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THE COLD LAKE PROMISE

The Review
IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED
Fulfilling the promise

By James Dingwall

It is a morning in early autumn, and from the window of a small twin-engine airplane I can see the countryside around Cold Lake, Alta. — a town, about 200 kilometres northeast of Edmonton — change as the sun rises. Already, the morning fog that blankets the lake is being burned away by the sun. The poplars are starting to turn, the cottagers from Edmonton have left, in this part of the country, winter may only be weeks away. The town, which takes its name from the large lake it sits by, has been inhabited since the turn of the century, but its real growth — it has a population of 2250 — has taken place since it was incorporated in 1955. Its people are proud of the lake, which offers some of the best fishing east of the Rockies. Their mayor, Warren Johnston, a schoolteacher, says that the town's long relationship with the lake has been a distinguishing feature that has had an influence on the town's character, "it has meant we've been a boating and fishing people for a long time." Cold Lake has a small business district of tidy streets, modest shops and low office buildings. But white some of its people work there, a larger number are employed at two locations that are known by name all across Canada — the Canadian Forces Base and the Cold Lake project of Esso Resources Canada Limited, a subsidiary of Imperial Oil Limited. Far beneath the surface of Cold Lake there lies Kinosiso, or the giant fish, according to a Cree legend. Today Kinosiso is a popular name for local sports teams. Deeper still, in the sandy strata that make up the geology of the whole region, is something even more massive than Kinosiso, and perhaps even more legendary: the Alberta tar sands, Canada's richest deposit of recoverable oil. Located in areas stretching from southern Saskatchewan through the Cold Lake region and up to northern Alberta, this deposit is estimated to hold about 200 billion cubic metres of oil in place, which is comparable to the resources in all the Middle East. The original natives of the region used to value this sticky natural tar as a sealant for their canoes. It's these same deposits of heavy oil that are attracting a new breed of explorer, in particular, the modern oil explorers of Esso Resources. For two decades, the company has been unraveling the mysteries that surround the development of heavy oil and pioneering the technology necessary to extract it. And last September the way was cleared. The lake itself will continue to keep its secrets, but far below the surface of the land, Esso Resources is beginning the long-awaited task of extracting this untapped resource.

More than two years ago the original Cold Lake project — a megaproject — was suspended. Then the plan had to be extracted, process and upgrade tar-sand bitumen, creating synthetic crude. In 1978, when the project was announced, its estimated cost was $4.7 billion. By 1981, this figure had nearly tripled, which was one of several reasons why the company suspended the project. Now it is proceeding with the Cold Lake revival. The first two phases of this project will cost $150 million each and, combined, will produce about 3000 cubic metres, or 19 000 barrels, of heavy-oil bitumen a day. They will see 220 wells drilled, with production scheduled to start mid-1985.

"Ultimately production on this project may be the same as had been planned for the original megaproject," explains Randy Gossen, former production manager of an Esso Resources' experimental pilot project that is already producing heavy oil near Cold Lake. "That would be in the order of 25 600 cubic metres, or 160 000 barrels, a day. But that kind of production probably won't occur until the 1990s, depending on market and economic conditions." For the moment, Gossen and other members of the heavy-oil team at Esso Resources are simply pleased to be taking things one step at a time. As Ralph Routledge, the company's manager of major projects for heavy oil, puts it: "I suppose most of us who have been with the project since the beginning miss the kind of excitement the megaproject generated, but at least now we're working on something that is actually going ahead. This is real.

According to Esso Resources' estimates, heavy oil stands to represent a third, or possibly a half, of the company's annual production of petroleum by 1990. This is good news in light of the company's recent declining production figures — from more than 34 000 cubic metres of oil per day in 1980 to less than 25 000 by the end of 1983. The Cold Lake revival is not just important to the company. As the Energy Resources Conservation Board of Alberta stated in its decision last fall to allow the project to go ahead: "The board is satisfied that the proposed project would have a favorable economic impact on Alberta and Canada." And in the future, the board envisioned "the synthetic crude oil (which can be produced from heavy-oil bitumen) would be available to serve Canadian demand as a substitute for declining conventional production and reduce Canada's dependence on imported oil. In the meantime, export would assist the Canadian balance of payments." Clearly, Cold Lake's first two phases are a significant step toward net energy self-sufficiency for the country. But more than that, the revival represents several other things to Esso Resources. For one, this new phased approach to Cold Lake represents a new way for the company to manage the increasingly costly development of its resources. "There is nothing excessive about what we intend to do," says Tod Courtine, former vice-president and general manager of Esso Resources' heavy-oil department. "In this economic climate it is something we can afford."

The revival of Cold Lake also signals a new maturity in the relationship between the federal and provincial governments and companies such as Esso Resources. The rules for equitable revenue sharing are clear now, and the financial risk involved in such development is acceptable. As the financial writer Diane Francis observed in the Toronto Star at the time of the revival announcement last September: "Both governments are willing to wait until industry recovers its investment plus a fair profit before collecting royalties."

Cold Lake also reveals a major step in balancing the often conflicting points of view regarding oil extraction, and both the social and environmental impacts will be very manageable. In fact, the social benefits will actually be enhanced as the community develops in phase...
with oil development. In 1981, forecasts for the original megaproject predicted that nearly 10,000 construction workers would be on site near Cold Lake and the surrounding communities of Bonnyville and Grande Centre by 1986. That would have doubled the population of the region in less than five years. Once in production, around 1986, it was anticipated that there would be more than 2000 full-time jobs with Esso Resources. Today’s phasing approach promises more modest initial employment opportunities, but perhaps it’s for the best. Five hundred construction workers will be required at the site for the first two phases of Cold Lake, which are expected to be completed by 1985, when production is scheduled to begin, and there will be 90 full-time jobs with Esso Resources afterward. But what has been lost in shear numbers has been gained in what Courtnage calls “orderly community growth.” He points out that “a megaproject comes with a bang. The phasing approach allows a slow rise. Local businesses and individuals, including the Indian and Metis people, will have a better chance to learn and grow as the project expands.”

Finally, keeping the Cold Lake project alive represents a victory for the many company employees—from field superintendents to the senior management of the heavy-oil division of Esso Resources, who have, in some cases, devoted 20 years to unlocking the secrets of extracting bitumen from the Alberta tar sands. It was this dedicated group who felt more keenly than anyone else the disappointments of 1981, when the original project had to be suspended.

In 1981 it was clear that a recession was coming. Meanwhile, the price of oil was declining. The world that just years before seemed to be facing an oil shortage was now facing an oil glut. In Canada, the National Energy Program began to take effect. The price for which oil could be marketed was in doubt. And the rising disagreement between federal and provincial authorities over revenue sharing flared, making it impossible for companies such as Imperial to feel confident they would achieve an adequate return on their investment.

And the company wasn’t alone when it decided to suspend the Cold Lake project. Shell’s Alkaid heavy-oil megaproject near Fort McMurray, Alta., was suspended in 1982, and the Alaska gas pipeline was also deferred. Throughout, the oil industry people looked at the economic and political climate and saw numerous problems ahead.

“So July 8 became one of the hardest days of my life,” says Ted Courtnage, looking back on that day in 1981 when he had to read the announcement to suspend the project at Cold Lake to a group of nearly 250 employees, most handicapped for the job. “I had been given carte blanche to get people with the skills necessary to do such a job, and I did,” he says. By 1981, we had the best and most qualified group ever assembled for that kind of job.”

Of that heavy-oil team, 250 strong, all but a handful were reassigned to other company positions throughout the world. The numerous contractors brought in to coordinate the construction of the megasite laid off, and the communities surrounding Cold Lake watched their economic boom evaporate like river mist in the warm morning air. “After spending about $150 million,” concludes Ralph Routledge, “I think the only thing constructed was 12 kilometres of highway. And all we had left were boxes of documents and drawings stored away.”

However, more than paper remained to remind Imperial executives that Cold Lake’s heavy oil was something worth pursuing. One irrefutable fact was the oil. It was there. “In those fields,” Randy Gossen points out, “there’s no such thing as a dry hole.”

The challenge is extracting the oil from the ground. But that too was a problem that had largely been solved. Since 1964, Imperial had conducted extraction experiments in the region. First, it had set up two small pilot projects. Then, in 1975, a major site, the Leming pilot plant, started producing. Since then, Leming (named after a small lake in the region) has become the main experimental model for the Cold Lake revival. It is here, during the past nine years, that the company has tried out its ideas and introduced new production technology to the task of extracting heavy oil from deep below the surface of the ground. On an experimental basis, Leming’s production capacity has risen to about 2500 cubic metres of bitumen a day. But the Leming pilot was more than simply a technical proving ground. It had social benefits as well. “Our long presence there,” says Ralph Routledge, “has created very good community relations.”

