personality, all ploughed up from the tracks in the sequential system of centuries ago, with the houses at the northern perimeter.

One of my experiments last night worked. I put my scuffed brown loafers in a slot by the bedroom door marked "Shoes," and this morning when I took them out they were clean and polished. I am so delighted by this courtesy and the punctuality of it that I nearly let out a whoop. We stop at Lévis, across the St. Lawrence from Quebec City, where the Château Frontenac stands dominant. At breakfast I sit with the Neohans, an old couple from the suburbs. He is a retired civilian employee of the military, and he loves trains. They started out three weeks earlier in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and have traveled all the way on train. They are going to Ottawa, then to Montreal, where they will meet their son and daughter-in-law to go on a motor trip through New Hampshire and Vermont. They are an engaging couple, quite familiar with Canada. We talk about Brandon, Lethbridge,
The fish was rather tasteless, but the chef discovered that smoked over a maple fire it was delicious. The smoking process took about eight hours for each piece, and the flavor was incomparable.

The stepover in Winnipeg is three-and-a-half hours, plenty of time to have a heart-to-heart talk with the man in another taxi, heading back to the station. The train winds through the city, and to no one we are a part of the train. No, just keep going, and let's see what happens.

In the meantime, the train stops and the passengers are free to wander around. One passenger, a young woman, takes her seat beside a man, who is reading a book. They talk about the city and its history, and the woman asks the man about his favorite place in Winnipeg.

"Chapleau," he says. "I'm standing again in the space between cars, this time with a tall, young Czechoslovakian tourist, who is talking in hesitant English. "Soon we cross the big sea.""

"Lake Superior?" "Chapleau, yes, on the other side of train.

The transcontinental trains used to pick up fresh fish at stops along Lake Superior, and further west, near Kamloops, they took on fresh Fraser River salmon, which was served for breakfast on trains going into Vancouver, and for dinner on trains leaving the Pacific coast. It is said that the fresh salmon was a delicacy for years in some of the choicest New York restaurants. Winnipeg goldbeery is actually freshwater herring, fish the Indians used to feed only to their dogs. A chef at the Royal Alexandra Hotel in Winnipeg, once one of the finest railway hotels in North America, thought that the freshwater herring would be an ideal train meal because it was so easy to fillet, being coarse and large-boned.

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"Chapleau," he says. "I'm standing again in the space between cars, this time with a tall, young Czechoslovakian tourist, who is talking in hesitant English. "Soon we cross the big sea.""

"Lake Superior?" "Chapleau, yes, on the other side of train.

The transcontinental trains used to pick up fresh fish at stops along Lake Superior, and further west, near Kamloops, they took on fresh Fraser River salmon, which was served for breakfast on trains going into Vancouver, and for dinner on trains leaving the Pacific coast. It is said that the fresh salmon was a delicacy for years in some of the choicest New York restaurants. Winnipeg goldbeery is actually freshwater herring, fish the Indians used to feed only to their dogs. A chef at the Royal Alexandra Hotel in Winnipeg, once one of the finest railway hotels in North America, thought that the freshwater herring would be an ideal train meal because it was so easy to fillet, being coarse and large-boned.
In Closing

One evening in winter a couple of years ago, when it was getting late and beginning to snow, I was driving alone in a part of the city I used to know well when I was working for a newspaper but have seldom seen in recent years — the corner of Dundas and Sherbourne, a neighborhood that, when I knew it, was a place of broken pavement, fornix houses and men whose dreams died long ago. I was almost at the intersection when I glanced to the right, toward one of the old landmarks, All Saints' Church, once the place of worship of a large and influential Anglican congregation, now almost without members but continuing its work in circumstances that are vastly different and in ways that its early and illustrious parishioners would never have dreamed of.

Along the sidewalk, to both the north and west of the church, stood a number of men, a few talking as if they had come together, but most standing alone, the men stand when they are waiting or just don't want to talk. They had come to look for a bed for the night. In the middle of a very bad winter that year — cruel temperatures, spreading joblessness and packed hostels — All Saints' acted in a way that was as practical and sensical as it was dramatic: it put mattresses on part of the church floor, where pews had been removed, and gave men a place to sleep. Thus, in a nave where once Charles Tupper and John A. Macdonald had come to worship, other men with other problems now came for simple shelter. For the past two winters, hundreds of them, all with a slowly growing number of women, have slept either on the floor of the nave or on other floors in other parts of All Saints'.

