The Review
Volume 20 Summer 1996
Issue number 381

Take me out to the ball game 2
by Ted Ferguson

Fuel for thought 7
by James Dingwall

An island for every dream 11
by Douglas Sagi

To go among the fields 16
by Wynne Thomas

Economic images 21
by Dian Cohen

A train ride through history 26
by Robert Thomas Allen

Indexing 30

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Published in English and French by Imperial Oil Limited, 111 St. Cypsel Ave, W. Toronto, Ontario, M2J 4G2. Text may be freely reprinted or used in radio or television unsolicited if proper credit is given. No part of this publication should be reprinted or reproduced without the publisher's express written permission. This publication is indexed in the Canadian Periodical index. ISAD III.

Typesetting by Michae Graphic Incorporated
Cover design by Robert Jones
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THAT SUMMER SPORT by Ted Ferguson
A MEMORY OF FIELDS by Wynne Thomas
Robert Thomas Allen - Dian Cohen
Every year around this time I make my way to a downtown newsstand to pick up a copy of the world's oldest and most respected baseball journal, Sporting News. I have no special interest in learning which players are starting the new season with which teams, but my friend Duncan does. An expatriate Winnipegger, he now lives in London, and Sporting News helps him keep track of his beloved Pittsburgh Pirates. "The British papers are so frustrating," he once wrote to me. "They don't print a single word about baseball, except when the World Series is on and then only a few lines."

Only an irreverent fan can truly
Understand my friend's plight. Baseball is, you see, a game that inspires a degree of passionate commitment quite unlike that of any other summer sport. Devotees spend hours discussing batting averages, strikeout rates and the susceptibility of certain ballparks to left-handed sluggers. Nipperously, many individuals eagerly show their vintage bubble gum card collections, and many remarkable people can recite every play from the last inning of 10- or 20-year-old World Series duels. Some fans journey hundreds, if not thousands, of kilometres to chart their favorite teams' fortunes; there is a peculiar breed of spectator, the "diamond hunter," who travels from stadium to stadium throughout North America each summer, caring more for the game itself than any one team in particular.

I can feel a certain empathy for the diamond hunters. At least once a season I'm struck by a compulsive need to take in a ball game, regardless of what teams are playing or where they hover in the standings. It's the atmosphere, the epiphany of the true delight of lounging in a grandstand seat on a sun-washed afternoon, eating a sandwich and watching the only athletic activity to combine so much grace, skill, drama and intellectual appeal. Some spectators appear to go only for the big events -- the ninth inning home runs, the pitching shutouts -- but although I find those things as exhilarating as everyone else, I take immense pleasure in the smaller moments too. I like hearing the crack of the bat, seeing the pitcher's exacting, balletic motions, sensing the satisfaction of a sundial frost on the back of my neck. I like hearing the crack of the bat, seeing the pitcher's exacting, balletic motions, sensing the satisfaction of a sundial frost on the back of my neck.

I realize, of course, that baseball is generally considered a great Canadian pastime, and it is a widely held belief that the sport only began to become a "great Canadian pastime" with the advent of the Montreal Expos and the Toronto Blue Jays in the late sixties and seventies. The truth, however, is that baseball has been solidly lodged in the Canadian psyche for more than 150 years.

"A lot of Americans think the game was invented at Cooperstown, New York, in 1839," says sports historian Bill Humber, who teaches a baseball appreciation course at Toronto's Seneca. "But they're wrong.

"It simply was being played in Europe centuries ago as a religious ritual to celebrate the coming of spring. And one year before the Cooperstown date, two teams composed of farmers and merchants played a game at Beaverton, Ont." The Beavonville contest pitted the local team against one composed of residents from the townships of Zorra and North Oxford, Cedar sagon spokes and straight sticks were used for bats, the infield was a square containing five bags. The game took place on June 4, 1838, to commemorate both the suppression of the Mackenzie uprising and King George IV's birthday. Forty-four years later, Nellie McClung described another ball game, held during a riverside picnic at Milford, Man. The seats from off the sagoons were set around the park where the baseball game was played. The ball was a homemade yarn ball, and the bat a barrel stave, sharpened at one end, but it was a lovely game, and everyone got runs.

They may have been still playing with makeshift equipment on Prairie riverbanks and city sandlots in the 1880s, but in at least two Ontario communities, Guelph and London, baseball was being played in a very professional manner as long as the 1870s. Both towns had clubs in the International Association that operated against U.S. teams from Pittsburgh, Rochester and Columbus. The London Tecumsehs became the first Canadian team to win a major league title when they beat the Pittsburgh Alleghenies five to two in a championship contest in 1877.

The Atlantic provinces have a long standing baseball heritage too. In the 1870s four teams were playing in Halifax alone. By the 1930s, however, Cape Breton was the biggest hotbed of Maritime baseball action. Bill Humber offers an explanation for that in his book, "Cruising for the Home Run." A baseball game was geography's icon, a symbol, perhaps, of the Cape Bretoners' subconsciously need to proclaim their connection to the North American continent. Starting at the inhospitable horizon of the Atlantic Ocean, Cape Breton was, for a time, organized baseball's eastern frontier and a gathering place for the called athletes of the Maritimes and New England.

Tommy Jackson was one of those athletes. Born near the Caledonia coal mine in Glace Bay, N.S., he played for several different teams in the Cape Breton Colliery League during the twenties and thirties. When he was with the league-champion Glace Bay Miners, he worked at the Caledonia mine; the pits were often shut down for the day so employees could attend a game. After the Miners went professional in 1936, all of the players except Jackson were American. About 1000 fans, along with bagpipers, would go to the train station at the close of each season to give the Americans a high spirited send-off.

While many imported players were on the rosters of Canadian clubs in Cape Breton and elsewhere, other Americans regularly toured the country with raucous-dazzling congregations that took on local all-star teams in exhibition games. The barnstormers were inclined to adopt unusual names, such as the California Diamond Devils, and one famous team, House of David, consisted of players with full hearts. The Indianapolis Clowns performed in greasypaint and clown regalia and, for a while, they could boast of having the most peculiar act in baseball. Shortly after his medal-winning triumph at the 1936 Olympic Games, track-and-field star Jesse Owens traveled with the Clowns. He fielded a horse, and against a horse, and, because the starting pistol's sound prompted the animal to rear, Owens had a head start and usually reached the finish line first.

A Canadian, John Craig, placed first base for Chappie Johnson's Colored Allstars in 1939. The team roamed Canada and the United States in a beaten up bus; a truck carried a gas powered generator, wire cable and the other lighting gear it used for night games. Like many of the barnstorming teams, the Allstars did more than just play ball. They cakewalked and clogged and even performed magic tricks on the field to make sure the spectators felt properly entertained.

I'm not old enough to have seen Chappie Johnson's Colored Allstars in action, but I do remember going to a ballpark to watch another barnstorming team play in the late 1940s. The team was called something like the Dixie Swat Kings, and its chief attraction was "the world's best curveballer," who, it was claimed, had once pitched with the New York Giants.

Growing up in Victoria, I belonged to a group of adolescent boys dubbed the Knothole Gang. The name came from the habit we had of taking turns climbing Western International league games through a large knothole in the left-field fence. No one ever chased us away, and there seemed to be an unspoken understanding among other youngsters hanging about outside the stadium that we were free to enjoy our own private property. We must have seen 15 or even 20 games before a conscientious park employee caught on and nailed a thick board over the knothole.

Back then, going to a ball game for the first time was a momentous occassion for a young boy, similar to owning his first suit or taking his first train ride. The season after the Knothole Gang was forcibly disbanded I won a ticket in a radio-station contest by phoning the announcer to declare that Gene Autry's horse was named Champion. The ticket was for the exhibition game featuring a barnstorming American team.