Then, during the preparation for the regional project “those relationships were enhanced,” adds Randy Gossen. “We participated in the establishment of a community advisory committee in 1978, which still meets regularly once a month to explain our plans to people and to get their views on our activities.” It has worked out well for all parties concerned.

This is partly the result of advisory and other special meetings through which Esso Resources is able to pinpoint business opportunities for local suppliers, giving them enough lead time to take advantage of them. And partly through discussing employment openings in advance with native and community leaders so local participation in the company’s plans can be kept at the highest level.

Moreover, from an environmental standpoint, the original Cold Lake project had surpassed the rigorous environmental protection guidelines set down by the province. In short, the concerns that normally attend a major oil development project had already been solved. The technology and research were there, the community was involved and measures for environmental protection had been established. Everything was in place but an economically feasible plan that would enable the company to extract Cold Lake’s wealth of heavy oil. It’s not surprising then, that within months of suspending the megaproject, Imperial executives were holding meetings to explore alternative ways of reviving the project. “And the more we investigated,” says Routledge, “the more excited we got about phasing in production.”

At Cold Lake, the tar-sands deposits lie as much as 500 metres below the surface, making strip mining uneconomical as well as environmentally unattractive. The only way to get to the oil is to heat it while it’s in the ground. It then becomes fluid, separates from the sand and flows to the surface. “The way we do that,” explains Wayne Pennycook, field superintendent at the Leming pilot project, “is through the ‘huff and puff’ method, or more technically, steam stimulation.” Quite simply, a well is drilled and prepared. That steam is injected into the ground under intense pressure at a temperature exceeding...
300 degrees Celsius. This steaming goes on continuously for more than a month. Then the heavy oil is pumped to the surface. Extraction can go on for up to six months during this first cycle before the bitumen cools down and the well stops producing. Then steam is injected into the ground again and the cycle continues with a longer production time. The average life of a well, says Randy Gossen, is in the range of six to eight years. "But some of the original wells we drilled about 20 years ago are still producing." The theory behind steam stimulation is easy enough to grasp, but in practice, says Ted Courtnage, "there are more variables in getting that oil out than there are in my golf game." After two decades of experimentation, he says, Imperial researchers have had to consider such problems as the temperature and amount of steam, the pressure it goes in at, the size and spacing of the wells, the kinds of wellhead mechanisms to use to prevent blowouts and so on. "We're still working to improve the overall process," he adds.

Even so, much headway has been made. And what is especially gratifying is that the technology and the techniques that seem to work best are also the most environmentally attractive approaches to recovering the oil. For example, says Pennycook, in the past the company drilled one well hole per site. Now, at Leming, one well site might have as many as 30 different holes, radiating in all directions from a single pad. This involves a technique called directional drilling. Rather than simply going straight down, the hole is angled off after a depth of 30 metres and drilled laterally out beneath the forest floor. "Not only is it more efficient to have the wells clustered in a pad from a production viewpoint," says Pennycook, "but we are able to minimize the amount of forest we have to clear. What we've developed at Leming is pretty much what the first two phases of the Cold Lake project will look like." The Leming field site is nestled in a clearing surrounded by a groomed lawn. Down the road is the steam generating plant with eight massive boilers as well as the water-treatment and oil-processing plants. It's here that Esso Resources people extract and purify the excess water from the heavy oil as it comes out of the ground. Afterward, they mix a diluting agent with the oil so it can flow by pipeline, to Imperial's Strathcona refinery in Edmonton for asphalt processing and trans-shipping for marketing. This is the only obvious industrial presence, but for the gleaming aluminum-covered pipelines that hug the side of the dirt roads that lead to the various drilling pads. Within a five-kilometre radius of the field office, there are more than 300 producing wells. But you'd never know it for the trees.

Follow the road and the pipeline to "P" pad. There, in a small clearing, 32 pumps called horseheads are lined up side by side. Indeed they look for all the world like horses drinking at an imaginary trough as they ponderously and methodically pump searing hot bitumen out of the ground. About 26 hectares of land are actually under production, but because of directional drilling, the site itself takes up barely a hectare of cleared land. Not too far beyond, spruce, aspen and poplars take over as it nothing, not even this complex array of modern technology, can hope to encroach on the placid calm of the forest. In fact, very little of anything mars the environment. Even the gases that form as a result of steaming the oil to the surface are collected and piped back to the steam generating plant to help fuel the boilers.

But perhaps of critical importance to everyone in the Cold Lake region is the way Esso Resources treats the water it uses. "Our biggest challenge," says Ralph Routledge, "has been to manage our water resources." The challenge comes on two fronts. Water extracted from surrounding lakes and streams must be kept to a minimum. As a result, the company has developed a process that minimizes its use of steam, and oil extraction now requires about two-thirds the amount of steam it used some years ago. Randy Gossen is confident that Esso Resources' ability to maximize the efficiency of the water means the company's requirements for Cold Lake will be well within the guidelines of the regional water management plan set by Alberta Environment.

The other aspect of the challenge involves separating and treating the water that is mixed with the heavy oil as it flows out of the ground. While a very small amount of water is treated for disposal, the vast majority must be cleaned and purified so it can go back into the boilers without doing harm to equipment.

All but a fraction of one percent of the water must be removed from the bitumen. Then that water must go through a series of purification steps, which remove all chemicals. In the final stage, the water is softened for about the same reason we soften water in our homes — Esso Resources can't afford to have its massive boilers scaling up with mineral deposits.

Esso Resources' ability to manage the fragile water resources surrounding Cold Lake, like its well-site gas recovery system and forest management, reflects the company's long-standing commitment to high environmental protection standards. "After all," says Gossen, "we don't just work here, we live here too. It's one of the most beautiful areas of Alberta." Just over a year ago, Don McIvor, Imperial's chairman and chief executive officer, said at the annual meeting of the company's shareholders, "I find it difficult to imagine that we'll ever bring back the giant Cold Lake project as it was envisioned two years ago. It would amount to staking Imperial's whole future on one roll of the dice." By phasing in Cold Lake, the company is now setting a moderate but confident pace for its heavy-oil development. And with that pace firmly established, slowly too are some of the management veterans at Esso Resources moving on to other projects. Ted Courtnage now holds a senior position with Esso Europe. And Randy Gossen has left the beauty of Cold Lake for the suburbs of Ottawa — he has been seconded by the federal government to bring his experience to the administration of the National Energy Program.

Several years ago the idea of a megaproject suited the vastness of the tar sands. It suggested bigger projects. But it also raised questions about the impact on the environment. Communities can absorb it, governments can agree on it and Imperial can finance it. Though the Cold Lake development is no longer the massive undertaking it once was on paper, it is real. After two decades of striving for this moment, Imperial has now embarked on a road to the future that is both real and vital to the company and to the country.
OF PLATO AND ARISTOTLE

The endless pleasures of philosophy

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

A while ago I visited the University of Toronto to find out if young people are still interested in philosophy. The word still suggests quiet, thoughtful scholarship, gardens overlooking misty lakes, studies with fireplaces and leaded windows, and seems somehow out of date these days of computer kids and practical courses. In one catalogue I saw for continuing adult education, philosophy wasn't mentioned in 40 pages of listings that included courses in budgeting, housekeeping, steel band and personal grooming.

I dropped in at the philosophy building, a scrawny box of a building with the feeling of a gigantic crate for shipping, say, computer parts. I talked briefly with an energetic man in one of the offices (I learned later he taught a first-year class in logic, Plato's "Meno" and the writings of David Hume) who took me to meet Kathryn Morgan, an associate professor of philosophy, with whom I arranged a day for an interview. She said she'd have her office tidyed up. I asked her please not to. It was about the most cluttered office I've ever seen in my life: a lovely shambles, books and papers piled on her desk, on shelves, on shelves, a case of papers and books. She said, as we left the building together, that it was cluttered but not disorganized. A few days before, a man I'd talked to over the phone who was in the administration office of another school had told me that in his opinion teaching philosophy was what universities were for. Philosophy teaches you to think." He said that he had missed on his daughter taking philosophy and she loved it and now had all her friends taking it. But Kathryn Morgan told me that many parents think philosophy is the essence of uselessness, and the way students sometimes get around the opposition is to tell them it's a great grounding for law.