The other day, after hearing some gloomy predictions for this winter and the homeless — some people now estimate that, with the hard times, there are about 30,000 single, displaced people from east to west in Canada — I decided to go back to Sherbourne and Dundas, to All Saints', to find out something of its work as it prepared for this winter. I phoned, spoke to the Reverend Brad Lennon, and a couple of days later, around the middle of the morning, I arrived at the church. I was early, and since Mr. Lennon was talking to a few parishioners, I stood near the front of the nave and looked at the chancel, the pulpit and the pews, which were chipped with age. I remembered something a famous black preacher told me in an interview years ago: "There's something that gets over the pews and wall..." At All Saints', there is much of what he meant; but there is much that he, like many others, could never have predicted for a church with such a stately past. At the front, beside an ornate brass lectern, a piece of cardboard is stuck to a doorway with a hastily printed note giving the number of the "Downtown Care-Ring Office." On the opposite side of the nave, a plain wooden cubicle has been set up in some cleared space, with a sign saying: "Room Registry Service." Beneath it, another hand lettered card reads: "Please take a number and be seated until staff can assist you. Thank you for being patient."

Brad Lennon, successor of the late Reverend Norman Ellis, who led in the transformation of All Saints' from a more traditional parish to one for the poor (Mr. Ellis spent almost 20 years at All Saints' and told of the change in a readable book called 'My Parish is Revolting'), is a slim, youngish man with a mustache and glasses, whose thick hair reaches the back of his clerical collar. His study is bright, but sparse — some books, a chair and desk and telephone, which rang so often when we talked that he suggested we go to a room where there was no phone.

"The church was built to seat about 500 people," he said, "but for years there was only a handful — the area had changed, the people who would have come in the past had moved away. But there was great need among the people who remained. They were not church people in the conventional sense; they were poor people, often very poor, but these were the people Jesus spent most of his time with. Some came to our Sunday service, about 60 I'd say, but some years ago, a lot of the empty pews at the back of the nave were removed and people were invited in during afternoons and evenings just to spend time playing cards or in conversation — people who would otherwise be lonely, walking the streets, staring at the wall, sitting in a pub. A great many came. That was the beginning of All Saints' as a community centre. Today we have several drop-in centres, space for groups working in the community and so on. Then, a couple of winters ago, when the lack of beds for homeless men reached a severe crisis — and the hostels just couldn't handle the need — we put pads on the floor, not just in the parish hall, but in the church itself. We could accommodate about 80 that way.

Spending the night on the floor of a church may have a vague spiritual appeal to some people — mainly those who have never done it — but to Mr. Lennon, the experience is not softened by such comforting theological notions: "Sleeping on the floor of a church or anywhere else should have gone out in the thirties. A floor is not for sleeping. We see what we're doing as a stopgap measure in the midst of a real crisis — the lack of jobs and affordable housing for a growing number of people. And these people do not fit the stereotypical image of the traditional poor — the people of skill row. We are seeing more and more young people who have no work, no family, no options. We're pressing for an arrangement by which All Saints' can offer such people decent accommodations. But in the meantime we haven't got that. So we do what we can to give them a place to spend the night in winter. "The lineup usually begins about 3:30 in the evening, and we're packed by midnight, so we sometimes have to tell people we have no room or help them find a bed somewhere else. It's sad — many of these young men years ago would have been busy in good and honorable work as laborers. But they can find nothing today."

I have no idea, of course, how many of these new young poor will come to All Saints' this winter for shelter from the night and, I suspect, from life itself, which has begun to give off a chill all its own. But whoever they are and whatever their once held dreams, no one will mind, surely, if I wish for them, as for myself, a discovery that hope has not really died and that each of them, on a sun-warmed morning, may catch sight of old words upon a stained-glass window of the nave: "And there shall be no night."