The world's best curveballer was a disappointment. He appeared for a couple of innings and the home team got a lot of solid hits off his highly publicized pitches. Not that I cared much. Sitting in a backless bleacher, I was too fascinated by the sights and sounds of the ballpark to be upset by the condition that happened on the field. I can vividly recall the boys d unfurling the marvelous panoramas of the outfield scoreboard, the white-jacketed hawkers carrying wooden trays laden with five-cent bags of peanuts, the shrill screams of men and ladies in floral-print dresses exchanging friendly insults about the consequences of their television viewing. There was even a small, rapidly extinguished grass fire beneath the bleachers, and, leaving the stadium, I saw one of my
movie idols, Johnny Weissmuller, going through the exit gate (or rather, I saw a tall, beefy gentleman I thought was Johnny Weissmuller). A few years later, I moved to Calgary and got into journalism as a sports writer on The Alberta. As a junior reporter, I drew the assignments that most bored me. In my service, I covered such as covering a senior citizens' hockey tournament, or covering a regular baseball game when the weather was ill or out of town. It might have only been the Western Interprovincial League but, in my youth, those games had all the glamour of World Series. I was so eager to cover them that I'd be at the press box an hour before the games began. I haunted the dressing rooms and tracked visiting players down in hotel lobbies to ask absurd questions like, "What do your children think of your batting average?"

In the 1950s I spent two years in the Montreal Gazette's sports department before shifting to news writing. The Royals were in great form, and on my days off, I'd ride a packed streetcar to Dufferin Stadium — if it was an unbearably humid afternoon, the streetcar invariably had its multifunctional heaters going full steam. The Montreal club is perhaps best remembered as the place where Coach Rickey sent Jackie Robinson in 1946 to break the color bar. Rickey also sent the forgotten Johnny Wright the same year. Wright didn't get past training camp. It was a Dodger farm club and, besides the incredibly brave Robinson, the lineup included the likes of Chuck Connors, Sandy Amoros and Chico Fernandez.

As thoroughly as I enjoyed watching the Royals, none of the Montreal players held the same allure for me as a lanky Iowa farm boy who played for the Cleveland Indians. His name was Bob Feller. He had scored a monumental feat by becoming a pitching ace at 17, and in a publicity stunt, the Indians clocked his celebrated fastball crossing the plate at 98.6 miles (158.6 kilometres) per hour. In the heat of summer, while an inadequate fan channeled the air in my tin board东莞刘 fraction, I'd lie on the bed and listen to the Cleveland games on a Philco radio. If I had a good line on the Indians scoring over the Philadelphia Athletics, I was pleased; if he did so against the dreaded New York Yankees, I was absolutely jubilant.

It has frequently been said that television is an amazing invention, but it isn't as potent a medium for drama or comedy programs as radio because it leaves little to the imagination. That's how I feel about televised ball games. The sport acquires a larger than life, almost exotic, quality on radio. Despite all the fancy camera work — the instant replays, the candid close-ups — television diminishes the magic.

I was too keen on some of the other changes that have occurred since my youth either. Astroturf just doesn't look as inviting as grass. The electronic scoreboards that flash commercial messages are an aggravating intrusion. Yet the game itself has retained its basic appeal: it soothed the mind as effectively as a sauna soothes the body.

Hawksers rushed up and down the concrete steps

On a lazy Sunday afternoon last summer, I went to Toronto's Exhibition Stadium for my annual contact with the sport. The Blue Jays were playing the Milwaukee Brewers. From my seat high up in the left field grandstand, I could see dozens of sailboats sliding across the unruffled surface of Lake Ontario. Seagulls and an odd private aircraft passed overhead and, down near the third-base line, anxious youngsters waited with gloves, hoping to stare a fence-sitting ball. The Jays were in the American League pennant race, and the stadium reverberated with the excited cries of 38,000 people. When pitcher Dave Stieb struck out a Milwaukee batter, a foot-stamping session was accompanied by the rhythmic chant, "Let's go Blue Jays, let's go." The chant changed to, "We want a hit," when a Toronto batter came to the plate. There were solitary bugle blares, someone rang a cowbell and the audio system carried the unnerving sound of breaking glass when a foul ball headed toward the box seats. Blue Jay paraphernalia abounded. Blue-and-white caps, T-shirts, jackets and pennants were everywhere. A fan seated beside me had about 50 old ticket stubs pinned to his T-shirt; another devotee had streaked his long hair blue and white.

While all this was going on, hawkers rushed up and down the concrete steps, selling roasted peanuts, popcorn and soda pop as well as a couple of items I was never offered in Boston, pizza and hot teas.

Down on the field, the Jays did their best to reward fans' dedication. The Brewers took a 1-0 lead in the second inning, but the Jays evened the count in the following inning when Cliff Johnson hit a solo home run. In the end, though, the game went to the Brewers; a seventh inning error brought in a run for a two-to-one victory.

Filing out of the stadium, I fell into conversation with a short, trim-looking man in his sixties. He didn't mind the Blue Jays losing. (I don't think I've ever minded the Yankees losing.) He did mind, however, that the prevailing attitude among many Toronto fans was to act as if baseball was nothing in this city before the Jays got into the majors," he grumbled. "Well, sir, I've been going to games here since 1951. We had plenty of good times. Lots of great games."

He had a good point. Toronto has had organized baseball since the 1880s. Playing in a 2000-seat stadium near the Don River, the Toronto entry in the fledgling International League won the championship in 1887, thanks largely to the stellar homers of Cannonball Crane. He pitched 16 winning games, hit .428 and even filled in as an outfielder. Crane was known for his deceptive drop ball, and at one time he held the world record for long-distance throwing.

The spectator left the stadium with me to the 3000 strong Toronto Blue Jays fan club. Occasionally, its members occupy blocks seats at home games, go on road trips together and keep the faith through a newsletter. Some members live as far away as Australia and Saudi Arabia. "Once you catch the baseball fever," he said, "it's pretty near impossible to get rid of it, no matter where you move."

A brisk, cold breeze was coming up from Lake Ontario as I walked away from him in the parking lot. I felt relaxed, contented with the world. I doubted that I'd ever succumb to baseball fever to the same extent that some Jays club members did, yet realized that the next summer, when the air was bright and warm, I'd be back at the ballpark, entranced by the grace and expertise and sheer theatrics of the sport that has been a welcome part of my life for so many years.

FUEL FOR THOUGHT

B Y J A M E S D I N G W A L L

P H O T O G R A P H E R B Y P A U L O P E N S T E I N

For more than 60 years Imperial Oil has dedicated itself to finding new and better automobile fuels. Hand in hand with the development of the car, its research engine has grown. Today, with the aid of some of the most sophisticated fuel testing centres in the world, the company is geared to lead petroleum research into the 21st century.

If you travel by train from Barrie, Ont., to the United States you cross the border through North America's oldest international submarine tunnel, the St. Clair Tunnel, built in 1881. Almost on top of this entrance is a tiny, aging red brick building that is covered for the most part in ivy and surrounded in summertime by manicured lawns and...
flower beds bursting with color. An unusual building that would seem more comfortable on a quiet college campus, it is the administrative wing of the Esso Research Centre. In stark contrast with its old-world charm, a glass and steel office block, which has grown by more than 60 percent during the past decade. Completing the centre across the street is one of the world's most advanced facilities for developing processes for manufacturing oils and gas for and for testing the performance of those products. It is called the Sarnia Pro- cess and Automotive Research Centre (SPARC), and it trembles imperial scientists to stay at the forefront of petroleum research and development.

Petroleum research is not new to Imperial. Ever since the first automobile rattlered across the Ontario countryside, terfying horses and mystifying children, the company has been dedicated to reducing the clanking, banging and ping that was part of early car travel. The development of the car from a rattling oddity to a paragon of purring efficiency has been dependent on the development of the petroleum products that feed it, without properly refined gasoline and special fuels for high-performance, blended motor oils, the automobile would still be the noisy, backfiring vehicle it was in those early days.

Today, people take high performance and product quality for granted. Many motorists, for instance, depend on Unilube motor oil, but few are likely to know that it has a research and development history that spans nearly three decades. After years of careful testing and refining, Unilube was introduced to the market in the mid-1970s. It was the first energy-conserving motor oil in North America, and it did its job so well that engines running on it decreased their consumption of gasoline by two percent. Imperial was also the first Canadian company to introduce premium unleaded gasoline, in 1978. Indeed, ever since Imperial opened its first gas station in 1907, it has been developing new and better forms of fuel to bring out the best in the ever-changing automobile. In 1924, Dr. R.K. Stratford was hired as the company's first research scientist. Since then, the company has taken out nearly 500 patents and made a number of technological breakthroughs that have had a worldwide impact on modern petroleum processing. Among them have been the development, in 1959, of a special ingredient, called a middle distillate pour depressant, that is added to furnace and diesel fuels to improve their flow in cold temperatures, and Didanol, a technique for removing waxes from lubricants to prevent them from solidifying in cold temperatures.