The day of our appointment I went up to big, somber, blackstone building overlooking Toronto bay, with low round tables, around one of which five men sat talking. "There are two main theories, one of which was that of the Jesuits," I heard one of them say, and another said, "Descartes used two words, 'thoughts' and 'ideas,'" and he doesn't always make clear which one he intends." I got talking to a young philosophy student with a bushy mustache who sat down at my table. He said he'd become fascinated with Nietzsche, but spoke with admiration of the early Greek philosophers. "They set it up," he said. A small, slight Chinese man wearing an odd little cap went up to the group at the other table and said, "My name is Yang," in a deep voice, with a quiet, quick reply: "Y-A-N-G, Academy of Social Sciences." When Kathryn Morgan arrived we went into a room off the main lounge to talk. She had brown wavy hair, blue eyes and a pleasant, relaxed, friendly manner. When we'd sat down facing one another across a table she said that her impression was that what young people wanted from undergraduate philosophy was some sense of facility about the way the world really is. "Most seem to come from feelings of confusion and uncertainty and what they really want is understanding, a sense of stable values. Applied philosophical courses are becoming more popular." The philosophy of sexuality is one of the most popular courses in the department above the introductory level. She showed me an undergraduate bulletin in which some of the questions discussed are Isredel: What are the dominant models of sexuality and their theoretical limitations? Is there any connection between sex, love and marriage? Ought there to be?

But students still study classical philosophy. For one thing, they're interested in the birth of western philosophy as part of our culture.

Others are interested in Plato's political writings, and Aristotle's ethics. If you can make the connection for them -- rather, if you can help them make the connection -- between classical discussions and contemporary struggles with these issues, their understanding and appreciation are deepened. For example, one of the things I'm doing in my political philosophy class is to examine Plato's justification of state censorship -- juxtapose it to provincial and federal practices of state censorship. She said that these issues are just as acute now as they were for Plato. "Do we still owe allegiance to the laws? What means of enforcement are legitimate and which are deeply immoral?"

Reading philosophy has been a kind of hobby I've enjoyed for a long time. I started one rainy afternoon in the late forties when I was on my way home from work by streetcar. I worked in an advertising office and I did a lot of reading on my way to and from work. I was the only passenger as the car ambled along toward the end of the line. I had picked up a second-hand book of some of the writings of Spinoza. I found that some of them could be understood, and a lot of it I couldn't, but what I did read in the introduction that fascinated me was that Spinoza, of whom I'd known nothing till then, a Jewish scholar of Amsterdam who made his living grinding and polishing lenses, was communicated by the heads of the synagogue for his independent beliefs and I still remember the feeling of the empty streetcar, the conductor sitting up there behind his railing looking out at the wet fields, the rain drizzling against the windows, as I read the words of the excommunication event.

"With the judgement of the angels, and the sentence of the saints, we are all mocked. We are mocked at once by the justice of the angels, we are mocked at once by the justice of the saints, and the angels are mocked at once by the justice of the saints, and the saints are mocked at once by the justice of the angels. But if we are mocked at once by the justice of the angels, we are mocked at once by the justice of the saints, and the angels are mocked at once by the justice of the saints, and the saints are mocked at once by the justice of the angels."
with him by word of mouth, mouth-to-mouth communications with him by writing, that no one do him any service - not one approach within four cubits' length of him..." In the straggle there was a long waiting of a herd and the lights were extinguished one by one. Spinoza wasn't at the communication but when he was told about he said, I'm surprised. "Well and good, but this will force me to nothing I should not have been ready to do without it." Soon after this I found a second-hand set of books, Plato and the other Companions of Socrates (three volumes, leather bound, for $50, which I still have). I not only enjoyed reading the works of these old thinkers but trying to follow the detailed commentaries that have taken place around them over the centuries. Often, for me, it has given an objective for a walk to head for some library to look up a point I've been reading about: to walk down to Knox College, for instance, to go through the cloisters and up on the steps and another short flight of steps and down a dim, silent corridor past shelves of books and into a big, sunny, silent, polished room and to sit there for a while reading perhaps that an English scholar in 1872 disagreed very, very much, with a monk who wrote in 589 about the meaning Aristotle gave a particular word, feeling a sense of continuity of knowledge, in touch with something real and lasting.

I still connect certain books with places where I have read them. I studied John Stewart Mill in a park near where I stayed one summer in Florida, in the book open on a picnic table, the wind making a sad sighing sound in the pines and as usual, a big white American egret standing in the lagoon near me. I read Plato sitting on the ocean side of a cottage I rented on the shore, the weeds that grew up through cracks in the porch waving gently in the ocean breeze, a mug of coffee beside me, and the sea making a soft coughing cracking sound. It was the right atmosphere to settle into one of those cheerful dialogues in which Socrates, as described by Plato, begins in his rambling way, "I was going from the Academy straight to the Lyceum intending to take the outer road, but I was four years ago north, was the "..." and he convicted of guilt of the theory... "and then he was asked to do a discussion with a group of young men. I always pack a book or two I've been studying, and reading a bit of philosophy in the morning has been part of travel for me. I've read it while having coffee in model rooms for setting out for the day, and while staying in hotels in many parts of the world. I remember studying a bright and often entertaining book called Teach Yourself Logic, by A.A. Luce of Trinity College, Dublin, while sitting in the morning sun on the balcony of the Ass Hotel on Omonia (harmonious) Square in Athens, not more than 30 minutes walk from where logic all started, where Aristotle's lectures used to be and right now I connect

THROUGH THEIR OWN EYES

A university teaches journalism foraneans Canadians

BY JAMES STEWART REANEY

The small group of students in the University of Western Ontario's program in journalism for native people arrives on campus without much fanfare each May, but the chorus of praise for the students' efforts grows every year. It's easy to see how the arrival of the dozen or so students in each year's class could go unheeded. In May, most movement on campus is away from the university as students head home for the summer. Students in the native peoples' program travel against this flow, coming to Western's
school of journalism at Middlesex College to pursue an intense, year-long diploma course that trains them in the skills of print and broadcast media. Its purpose is to establish a corps of native communicators who are able to bring their far-flung communities closer together and provide information to the whole nation through their craft.

"It's a national program — or, if you look at it from an Indian point of view, an international one," says Dennis Martel, its director. "There are students from many of the Indian nations across Canada."

At first glance, Middlesex College, with its spire and clock tower poking through a cluster of trees on Western's campus in London, Ont., might seem an odd gathering place for native journalists in the making. But Western has a history of leading the way in matters of journalism education. It offered the first university-level journalism course in Canada during the 1920s and more recently began offering the first Canadian graduate program. That was in 1974, and shortly after plans were under way for a course specifically designed to nurture native journalism. Now in its fourth year, the program brings together Canada's native people — status and nonstatus Indians, Metis and Inuit — and provides them with instruction from some of Canada's best journalists, including Peter Desbarats, currently dean of journalism, and the former dean, Andrew MacFarlane. Students and faculty are convinced it's succeeding and that native Canadians are learning a craft that will serve them, and Canada, well.

As evidence, Martel likes to cite a comment made by a student from the class of 1980, the program's first year. "The main strength of the program," the student said, "was that you were a journalist first and a native person second. We couldn't get away with the 'gee, I'm just an Indian' stuff. The standards were high... and that's the way it should be."

"The year is divided into three semesters, with the studies from May to August introducing the practical side of journalism. Students work in the school's newsroom and learn the basics of photography, graphics and design and television video. In a course called tools of journalism, students are set weekly assignments to develop reporting skills. A more theoretical course calls for critical analysis of newspaper and magazine articles, and studies in media organization and information services are designed to prepare students for work with public interest groups or businesses. Martel says the strong practical training provided in the first semester has helped confound skepticism who have said it would be impossible to overcome some of the students' problems writing in English. "Once they have learned to express their thoughts coherently and concisely, they're not bad at it at all," Martel says. "They'll go back and work maybe not at the Globe and Mail but they will go back to small town community and native newspapers."

In the second semester, courses in radio reporting and television editing are added to the curriculum, and photography is tied more closely to the newsroom, as are other courses offered in both semesters. By the time the third semester starts in January, the students have a solid grounding in all elements of journalism. Martel says, "All this should ideally come together in a course called feature writing," he adds. "In that course, the native students join members of the school's graduate program in the production of a weekly newspaper. Martel and Andrew MacFarlane are the instructors. "The Indian students run a native news bureau, although it is my hope that they participate in the newspaper program as regular reporters and photographers as well," Martel says. "Visitors to the program come away impressed with the students' mixture of inquisitiveness and irreverence. There is also a tangible feeling of all for one and one for all, which is remarkable because the course has attracted students of various ages, from the early twenties to late fifties, and with educational backgrounds that range from secondary school to university."