The role of research and development at Imperial is complex. It requires an enormous investment, one that may have an immediate return or, conversely, one that may have a tangible return. "There are two kinds of forces at work," explains Clem Bowman, vice-president of the Esso Research Centre in Sarnia. "There is market pull and technology push. The former refers to products being developed because someone says, 'If you can make a product that works like this, then we can sell it.' Technology push is the reverse; researchers identify a new scientific process and then look for practical uses. What is important, though, is not where the idea for specific research projects comes from, Bowman explains, but that the research results in the company's being able to develop world-class products of the highest quality. "It is that sense of mission," he adds, "that we must instil in our organization."

There are 465 employees - 120 of them scientists - participating in the company's research program in Sarnia. The Esso Research Centre, which operates on an annual budget of $45 million, not only fulfills all of Imperial's research requirements, but also has a mandate to meet research and development needs in several areas for Exxon Canada and all its affiliates throughout the world. In fact, nearly 40 percent of the work done at the centre is devoted to Exxon-related research programs. "Successful research is an endeavor," says Bowman, who sees part of his management role as giving direction to the overall research and development effort.

The SPARC complex was completed in 1984, almost 100 years after the invention of the automobile. The association is particularly fitting as the history of the car and petroleum research are so closely linked. Before the first car was sold in Canada in 1898, gasoline was a volatile and uneconomical by-product of kerosene distillation. Its commercial value was negligible. Some people used it as a solvent while others thought it might have potential as a fuel for household stoves, but, for the most part, demand for the product was minimal and the future of gasoline looked bleak. But then came the car. It was to become central to our lives, our economies and our cultures, but it wasn't going to happen without gasoline and oil. By 1911, there were 21,763 cars in Canada. Owners of these firsthorseless carriages bought their gasoline at local hardware stores, saws for those who happened to live near an oil company warehouse and could line up with a funnel and bucket. But as the automobile population grew, so did the lines, and the bucket-and-funnel method of gasipping up proved so dangerous and inconvenient that Imperial opened its first Canadian gas station in Vancouver in 1907. It wasn't much - a hose attached to a barrel of gasoline - but from that modest beginning, a multimillion dollar industry was born.

Tony White, a research adviser at the Esso Research Centre, marvels at the advances made in automobiles and their fuels and lubricants. "When I got really cold 60 years ago," he says, "car owners would have to push some straw under the crankcase and light a fire to keep the oil that was always present in the oils of the time. On a cold night, the oil would go rock hard in the bottom of the engine. If you put oil formulated as it was in the 1930s, into a modern car, the engine would still seize up very quickly because of the quantity of wax and the quality of the oil."

Not until 1938 would Imperial researchers discover a way to dissolve lubricants by repeatedly heating and cooling the oil, causing the wax to crystallize and hence become easy to filter out. And while early motor oil was plagued with an abundance of wax, they had very few additives, which today allow lubricating oils to do their jobs at the intensely high internal temperatures of engines. And until additives were developed to improve the octane of gasoline, thereby giving automobiles more power, even a routine Sunday drive could be formidable if there was a hill to climb or a stretch of bad road to negotiate.

Today, technological developments have reached such an advanced state that gasoline can be, and indeed is, reformulated constantly, sometimes every week, to ensure that it meets the highest quality. "Moreover, the blends vary with the climate and the region," says John Gilbert, a research adviser at the Esso Research Centre. "Vehicles in cold parts of the country, like Northern Ontario, need a different kind of gasoline than those in a warmer region, like Vancouver." And along with new blends of gasoline, new processing technology is continually being developed. "We work to ensure that gasoline and other fuels are produced in the most cost-efficient manner," adds Gilbert, "and that at the same time we deliver the highest quality product to our customers."

The Esso Research Centre first gained an international reputation for processing breakthroughs in 1939. In that year imperial scientists, led by Dr. Stratford, discovered a way to treat crude oil so that it would yield a low cost, stable lubricating oil for automobiles. The process involved removing from the oil a component called paraffin, which dissolves impurities in crude oil. It was a technological breakthrough, and the process became the standard technique throughout the industry and eventually was used to treat about 40 percent of the world's lubricating oil.

In 1975, the EXOL-N extraction process began to replace the phenol process in the treatment of lubricating oils. Also developed by Esso scientists in Sarnia, the new EXOL-N process bettered the old method by improving lubricant yields and lowering energy consumption during production. The process has already saved Imperial and its worldwide affiliates more than $150 million. As engine designs change, motor oils and gasolines must also change. For this reason, the new SPARC facility plays a vital role in the company's petroleum research. The research centre includes three major testing areas. In the processing area, there are 40 large units, which duplicate the operations of the process units in refineries. Lined up row after row they are joined together by a massive central instrumentation system. Engineers and chemists can program test experiments with new catalysts and processing techniques. At the other end of the building are 12 test rooms, each devoted to a particular kind of internal combustion engine, from a Homelite chainsaw engine to a large Cummins truck diesel. At the heart of this complex is the most technically sophisticated automotive testing device in North America: a vast, stainless-steel facility that serves as a vehicle refrigerator and hot house. The test vehicle is positioned on massive steel
rollers that allow it to attain and maintain specific cruising speeds. A massive 400 horsepower fan blows air over the vehicle at a predetermined temperature and velocity to simulate the variety of driving conditions experienced in Canada. On the other side of a thick glass partition, chemists, engineers and technicians peer at the computer data on the video screen and digital display panels that fill the dimly lit room. Engine noise is reduced to a muffled roar in the background.

In the Canadian climate, the ability to perform long and highly controlled tests at low temperatures is invaluable. "It used to be that to do these tests we had to send the oil to the Northwest Territories," recalls Tony White. "The problem with that was that we sometimes had to walk all winter for the temperature to go below minus 30 (Celsius)."

Cold weather simulation is only one of a multitude of tests that can be run on the dynamometer - tests that not only benefit Imperial but numerous other companies. "We're trying to get maximum use out of the facility," explains Bill Mugsarge, a senior research associate. "When we're not using it to test our own products, we will run tests on contract, for other companies - usually large auto or truck firms."

Two years ago, Chrysler Canada Ltd. in Windsor was having a problem with one of its lines of cars; the engines kept stalling in hot driving conditions. The problem appeared to be similar to what is called "vapor lock," a condition in which gasoline gasifies so hot it literally boils and vaporizes in the carburetor and never has a chance to reach the engine cylinders. "Chrysler had tried to troubleshoot the problem on the road," recalls David Steere, Esso Petroleum's technical services manager, located in Toronto. "But it was difficult to duplicate the hot driving conditions in any scientific way. Tests were run for Chrysler on the dynamometer for several days. They showed that the car's gas line was too cold to hot elements of the engine block. As the engine heated up, it boiled the gasoline, and by the time the gas got to the carburetor it was only a vapor. The solution, which Chrysler had also tested on the dynamometer, was to redesign the line and routing of it to avoid the hot spots.

Not all research can be done in a laboratory, however, so there is active and regular field testing of cars. People, including many Imperial employees and their spouses, are regularly recruited to perform driving tests around Sarnia. The two situations complement one another: lab tests are designed to test a specific quality of the oil or gasoline; field tests give an overall picture of how the oil and gasoline function over a longer period.

Such field tests are not confined to Fury driving. Within 40 kilometers of the Manitoba border is the town of Eastend, Sask., the home of a fleet of heavy duty trucks owned by Kiever Transport that carry potash from a nearby mine to North Dakota. They are ideal vehicles to test heavy duty lubricating oils.

Each day, one of the 25 trucks sets out for the North Dakota border carrying more than 48 tonnes of potash, making the gross weight of the truck more than 65 tonnes. Each truck averages 350,000 kilometers a year. "With all that driving and the provincial extreme weather conditions," Tony White says, "we've got a severe test." Every 30,000 kilometers, samples of the oil are shipped back to Sarnia for analysis. White adds that scientists are so familiar with the oil that they can even detect unusual weather conditions through their analysis.

Over the years automobiles and petroleum have pushed each other to reach new heights. "Fuel is the silent partner," says Dave Steere. "It really gets the recognition it deserves for the role it has played in creating today's high-performance car. In many instances it was petroleum that initiated the changes. Fuel and lubricant developments have enabled engine technology to develop," says Steere. "High octane gasoline allows engines to be built with high compression ratios, and detergents and additives in the oils have allowed higher horsepower engines.

There have, of course, been many times when advancements in the automobile have pushed the petroleum industry to develop new products, and there is little doubt this will continue. "One of the most striking possibilities," says Clem Bowman, "is the development of a totally ceramic engine, which could run at much higher temperatures - in the neighborhood of 600 degrees Celsius compared with the 250 degrees Celsius currently possible in metal engines. That kind of development will be a whole new challenge, because to withstand those temperatures it seems likely that a solid lubricant will have to be developed."

Research is crucial to a company that intends its products to be the very best, and Imperial will continue to invest in this part of the industry. Says Pat Yeomans, technical manager of specialty products in Toronto: "It is a basic part of our commitment to be the industry leader!"

AN ISLAND
FOR EVERY DREAM
THE GULF ISLANDS, A TRANQUIL HAVEN IN THE STRAIT OF GEORGIA

Tom Farquhar was doing exactly what he wanted to be doing the last time I heard from him through his wife, Marg. He was building his house on Salt Spring Island, as he had been for the past 13 years. Marg laughed when I asked about it, and she said she did not think it would ever be finished. I was not surprised. Farquhar, a friendly, bearded man of 50, a pharmacists, enjoys building his vast, cedar log home - which is really more lodge than house - so much that he is unlikely ever to stop. It is not an obsession, simply a passion. He had the help of his four sons while they were growing up, but they are grown and gone now, except for weekends and some vacations. They will tell you they learned a lot.

"I love it when the books on how things were done," Marg says. "The boys say he reads the books while they did the work, but they loved the life, loved using chainsaws and climbing trees. I really didn't care if they finished the house."

Farquhar is an islander, and he is building his house on the island, as opposed to a cottage; would build it. I watched him one warm September afternoon, just days before the first drenching autumn rain, as he carefully

BY DOUGLAS SAGI

The Review, Summer '95
cut cedar rounds. He was placing them into firmly packed sand and sprinkling more sand in between them to make a patio off his den, no doubt dreaming of the time when it would be finished and he would sit there in the sunshine on his island. A cotter, on the other hand, in an unavailing hurry, would have been up on the roof, nailing shakes onto the bare patch that Farup had covered with a sheet of black plastic until he could get around to fixing it.

There is an island for nearly every dream in the Strait of Georgia; the wide part of the southern end of the channel between the B.C. mainland and Vancouver Island. A half-hour sail from Victoria, or two hours from Vancouver, will bring you to them. Salt Spring is the largest of the Gulf Islands, with 18,900 hectares. Galiano is about a third as large; North and South Pender combined are just a little more than half the size of Galiano; and Saturna and Mayne Islands, named by early Spanish and English explorers, are smaller still.

Though nearly every island capable of supporting a septic tank is now inhabited, there is plenty of room for visitors. Galiano is a favorite of weekenders. A single highway runs its length, and there are cabins to be rented and quiet, romantic beaches.

"Officially, there are about 500 islands," says Michael Humphries, chairman of the Islands Trust, the provincial body whose 20 elected trustees oversee community planning in the gulf. "But if you count every seal under that figure would be closer to 500." The islands are not tropical, of course (although the late Premier W.A.C. Bennett once called them "Canada's Hawaii"), but the weather tends to be better on them than on either side of the gulf. Humphries says the mountain range on Vancouver Island buffers the Gulf Islands from Pacific storms, and they are out of reach of much of the mainland's coastal rain and some of the snow. The sea in the region, too, seems charmed by a special warmth; in summer it's possible to join the seals, sea birds and salmon for refreshing swims in waters as warm as 20 degrees Celsius.

The insularity of the islands, if that is not too clumsy, has helped to preserve
Louis Stark was among the first to accept Douglass’ invitation to “pre-
empt” land on Vanuatu and settle it and pay for it later. Stark and his family, former
slaves, landed in Salt Spring’s Venusia Bay with island history has it, the first
cattle to be brought there. Their white clapboard home remains on
Stark Road.

Cattle-keeping flourished for a time on Salt Spring at the turn of the cen-
tury dairy farming was a thriving
ty farming was a thriving
business on the island. But com-
petition from the mainland and Van-
couver Island, combined with the high
cost of transporting island dairy prod-
ucts to markets, threatened the business.
Salt Spring lamb, however, remains a
delicacy in Vancouver meat markets.

The village of Ganges, which has its
own natural harbor, is located on Salt
Spring. It is a village with few homes;
most islanders live in more isolated cir-
cumstances — on farms, beaches and
woodsy lots. Ganges has a hardware
store, grocer, school, hospital and
RCMP detachment and produces the
Gulf Islands Driftwood, a weekly news-
paper with 4000 readers, more than
half the population of Salt Spring. The
Driftwood’s publisher is Tom Richards,
whose family has run the paper since
when his parents bought the paper. “I
have no intention of ever leaving,” he
said. “As long as I can make people want to live anywhere else.”

The Driftwood is articulate, well
equipped local paper, a favorite read-
for islanders, an ecletic group that includes artists, journalists, doctors, lawyers, win-
dow washers, fishermen and local
life-timers. Salt Spring is a favorite retreat. Salt
Spring is the home of broadcaster Jack
Webster, the Canadian pop musician
and folk singer Valdy and the award-
winning poet Phyllis Webb. The author
Bill Deverell now has a home on
Pender Island. And Dorothy Livesay,
the recipient of two governor general’s
awards for poetry, lives on Gallovo
Island.

There was even hope that royalty
might join the population’s ranks. The
British government gave Portland Island
to Princess Margaret as a gift when she
visited British Columbia in 1958. Nine
years later the province asked if the
island might be returned to be used as a
park. The British kindly consented.

Portland and some of the other
islands were once settled by Hawaiians,
early employees of the Hudson’s Bay
Company. Today, the name Kana'koo,
given to one of Portland’s hills, is a
remembrance of the islands’ Polynesian
heritage.

Portland Island can be reached only
by private boat or seaplane. It is the
only island to be completely park,
many have provincial parks
The community has a wealth of trails run
through Portland, connecting its gold-
en beaches and lush green meadows.
There are picnic areas and a small
campground overlooking the sea. Most
of the park visitors, however, do not
camp on the island; they anchor off
shore and take tenders to the beach,
where they enjoy picnics and a view of
Salt Spring’s rugged Mount Maxwell.

Maxwell is a mountain only by island
standards; it does not rival the coastal
range on the mainland or even the
peaks on Vancouver Island, but you can
drive almost to its top, where the view
over the ocean and mountains and the
hundreds of islands in the gulf is quite
spectacular. The vistas of the Gulf
Islands tend to make people stop what
they are doing for long eye-stretching
moments that can consume half an
afternoon of an entire evening — which
may explain why Tom Farup is taking
so long to finish this book. Farup is
a native of one of the misty islands of the
Gulf Islands to be more than simply a
restaurant. Several of the islands, less
than a hectare, is named for the
dazzling, stubborn-as-funfarup ar
bustos group of trees that stand
imperiously defying the wind and drizzle.
The arbutea is a West Coast tree,
an evergreen with the wonderful habit of
shedding its bark to glow, in its
nakedness, like new amber in the
sun. And there is nothing quite like
fresh crab steamed over a fire
created from dead arbustus limbs on a
beach.

A friend of one of Farup’s neighbors,
invited me to visit his place on Salt
Spring Island, promising to free me
for a weekend, of the tiresome deci-
dion-making of my Vancouver job. He
was wrong. We spent the entire
weekend trying to decide whether
to go sailing or canoeing, fishing for
rock cod or raising carpet dragon
along the beach or hiking to the ridge
behind his cabin where he kept a small
herd of goats.

In the early morning we could not
even decide if we should have breakfast
and then we were thinking about it,
drinking coffee as we sat on the rocks
in the sunshine watching two warships
on manoeuvres from the British
forces base at Esquimalt. We also saw
a beachcomber in a work boat called
the Tides Day. He could have been Nick
Adolphins, Bruno Gerussi’s character
in The Beachcombers television series.
He worked just like him, tying thick
rope around big logs that had drifted
away from the rafts of logging
companies. Watching the beach
flakes and the garb physics cost over
comber was the hardest thing done that
weekend.