A third-semester class on writing for television demonstrates the many skills the class is acquiring and how eager the students are to learn together. Work begins on an assignment to produce written bridges to link items in a television newsmagazine show the class is preparing. As the typewriters chatter away, the instructor urges that the linking material be spontaneous. Items that cannot be connected comfortably probably shouldn't be connected at all, she says. "Don't look for a relationship," she cautions. "If you have to fish for it, it won't work."

"Over the typewriters comes the inevitable voice from the back of the class. "But how do I know when I'm fishing for it?" Immediately there is a lively and useful discussion. Other members of the class offer answers and suggest improvements. The spirit of mutual cooperation is impressive, and there is a sense that the whole class has learned from the exchange. Elsewhere, such lessons flow on with the students' lives and work long after they have completed the program. For instance, Juanita Rennie of Markham, Ont., continues to apply the lessons she learned in the third semester course on magazine publishing. Through the course, which makes full use of graphics, business and editorial skills, students learn how magazines can be launched successfully. As editor of the now defunct magazine Ontario Indian, where she succeeded Dennis Martel and the driving force behind Sweetgrass, a magazine about the culturally oriented traditions of the native peoples of Canada, Rennie has carried the course's spirit into Canadian magazines. Plans for Sweetgrass closely resemble details for a magazine developed by Rennie and other members of the class of 1980. The prototype they developed was to be glossy, widely appealing and independent of government and band support. So is Sweetgrass, which could provide a forum for native writers, artists and photographers seeking to reach a national audience. Rennie, in fact, is typical of the program's successes. She was already a young grandmother when she enrolled in 1980 and was thrilled by the opportunities the course promised. "Just to hear that I'd been accepted — it was like being nominated for an Oscar," she says. Although her previous experience had included work with a native monthly in Toronto, she was unprepared for the rigor of attending journalism school full time. Like many other students, she fought a fierce battle with homesickness and was filled with doubts during the first two semesters. The doubts were so crippling that Rennie nearly failed to return after Christmas. "I was crying and saying, 'I don't want to go back,'" she says. And it took all of her family's good will and encouragement to convince her that she was benefiting from the school. "They put me back. They said, 'get back there and finish.'"

With her family's blessing and cries of "Scoop Rennie" hanging in the winter air, she returned to the program and became a member of its first graduating class. She is a vibrant woman with long, dark hair who radiates a calm and a certainty in the middle of the Sweetgrass offices. She has come a long way, she says, from that first part of her year at Western. She still thinks of the faculty as members of an extended family, able to see the class through many difficulties.

The program has been fortunate in the journalists-turned-academics who have been prepared to nurture it. Planning for the program began..."
under Andrew MacFarlane, who had worked with the Toronto Telegram in several posts, including those of daily columnist and managing editor. He joined the school of journalism as dean in 1973. His successor was Peter Desbarats, who has proved to be equally committed to the program and its concept. A veteran of newspapers in Toronto, Winnipeg and Montreal, an author and former television broadcaster, Desbarats arrived at the school in 1981, just in time to mount a fund-raising drive to save the program.

MacFarlane was dean when the school was one of several in Canada to receive a proposal from the Donner Canadian Foundation suggesting the establishment of studies to promote native journalism. MacFarlane was in a receptive frame of mind when he read the proposal, "I felt, as a newspaper reader and a journalist, that I'd never acquired any knowledge of native issues in Canada," he says. The proposal also made MacFarlane reflect on the recent visit to his office by a representative of a native community near London, Ont. The man had come seeking advice concerning the community’s newspaper: "Two young women had received a grant and started a weekly paper. The result was that the entire band was being divided by dissension," MacFarlane says. The editor's lack of experience sometimes led him to publish such items as letters that numerous people felt were unfair. Consultations with the paper's staff had proved promising, but with the expiry of the grant, the paper folded before much could be accomplished.

Still, the sense of challenge remained, and MacFarlane responded to the foundation's proposal with enthusiasm. With the Donner foundation's approval, he asked Hugh McCullum, now editor of the United Church Observer, to consult with native groups about the need for such a program. McCullum concluded his study with a report in early 1977, which said that the program could expect widespread support from native groups. The Donner foundation supported the program's preparations through a donation of more than $250,000, sufficient to keep it running for two years.

Several delays, however, prevented students from being accepted to the program until May 1980. By that time, McCullum, who had hoped to be its first director, had accepted the position with the Observer. Lloyd Tataryn of Ottawa was appointed director instead and stayed for two years.

When Desbarats arrived, during the program's second year, the money was running out. Turning from newspaper to newsmaker, he kept the program's plight in the public eye for several months. "It would be a tragedy if it were to end for lack of money," he kept repeating. His efforts were rewarded when the Max Bell Foundation and the Atkinson Charitable Foundation, both Toronto based, each provided $100,000, which would allow classes to continue for two more years. The Richard and Joan Ivey Fund of London also supported the venture.

To Desbarats, the year has a value beyond the training it provides. He speaks of its power to transform the lives of some students, to give them new purpose. He mentions, among others, Juanita Rennie and Riley Jourdain, members of the class of 1981. Jourdain came to the course, like Rennie, as a mature student. He had been the editor of a native newspaper in Fort Frances, Ont., and had come to Western to develop his skills further.

During the year he became a source of inspiration to staff and students. As John Fraser, the national editor of the Globe and Mail, notes, Jourdain was able to take strength from this support and from the new world offered by his studies. After completing the year at Western, he enrolled in Carleton University's undergraduate program and moved to the Ottawa campus.

"People are looking for success stories related to native people, and they find it encouraging that some things are working out," says Gerald Wright, vice-president of the Donner Canadian Foundation and a consultant with the Max Bell Foundation. Wright speculates that, as more former students — the Rennies and Jordains — move into the working world, news of the successes at Western will spread even farther. Certainly Rennie and Jourdain are people whose lives changed during the course and who have met the course's purpose by becoming skilled native communicators. Tim Isaacs is another success story — less dramatic perhaps but equally heartening. The 28-year-old Isaacs applied for admission to the program to satisfy a lifelong interest in writing. He came to the school as a member of the class of 1982 with no formal training. In part, he was looking for alternatives to the series of manual jobs he had held.

Isaac had worked in saw mills, on pipelines and as a roofing contractor. "They were all backbreaking jobs, but you have to get money together somehow," he says. Ironically, Isaac's only previous job that bore any relation to journalism involved an unsuccessful stint as a door-to-door magazine salesman. "I quit that right away," he admits. Isaac found that the broad sweep of the courses offered possibilities he had not considered before. He enjoyed all aspects, and the exposure to print, radio and television confirmed that his interest in writing was matched with a natural ability.

"It's been a crash course in journalism," he says. "For radio there is an easy style of writing. For television, the writing is similar. It's writing the way you talk, the way you explain things to people." Isaac was also happy that he was receiving good marks in radio and feature writing, the two courses he enjoyed the most. By the end of the year, he was ready to return to the West and he was looking forward to a job with the native press, rather than one as a laborer.

That change may strike some as relatively minor, but it surely must be seen as fundamental. Tim Isaac and many of his classmates come to the journalism school with a desire to write and with a great story to tell. They come away trained to do so as professional journalists, able to articulate the dreams and aspirations of native communities across the country and perhaps to touch the majority of Canadians with a sense of how things might be better. In this way, the change in occupation from laborer to reporter is a dramatic one, rich with hope and promise.

In the offices of the Donner Canadian Foundation, where the concept of the course was first discussed, the senior program officer, Catherine MacKinnon, surveys the thick file on the program in journalism for native people. The program has, she notes, achieved a much higher profile than many other endeavors supported by the foundation. "It's something we very much favor. We were going out on a limb. It was a pioneer venture for both the major supporter and the institution."

Meanwhile, at Western, Desbarats and Martel are determined to find more money to keep the program alive. Private and public sources have been contacted, and both men are optimistic. As a base, the University of Western Ontario makes a significant financial and administrative contribution, and the department of Indian affairs supplies a budget of about $7000 for each student to cover living expenses and tuition for the year. As well, the department of Indian affairs is contributing about $37,000 to the program in 1984, for the purchase of supplies and equipment, to fund some research and for the rental of radio and television studios. And the department will continue to make a contribution in future years. But the dean and the director are convinced this is a program that merits support from all levels of government as well. It's difficult to argue against the proposition. For four years, the courses at the journalism school has provided the major opportunity for native Canadians to learn the craft of journalism in a university setting. The benefits can only become more evident in the years ahead.