To reach the Gulf Islands by ferry
from Tsawwassen, a community
south of Vancouver where the provin-
cial government operates its main
sailboat, however, is probably the best
way to get to them. The waters are nor-
mally calm and clear during summer
even for smaller craft, such as
ocean kayaks.

The prospect of lightweight
camping gear are likely to find island roads clear of traf-

stripes rolling and thumping in the
waves.

When Tom Farup had put up the walls
and roof of his log cabin more than a
dozen years ago he moved his family
in. (Marg remembers how her little
boats were lined up in a row, awaiting
the day, some years down the road, when
a power plant would be installed.) Farup
commuted to Victoria in an inflatable
boat. The short run across the light
chop of Satellite Channel was fine
in summer, a wonderful way to begin and
end a workday. In a wintry gale, on
the other hand, it was treacherous, yet
Farup made that journey daily. There
were days, Marg says, when he should
not have tried to make the crossing
and would have stayed in Victoria had
there been a telephone in their home.
But there was no phone in the log house
or anywhere nearby. If he did not come,
he knew Marg would have to bike out
and ask that a search be started, so
he always got into his boat to come
home.

He made it, too, even when a
gale was blowing the waves so high
as sasquatch were covering his eyes.
When he reached home he would pull his
little inflatable Zodiac out of the water
and climb the hill to the house and
the fire crackling in the fireplace he
had built himself. James Georgeon,
Ralphs and countless other islanders
would no doubt approve. To be an
islander requires commitment.

them. Tom Farup and his family could
do not what they are doing — enjoy
thefive-week retreat about one hour from the centre of a major city —
in typical Canadian cottage country
north of Toronto or in the Gatticovu
Hills. They certainly could not be
doing it in the Okangan Valley. These
places are already suburban.

No highway links the Gulf Islands;
they remain wild and remote. Many
of
TO GO AMONG THE FIELDS

BY WYNNE THOMAS

We bought the property for its mile of frontage on a blue, glinting bay and for its variety of habitat — meadow, pasture, hedgerows, hardwood bush, 29 acres of upland heath, 40 of sedge-choked wetland — which we planned as a sanctuary for birds and other wildlife.

The painterly old barn on the foreshore and the sturdy farmhouse on the point beyond, surprisingly airy and cheerful under its red Insulbrick siding, were a bonus. So was the geology: our own fault line traceable in the form of a long wooded gully paralleling the road; our own contact zone where a different kind of limestone overlaid the local rock that outcropped in shelves and ledges at the water's edge. Bedrock is a powerful and satisfying anchor in a landscape.

But the really unexpected dividend was the high field at the back of the property. We had thought of the actual farmland — about 80 acres — as a responsibility we were assuming, in no circumstances to be taken out of cultivation. Agriculture was neither our bent nor our primary purpose, so something would need to be arranged. We tore ourselves away from watching a pair of Caspian terns fishing off the
point for a delightful tour of inspection: 15 acres across from the barn were planted in alfalfa and clover, and, behind that, another 15 to cut more alfalfa in the big adjoining field, then barley, then hay. The back 40, planted in sorghums, curved gently uphill beside the hardwood stand. We threaded along the margin, pursued by flocks of pigeons. The seller observed helpfully that any number of neighbors would leap at a chance to rent the farmland and scoop up a cool in passing, crumbling it to show off the organic richness. “Best loam in the county,” he said. “Grow you anything.”

With this he darted among the trees and after a moment we followed. “Show you the patch I cleared the far side of this here bush,” he said over his shoulder. “Pretty near bald in spots, but you should see the oats I put in this spring.” The woods closed around us, airless in the summer heat. Half blinded after the sunshine, we stumbled over roots and trampled in staves laid by enchanter’s nightshade. The only sound apart from our shuffling progress was the scurry of a chipmunk, even the pesky dandelions had turned back, but after what seemed a half-hour’s sweaty tramp, the beeches and maples and black cherry thinned and the ground rose to a thicker of hawthorns. When we pushed past it, we were at the top corner of the field. I gazed at it and felt a surge of well-being and an odd, timeless sense of arrival. Like an island reached, the hidden field gave point to the expedition. It was a hillside clearing, long and narrow and not large — perhaps eight acres in all — but rich with event and discovery. The oats were ripening. Enclosed in two dark arms of woodland, they spilled southward over the rolling ground in a sumptuous cascade that ended downslope in a dense hemstitch faced by an ancient, moss-covered snake fence. On the far side they thinned to a threadbare margin dotted with mounds of fieldstone and roseets of encroaching juniper. Behind this, a wall of scrub cedar hid the gully: the sense was strong that the upthrust field, like the fault line, answered the contours of rock lying just beneath. The high end, where we stood, pushed up to a central knoll, and I walked carefully into the oats to gain the vantage point.

It was like wading into a current of sensation. Clear of the trees, the wind came into play and the whole field ceaselessly chattered and rustled. Moist exhalations from the foam underfoot mingled with the fresh-toast smell of sun-scorched grain. The scath-hight stalks stirred with an unseen breeze, the tasseled heads, heavy with seed, hobbed and curtsied. Cicadas sang. Shadows chased one another over the surface in taffeta patterns. I lifted my head, and there in the distance was the farmhouse and the dancing, spangled like. “Been something in here,” called our guide from halfway down the slope. “Drat. He was standing with his hands on his hips. I was on my way to join him when I heard bokeh from the oats and bounded off toward the gully. I caught my breath as time suddenly broke. Each leaf was taking the high, all four feet off the ground. But at the apogee there was a fractional hesitation before the feedlines wrinkled for the next footing. The series of buoyant capsules seemed to unfurl in slow motion, like a ballet. But all too soon it had carried them to the wall of cedar, where, with a sniff of white scents, they disappeared. We made our return to the farmhouse with our guide grumbling about his flattened oats.

As for me, I had just begun to look at my fields, all of them, with the eye of a proprietor. And I was already forming an idea of how I wanted those fields to look. For a start, regardless of who rented the farmland, I would insist on the top field being planted with hay instead of oats — just as welcome to the deer and more congenial for summer picnics and autumn rambles. The soybeans were doing well and made a nice
and grateful nation.)

Even as a child I never came upon that field without a feeling of being made welcome and a dimly apprehended recognition of the necessary bond between man and his world. It is a phenomenon I have observed many times since. Recently I visited a long-time friend who had quit a well paying business career in British Columbia to live on a Quebec farm. I had a mind to ask him if he missed his business responsibilities, but I did not need to put the question. His conversation, which a few months before had been of clients won and lost, of projects and profits, was now all of fields. He talked of planting trees here and draining pasture there, of putting this field to that and to that corn, of summer fallows and winter wheat. My friend spoke of returning his farm to health but his own health, I reflected, was also in the process of being restored. He was a man clearly at peace with his environment.

A reason suggests itself. A well-handled field represents the closest we can get to mutual harmony between humans and our beleaguered planet. Here, man is a participant, not a callous intruder or a spoiler or a tyrant. The same cannot be said of all our interactions with nature. There are occasions when we deem it best to lock nature away and allow ourselves only visiting privileges. Designated wilderness areas are necessary and good things, but in a sense they are admissions of our failure to come to terms with living in a fragile environment without undue detriment to other species. We have learned not to trust ourselves. At the other end of the scale are our towns and cities. But even their best-intentioned aspects, formal gardens and parks, however pleasant and restful, are statements of human imperialism, defiant symbols of our determination to bend nature to our will, to dominate rather than to accommodate. (Few people these days can afford to emulate Marie Antoinette who, to relieve her boredom, had her plants in her flower beds at Versailles changed each morning before she rose, but her spirit lives on in many an urban garden.) Between these two extremes of quarantine and domination lies the wholesome and sensible partnership of farmer and field. We ought nature's ways for our benefit, trade our labor for her productivity; and, for the rest, are content to leave things very much as we find them. We take and adapt but we do not impose. That is one reason, I think, why fields seem so hospitable and friendly, "...happy fields where joy for ever dwells," as Milton wrote. Generous, they offer everyone, countryman and urban dweller alike, the opportunity to reaffirm this bond with nature at whatever level he chooses. The farmer chooses the primary level, committing himself to a muscular, lifelong education in reciprocity. But there are less strenuous choices—and many specialized pleasures. Fields are, of course, the naturalist's medium, each one a treasure house of flora and fauna to be discovered. But, for most of us, the best way to enjoy fields is not to treat them as classrooms. I am an amateur birder, and watching birds is one of the principal interests that fields hold for me. But I once went on a ramble with one of North America's foremost ornithologists, the author of a very famous book on birds. He had identified a dozen or so species, most of them by their song, before I had time to focus my binoculars on my first robin. It was a tiring and not particularly pleasurable experience. One does not have to be an ornithologist to enjoy birds or a botanist to appreciate flowers or an artist to derive pleasure from the felicitous arrangement of a flock of sheep or a herd of cows in a meadow. And the unexpected lies in wait for expert and novice alike. A few years ago I was chatting with an acquaintance in a field when he stooped and picked up a small object. It was an Indian arrowhead. That piece of history had lain waiting to be discovered for hundreds of years.