Besides, as Andrew MacFarlane points out, the course has common sense on its side. "If you're going to deal with native concerns all the time," he says, "it seems rather daft if there aren't natives writing about them."
ESSO GIVING
Obligation and opportunity

BY PATRICIA CLARKE

Some months back, Harry Denham, who was then manager of contributions for Imperial Oil Limited, received a call from a teacher at Parkholme School in Brampton, Ont., asking if the company would donate some gas to his school — enough to enable him to take a van to the Disabled Olympics in Baton Rouge, La., where he wanted to videotape the performances of the Canadian athletes.

ILLUSTRATION BY HUNLEY BROWN
six of whom were students at Park- 
holm. The mission was an im-
portant one, he explained. The tapes would be made available to schools and groups for the disabled and would inspire greater participation in sports.

The teacher had come to the right place. While Imperial does not usu-
ally give away gasoline, it does give money to worthy causes — about $8 million last year — and helping the disabled to help themselves is some-
thing in which the company has long in-
terested.

Imperial's major investment, of course, is in finding, producing and
marketing petroleum and its prod-
ucts. But it believes that training opera singers and supporting
universities and training pro-
grams, helping to preserve aboriginal cultures and unspoiled woodlands —
and encouraging the disabled — are investments too, for these things help ensure the existence of the kind of soci-
en in which the company can con-
tinue to do good business.

As people at Imperial know as well
as anyone, the last few years have been
difficult for business. They've also been
difficult for voluntary agencies. “Corporations usually give a cer-
tain percentage of their profit to voluntary
organizations and, therefore, as prof-
its have fallen so have donations,” says Judith Gelber, who succeeded Denham as chairman, a few months ago. “At the same time,
government has had to cut back its
spending and has done so in the
voluntary sector. As a result, the non-
profit groups are doubly caught. On
top of this, their costs have risen. But
they provide very necessary services —
Judith Gelber, manager of contribu-
tions for Imperial, with her prede-
cessor, Harry Denham.

especially in these times — so it is
important for us at Imperial to main-
tain our support, and we have.”

While many corporations today
recognize a responsibility to support
and strengthen the community and
country in which they prosper, Impre-
sial is unique. Its contributions are by
far the largest of any Canadian corpo-
ation — for most years during the
1970s, it contributed more than twice
as much as any other company in the
country. Canabian businessmen contrib-
ute some $260 million a year to nonpro
fit causes. That money makes a differ-
ence to almost every university, hospi-
tal and symphony orchestra. It helps
build swimming pools, community
centres and zoos; it helps poor
women from breast cancer and babies
from respiratory disorders; it under-
writes good times at the Carnaval de
Québec and the Turkosukštuk Beluga
Jamboree.

Of the performing arts’ total budget, 12 percent comes from the private sec-
ver, estimates Arnold Edinburgh of the Council for Business and the Arts
in Canada. “Corporations to a large
extent are the modern equivalent of the aristocratic patrons of former
times, like the Medici,” he says. “Whereas they commissioned Michael-
angelo and Leonardo da Vinci to deco-
rorate their palaces and churches, cor-
izations now commission ballets or
tlevision programs like Imperial’s
Newcomers series or operas like the Chalmers Foundation’s Louis Riel.

All this and more of our operating costs are
tgrown by, government, hospitals need
many millions more each year to
develop new services. At Toronto’s
Welllesley hospital, the Ross Tither
Burn Centre is currently under con-
struction. It won’t simply be extra bed
space, but a unit complete with spec-
ialists in the respirators, kidney and
heart problems associated with burns,
specialized nurses and anesthe-
sists, leading doctors in the field of burns and other advanced equip-
ment. More than 200 patients will be
treated there each year, but because of
the research that will be performed at
the centre, its influence will benefit
burn victims the world over. And
Canadian corporations made this
possible, donating 75 percent of the
funds needed for its construction.

Corporate contributions make the dif-
fERENCE as Hilary Short of the Ontario
Hospital Association puts it, between
president of the Institute of Donations
and Public Affairs Research, says, to
stay in business, providing quality
products, reimbursing suppliers, meet-
ning payrolls, paying taxes, provid-
ing safe working environment and
giving shareholders a fair return
on their investment. But in the North
American tradition, good citizens
do more than collect their salaries and
pay their taxes. They get involved in
their communities, helping their
neighbors. They don’t leave it all up to
government.

“I like to compare the situation to a
person’s,” Denham says. “If I’m mak-
ing $30,000 a year, I’m going to give to
my church and to the United Way. If
ty salary drops to $30,000, I’m still
going to give, but I’ll probably give less.”

Allocated as thoughtfully as any
other investment, donations are seen
increasingly as a legitimate charge
against profits. The self-interest was
obvious, for instance, when, in one of the first instances of corporate phil-
anthropy, U.S. railroads in the last cen-
tury sponsored the YMCA hotels, where their employees simply dealt
between shifts. It was less direct when
many companies gave to the Red
Cross during World War I. In Canada,
corporate philanthropy was suffi-
ciently advanced by 1925 to get legal
approval. In a case brought by share-
bondholders of the Bank of Toronto, a
court ruled that the bank’s directors
had the power to donate $200,000 to
four Montreal hospitals “in accord-
ance with long established custom.”
The company’s principal social
responsibility is not to contrib-
ute money to ballet dancers or blind
skiers but, as Richard H. Davidson,
president of the Institute of Donations
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And, of course, Imperial and other
companies hope that their contribu-
tions programs will help prove their
good citizenship and foster public
goodwill.

Andrew Carnegie, the U.S. steel
millionaire, once said that it is “easier
to make money than it is to give it
away wisely.” Canada has some 80,000
registered charities, and it must
sometimes seem to beleaguered
corporate contribution managers that
at least half of them call up to ask
for money. Dealing with all the requests
is a job in itself. Most large companies
have at least one person staffed to deal
with them, and they work out specific
guidelines and a donations budget based on the percentage of the
company’s profit.

Each company spends its donation
dollars differently. Bell Canada, for
instance, spreads its contributions as
broadly as possible. “Our philosophy
is that our contributions should bene-
fit our employees and our customers,
and almost everyone is our customer,”
says Louise Garant, vice-president of
public affairs for Bell Canada.

Inco, on the other hand, aside from
supporting “almost everything” in its
mining centres of Sudbury, Ont., and
Thompson, Man., has made what its
contributions manager, Janice Graf-
lus, thinks is the largest corporate
donation ever in Canada — $5 mil-
lion, given over three years, for a
science centre, which will provide jobs and increase tourism when it
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The Review, Number 1, 1984

Canadian businesses contribute some $260
million a year
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Good corporate citizens feel the
same responsibility to their commu-
nity. “When you profit from the com-
munity, you should also be giving
back to it,” says Judith Gelber. Com-
panies can also function much better
if the communities where they operate
are stable, healthy places to live and
have educated populations from which
to draw employees.

Society is healthier too, Imperial
believes, if it has a healthy volunteer
sector that is responsive to local needs
and able to meet them efficiently. The
company promotes this both through
donations and by encouraging em-
ployees to give their time. Esso has
always recognized and responded to
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ticipating in those aspects of life that
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from $100, for the Ontario Festival of Sport, to $255,000 in 1983, for the Canadian Amateur Swimming Association. The gifts come from a budget usually based on 0.8 to one percent of the company’s pre-tax profits, averaged over three years. Imperial’s donations make up about two to three percent of Canadian corporate donations — about the same share that its profits are of total corporate profits. About 60 percent of the budget is allocated to national programs, such as swimming, and the rest is shared among the regions, taking into consideration the percentage of the company’s population in the region, the total population and the urban population.

Imperial is also about new services that meet unfilled needs and where money will have a lasting impact. That’s why the company was ready to listen when, in 1979, the Canadian Opera Company wanted to form an ensemble of apprentices, which would keep young singers employed while training them in the standard repertoire. The idea fit admirably with Imperial’s philosophy. “It provides training for future excellence,” says Harry Derbidge, "the idea is to help these people move into leading roles with the Canadian Opera Company or other companies and help them as well. Management fit the training as well as talent to attract a paying public.

The same philosophy was behind two of $50,000 each to the Stratford Festival Theatre’s Young Company, in which young actors selected by audition from across Canada receive postgraduate training for the classical stage. "It’s one of the most important things we do," says Gerry Eldred, the Festival’s executive director. "There really is no other source of trained classical actors in North America."

Imperial has long had a close association with hockey and has donated thousands of minor league teams and for the past two years Esso Petroleum Canada has sponsored the Esso Medals of Achievement program, in which the most improved, most sportsmanslike and most valuable player in each participating minor league team across Canada is awarded. On a national level Imperial concentrates its contributions on swimming and it involves more people of all ages than any other sport and is one in which Canadians have a chance to excel. Since 1978 the company has contributed just under $3 million to the Canadian Amateur Swimming Association for programs that its director, Doug Fraser, says "have had a significant impact on our younger swimmers."