Much of the charm of fields, of course, lies in their infinite variety. Many live in my memory: blazing acres of sunflowers in France, straight out of van Gogh; a field of lavender on an Italian hillside; flower-carpeted Arctic meadows in summer; a bane of bumblebees ringing an English wood; an orchard-stewn New Brunswick clearing with, in one corner, a carefully tended settlers' cemetery. My own preference is still for the kind of landscape in which grow up, with small fields, trees and hedgerow, that beckon with secret life. But I have friends, exiled in the East, who yearn for the heavily-wooded cornfields of the Prairies. And another, an artist, who would never dream of leaving the seagirt Maritime meadow she has made her home for many years. She came upon the field by accident, on holiday, and had such a strong intuition that she was destined to live there that she bought it, built a log house, and has been there ever since. She may be right about destiny because somewhere, I believe, a special field awaits everyone.

A few summers ago, on a visit to Wales, I took my wife to see the favorite field of my childhood. Not having seen it for many years, I wondered whether it had withstood the march of progress. Magically it had, and I was instantly transported down the years. The buttercup painted meadow still sloped down to the willow-fringed stream I remembered so well. The old oak in the corner still flourished, as it had for more than a century. A few things had changed, but the river was the river. We saw no kingsfishers, so common in my youth, because they have all but disappeared from the Welsh countryside, the picturesque but frail bridge that I remembered spanning the stream had been replaced by a sturdy but more utilitarian structure; and a house, pretty enough but an irritant to the eye, now intruded on one corner of the meadow.

But, for the most part, it remained portent of an timeless and immutable landscape, from the grassy mound to the south that delineated the perimeter of a Roman camp (for an outpost of a famous legion was stationed here nearly 2000 years ago) to the ancient mountains of Snowdonia that fringed the northern sky. To return to that field was not only to revisit the fleeting pleasures of childhood but to restore the personal experience that lies behind the tranquility of all our lives.

I hope to see that field again some day. But if I don't, I shall have found it in a sunflower bed in France, straight out of van Gogh; a field of lavender on an Italian hillside; flower-carpeted meadows in summer; a bane of bumblebees ringing an English wood; an orchard-stewn New Brunswick clearing with, in one corner, a carefully tended settlers' cemetery. My own preference might well be somewhere in the United States, away from the men and machines of the city. A place where the rhythm of nature might carry me away from the conventional to some other companionship, some other landscape, of mind and spirit.
As a nation, we are fascinated by the personal, the intimate, the emotional — the undeniably human.

She is elevated to the status of hero. Like the mythological figures of ancient Greeks, our heroes are the embodiment of all the virtues and qualities we value and trust. Yet, projection through media, heroes are isolated and their qualities amplified.

It is precisely because of this isolation and amplification that we are able to identify with them so completely. Each pain and each passion is bigger, more direct, more symbolic; of what we all feel. So it is much easier for us to imagine what Steve Fonyo was going through than to understand, say, why a provincial energy board might have decided not to give some large corporation a rate increase.

As a nation, we are fascinated by the personal, the intimate, the emotional — the undeniably human. And what about Imperial Oil, Bell Canada or General Motors? Well, maybe we can do without them, but how easy is it to feel the same kind of emotion, respect or admiration for them that we felt for Steve Fonyo, or Terry Fox before him? Or any number of ordinary people who have dreamed seemingly impossible dreams — and pursued them with single-minded vigor?

Steve Fonyo's incredible odyssey proves that even in a complex world, heroic qualities produce benefits. It also proves that being a hero can be very lonely. Businesses, on the other hand. It is going to contribute to the economic well-being of everyone, cannot be conducted in isolation. It needs many people, all working together. To achieve the ambitious goals that produce our wealth and security.

To this end, the corporation evolved — a body formed and authorized by law to transact business as an individual, to act as a single person. Men and women have been working for millennium to improve our economic institutions. But these organizations are so vast, so complex, that controlling them is difficult even during the best of times, in the worst of times, we became heir Pharaohs trying to control Apollos fairy chariots across the sky.

Businesspeople are not gods. Most of them are simply honest, well-intentioned men and women who, bound by human frailty, must rely on tools and techniques to guide them along the way. These tools are far from perfect, and at times may seem that, because of them, the individual values we admire are diminished.

The displacement of Oklahoma farming families during the Depression, for example, prompted John Steinbeck to have one of his characters ask, "Who's the Shoeless Joe on a cattle company?" The answer came: "It ain't nobody. It's a company." In bad times — for simple people — this may be an acceptable perception. But we could never achieve anything together if we continued to view the problem in such taciturn terms. It would leave us struggling with Baskin's abstract notion that a million deaths is nothing but a statistic.

Isolated by the power of numbers, we can lose sight of the real truths we seek: A million deaths is a tragedy. Healthy societies know that. They also know that corporate success is not just a statistic, but the measure of millions of individual successes. Each success is the story of hard work, dedication, commitment and sacrifice. Together those successes add up in economic terms to measurable things like productivity, equity and return on investment.

The problem is that our very terms of reference — the indicators we use to measure corporate performance — tend to cloud the fact that the virtues and qualities displayed by the Steve Fonyos of this world are the same ones that make our economic system work. A business entity is merely an extension of the human body. Concepts of profit, return on investment are simply the economic manifestations of very personal, human drives and motivations.

The degree to which we dedicate ourselves to obtaining returns is quite often the measure of our success in private life as well as in business. Return on investment or return on equity may be dollars and cents justified, but they are not simply financial concepts. They measure the extent to which we apply ourselves to the tasks at hand — both inside and outside the marketplace — in the process of enriching society.

In the laissez-faire society, as our overpowered cars, performed extremely well. We got a lot out of the economy, as much, so easily, that we believed we need not worry about how many resources we used to satisfy our demands. Today, business needs to know more than how well it is doing. It has to be able to calculate how efficiently resources are being used and how well the resources are being managed.

Certain key comparisons, or ratios, are used to reveal the inner strength of a business. One of them is return on equity. Equity is basically what a company is valued at or worth to its shareholders over and above the firm's debt. The ratio of net income to equity, yields a percentage known as return on equity. This figure indicates how productive equity is in earning a profit.

When choosing how to deploy various assets — whether to use more capital and less labor or more weak and less aluminum — corporate managers have to consider the "opportunity cost" of their decisions. They will calculate what they will lose if they decide not to do something.

In light of Steve Fonyo's decision to run on his own, for "Light's" sake, we can expand these terms. For it is not just a question of what they, the corporate managers, will lose. It's a question of what everybody might lose.

What would the Canadian Cancer Society, the countless cancer sufferers, the thousands of people who go to war — indeed the entire nation — have lost if Steve Fonyo had decided not to invest where he did? There's no doubt. We would all be poorer today. During the period between the Second World War and the mid-1980s, Canada, like all other Western allies, successfully rechanneled wartime production. Peacetime consumption increased as never before. The economy moved, like a natural outpouring of the wind. The "fabulous fifties" gave way to the "sparking sixties," affluence came so easily for so long that, eventually, our expectations outpaced our ability to satisfy them. Recession, stagnation and more recession made it ever more difficult for us to work together to meet our collective desires.