Thanks to the competitive experience they get at Imperial-sponsored meets, 12-year-old Canadians are swimming at world-class levels. More such talented youngsters may be discovered and adored in a new program — impossible without Imperial’s help, Fraser says — that in 1983 introduced 30,000 to 40,000 young people to competitive swimming. Communities across Canada to the sport of swimming and helped them develop basic competitive skills. "I’ve worked with a number of other sponsors," Fraser volunteers, "and working with Imperial is just a joy. It’s clear Imperial people really care about the relationship and about the sport."

Another field for donations is social work and one that is potentially mine-strewn — is public understanding. "The company gives for public education, yes," for lobbying and public mind-changing,"

Imperial does support organizations that expose free enterprise, such as the Fraser Institute in Vancouver, but groups that may be critical of business are funded as well, says Denham, "if they do good work for society in a sound way." Pollution Probe, which has often criticized the oil industry, was given money to help print the Hazardous Waste Handbook, which Denham describes as an excellent publication for small industry on the disposing of toxic wastes.

If corporate donations were a frill, an option, they would have disappeared as profits have declined since the recession. But they are a responsibility, a part of the cost of doing business, and although they may have been pared, as other spending has been, or shifted toward welfare services, which may benefit employees or communities also hit by hard times, they have continued.

"I’ve been astounded," says Arnold Edmonds referring to the continuing support for the arts. "With a few exceptions, I don’t think the recession has been very visible in our area." In

Corporate contributions

make the difference between health care that is good and health care that is excellent

Exxon’s gift of $100,000 to establish the Imperial Oil McPeak Pops Lounge at the Canadian Music Centre will help symphony orchestras to build their audiences. The library, a collection of popular Canadian music, includes such works as folk songs, the Hagen Gong medley and the score from the Great Root Bear commercial. It makes possible all Canadian pops concerts and generally keeps Canadian music alive. Says Victor Davies, the library coordinator: "People are amazed to discover that we Canadians have such a rich popular music heritage."

For many years, the biggest share of all corporate contributions has gone to education, and this is true at Imperial. It supports capital campaigns, puts about $750,000 a year into research in areas related to the petroleum and petrochemical industries and subsidizes such events as student debates, mathematics contests and scientific conferences on biomass and solar energy.

And like most corporations, Imperial supports the United Way. It also funds a surprising range of innovative services for rape victims, single teenage mothers, inpatients and released prisoners. In prisons across Canada, for example, the Prison Arts Foundation provides inmates with the opportunity to express themselves artistically, which gives them a sense of worth and a means to vent often unexpressed feelings. It’s one of numerous organizations, sponsored largely by corporations, that help rehabilitate prisoners, enhancing their chances of leading crime-free lives once they leave penitentiary. Imperial sponsors several of these services.

In Quebec, blind students and professionals can listen to 30,000 hours of educational tapes thanks to the more than 800 volunteers who recorded the books and to an Imperial grant that helps pay for their distribution. One of the most unique amenities Imperial helped fund, to the tune of $500,000, is the Calgary Zoo’s picturesque park. Over three hectares, the park is a magnificent creation of the landscape of Alberta during the Cretaceous period (135 million to 65 million years ago). Complete with life-size dinosaurs, emerging Rocky Mountains and an inland sea, the park may be, as Jack Underhill of Exxon Resources Canada Limited says, the only place in North America where a visitor can stroll through the world as it was some 100 million years ago.

Though Imperial was hit by hard times during the recession it has maintained its contributions program

fact, the Council for Business and the Arts in Canada, in its annual survey of corporate members, found that the arts are now getting a larger percentage of the donation dollar than ever before. Corporate Giving in Canada, a study compiled by the Institute of Donations and Public Affairs in 1982, revealed that some 22 industrial companies that reported losses that year were still making donations of up to $3 million a year. At Imperial, contributions continue to close one percent of pre-tax earnings, the company’s target.

Maintaining such gifts may be even more important in difficult times than in good, in the view of Muriel Kovitz, a member of Imperial’s board of directors and chairperson of the company’s contributions committee. "It is much more difficult now for voluntary agencies to find the funds to carry on," she points out. Tom Thomson, a senior vice-president at Imperial, agrees. "Organizations have a tough time existing on a stop-start, on-again-off-again basis. We are in our donation program for the long haul."

Last year, at a time when Imperial was reporting lower profits and reducing staff, it sent shareholders a booklet about its contributions program. An accompanying letter from Kovitz said: "Your company remains committed to the educational, health and cultural needs of the Canadian community. I hope you share my conviction that Imperial should do what it can to meet this need, even in hard times as well as in the good."

Apparently the shareholders did. The company received 40 letters of comment. Not one was unfavorable. •

The Review, Number 1, 1984
There is a magic to Old Montreal that draws me back time and time again. It is one of those inviting places where people go to recapture the warm simplicity of earlier days, to see old buildings as they might have been when they were new, to understand a little more about our heritage. It is the oldest section of the city, that part around the St. Lawrence River where the first French immigrants tied up their boats and settled in, and since restoration began in 1962, Old Montreal has become as beautiful as it is historically interesting. When I wander through this graceful old neighborhood, I am always stirred by the loving way the buildings, dating from the 17th to early 20th centuries, have been rescued from their run-down state and given back the charm and character of an earlier time.

"It was individual citizens in the early sixties who got the restoration movement under way," says Jacques Desrosiers, an architect who serves as coordinator of the Quebec cultural affairs department and the City of Montreal. "The first person to restore a building there was Eric McLean, the music critic, and then other people began to move into the area and open restaurants and boutiques." In 1962, the City of Montreal became involved, creating the Jacques-Yaguer commission to protect the historical heritage of Old Montreal, and then gradually the Quebec cultural affairs department joined the movement.

The restoration of Old Montreal was an enormous task. It required the coordination and cooperation of hundreds of architects and engineers, historians and craftsmen whose skills were essential to the authentic rejuvenation of the city.

Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, was the true founder of Montreal, arriving from France in 1642 at La Pointe-aux-Galeries with 55 people and their provisions in four small boats, but he was not the first French explorer to visit the island on which Montreal is now built. In 1535, Jacques Cartier discovered it and Hochelaga, the island's small town, which was inhabited by thousands of Iroquois. It was Cartier who gave Montreal its name, Mount Royal. Then, in 1611, Samuel de Champlain set foot on the island and remarked, "Here is one of the most beautiful sites on this river." And not only was the island beautiful but it had excellent prospects for a good harbor and fortification.

Life was difficult for the early settlers. The harsh climate, general lack of comfort, frequent wars and isolation from all that was familiar to them forced them to be resourceful and quick to organize themselves. The first hospital, the Hôtel-Dieu, was opened in 1661 on Notre-Dame Street under the direction of Jeanne Manse, founder of the Société des Filles-du-Calvaire, and as early as 1672 Bénédict Bassot, a royal notary, and Dollier de Casson, head of the Sulpicians, were planning the layout of the first streets, including Notre-Dame and Saint-Sulpice. The city was a great trading centre, particularly of furs and timber, and as the settlers prospered they replaced the city's wooden buildings with ones of fieldstone, steel and brick. And following European custom the settlers built a wall with 12 fortified gates to protect Ville-Marie, as Montreal was called then.

Within its walls, Old Montreal grew, spreading east from McGill Street to Berri Street, and south from Craig Street to the St. Lawrence River. And as the city evolved so too did its architecture, which now reflects a range of styles, including classic, second empire, Victorian and even modern.

Today, as I wander through the old city's streets, past modest fieldstone houses, which now often serve as restaurants and shops, past large, grand buildings, like the city hall, I realize it is Old Montreal's eclectic architectural style that makes it quite distinct and apart from the old French cities with which it is so often compared. Notre-Dame Church, for example, opened in 1829 and consecrated by Pope John Paul II as a basilica in
1982, has a neo-gothic exterior with an interior of distinctly Medieval style. It is an impressive structure, huge by
new world standards — the sanctuary alone can accommodate 150 priests,
and a seated audience of about 1000
listens to concerts frequently given by
the Montreal Symphony Orchestra. In
short, Notre-Dame is one of the great
churches of North America.

The pulpit, pews and exquisite
carvings are of the finest woods, and
the stained-glass windows, which
depict the founding of Ville-Marie,
were made in Limoges, France. And
Notre-Dame’s 5772-pipe, Casavant
organ, acquired in 1885, was consid-
ered for many years the most power-
ful in North America.