Throughout the seventies, although our incomes were still rising, our dissatisfaction over the fact that they weren't rising more rapidly grew. We became increasingly disillusioned with our place in society and our ability to acquire more material goods more rapidly. We failed to notice that the economy itself was changing, we neglected to build into that changing economy adjustment mechanisms to deal with the changes that would soon affect the way we work and live. Structural changes in the way the economy is organized and in the way we do business develop slowly. For example, the revolution that occurred as we shifted from an agriculturally based economy to an industrially based economy is now well accepted. But the laws and institutions that developed during that transition — the mass production system, the collective bargaining system, the education and tax systems — evolved over more than a century and were designed to make the new industrial society work smoothly.

But now, it is only slowly being recognized that we in North America are in the midst of another transition, this time from an industrially based economy to an information based economy.

While the exact dimensions of these changes are not well understood, each of us has been touched by them: the "downsizing of big business, leading to a steady state of high unemployment, the explosion of small-business entrepreneurs, as people look for other ways to make a living. Some of us are aware that the mass production line itself is changing, that the factory floor looks a very different, as successful businesses go about including shop workers in the
Steve Fonoy invested desire. And with it, he ran from one end of the nation to the other.

decision making process. Increasingly, we are becoming aware of just how intimately we are connected with our work. Human stories and business stories are becoming intertwined across the nation. We are beginning to see how similar our personal goals, hopes and aspirations are to those of our "corporate" extensions. And we have become aware once again of the Lunatic proposition: nothing comes from nothing.

Investment is essentially an act of faith. From it, big returns can be realized. In a sense, we are rediscovering that for the corporate body to work properly, countless personal, individual sacrifices must be made - an investment by each of us of a desire to succeed.

Everyone has to become a little more like Steve Fonoy. He was an ordinary youngster who grew up in Vernon, B.C. After school he worked in his parent's restaurant. Steve Fonoy said when he began his run that he had been inspired by the story of Terry Fox. He started running daily, giving up what 17-year-old youngsters ordinarily do, pushing himself from the one kilometer he could manage on the first day to an average of 32 kilometers a day. To raise money for cancer research - to repay society for the $3.3 million he had received in medical treatment - Steve Fonoy invested desire.

And with it, he ran from one end of this nation to the other. His investment was not made without risk. In August 1984, James Gall of the Montreal Gazette reported:

"Stephen Fonoy, 25, thought it was a foolish idea. He didn't want his boys to run across Canada. Not even for a cause as worthy as the fight against cancer. We fought like cats and dogs when he first mentioned it about two years ago," Fonoy said earlier this week as his son approached Montreal in his journey that began in St. John's, Nfld., on March 31.

"Terry Fox had died of bone cancer after trying to do it. He died earlier at Thunder Bay, but had to quit because the cancer spread into his lungs. Mr. and Mrs. Fonoy knew the same thing would happen to their boy. What if Steve's cancer started up again? What if it spread?"

But the Fonoy's have a stubborn son. He told his parents he was going to cross Canada whether they liked it or not. With their help or without it. So they helped him."

But it was an investment that young Steve Fonoy, as manager of his own "corporate" self, decided was well worth making. The return on his investment would make the risks worthwhile.

Many people consider "return on investment" - the ratio of earnings to total assets - to be one of the most critical financial indicators of corporate performance. Because it includes debt as well as equity. It provides investors with a way of making comparative assessments of management activities. An examination of this ratio might show that over time it needs double the investment capital to match the sales and profits of another.

Try to calculate, using this ratio of earnings over total assets, what Steve Fonoy's return on investment would be! And remember that the only capital he invested was desire.

People live the streets of villages and small towns as Fonoy walked by this week in the Trail-Nakina region. They take his picture, stand in line to shake his hand. Many ask him to sign the victim's book or call him. I've got a feeling in the terrace "offered one housewife who worked that he might not be getting anything to eat."

Luc St-Amour drove his ambulance along for several kilometres at Bethelville to help draw attention and make it safer for the young man on his treatment - Steve Fonoy invested desire. And with it, he ran from one end of this nation to the other. It's the story of every Canadian company - applying talent and money, vision and courage to innovation and efficiency in order to get the best possible return.

And then he changed his mind — and asked her to write the cheque for $1000. And she did 

The Gazette, 4 August, 1984.

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People live the streets of villages and small towns as Fonoy walked by this week in the Trail-Nakina region. They take his picture, stand in line to shake his hand. Many ask him to sign the victim's book or call him. I've got a feeling in the terrace "offered one housewife who worked that he might not be getting anything to eat."

Luc St-Amour drove his ambulance along for several kilometres at Bethelville to help draw attention and make it safer for the young man on his treatment - Steve Fonoy invested desire. And with it, he ran from one end of this nation to the other. It's the story of every Canadian company - applying talent and money, vision and courage to innovation and efficiency in order to get the best possible return.

And then he changed his mind — and asked her to write the cheque for $1000. And she did."

The Gazette, 4 August, 1984.

But the Fonoy's have a stubborn son. He told his parents he was going to cross Canada whether they liked it or not. With their help or without it. So they helped him."

"But it was an investment that young Steve Fonoy, as manager of his own "corporate" self, decided was well worth making. The return on his investment would make the risks worthwhile."

Many people consider "return on investment" - the ratio of earnings to total assets - to be one of the most critical financial indicators of corporate performance. Because it includes debt as well as equity. It provides investors with a way of making comparative assessments of management activities. An examination of this ratio might show that over time it needs double the investment capital to match the sales and profits of another.

Try to calculate, using this ratio of earnings over total assets, what Steve Fonoy's return on investment would be! And remember that the only capital he invested was desire. collapse
A train ride through history

VISITING THE AGAWA CANYON

On the last June I took a tour on the Algoma Central Railway from Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., north through the wilderness around Lake Superior to Agawa Canyon, a slot through primeval rocks that were formed more than 2,500 million years ago. I flew to Sault Ste. Marie on an early morning flight; the sky was overcast when we landed, and half a dozen of us took the airport minibus through that familiar Northern Ontario landscape with its rugged skyline of jack pine. I checked in at the Royal Hotel, a cozy old place with red rugs and corridors on several confusing levels, where a cheerful waitress who had brought coffee to my room backed toward the door smiling when I started to give her a tip, wagging her hands, saying: "No, that's oka.

I went down to the railway station, a low building with a cutout of a black bear on the roof that looked very realistic against the cloudy sky. I bought a ticket for the next day's tour and talked to the manager of passenger services, a solidly built, black-haired man named Keith White. The Algoma Central Railway operates a freight line service to the mining and lumbering regions north of Sault Ste. Marie as far as the town of Hearst. It also provides passenger service (it will stop to let off and take on prospectors, fishermen, hunters and campers) and several excursions. Besides a winter trip to a point called Eton, just past Agawa Canyon, and the one-day Agawa Canyon trip I was taking, Algoma Central offers a two-day excursion (with an overnight stop in Hearst at the end of the line) up through Agawa Canyon past Naud Lake, the Michipicoten River, Hawk Junction, Goudreau, Dubreuilville, Fraser, Sault's Lake, Oba and over the height of land beyond which all streams flow north. People were busy answering the phones outside White's office, giving information about the tours. Most of the customers are Americans. "That's the Polar Bear Express," I heard one voice say to someone who had apparently called the wrong railroad.

It was raining, foggy and cold when I went to the station next morning. The train was waiting, 13 coaches, two diners, a steam generator and three engines. The station platform was empty except for an occasional trainman who would appear in the drizzle in the distance, but when I went into my car, number 8, it was crowded. I got the last unoccupied double seat in my coach. I heard a man's voice coming from behind me, one of those cheerful, polite English voices you hear all over the world that made me feel I was really traveling. A woman said over the public address system as the train started to move, "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. My name is Janet. Today's conductor is Mr. Bill Thompson and he's in charge of the train.

We jogged along past an enormous woodpile, the Abihi paper mill, through a pleasant woods right of way, past The Algoma Steel Corporation and the Algoma Central roundhouse. The St. Mary's River was almost beyond our view; the rapids in this region, where the river flows over a sandstone ridge that keeps Lake Superior six metres higher than Lake Huron, were a major point in the journey explorers made, looking for a route to China. A fur trader named Alexander Henry wrote in 1762 that two Indians fishing here in a canoe, one paddling, the other in the

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN
we SHOULDS email it with a net, were able to catch 500 whitefish in two hours.

Howard, in the meantime, had found a hard bed stood close to our train, smoking a pipe and studying our wheels as we went by. "We'll have to have one of these," he told us we would attain the speed of 65 kilometers an hour and warned us to be on the look out. (It takes some very right turns). Then we began a slow climb up onto a region greater than we could have imagined, then to the earth's interior that took place during the formation of our planet. Music came over the loudspeaker system, a trumpet playing "I Love Paris," then something went wrong and there was a squawk and the music stopped. Then it started again with the song from Doctor Zhivago, which I liked better, and slowly we climbed higher. Then it stopped again and you could hear the relaxing sound of the wheels clicking on the rails as we ambled past walls of rock that came up close to the side of the train. You get the strange feeling sitting like that, as if you were going through this archaic land, that you have no business being there, that it belongs to our ancestors, and started again. At one point, we passed a crest of men in blue immigrant helmets and yellow slickers standing in the heat of ancient rocks, waving at us as we went by.

A young woman in an engineer's cap and safety boots came along the aisle with a cart selling doughnuts, coffee and box lunches for those who wanted to have a picnic on the train in the canyon. Each lunch contained a ham and cheese sandwich, a three-bean salad, a boiled egg, coffee, a sweet roll, a pepperoni and a apple. A discussion went on behind me. "You get things you don't want," the Englishman said in a gentle voice, and a young man left and walked toward the dinner, and when he came back we noticed that he held a small bag of lunches to be made up. "We didn't fancy the hard-boiled egg," the Englishman explained.

I worked my way up a few cars, getting tossed from side to side. I met Bill Thompson, the head conductor, a man with a pleasant, weathered face who has been with the Algoma Central Railway for 36 years. He told me how hard the firemen had to work in the old days of shoveling coal. "Because of the heat," he said. "Sixteen, 17 tons of coal on one trip. That's a lot of coal to shovel in a day." I'd been told by another man in the freight office that the engines that do the great freight work are huge. The shoveling was when the train was going downhill, when he could put his head down for a moment and relax. Thompson invited me to ride in the engine on the return trip, and I went back.

We were coming to the Montreal River, the site of one of the power dams in the endless string of the mining market. At this point it's 300 metres above Sault Ste. Marie. The train is continually turning and curving, emerging from the earth's interior to place you in the land beyond the window and get the impression that you were about to collide with another train standing on a siding then realize it was the cars of your own train ahead, winding slowly toward some blue hills in the distance. Now and then there'd be a glimpse between the rocks and trees of a secret lake that had been lying hidden, shimmering since it was left by the glaciers that once scoured this area.

We looked out on mist and rain. At one point the train slowed to a crawl, then got moving again and started climbing. We passed a crew of men in blue safety helmets and yellow slickers standing in the heat of ancient rocks, waving at us as we went by.

American schoolteacher, who told me that he was giving a course in British American History for the workers in the market. It was a lovely place. Watson was constantly busy, accelerating, sounding the horn, slowing down, the train moved at a steady pace. Down the downgrades, jello gave a running commentary. "We'll climb 200 metres in 19 kilometers," he said. "We're running now." He looked over at Watson as we lurched around some fox red rocks and then turned to the engineer with a daisies. "That curve's a little square," he bellowed.

If the early 1900's this railroad was built by an industrial developer named Francis Clergue, a tall, handsome man from Brewer, Maine, who had a lot of ideas, including a lot that went wrong (building a railroad in Persia was one of them), the end of the tracks had an almost mythological quality. An old photograph shows a group of workmen wearing corduroy rainproofing pants, looking something like a group of Roman legionaries in Roman helmets and tunics. They were drawing away from the train, the huddle by horse and scraper.

I decided to go back to my coach. We were stopped in a forest, a light snow was falling and the train slowly crept ahead, a light snow was slowly falling and the train slowly crept ahead, and Jello led me along a cat walk, along the side of the engines, as the train wound around the black rivers and birches and banks of wild flowers. When I got back to my coach the train was stopped at a station and the trip talking to the people I'd had a lot of fun and I was bit worried that I had been left up on to the lookout at Agawa Canyon.

I was brought down to the station to see that day's excursion leave. It was cold and drizzly. Parked automobiles stood in the rain at the station, with licences showing them to be from Michigan, Minnesota, Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin. The only person on the platform was one of the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the Algoma Central hostesses who was conferring with the train engineers on this tour. A man standing on the platform of the train made a phone call to the
In Closing

It is now just about 30 years since Geoffrey Brohier, who was living in Ceylon and working in the field of criminal investigation for his government, was given a scholarship to come to Canada to study in the crime detection laboratory of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in Ottawa. He was, by training, a practitioner of a very specialized aspect of forensic science: the examination of questioned documents — letters, cheques and other material suspected of being fraudulent. In popular terms, people referred to him as a handwriting expert. Mr. Brohier, who had been practicing in Ceylon for more than a dozen years, was impressed by my efforts as a new member of Canada's Criminal Investigation Service that when he considered emigrating to this country, he was encouraged by very good references. In time, he came here. Last year, in his mid-sixties, he retired after 20 years as head of the documents section at the Centre of Forensic Sciences in Toronto.

I first met him several months ago, after taking the advice of a friend, when I needed an expert to decipher some old and very difficult handwriting notes made by a judge at a murder trial in Port Arthur. Oh, in 1912. I could make out only a word or two. I went Mr. Brohier the entire document. A few days later he phoned to say he had deciphered it. He met me at the door of his house, a rear of mezzanine height and olive complexion with a voice and manner of calm, reserved dignity. We went to his studio — where books on criminal investigation stand beside books on philosophy and theology — and once he had given me his decoding of the judge's scribbling, we began talking of the rarer branch of science and the investigation to which he has devoted his life.

He estimates that, over his lifetime, he has examined more than 20,000 documents in about 2,000 cases. But the results are usually so poor that the fraud is obvious to the expert eye and most certainly to the microscope. The more creative forgers, by diligent practice, to imitate a signature. But he has a hard time, for he has to suppress his own characteristics and take on the characteristics of the other signature. As he concentrates on the latter, his writing slows, revealing the same defects of those who try tracing. He might fool a busy bank teller, but never an expert.

As Mr. Brohier talked — sometimes referring to textbooks in his field or cases he had handled through the years — I thought it might be interesting to attempt a casual disguise of my own handwriting, simply to have him illustrate how he would go about unmasking it. I tore four lines of an old poem, used four different pens, wrote the first line in my own hand and the remaining three as swiftly and differently as I could:

There is the triangular shape of the 'y' and the lack of a loop in the upper portion of the 'i' in the word 'of' in lines two and four. He went on and on, dispelling my thoughts that I might have a future in forgeries.

There are people who believe that they can tell character from handwriting — they are called graphologists — and while Geoffrey Brohier does not dismiss their claim, he does not entirely accept it either. He keeps back slightly in his chair and reas his hand lightly at the base of his microscope; an air of scepticism creeps into his voice: "I am certainly not a graphologist. I would not call graphology a science. Not exactly. Graphology may have a value in revealing character. But it has extremely little value in the identification of our writing with another. I would say that as if one in a battery of psychological tests it has some value. But within strict limits. If I am an available sort of person my writing may well be large. If I am an introspective person it may be cramped. Maybe. But whenever I hear someone talking of a character from handwriting, I recall a visit I once made to a booth at the Canadian National Exhibition. They claimed to have a machine that could tell your character by examining your handwriting. So I stopped in, got a card, wrote out my signature and handed it in. Four hours later I did it again. Only then did I realize how much character can improve in a short time."

On the evening after I had met with Geoffrey Brohier, I was in my study, going over the careful peculiarities he had given me of the notes from that trial of 1912. The radio was on, and from somewhere — I believe it was Montreal — someone was pointing out how people who have come to Canada from other countries have enriched our cuisine, our fashion, our architecture and numerous other aspects of life. All of which is true and made clearer still when we meet someone like Mr. Brohier, who came to Canada to practice in one of the less publicized corners of the working world, one in which the tangible methods of science meet the imponderable mystery of our personhood.

Krasnor