Since the beginning of this century,
Notre-Dame has three times been the
seat of major events. It was here in
1910 that Henri Bourassa, founder of
the newspaper Le Devoir, delivered
his famous speech encouraging French
Canadians to preserve their language.
In 1970, funeral services were held in
the basilica for Quebec’s labor minis-
ter, Pierre Laporte, who was murdered
during the October Crisis. And on
January 12, 1985, services were held at
Notre-Dame to commemorate the an-
iversary of the death of Canada’s
first female saint, Marguerite Bour-
greiss, who started the first girls’
school in Montreal and founded an
order of nuns, the Ladies of the Con-
gregation of Notre-Dame.

Alongside the basilica stands the
oldest building in the city, the Sulpi-
cian Seminary, constructed in 1685 by
Dollery de Casen, who was a soldier
before becoming the superior of the
order of priests Gentleman of St. Sul-
pice. Today, the building, whose
facade displays North America’s old-
est public clock (dating from around
1590), is still home to that same order of
priests.

Also steeped in history is the modest
chapel of Notre-Dame-de-Bonsecours,
a lovely romantic place more com-
monly known as the Sailors’ Church.
Originally built in 1657, this church
was long a favorite place for sailors to
go to pray after returning from long
Atlantic crossings. I love this church,
especially the small model ships many
of the sailors left as tokens of their
faith. Unfortunately, quite a few of
these were lost during the fire that de-
stroyed the original building in 1754.
Today, the Sailors’ Church, rebuilt in
1772, retains a seafaring quality and,
with its picturesque view of the har-
bor, is a favorite place for weddings.

On Saint Paul’s Street there are two
charming hotels I like to visit —
Rasco’s and the Hotel Canada. It was
in these hotels that farmers from the
south shore of the St. Lawrence would
stay when they came to town to sell
their produce. And on the corner of
Notre-Dame Street and Place Jacques-
Cartier there is a tourist information
centre, which is housed in the once
celebrated Silver Dollar Saloon, in
whose floor were embedded 550 Amer-
ican silver dollars.

I’ve lost track of the number of
times I’ve visited the Château Rame-
zy, one of the most beautiful resi-
dences of the French regime. It was
built in 1705 by the eleventh governor
of Montreal, Claude de Ramezy,
whose exotic lifestyle reduced him to
relative poverty. But seeing the mag-
nificent mansion he left us, it is easy
to forgive the governor his faults.
Château Ramezy is a masterpiece
with its mahogany-paneled salon
decorated with seascapes and rural
scenes, vast dining ball with crockery
bearing the de Ramezy arms, exquis-
te chandeliers and the splendid
paintings and furnishings that bedev
each room.

Whenever I visit the château I take a
short walk to the city hall, a marvel-
ous building that was rebuilt follow-
ing a fire in 1922 in second-empire
style. And to this day, when I look up
at its main balcony, I am reminded of
July 24, 1967 — the day General de
Gaulle uttered his famous words,
“Vive le Quebec libre.”

But by 1801 Montreal’s population
had grown so much that it was neces-
sary to demolish its fortification walls
to allow the city to expand into the
surrounding countryside. These areas
quickly became urban neighborhoods,
home for the well-to-do, and colleges,
hospitals, convents and businesses.
were quickly established there. Eventually this reawakening lead to the abandonment of Old Montreal. The old city was run by fires and demolition and became little more than a ghost town, whose only use was for activities associated with the harbor. Gradually, even the markets were abandoned or moved elsewhere.

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Today, in the newer parts of the city, people always seem to be in a hurry, anxious and serious — but not in Old Montreal. Here people stroll and contemplate, linger and smile. Houses are built of light-gray stones, unmarred by the soot and grime of other metropolises, their fine old doors stripped bare or carefully varnished, and the streets, still paved with the original rose and mauve-colored bricks, are polished by passing horses' hooves, as they were when Old Montreal was young.

"Those who conceived of saving the heritage of Old Montreal have brought it back to life, not simply turned it into a monument to our past," says architect Hugo Deslauriers. In order to do this, businesses, shops and people had to be attracted to the area. Large buildings had to become useful again. For example, the Bonsecours Market, the old courthouse and the old customs house on Place Royale, once derelict, now house the administrative offices for the city and various federal and provincial departments. Last fall, the Youville fire station became a centre for the study of the history of Montreal.

But it's the people of Old Montreal who bring life to the neighborhood — the senior citizens of the Résidence Deloffre de Casson, the strolling musicians, the artists at their easels, the market people. While Old Montreal has some very expensive residences, it also has reasonably priced apartments, and scattered throughout the charming old buildings are plenty of parks and green spaces.

In Old Montreal there is a gentle ambience, one of history and romance, of modern life mingling with old. There is poetry drifting through the streets. To soak up the atmosphere of this old city, it is best to explore its narrow streets by sleigh on snowy, winter days, on foot or in a calèche. Many of these charming horse-drawn carriages are owned by an Irish Canadian with sea-blue eyes, born Leo Leonard but known as Claw Hammer Jack. He has carried out no reconstructions to his Ottawa Street establishment, nicknamed the Griffintown Horse Palace, which is probably the same age as most of his calèches — around 190. The old stable, the barns and his headquarters, which haven't been repainted in years, are well worth a visit. On one side of the Horse Palace are the stables, where the horses — heavy, well-fed and carefully groomed — eat and rest as they await their next outing. Their owner is a 60-year-old man, who has never held any job except that of driving his calèches and sleighs. Across the street is the barn, where the calèches are stored and repaired, and the headquarters from which Claw Hammer Jack runs his operation with the help of the old friends who work for him.

One wintry day I went there with a friend. Five or six men were warming themselves around an old iron wood stove. We women were received with smiles at first, but soon the men, who went there every day to bask in the aroma of hot, loosened up and chatted happily in the warmth of the old stable. Imagine this village atmosphere in the heart of a huge city, not far from exclusive neighborhoods! When Claw Hammer Jack no longer drives his calèches over the paving stones, Montreal will have lost a colorful character. For several years now during summer holidays, young women — students mostly — have been driving the calèches. They know about horses and the history of the old city. Old Montreal is a gently vibrant place, alive with people carrying on their lives not so differently from those who passed before them. Its magic is in the way the beauty of the past lives in harmony with today. As I rest for a moment in Place Jacques-Cartier I am filled again by the poetry of this place, and I know that I shall return again and again.

WHERE SILENCE LISTENS

There's no place like a quiet place

BY TEDDI BROWN

There was a man at the airport the other day, a well dressed man in his middle years, who provided the ultimate illustration of our need for our own special niche. He'd found a seat in a waiting area, at the end of a row of seats, and he'd barricaded himself off...
by building a kind of fence, slinging his top coat between his briefcase and suitcase. He was reading a spy novel and he was so deeply into his reading that he might have been in a corner of a library. Urgent announcements came over the loudspeakers, but he heard none of them; streams of passengers hustled through the waiting area, but they had to swirl around him. In the midst of all the clamor, he had come upon one of the treasures of our modern world: a quiet place. It served him nicely, for the moment, as a small retreat from a busy, noisy world.

Sometimes, it seems as if the world is plotting to pry away peace and quiet spots. But it won't happen — we need our quiet places, corners to slip away to and think. Everybody has a favorite quiet place: the kitchen in mid-afternoon, when the kettle is boiling and you can hear the refrigerator hum; a dock at the cottage, when the sun is going down and the lake is lapping into the shoreline; the living room at midnight, when the party is over and you sink into a chair by the fire.

The really great thing about a good quiet place is that you can slip into your mind and recall it later, often in the midst of some bothersome turmoil. When life moves too fast for me, I like to remember a lagoon, warm rock on a hill near a house, outside Ottawa, where I lived when I was 10 years old. Sometimes, just before supper, as the day was settling down, I would sit there and think about things that are important to 10-year-old children. Why is the new girl at school so snuck-up? How many days till Christmas? Do dogs go to heaven? Below the hill, the neighbor's cows would walk along the path to the barn, and behind me the six o'clock angels would be ringing from the village church. Thirty-five years later, it's still a memory — still a quiet place — that fills my mind with peace.

City living has made everybody appreciate the peaceful places more. Years ago, when so many people lived in small towns or in the country, they could lean on the hedges or go for a walk along the clothesline almost any day and take note of what the sun and breeze were doing; they could see the change of colour along the edge of the garden. Today, the city person — surrounded by business pressures, honking horns, pushy shoppers and fat mounties — turns to the clump of trees in the little parkette downtown and gets a refreshers course in the joy of living.

As more and more people crowd into our cities, more and more of them have found a use for the hedges and the clothesline almost any day and take note of what the sun and breeze were doing; they could see the change of colour along the edge of the garden. Today, the city person — surrounded by business pressures, honking horns, pushy shoppers and fat mounties — turns to the clump of trees in the little parkette downtown and gets a refreshers course in the joy of living.

Certainly, the saving of money and the enjoyment of green beans with a fresh snap are major attractions in home gardening, but how many people would be out there weeding and fussing around the beans and the tomato plants every Saturday without the added attractions of peace and quiet?

The urge to get fit may put a lot of people back on bicycles, but it's the search for tranquility that keeps them pedalling. A young secretary in Regina likes to ride her 10-speed out to the fringes of the city every evening in nine out of 10 cases. Ten hours later, she is home; her last words are: "I'll never forget the peace and quiet, she says. "None of us will. We hardly talked at all.

That's the effect a quiet place often has on people — it makes them quieter. Nobody knows this better than a fisheries printing consultant in Winnipeg, fished with some of the four friends for 15 years. They would go to the wilderness of northern Manitoba, fishing for pickerel and brook trout in places with names like Pigeon River and God's Lake. Crook says they spoke softly when they were up north, and he had little luck in getting or not catching fish. "It would be a crime to talk loudly in that peaceful country," he says. "And there's no need to. Sounds carry such a long way. You can hear the flies buzzing on the other side of a river." The four fishermen would paddle their canoes and rubber rafts along the rivers for five and six days at a time. But Crook says that catching a lot of fish is not important. "It doesn't matter," he says. "The most perfect look for a picnic of trout on a hot, brushy, green head and pike is never a problem. A French-Canadian friend says the park is filled with all the pleasant mountain sounds of his home near Chintimini, Que., and something more — the sound of a house's hooves as a mounted policeman patrols past your picnic and disappoints the romantics. The call of the wild, the howl of the wolf, the whoop of a hunting dog — the picnic is back in step.

Parkette gardening has become so popular that many cities arelayoutting small parcels of land for weekend gardening in parks and along hydro rights-of-way. Certainly, the saving of money and the enjoyment of green beans with a fresh snap are major attractions in home gardening, but how many people would be out there weeding and fussing around the beans and the tomato plants every Saturday without the added attractions of peace and quiet?

The urge to get fit may put a lot of people back on bicycles, but it's the search for tranquility that keeps them pedalling. A young secretary in Regina

spends fishing, he puts in many, many more, contented hours during winter months than he does when there's snow on the ground beside the furnace at home. Probably all Canadians spend more time in the quiet places of winter than in the noisy, bright, square-footed ones of summer at home and available on long, frigid evenings. They are the little corners of the universe that are difficult for us, just as Dennis Crook has fixed up his spot by the furnace. "I have my bench, my dogs, my fishing rods and my fishing drums," he says, "and my fishing rods. I must have 13 or 11 of them." He figures he has 12,000 fishing rods, and it's his dream to go to all parts of the world with the rods. And his dream is to make their own. Ottawa's favorite used to be the long, comfortable lounge off the lobby of the old Chateau Laurier hotel; hardly anybody knows the spot by its correct name, the Terrace Lounge; near everyone calls it Peaceful Alcove. In Winnipeg, the little garden that hides behind the Centennial Library and a busy city street is a place to which Dennis goes on his lunch hour from traffic for the downtown with a sandwich and a book. Sometimes, he has become a welcome stranger to a woman of a bald eagle from high overhead and always there was the swirl of the bird's feathers in the sunlight. Crook says that catching a lot of fish is not important. "It doesn't matter," he says. The most perfect look for a picnic of trout on a hot, brushy, green head and pike is never a problem. A French-Canadian friend says the park is filled with all the pleasant mountain sounds of his home near Chintimini, Que., and something more — the sound of a house's hooves as a mounted policeman patrols past your picnic and disappoints the romantics. The call of the wild, the howl of the wolf, the whoop of a hunting dog — the picnic is back in step. For all the time that Dennis Crook

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In Closing

The woods in winter are different not only to the eye but even more, to the ear — so silent that when you go deep and are alone in snow and silence you feel as if there can be no sound anywhere on earth. I felt that way one day early this winter, the morning after the first fall of snow, when I went out into the country for a walk along a very old path, often traveled in summer but not very often in the middle of the winter.

I was beyond the villages of Belfountain and Cataract, a bit over an hour's drive from Toronto, and walking, mostly on an old rail line, through part of the Credit Valley where, a century ago, hundreds of men worked in mills and quarries, the ruins of which you can sometimes still see sleeping beneath the snow. “Being one of the few areas of southern Ontario so richly endowed sylvanically,” says Ralph Beaumont in his book Cataract and Forks of the Credit, “and within easy reach of Toronto, the region has become a haven for day-long family outings.” Beaumont is one of the partners of a man named Jim Filby in a small local firm called the Boston Mills Press, which publishes books, mostly history and mostly regional, and which takes a great interest in the preservation of the area and its past. Filby, a cheerful, optimistic man in his mid-fifties has lead many tours along the route I planned to take, and he generously offered to see me in his office — in the nearby town of Erin — before I set out.

“It's not inimical,” he told me as we sat at a round table beside the window in the storefront office looking onto Erin's main street, “to say that the route you'll be following is in one of the most scenic parts of southern Ontario. Great numbers of people come out from the city and all over Ontario to see it in summer and of course in autumn, when the colors are at their peak. But not that many come in winter. It should be beautiful today; the visibility is great and the first fall of snow always seems the whitest and freshest. But a couple of cautions. You'll be walking partly on an old rail line, there's a tredle — you should stay off it. It could be slippery today — it's a long way to the bottom. And besides, while the train doesn't come that often, you never know when the plow might run through. Also, on a normal day, you could walk the line from Belfountain to Cataract, but today, I'd say the snow is too deep. I'd suggest you walk 20 minutes in from Belfountain, then come out, drive to Cataract, and walk in from there for 20 minutes. That way you'll see both of the villages, the valley and the sites in the snow. But it's too deep for the long hike from Belfountain to Cataract.” He then drew me a couple of maps, one for each end of my journey. He wished me well, thanked him, put on a stocking cap and drove through the cold sun to Belfountain.

It is ironic but true that changing history and nature conservation can make certain landscapes more attractive than they ever were at the peak of their early fame. I thought of that after I had walked a few minutes through the deep snow on the rail-line embankment and stood looking through binoculars up and down the valley with its slopes of snow-shaded trees. Here and there, through the sculpture the wind had carved in the snow, I could see the ruins of old stone works — quarries and lime kilns from just about a hundred years ago. Back then, in the early 1880s, many hundreds of workers — some laborers, some craftsmen — made the valley as busy as a mining town, blasting limestone and sandstone, shaping it and loading it aboard trains that took it to Toronto to build the old city hall, the parliamentary buildings, much of the University of Toronto and hundreds of private mansions. But in our century, concrete and cement came to replace sandstone, and the valley quickly fell silent, so that this winter, a century from the days of the quarries, I could stand on the track bed, once so busy, and see how the valley had reclaimed the land for itself and for silence.

I drove to Cataract, which is smaller than Belfountain — it has fewer than 100 people — and I went through most of the village on foot, for while the street was plowed, it was in a crosswind so that the snow was drifting in and wisps of it swirled high in the air. I walked to the track — past a white house that used to be the home of a painter, Tom Stone, who, it is said, knew and ranked with the Group of Seven. The light was beginning to fail and the day seemed about to fade into the gray that often comes on winter afternoons. I picked up my pace along the track. The snow seemed heavier, the air damper, with the bite of wet cold.

Then, to the right, down the slope of the valley, I saw through my glasses the wellhead of one of the most famous springs in all of Canada, perhaps in all of North America. There were no buildings or people near it, but there, in the bay 1880s, J.J. McLaughlin (brother of the famous Sam McLaughlin of McLaughlin Buick and General Motors in Canada) founded a bottling works to take advantage of the spring water that filtered through the clay and limestone of the valley slopes. His company — to be known in time as Canada Dry — moved to Toronto in the 1920s, but even yet, the tanker trucks still return, summer and winter, to his old spring, a few minutes from Cataract, to fill up with the water that becomes Canada Dry, on the tables of millions of people.

When I turned and began walking back through the village, the light suddenly came back to the sky, the wind went down and the evening seemed still a long way off. I watched people come out of back doors, moving slowly and looking to the sky, the way people always do after a first fall of snow. I stood and listened to the murmur of voices. For a moment I was almost surprised at hearing them. Then it struck me that for a few hours, the valley and snow had kept me close to but very distant from the sound of anything human.